



THE
"STANDARD"
INVOICE BOOK

No. 871



300 Pages



Boston
1926
1927

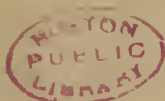
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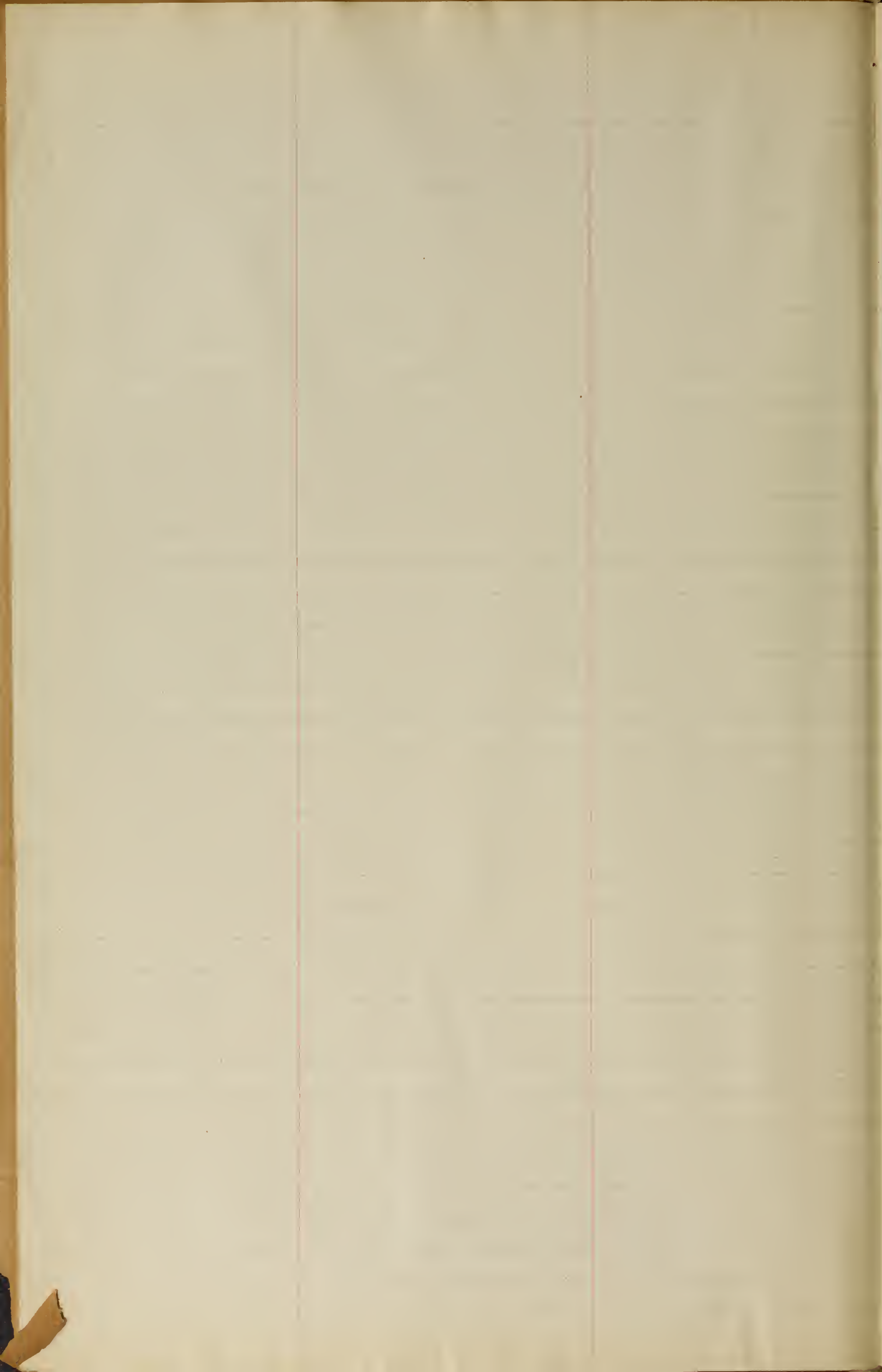


GIVEN BY

Philip Hale.



Philip Hale
Dec 11 1929



Boston Sym. Oct 6

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blanc 1.5

Elmer Lunt + 7

Elmer Lunt + 7

figli.

Hearne Crystal 7.

Honor of the Family 4

John the Baptist ⁵⁻⁷ 5-7

Keith's 4

Ladies of the Evening 4

Last of Mrs. Chapman 5

4th Reading, 186 -

* one of the family 3

Программы

Программы, 1906

Kenner 1.



OC - 22
"Oudels" writes to The Herald.
"I notice that one of your readers
as amused 20 years ago when he saw
statement that 'Longfellow was born
Portland while his parents were
avelling in Europe.' Perhaps he will
be interested to know that the late
Edward S. Morse of Salem, himself
native of Portland, once told me
that he saw that statement about Long-
fellow's peripatetic and amazing birth
when it first appeared in an original
composition by a schoolgirl. Your reader
may be further amused by Prof. Morse's
statement that in the same composition
the young lady wrote (and he saw the
manuscript) that 'Longfellow had
many fast friends, among the fastest
of whom were Allee and Phoebe Cary.'"

FOR THE ACADEMY

J. D. sends an advertisement of "Dr.
Jaggard's Camp for Tired Teachers."

J. A. C. N. writes:

"In visiting Skowhegan last week we
were greatly impressed by the bright
and successful appearance of a store
in the main street, The Blunt Hard-
ware Company. We learned this was
managed by a particularly sharp and
keen young business man of the same
name."

LANGUAGE IN THE MAKING

As the World Wags:

"Thanks, thanks, my worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught!"

I have purposely employed a quota-
tion that contains "thanks" twice, be-
cause I am doubly grateful to you.
First because a short while ago you
embasted those guilty of the misuse
of the word "intriguing." Second: be-
cause you give space to an excellent de-
fense of slang. Only a poet could have
thought "All perfect slang is of cun-
ning brevity; tasting sweet and keen
as a nut." A merited appreciation of
the flash-light imagery; the symbolism,
curativeness, force that impels an
idea instantly to the brain. "Cold
shoulder"—"Icy mitt"—"merry ha' ha"
"bone head"—"solid ivory"—eloquent
products of rich imaginations—alas!
I, all beneath the notice of the com-
poser of "Miscellaneous Faulty Expres-
sions," which excellent book I have
just quit studying to write this. "O
y offense is Rank. "Rank"—now
here's a bit of strong slang for the
gentle reader right out of Shakespeare.
"Rotten" has for its authority no less
a personage than Hamlet, that em-
blem of refinement—"There's
something rotten in Denmark." His
jeetive hits the nail square on the
end, whereas a more respectable one
could have inflicted only a weak glanc-
ing blow.

In all humility I ask Mr. Herklmer
Johnson, whether or not in his intel-
tual searchings, he has discovered an
analogy between the fair Ophelia's de-
scription of Hamlet's diseased mind—
like sweet bells jangled, out of tune
and harsh"—and our modern expression
for the same sad state, "Bats in his
belfry"? May not bats blundering
out in a belfry cause bells to be
jangled, out of tune, and harsh"?
This is a question for deep scholars. In
ignorance I see this analogy so
early that my blandness is never dis-
urbed when I hear the word "batty."
"Batty" "intrigues" me. The blight is
on me, in spite of my hatred of all
uses of the word "intriguing." I
insign it to the same limbo as "stren-
uous," "camouflage," "normalcy," "elvic
ritue" (beloved of denagogues) and
at frequent malaprop use of "adum-
ate" by some writers.

I am patience on a monument when
am told by a worthy female bread-
winner that she "rums folks" but don't
EAL'em. Like balm for this ver-
l blow was Evelyn's statement "we
bationed" a far more musical expres-
sion than "lunched." "Eats" is more in-
terable than "vittles." It has a
dy animal sound. "Grub" is poet-
C associated with the first process
ood raising—grubbing in soft earth
der vernal skies to the music of
As—a loyal dog grubbing, too, while
purring cat rubs against you, what
re logical than to call the reward
this delightful industry "Grub"? Has
t my study of "A Glossary of Mis-
ellaneous Faulty Expressions" refined
it?

ANNE HOWARD.

But "eats," for food, is a good old
English word. We prefer, however, for
sake of refinement, "a meal of vitt-
s."—Ed.

PATTY

Should have been called "Pat" but
a was too short for that. Son she
ould have been to the rancher she
led boss. Sent East to be "finished"
her mother's school she started
on all by shooting the banisters on
aturday night, yelling, "Hellity damn,

Strang, am I drunk or crazy?" She
went home immediately after—and then
married a missionary to Slam.

THE STRANGER.

OUR DUKE'S VISITORS

As the World Wags:

Last year we visited some fokes in
the B and C's home town. One night
they had a lotta company an wen they
left they was slipped the Ole Bull on
page 47 of our etlquet book, "You must
come to Boston an visit us, we'd be
so deeligted." Well it seams those
natives can take a joke. Last Saturday
night, after a wild party, one of the
comics dare tha gang ta drive to Bos-
ton, and serprize us. Ennyway, 9
o'clock Sunday morning Im in tha
tub, get myself 1/2 dried an slip on
tha family bath robe to see whoze
leaning on are bell, an heres 7 people,
wlch cood fill a barrel! If they waz
poured back. Five minits later I get
tha high sign ta step in tha kitchlin,
az it seams theres only enuff meat in
tha house fer ourselves, an no butcher
open, so our swell Sunday feed gets
chopped up an dumped into a lotta
spagetty. Rite here I wanna tell ya, wen
we bust in on people we always bring
stuff along. The only thing this gang
brings is best regards from home an
appettites. One guy named Bregner,
whoze a plumbers helper, must eat
about once a week, and Sunday's his
day. Mrs. Nichols, lovely little person,
about 5 ft. 2 (around the waist) sug-
gests eatin out, wch I kibboshed rite
away on acct her husband has tha
happy faculty of wantin ta dance wen
tha had news appears on tha hori-
zon. Ole man Walsh who runs tha
grocery an ginger ale store cooda
stoppped for supplies but it seams that
would interfere with his kids goin ta
college wen they grow up. Tha big
hearted Harringtons were very thought-
ful, they bro't a girl friend, her name
waz Allie Walker, an frum the mud
she dragged in on are carpet I cood
easily see how they named her. A guy
named Jubb who did tha driving, in-
sisted on takin a bath, and if he don't
play a mean game of Ring Around the
bath tub I'm crazy. They played our
dam Valencia record till it sounded like
a combination of Barney Google an tha
Rosary, sumbuddy was draggin the
needle across beln to tired ta lift it.
They checked out at 5 o'clock with my
compliments. DUKE BAKRAK.

P. S.—If I ever get married again,
I'm gonna marry a girl whooze home
town is Switzerland.

As the World Wags:

"Whale Dies Dry. Helpless in N. H."
Your writer of headlines was evidently
restricted. He should have extended
it thus: "Error of Judgment. Perhaps
one to Low Visibility? To Escape Sad
Fate Should Have Landed at Salls-
bury." J. W. SORNBORGER.

GIGLI SINGS

Gives Program with Assist- ance of Miss Low, Soprano

With Gigli's concert of yesterday af-
ternoon the music season commenced
quite officially at Symphony hall. And
the concert itself with its piquant di-
vertissements followed quite amiably the
ritual laid down for the concert ap-
pearances of the operatic. There was
the opening aria, in this instance the
"Una Furtiva Lagrima" of Donizetti's
"Elisir d'amore"; the group of neo-
romantic songs and ballads; a duet,
that of Mimi and Rodolph from "La
Boheme," in which Miss Low sang with
Gigli; and the encores which brought
the vehement applause.

It was an amiable, routined concert,
sung for the most part in an amiable,
routined way. Gigli was at his best
in his opening aria and in the first
group of songs, the melancholy little
"Plaisir d'amore" of Martini, and Mo-
zart's "La Violette." Not once did he
lunge into the tactics that have given
rise to the epithet "tenorize," here.
There were suggestions of it later in
the afternoon in the charging aria from
"Werther" and in the song of Carne-
valli.

Although his voice often lacks vi-
brancy and richness in dramatic pas-
sages, in the purely lyric stretchies it
had an admirable smoothness and deli-
cacy, and he sang with technical
subtlety. Miss Low, who shared the
program with him, commenced with the
aria from "Louise," the belated "Depuis
le Jour," which she sang in a slim,
shrill soprano of considerable range.
She also sang a group of French and

English miscellany. Vito Carnevali
was an extremely able accompanist.
E. G.

OC - 3 1926
Mr. Koussevitzky, arriving in Boston, told a representative of The
Herald that he had made out the programs for the 24 concerts of the
Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings; that he had brought with
him a considerable number of unfamiliar compositions, some of them
written expressly for the Boston Symphony orchestra.

No doubt the list of programs will be subject to change. The sick-
ness of a solo player may postpone a performance. A composition
heard in rehearsal may not be so effective as it appears when the
score is read.

Mr. Gericke as soon as a season was over, arranged the programs
for the succeeding one, for the concerts out of town as well as for
Boston. He would not accept any invitation, he denied himself all
social pleasures, until this weight was off his mind. He was particular
about the succession of the tonalities in a concert. If the overture—
and he was fond of an overture as the first number—was in C major,
he would not for the world follow it with a composition in C major or
one in a closely related key. Nor was he anxious to bring out pieces
fresh from the composer's hands; nor was he disturbed by the fact
that a piece unfamiliar to the Boston audience had already been played
in another American city. Our "novelties" were often late in coming.
There were compositions that Mr. Gericke himself did not like; but,
realizing the fact that they were elsewhere regarded important, he
felt it his duty to put them in rehearsal. It happened more than once
that when he disliked a piece he gave it a brilliant performance.
For instance, his interpretation of Strauss's "Don Quixote" was more
effective than the one by Strauss himself.

Some have found fault with Mr. Koussevitzky's programs in the
past. As a rule, the discontented are conservative in the matter of all
the arts. There are some who wish to hear the old overtures and sym-
phonies, symphonic poems, concertos, etc., over and over again, because
they are familiar; they carry with them pleasant associations of the
past; while many of the composers now living speak in a strange lan-
guage that disturbs, irritates, sometimes shocks all those who have
no desire to know what is going on in the musical world and believe
that music is a fixed art; that there can be no change in the form or
the harmonic schemes established when they were children.

There are some who think they show fine taste and by a bigoted
allegiance to the "classics" proclaim themselves superior to those ap-
plauding foreign composers of whom little or nothing is known.

There are others, alas, who have ears but will not hear. Perhaps to
use a phrase of the Church, they will be saved at last through invinci-
ble ignorance.

No one maintains that Mr. Koussevitzky has been invariably for-
tunate in his choice of ultra-modern works. Some of them were of
trifling worth, yet it was a good thing to know them. They provoked
discussion, even if it was contemptuous. The acquaintance of the
hearers with composers now living was enlarged. There is a pleasure
in rejection as in acceptance. There should be good haters in every
art; provided the hatred be honest and not a pose; not the cold re-
sistance to disagree with others.

It is true that there is snobbishness in the enthusiastic, one might
say delirious acceptance of a wild and ineffectively dissonant compo-
sition, one that shows the inexperience and immaturity of a composer
straining to be "original." This acceptance is also a pose, for the more
insane in their squeals of joy are as a rule musically uneducated.

Now, is it paradoxical to say that the hearing of an inferior ultra-
modern work makes more for musical righteousness than the hearing
of one of the lesser works of Beethoven, Bach, Schumann, Brahms?

All of these composers had their hours when the Muse did not smile
on them. Better a work by a musically immoral Frenchman than, say,
the overture for "The Dedication of the House."

Some orchestral conductors are possessed with the mania of seeing
which one will bring out the greatest number of novelties in the course
of the season; of putting on a program "First time in America," in
the United States. Fired by this zeal they often present unbalanced
programs.

It is a poor policy to produce in a concert more than one unfamiliar
piece. A program should contain works by the old masters as well
as the new. There should be care in the order of the pieces.

We are so old-fashioned as to wish an overture for the first piece
if only to allow late comers to enter the hall after it has been played
and not break the continuity of a symphony by entering between its
movements. There are other overtures beside the "Leonore No. 3,"
"Egmont," "Coriolanus," the well-worn three of Weber's. There
was a time when these three were religiously performed every season.
Admirable overtures, but might it not be a pleasure to hear a little
known one by the same composer? Nor need the overtures be a solemn
prelude. There are overtures for French and German composers of the
earlier years that would be welcome; nor should Rossini and Auber
be denied entrance to the hall. There are compositions by Dvorak and
Goldmark that are now dusty on the shelves of the Symphony library.
And how the modern school of English composers has been neglected
in this country! When it has been represented, it was almost

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an air of apology. Yet Elgar is by no means the one and only English writer of music who deserves attention, in spite of his pontifical seriousness.

This may be said in conclusion: No matter who the conductor may be; whatever the nature of the program; there will always be complaining voices raised. There will always be letters of protest.

The kindest thing to say about jazz is that it is just a noise for dancing.—Sir Hamilton Harty.

An orchestra, playing at Zitta, was willing to accept payment in the form of a pig, three German hundredweight in weight. The pig could furnish many sausages. The orchestra announced in a musical paper that it expected to play at the sausage festival. The official union of German musicians was offended, because this orchestra was willing to take pig in place of cash, and because it advertised its wish to play again.

In my own personal experience I have seen the growth of a worship of Handel which was kindled by a gramophone performance, by one of our worst singers, of one of his most obvious airs, and developed into a passion that takes its victim to every concert where the music of his idol may be heard.—London Times.

There has always been a tendency to regard the persons who sing operas as more important than the operas themselves. Not so many years ago one could hear much animated and often intelligent discussion of the singing of opera and the art of the singers. It seems today that the mere fact that a person sings at the Metropolitan Opera House at all makes that person a "great singer." Incalculable harm has been done to an already vitiated public taste by the publication of sensational front page stories about the triumph of singers. No one has ever seen any such story about a pianist, a violinist or a string quartet. No one has yet read a column news bureau story about the production of a new composition by a young American composer. No, it is the opera singer who occupies the centre of the stage. It is conceded by every concert singer that there is a pecuniary value to the name "Of the Metropolitan Opera Company." A recital artist can get more money in Crabtown with that line after his name than without it. Why? We who frequent the Metropolitan season after season know that the level of vocal art there is not high. But the news stories about opera singers and their doings and their huge salaries fly over the wires to all parts of the country and obscure the true issues.—W. J. Henderson in the N. Y. Sun.

P. H.

OUR LION THEATRE

Transformations in Old Playhouse from
1835 Down to the Eighties

OUR OLDEST THEATRE IN BOSTON

the Editor of The Sunday Herald:

The lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and to illustrate how well the Lion and the Lamb may snuggle up, and live in peace and harmony, side by side, I will follow Gaboriau's example, starting in the present time, then take a back somersault of a century and a half, and walk back.

You may possibly be astonished to learn that we have a nonagenarian theatre "in our midst," and if I may be pardoned for reviving an old story of John Stetson and revising it; if he were alive today he might have thought it no older than a vegetarian,—however, it is still in active operation and 90 years old this year of our Lord.

Here we have an amusement place dating back of the late lamented Boston Theatre; one that was old enough to be out of its cradle when the dearly loved Boston Museum was born; was quite a kid when the Howard Athenaeum sprang into existence, and had been graduated and received its degree when every other theatre began catering to the public.—Selwyn's, the Hollis, the Tremont, the Theatre-Comique or Adel-Morris Brothers, and the Continental, and yet does not antedate the pyramids of Egypt or the big tree of Tule.

Now the somersault and the story of the lion and the lamb.

The Lamb Tavern dates back to 1733 but subsequent to 1826 was kept by Laban Adams and on the site of the Lamb Tavern stands the present Adams House, taking its name from this same Laban Adams, who is further entitled to distinction as having been the father of the famous author, William T. Adams, better known as "Oliver Optic."

At one time, next to it, peacefully reposed "The Grand Turk," which later gave place to the "Sign of the Lion," kept by Isaac Hatch in 1789 and by Henry Vose in 1796, and the lion and the lamb lived in harmony and contiguity.

In 1835 it occurred to James Raymond, he being presumably of good mind, that a theatre would be more remunerative than a tavern, goodness knows why, so he transformed it into "The Lion Theatre," and on Jan. 11, 1836, the transformation being then complete, he rung the curtain on a comedy by Buckstone and followed it with some farces, and in May of that year, no less a person than Junius Brutus Booth immortalized its boards. It had a desultory career of variegated success and some cry, until 1839, when it became the "Mechanic's Institute" lectures and concerts were tried, but that did not work out well, and the old and famous Handel and Haydn Society, came into session, opening it with one of their unequalled musical programs of 1829, when it was rechristened "The Melodeon," the name continuing until 1878.

Between 1839 and 1853 it presented many people of note, such as

the Segull, Ed Kendall, the Hutchinson Family, Vieuxtemps (in 1812), and Ole Bull (in 1844 and again in 1852), two famous violinists. In 1844 Leander Rodney put in scenery and other stage accompaniments, and presented Macready and Charlotte Cushman in conjunction, in October of that year, in "Hamlet," "Werner," "Macbeth," etc. Think of that Hedda!

Following this it reverted to lectures, concerts, etc., when Signorina Tedesco, M. Strakosch announced as "Pianist to the Emperor of Russia." Albani and others appeared, until 1853 when it was bought by the Boston Theatre, the deed being recorded March 17, 1853, they putting restrictions on it when they disposed of it a few years later, so that future owners could not give dramatic performances and rival its neighbor.

One writer says that Jenny Lind and Sontag gave concerts there, although I fail to find that, but I do find this,—Jan. 1, 1853, WONDERFUL CURIOSITY. The Queen of all Nations, for weight and age, Miss Rosina D. Richardson, born in New Hampshire, 19 years old, height 5 feet 3½ inches, waist 5 feet 3½ inches, hips 6 feet 2 inches, arm above elbow 22 inches, below elbow 14 inches, across shoulders, 2 feet 10 inches, weight nearly 500 pounds. Takes 100 yards of three-quarter wide cloth for complete dress.

Next in 1857 we find it called "The Melodeon Varieties," where Christy's Minstrels warbled, and Lola Montez "lectured" (but what Lola had to lecture an audience about, I do not know). In 1859 it was rebuilt and called the "New Melodeon," when J. W. Anderson presented the Melodeon Minstrels, followed by Ordway's Minstrels, varied by lectures, concerts, panoramas, etc. Later attractions there were the Draytons, the French Zouaves, Gottschalk, Carlotta Patti, and Heller the Magician, nor forgetting Artemus Ward with his "Among the Mormons" and the Indians trundling their war whoops across the plains.

There were amateur performances in which Barnabee, Arthur Cheney, John F. Pray and other noted locals appeared, imagining themselves actors and not silk manufacturers and rug merchants. This was in November, 1864.

Between 1866 and 1878 there was a total eclipse, during which it was a billiard hall, at the end of which time the restrictions placed upon the property by the Boston Theatre having expired, Jason Wentworth, formerly associated with the Adelphi, revived its early dramatic interest, and opened on Oct. 15, 1878, with Salsbury's "The Brook," then a reigning success. This was my old friend Salsbury of "Leroy Montague," and Buffalo Bill fame.

The cast of that piece was unique, and Charley Hoyt must have taken notes, viz:

Tracy Thornton.....	Mr. N. Salsbury	Percy Montrose.	Mr. John Webster
A Turtle.....	By Himself	One Fish Pole.....	And Line
Festus Heavysides		Rose Dimplecheek	
Mr. John Gourlay		Miss Nellie McHenry	
Two Bottles.....	Uncorked	A Boat.....	Property-Man
Blanche Sylvester		Lunch Basket.....	Quartette
Miss Helene Dingenon		Umbrellas.....	Well Spread

During this administration we were given Agnes Booth, James Lewis, Annie Pixley, Denman Thompson, Catherine Lewis in "The Bells of Corneville," the George S. Knight, Adah Richmond, Blanche Corelli, "Pinafore," "Trial by Jury," J. K. Emmet, Hermann, F. C. Bangs, Gus Williams, "Humpty Dumpty," Charles L. Davis, Minnie Palmer, Maffitt & Bartholomew, Neil Burgess, Corinne, "Olivette," "The Mascot," "Billie Taylor," "Patience," "Boccaccio," and "Madame Favart," Willie Edouin in "Sparks," and "Evangeline," and much more that I have not space to enumerate, all coming into the period between October, 1878, and December, 1882, when it passed into the control of T. M. Hastings, who greatly remodeled the interior, and beautified it.

The Hastings dynasty began with a whooping success, the first production here of "Iolanthe," which ran for a very long time, the cast being of great excellence, favorites even extending down to the non-speaking ladies, who were possessed of great personal attractiveness. There were Henry E. Dixey, Sig. Broccolini, Fessenden, Gus Kammerlee, Janet Edmondson and other favorites in the cast. Other light operas followed this, but that is modern, later managers being, Miles and Barton; Keith and Batcheller, and B. F. Keith. It was on the ground floor of this building that Keith began his "show business" with his midget Lucia Zarate.

Harking back to the transfer of this property from "Eliphalet Baker of Roxbury, Merchant, under a conveyance from William S. Morton, Commissioner of Insolvency," March 17, 1853, the description of its lines was the most complicated imaginable, and the price paid was \$20,000 "with the buildings thereon." To illustrate, the lines run "north-easterly, north-westerly thence inclining westerly, north-easterly, westerly, south-westerly, on an arc of a circle, southerly, easterly, southerly, easterly, thence northerly 16 inches, then easterly," and there you have it, a theatre for many years and of which Orlando Tompkins is said to have remarked: "I know there is a theatre in there somewhere, but I don't know where it is."

The southerly line of the Boston Theatre property is practically straight, and Keith's comes up to it, with the Adams House on the other side abutting, and yet there is a very commodious and attractive theatre sandwiched in there, the oldest existing and operating amusement place in Boston. Originally it was on the ground floor, but as time went on, it got more elevated in its notions and went up a story, and remained there.

Great names it will be seen, with a few exceptions, are conspicuous by their absence, but it does evidence the fact that the elder Booth played in pretty much every theatre in Boston at some time or other, and also that it is probably the only Boston playhouse of his time that E. L. Davenport did not play in.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

GIGLI

aria "Una Furtiva Lagrima" from "L'Esir d'Amore"	Donizetti
Mr. Gigli	
Plaisir d'amour	Martini
La violetta	Mozart
Stornelli marini	Mascagni
Mr. Gigli	
Aria "Depuis le jour" from "Loulise"	Charpentier
Miss Low	
Aria "Ah, non mi ridestar" from "Werther"	Massenet
Mr. Gigli	
In the Silence of the Night	Rachmaninoff
Vachissima sembianza	Donaudy
Stornelli capriciosi	Carnevali
Mr. Gigli	
Clair de Lune	Schubert
Mr. Gigli	
Promenade at Mule	Fourdrain
Murmure de Zeux	Hageman
Me Company Along	
Miss Low	
Aria from "Signe"	Reyer
Mr. Gigli	
Duet from "La Boheme"	Puccini
Miss Low and Mr. Gigli	

Oct 4 1926

Yes, the musical season has opened, for we read that Miss Rosa Ponselle, dramatic soprano, has everything she wants except a husband. She described her ideal, in strict confidence, to a reporter of the New York Sun:

"There is something about the American business man that is very fetching," but she wishes him to be romantic, and romantic business men are often put into jail. He must be a blonde. "I am dark and I love striking contrast. He must be attractive to me in appearance, tall, too, and of a military bearing. Naturally I'd like him to be husky. At least my present dimensions would require a husky fellow."

Let no applicant think, even if he answers Miss Ponselle's description, that he will have a life of luxurious ease, when he is not watching the box office receipts, looking after the baggage, alighting her pet dog. The reporter asked:

"Would you expect your husband to support you?" She cried out in a clear, bell-like voice: "Certainly. I want a man who would assume all family responsibilities. I couldn't respect a man who would expect me to go 50-50 on the household expenses, even though my income runs into six figures." Nor does she wish a divorce to mar her life. "I want permanency in love."

This last statement leads one to question whether Miss Ponselle is truly an artist; whether she is only a singer.

KANSAS NOTES

As the World Wags:
Miss Tessie McGulre addressed a meeting of the W. C. T. U. yesterday afternoon on "Knicker for Women, or the Higher Morality."

Manager Elbert Bloutz of the plekie works has offered a prize of \$5 for a slogan.

"Aunt Janie" Majors, who celebrated her 100th birthday last month, has signed a contract with the Elixer of Life Medical Company and has left the Poor Farm.

Rolla Shanks, manager of the County Fair, is advertising for a six-legged pig.

Arnold Hopkins, R. F. D. carrier on Route 2, slipped and fell with a Saturday Evening Post this morning, fracturing his ankle.
J. P. H.

Mrs. Laura W. Wood of Los Angeles has obtained a divorce from her husband, who "insisted on her sitting on his knee while he read the Bible." The ground in this case seems to be not so much incompatibility of temperament as duplication of interest.—The Observer (London).

As the World Wags:
I heard Red Grange talk over the radio. What a disappointment! He even said, "I seen."
CLARA.

Add "Lucrative Occupations." (The Joliet Evening Herald-News).

WIDOW WASHER
SAVES \$100,000
IN FIFTEEN YEARS

ANSWERED AT LAST

Miss Angie C. Chapin wrote from Pemaquid Point, Me., in July asking about the translation of Michael Angelo's sonnet that begins "The might of one fair face sublimely my love." She has the translation by Wordsworth.

We are indebted to Miss Lionella D. Everett for the desired translation. It is by Hartley Coleridge, and may be found in "For Thee Alone: Poems of Love." Selected by Grace Hartshorne (Boston, 1899).

The might of one fair face sublimely my love,

For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;

Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires,

Thy heavenly antepast of joys above, instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;

For oh, how good, how beautiful, my be

The God that made so good a thing as thee,

So fair an image of the heavenly Dove!

Forgive me, if I cannot turn away

From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven;

For they are guiding stars, benignly given

To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;

And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight, I live and love in God's peculiar light.

Henry Murray says of H. G. Wells's "World of William Chissold":

"It is no more a novel than it is a dissertation on Roman Catholicism, Protestantism, Spiritualism, Capitalism, Marxian Socialism, Fabianism, Communism, personal immortality, the character and attributes of the Creator, psycho-analysis, the philosophy of Hegel and Bolshevism, the evolution of man and human society from the Palaeolithic era down to the present age of grace, or any one of a score of other matters to which long passages are devoted."

WILL ROGERS'S PREDECESSOR

As the World Wags:

Will Rogers seems to be the administration jester, an office corresponding to the Court Fool of early English history. He razzes Coolidge, Dawes and other of our rulers just as Will Somers used to guy Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey, as related in "Wind-sor Castle," the historical romance by William Harrison Ainsworth. When Wolsey renounced against his removal, the first Will said: "I am ready to take thy place, Lord Cardinal, and I will exchange my bauble for thy Chancellor's mace, and my fool's cap for thy cardinal's hat." And he was so far a privileged character that he even mocked at Henry for his habit of changing his wives.
G. A. E.

A peculiar honor was paid to Somers: a tavern in Old Fish street, London, was named "Will Somers Tavern." Tavern tokens were allowed to be issued even as late as the reign of Charles II. The landlord of the tavern just named issued one with a figure of Somers on it. Are Ainsworth's novels read today? "Jack Sheppard," "Guy Fawkes," "Rocwood," "Old St. Paul's," "The Lancashire Witches" and the rest of them? We value his "Tower of London" for Cruikshank's illustrations and have looked at them for 50 years—delighting in "Mauger Sharpening His Axe," "The Fate of Nightgall," "The Burning of Edward Underhill" and other blood curdling pates; but the reading of the novel itself is dreary work.—Ed.

PSEUDO-FOLK SONGS

As the World Wags:

The other night, listening over the radio, the announcer told us that he was going to give us some folk songs, the words "folk songs" being iterated and reiterated, so that I was really surprised when we were called upon to listen to the strains of "The Low-Back Car," by our old friend Samuel Lover, and "When the Kye Comes Home," by James Hogg. If these two are to be called folk songs why not give us "When This Old Hat Was New," or "Sweet Adeline," or "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

I do not know whether your column is the proper place for the insertion of this remonstrance. I would not send it if the man at the radio had not borne down so hard on the words "folk song," but it does seem as if some public complaint should be made, particularly in the interest of those who do not know that folk song "is a song originating and traditional among the common people of a country."
C. E. S.

The Herald commented editorially on the Kitchener hoax, which is apparently the latest development of the legend that began by representing Kitchener, not dead, but a prisoner in Germany. It was said that his relations knew he was alive. There were hints of treachery: "the admiralty had conspired with others, unspecified, and Salome, a well known dancer, and a mysterious book kept in Germany had something to do with the black business."

Mr. Arthur Machen now says that according to the "spirits," who took a hand in the business there was treason, Stratagems and spies brought about Kitchener's death. This once accomplished, the tale went on to show how Mary Queen of Scots told Lord Kitchener that Queen Victoria was helping King Edward over his portrait painting, instructing him in putting in the eyes.

Apropos of the late and excellent

one, we forget to find Dean Inge sitting in the seat of the scornful: "For my own part, I will have nothing to do with this world of make-believe. It is an abomination to me. I believe that my reason was given me that I may know things as they are, and my will that I may bring my refractory disposition into harmony with the laws of my Creator. I will neither twist up my mouth when I am in the dumps, nor tell myself that in all respects I am getting better and younger and handsomer every day. If I can help it, I will play no tricks with my soul, in the faith that, though bluff may sometimes pay very well in this world, it will cut a very poor figure in the next."

In August, 1826, the Sunday Times stated: "Sharks are unusually prevalent this summer in the channel." Perhaps for this reason no one attempted to swim across it.

This reminds us of verses in the Manchester Guardian:

TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE

(One of the recent but unsuccessful "channel aspirants" wore gloves during the attempt.)

The moment seems fitting and handy

To celebrate just for a while

The elegant tone of the dandy

Who tackles the channel in style;

His manners grow brighter, not dimmer,

Refinement he clings to and loves—

I take off my hat to the swimmer

Who swam in his gloves!

How chic is this careful adherence

To standards correct and complete!

How shameless the shipshod appearance

Of others who tackle this feat!

Exposing great slabs of vile corpus,

With bathing pants lacking all crease,

They dash at the thing like a porpoise,

Half smothered in grease!

It ruins, I think, their endeavor;

If I had their fate to dispose

The channel, I tell you, would never

Be beaten by swimmers like those.

My hero, hair brushed and unmatted,

Would walk ashore, troubles all past,

Gloved, collared correctly, and spatted

At Dover at last.

—Luelo in the Manchester Guardian.

As the World Wags:

A contributor who signs herself "Mother of 1926," states that her two little girls don't stare at her when she smokes. What do you suppose the other 1924 do?"
H. C. KAY.

FOND MEMORIES

(Journal American Medical Association)

She was 38 years old and none too beautiful. After two hours she was ushered into the doctor's office. "I would like to know if influenza can be caught through kissing?" she asked him.

"Of course," answered the doctor.

"Well," she said, "a man with a bad

ease of it kissed me!"

"When was that?" asked the physician

quite professionally.

"Oh, it was during the first epidemic

about two years ago," replied the patient, blushing furiously.

"Why, no harm can come of that. It's

been too long ago."

"Well," she sighed, "I knew that, but

I like to talk about it anyhow!"

As the World Wags:

Sousa's band plays his new march

"Wets and Dries." Any concert band

has both kinds of instruments; the

strings are so dry they squeak; the

brass choir is often so wet that it emits

spray.
Portland, Me.

THE HOLLANDSCHE KAAS

As the World Wags:

Cornelius Ton a good friend of Ten

Eyck and me, and so that when we

heard he was to take a vrouw, we both

said it was good. "It is for a man to

marry early in life," said Ten Eyck,

"the young man needs the halter." And

so he asked Cornelius Ton into the

kitchen one night with Adrian and me,

to wet his luck with a drop of Schiedam.

"You will all come to the wedding,"

said Cornelius, "I have from my uncle

in Ryndam a cheese, a real Hollandsche

kass, for the feast. You will eat of it

then." And we all said we would come.

And so after that night when one us

Cornelius would meet, we would say,

"And when do we eat of the Hollandsche

kaas, Cornelius?" And Cornelius

would make answer, "Very soon now,

very soon." But weeks, months be-

came and the wedding was not yet.

Last night when we were in Ten

Eyck's kitchen, Cornelius came in by

the back door and sat with us.

"It is very quiet you have become,

Cornelius," said Ten Eyck, after a long

silence. But Cornelius only looked into

his cup.

"He is counting his guilders," said

Adrian, "it is always so with the young

man about to take a vrouw. When do

we eat of the Hollandsche kaas, Cor-

nelius?"

"Your patience will have its payment

very soon now," said Cornelius, "sooner

than you think, perhaps." And he got

up to go.

One, we forget to find Dean Inge sit-

ting in the seat of the scornful: "For

my own part, I will have nothing to do

with this world of make-believe. It

is an abomination to me. I believe that

my reason was given me that I may

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OLLIS STREET THEATRE—Otis Skinner in a revival of "The Honor of the Family," a play in four acts based on the novel of Balzac, "Menage de Garcon," done in the French by Emile Fabre, and adapted in its present form by Paul M. Potter. Presented by Charles Frichman. The cast:
Col. Philippe Bridan.....Otis Skinner
Jean-Jacques Rouget.....Robert Harrison
Commandant Max Gilet.....Courtney White
Joseph Bridan.....Harry Burkhardt
Berniche.....William L. Clark
Hotel.....Albert Berg
Renard.....Edward Butler
Andant Mignonnet.....William F. Granger
D. V. Deering.....
Brazier.....Harry Burkhardt
Bridan.....Jessie Royce Landis
Bridan.....Eugene Woodward
Bridan.....Julia Shaw
The second time Mr. Skinner has brought his swaggering, buoyant Col. Philippe from the dramatic storeroom, bluster, fight, bulldoze, and make people wonder whether to put him down as a rogue or hero. But there is no odor of moth balls as he strides in with grey hair, banging stick and the carriage of his worshipped Napoleon. With his customary convincingness, Mr. Skinner makes us believe his Philippe is real, whether we thoroughly understand him or not. And the Flora of Miss Landis is another absorbing character, played with the great variation necessary for the part of the girl who is at times decisive about whom she wants to marry and whom she wants to kill.
To run briefly over the plot again, Flora is a fair woman of a certain profession, who has risen from the gutter to the supervision of the life of the wealthy and aged Jean-Jacques Rouget. She dominates him and his household, while busy with various affairs with young army officers. Because of her influence, Rouget sends away his sister penniless, and refuses aid to her son, who is imprisoned for conspiring to effect the return of Napoleon from Elba. But the son gets by his own power, and arrives in a manner to set his uncle's nose to rights "for the honor of the family." He is of the bullying, swash-buckling, braggadocio type most recently brought to the attention of theatergoers in "The Bad Man." He pokes his uncle with his stick, wrings servant girls' arms, and wins out on all fronts.
He insults Flora's lover, kills him in a duel and at length arrives at the supreme moment of the last act when hidden fate lies in wait for him around the corner, and Flora wavers between sending him to death or saving him to marry. There is a scene of strong suspense when he starts for the door, comes back at her call, and then goes whistling toward death when the tolling of the bells for her dead lover hardens the harlot's heart against him.
He should have been killed. Art demanded it. No bold-hearted swash-buckler can live to the final curtain and leave an audience satisfied. Witness Rostand knew he had to kill him. But he comes back safely, having killed the man who would avenge his death. He casts the woman out the door with jibing instructions to go to Paris. He is the master of his life's house and fortune. Curtain.
The play was admirably staged and acted, and no member of the superbly cast was lacking. The dusky lighting of the final act, with dim firelight and falling snow outside, was the scene of Balzac. A splendid presentation of a somewhat confusing play.
H. F. M.
CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Ladies of the Evening," a play in four acts, by Milton Herbert Gropper. The cast:
Strong, an artist.....Gavin Gordon
Standish, a clubman.....Jack Marvin
In King, another clubman.....Rankin Mansfield
Forbes, from Waterbury, Ct.....Percy Kilbride
Brew Kenney, from the same place.....Hal Chase
Beatty, a street walker.....Jean Oliver
Miller, her chum.....Marion Evanson
Standish, Tom's sister.....Thelma White
To begin with, it may be stated that the face of tremendous technical difficulties, the Castle Square Players achieved noteworthy success in their revival of David Belasco's much talked-about play.
"Ladies of the Evening," as the title implies, is daring to the very verge of impossibility. Its theme is the rehabilitation of a street walker by an idealistic young artist, an undertaking which is finally crowned with success, after several very narrow escapes from catastrophe. As a matter of fact, in spite of the sordidness of the surroundings, the exceedingly frank nature of much of the talk, the play is not fundamentally improper and it moves upward from the scene of the wager made in the Fifth Avenue club and the almost repulsive realism of the encounter between Jerry and Kay in the slums, to a most satisfactory conclusion. Slang and profanity garnish its text and the philosophy of the men and erring woman is expressed in the most acrid kind

more as the action develops. It is an optimistic drama and leaves one with the impression that essential virtue and humanity are not absolute strangers after all.
Miss Oliver as Kay, was faced with the difficult task of playing the role as well as did Edna Hibbard in the production of the piece here last year. She need not have been afraid of the comparison. She displayed a sincerity and a dramatic feeling that calls for the highest commendation and earned the plaudits which the packed house accorded her.
Mr. Gordon gave a strong and manly representation of the character of the romantic young artist and provided an admirable foil for Miss Oliver's artistry. Miss Evanson's work as the disreputable and irrepressible but likeable Dot was a telling bit of character acting and, next to that of the two principals, the hit of the evening. A trifle of condensation in the over-long drinking scene in the second act and some judicious "trimming" of exuberant speech here and there will work wonders.
The others of the company contributed useful and effective support. It was evident that the scene shifting force had its work cut out for it but, after all, the delays were not serious, and there was no impairment of the continuity and cumulative force of this strongly written drama.
"Ladies of the Evening" is "strong-meat for babes" but for those of good digestion it provides a worthwhile evening.
J. E. P.
KEITH'S PROGRAM
Chief Players on Bill Combine in Brilliant Numbers
An experimental revue closed the program at Keith's last night, and received unstinted applause from the audience. It included the principal players on the bill, cast around Irene Ricardo, Eddie Vogt and Frank Hurst, and, after having already appeared in their regular acts, they released a series of burlesques, dances, songs and comedy acts that would do credit to many out and out revues.
Jean Bedini, comedy conjurer, acting as announcer, introduced domestic skits and specialty dances through which Joe Melino clowning his way to the delight of the audience. There was also Frank Hurst and Eddie Vogt to create comedy, as well as the popular Irene Ricardo. The Di Gatanos, who opened the bill with varied specialty dances, appeared and a chorus of six "Hello Girls" rounded out the cast.
Elsewhere on the program this week is Venita Gould, mimic, who depicts Ted Lewis and Sophie Tucker, Grace La Rue and Ethel Barrymore with insight and a deal of gaiety. Her most pretentious effort is her imitation of Betty Pierce in the part of the native girl in White Cargo. Miss Gould has a set similar to that used in the original production, and her impressions of the play approaches deliberate and excellent acting of the part.
The Di Gatanos, specialty dancers, offer a series of dances ranging from Spanish and Apache to exhibition toe dancing. The Apache dance is particularly well executed. There are also "Those Deere Girls," offering songs in harmony; Stutz & Bingham, in original patter songs; and the headliners of the revue in individual acts.
The usual overture, film comedy, and Pathe News reel round out a bill short in the actual number of acts, but placed far above the ordinary by the revue in 15 scenes and a candle-light good-night dance.
NEW PARK—"Craig's Wife," a play in three acts by George Kelly. The cast:
Miss Austen.....Anne Sutherland
Mrs. Harold.....Josephine Williams
Mazie.....Mary Gildea
Mrs. Craig.....Christal Herne
Ethel Landreth.....Donna Pasdeloup
Walter Craig.....Charles Trowbridge
Frazier.....Isabel Irving
Billy Bickmore.....Arthur Shaw
Joseph Catelle.....George Warrington
Harry.....Nolan Japp
Eugene Fredericks.....
Although there were flashes of realism, a shrewd, buoyant humor, a flair for vivid if somewhat superficial genre characterization in "The Show Off," it never quite lost the flavor and cliché of the vaudeville stage. But in "Craig's Wife," George Kelly has touched bottom. It is a sensitive, bitter, impassioned play of a pitiless realism.
Mr. Kelly is a satirist, sardonic, relentless. He is also a dramatist of the first order now. There is a logic of philosophy and technique in this "Craig's Wife" that he did not have in the earlier play. It has maturity, in the earlier play. It is the play of a poet, and power. It is the play of a man who knows the theatre. In a few lines he has set his stage, limned his people, laid his plot. Only once or twice in the give and take between the

screen and the stage, and clog the line of the piece.
"Craig's Wife" is the portrait of an egomaniac, a pretty woman with a passion for power which in her case has consigned itself to the possession of a house. A neurotic, restless woman, jealous of life, to whom her husband has been the symbol and means of security, of a domination that has been nothing but a mean, nagging tyranny. Her life is a succession of swift complaints, of setting and rearranging, of flinging out orders. A lost soul swept by delusions of grandeur.
But it is Chrystal Herne who has given the play life and power. She has caught the flat, querulous voice of the woman, her edginess, her swift darting and prying, her nimble logic, her austere humor. It is a superb bit of acting. She sweeps the others along with her, flaying them with the curious, penetrating nag of her voice, the seductiveness of her gestures, all the neurotic panoply of this scheming, materialistic woman for whom everything, everyone, is merely fodder.
The crux of the play is her husband's discovery of the nature of his wife, a discovery that only came when his aunt decided to tell why she could no longer live with them, and when he became slightly involved in a murder case through circumstantial evidence. To save herself from being discovered as the person who had made the suspicious telephone call she would inveigle her husband into admitting a guilt that was non-existent. Then, aware at last of her petty tricks, her will to power, he deserted her, left her her house from which she would oust everyone; a tragic woman, alone, with the telegram announcing her sister's death, pacing back and forth dropping rose petals, she who had never allowed anything to disturb the immaculateness of her rooms.
A terse, honest play, admirably acted. Mr. Trowbridge as Walter Craig acts with conviction and a nice restraint the amiable, romantic worm who turned. An excellent company, still untried by their months in New York. Miss Sutherland as the aunt who finally decides to leave this wily temple, Miss Williams as the shrewd Irish housekeeper, and Miss Irving as the sentimental widow with a penchant for roses and recounting her life history, each give brief, vivid characterizations. But it is Chrystal Herne of the penetrating voice, the matron of order and security, who has swept the play along these many months to its Pulitzer prize.
E. G.
THE WANDERER
Dusk on a prairie farm, a thousand miles from the sea.
The cows are in and the chores done.
The stars are coming one by one,
And a prisoned soul is free.
The farm house fades like a fairy thing,
and a fettered soul goes free.
There's an offshore wind tonight. The tide will turn at ten.
The soudding moon is cutting its way through billows of cloud. We only stay for the tide, my merry men.
So man the capstan. Yo, heave ho! Heave ho! my bully men.
We have filled the hold with copra. We have piled the deck with bales Of silks from every road that ran From Tokio to Laphan, From Malabar to Wales.
The riches of the orient lie beneath our purple sails.
There's ivory and incense. There's indigo and tea.
There's sandalwood from Mandalay, And pearls like eggs from Arabay, And Persian tapestry,
And we've treasures in the cabin men would give their eyes to see.
Oh, bravely have we voyaged through tempest and typhoon,
By Polynesian coral isles,
Through jungle rivers, miles on miles, Beneath the tropic moon.
We're homeward bound, but we shall make another voyage soon.
For we have found an island southeast of Ararat,
Where Turkish pirates hid their gold,
And all the treasure caves of old
Are nought compared with that—
"Yes, Ma. I've wound the clock and I'll put out the cat."
ED ST ONE.
As the World Wags:
The family was all settin' up stairs. The downstairs was covered with a foot of water. Uncle Oscar said he'd never seen th' like afore, and he swore they had plenty o' rain back in '71. But he had had a chance to tell the story fore he had a chance to tell the story for the fiftieth time, little Minnie gasped for breath and said: "Great governor, the ceiling is on fire!" "Damned if it ain't!" bellowed Uncle Oscar, still sore because his story was spoiled. "Run

minutes, his face an angry red. "I can't bring any water to put it out." "An' jist why the water's turned out?" "An' jist why the water's turned out?" queried Uncle Oscar. "Ya above the roar of the flames. 'Ya don't believe me, then?" blazed Simon. "Dammit, if you must know, the pump has floated away!"
ROBERT.
"Meredith's "General Ople and Lady Camper" confused rather than amused me: I could not see why the poor old general should not talk about 'fe-males' and 'lady friends'—though I naturally prefer the language and sentiment of the Rev. Cornelius Whurr, who united the two phrases—
'While lasting joys the man attend
'Who has a polished female friend!'
(From a literary review by Gerald Gould.)
Margaret, daughter of Lady Basil Clarke, celebrated her seventh birthday this year on the seventh of the seventh month, being herself the seventh daughter of a seventh child.
Miss Cooper Hodgson remarked that no modern novelist would allow his hero to sleep with closed windows. The Stove (London) made this comment: "Indeed, he would hardly allow his heroine to sleep with closed doors."
I can see the nerve doctor of the future saying to the man with a nagging wife: "Give them a radio set."
Sir Eric Geddes.
Walburga, Lady Paget, writing "In My Tower," could be pleasingly malicious. Here is an example:
"Princess Blimark is dead—a great blow to him, for she was a real help-mate. She had been brought up in the simplest and most practical fashion, and when I first knew her considered it immoral to wear a low dress. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Weimar is also dead. What could I say when I wrote to condole? He was a good-natured cretin, very ugly and ridiculous. His wife considered him unspeakable that she fled from him. But she approved of Professor H. who married Daniela Buelow: 'a most intellectual and interesting young savant, very civilized, which is rare in Germany. He knows the uses of the tub, and wears white waist coats and a tall coat if required.'
At Longleaf "there was a great deal of music—and two Jews and two Americans! Who would have supposed such a thing possible there 20 years ago? We read of a Florentine banker who puts light blue carpets down in his stables" and of a "Mr. Meyer, Marchese Montagliari, who puts his arms and coronet on his footstool and stockings."
THE SMALLTOWN BEAUTY
As the World Wags:
Her brains are nil. Her thoughts are blanks.
Why should she think? Indeed, no thanks!
Who is she? Ah, can't you surmise? She won the Smalltown beauty prize. But lost in Atlantic City.
Unfair judges! What a pity!
The one who beat our smalltown pet, Had faults more than any other pet. Her knees were knocked, her eyes were crossed,
Into the sea she should be tossed. She was so thin her ribs were bare. Who gave that prize were bribed for fair.
But now our girl with lusher step, Moves about with a little pep. Smiles untrammelled her face may peel. Interest in life her eyes reveal. A happy thing the Smalltown beauty. From her tiny peds to tell. Helen Osgood Lowell.
FROM A POULTRY CIRCULAR
Ask your doctor what you can do to receive most nourishment from poultry that has been killed from three to six months and packed on ice for the same length of time or from the farmer that is killed after you ordered it.
As the World Wags:
Paris, France: Europeans wear smart wing collars, carry pens, use discreet holders, and grow mustaches; but if a man has all these accessories he is an American tourist who has been here two weeks. . . . Don't tell me that card vendors that the Eiffel Tower is good for anything. . . . These French people are eternally bored at times; they still import their Turkish tobacco from Turkey instead of as we do in America, growing it over here. Some of these Parisians want to

INA CLAIRE IN LONSDALE PLAY

Clare gives an excellent idea of the "Cyncey" gaiety, growing affable. Dorian, who has had a de-
ception, is a man of innocence, but that he is not

When "John the Baptist" was performed in New York, with Sothern as the prophet and Miss Marlowe as Salome, William Winter of the New York Tribune wrote a savage review. Sothern and Julia rushed into print in defense of Sudermann and themselves. The violently prejudiced Winter—who often misused his indisputable talent—commented as follows, having renewed his attack by way of preface to the following lyrical burst:

Huntly Wright says: "The public tired of the man who takes a young out to dinner and inevitably encounters his wife, and similar situations, and has most distinctly got beyond the point of laughing just because a man sits at his hat. It wants a touch of real even in farces. Naturally, it enjoys farcical situations, but it likes the characters to be actuated by human motives when they get into those situations. That is the fundamental quality of successful plays today—they must portray life as the man in the street knows it."

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Shane Leslie has written a book to prove that George IV was a fine fellow, good and wise king. Mr. Leslie is not the first. In October, 1894, Max Beer contributed to the Yellow Book "Note on George the Fourth," in which he defended the monarch in an amusingly ironical vein. He also drew an amazing caricature of George. Sir Walter Scott treasured a glass that the king had raised to his august lips. When George visited Edinburgh in 1822, Blackwood's Magazine declared that he looked every inch a king. "The King's new shows him to be a man of genius; or, mark me, he has no model to go by."

This bow fascinated Byron: There, too, he saw (what'er he may be now) A Prince, the prince of princes at the time, Whose fascination in his very bow, And full of promise, as the spring, of prime. Whose royalty was written on his brow, Had then the grace, too rare in every clime, Being, without alloy of fop or beau, A finished gentleman from top to toe." For the extraordinary toast to George the Fourth (it was proposed by "Christopher North"), see "Noctes Ambrosianae" (Sept., 1822). In spite of Mr. Leslie's attempt to rehabilitate King George, the verdict pronounced by Thackeray will undoubtedly stand.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

As the World Wags: I have no objection to people's getting married. I believe it is a good idea—sometimes. But I do object to their method of announcing their intentions, especially the material employed. Why should a wedding invitation be incased in boiler iron and why should it fit its sheath so closely that neither the end nor top can be torn off and it requires a burglar's jimmie to break it open? And when with sweat and labor it has been pried apart, why is there another similar integument inside so that you must go back and get the can-opener a second time?

Of course you may say, why open it at all, and indeed it often comes to that. But there are dangers in such neglect. It may be your own best girl or something, and in that case you might want to know.

Yours for postal cards,

JOSCELYN.

ADD "SOCIETY NOTES"

(The Pierre County, Wis., Herald)

The Bay City Cemetery Association will give a chicken dinner and sale of fancy work and aprons on Thursday evening at the new barber shop. Bingo will also be played.

As the World Wags:

May I propose for the Academy Mr. W. L. Freese, ice cream maker of Skowhegan, Me.?

SILAS WINTERBOTTOM.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY

(Alton, Ill., Telegraph)

William Doerr's family had its share of trouble recently. Mr. Doerr, 18 years old, was wrestling with his cousin, Bennie Bradley, when his knee struck the stove and dislocated the knee joint. The same day R. G. Doerr was at work on a ladder when it was upset and the boy had his arm broken in two places. The Doerr boys are double-jointed and can almost be tied in a knot. The father is also double-jointed, while the girls are like the mother, single-jointed. Then Clifford Doerr was bitten by a mosquito and infection set in on the back of his neck, and Miss Mayme who has been suffering with boils from the effects has erysipelas (sic).

As the World Wags:

A wise-cracker referred to a certain young woman as "one of the Tonsil Sisters." Asked: "What do you mean—Tonsil Sisters?" he replied: "Somebody's always taking them out."

The glory of Shakespeare is, indeed, so great that the parish church at Stratford, where he is buried, is trying to be a church and a museum at once. If you want to pray in the church you may go in free; but if you want to see the tomb a gentleman at the door requires you to buy a sixpenny admission ticket. They would not have done it that way in France; neither could they ever have had so unclassical a classic. I suppose people go to see Shakespeare's tomb so much because it helps them to be sure he isn't Bacon. He remains popular, not because we are taught to

admire him, but because everyone that picks up his plays finds in them things he genuinely enjoys.—B. S. in the Manchester Guardian.

AND HE NEVER TOLD 'EM

(Grand Rapids Herald)

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Brown (Miss Elizabeth Reaves) will be interested to learn that they have a son who was born in a New York hospital Monday afternoon.

REQUIEM

(For as the World Wags)

I never thought or knew I'd miss you, Till you went away. I never knew how much I loved you; Till that very day. Your touch was soft and soothing on my brow, Your sweet caress oft fondled me—but now Those dear delicious moments all have fled, And left a strange, still atmosphere instead. Perchance you've gone to find a nobler calling, Assist the weak, and keep the strong from falling. Alas! I knew that I should never see you more, The day my coiffeur cut my locks And dropped you on the floor! CONSTANCE B. PEARSON.

As the World Wags:

I know two tea rooms. They are crowded with girls, girls who dream and smoke innumerable cigarettes. But there is a subtle difference between the girls: in one place the customers work for a living; in the other place they have some one else to work for their living; yet they both flick the ashes with tinted nails and have the same half dreamy smile on painted lips. Who knows? Perhaps they have the same dreams.

THE HALF-MAD POET

This reminds us of DOROTHY

She was funny. She was so dumb she was amusing. Odd, mismatched face: her smile was her only attraction. Her brain was absolutely virgin territory, though she would repeat the pet story of the village Don Juan with proper gestures and the most improper wording. I had to have something amusing that summer, and Dorothy was it.

THE STRANGER.

OUR VARIED CLIMATE

As the World Wags:

These are the days when we are confronted each morning by the momentous problem as to whether or not we shall take the light overcoat along. To take or not to take, that is the question. And whatever we do is wrong. R. H. L.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of corn crops, do you know that Georgia has a very poor one this year? Yes, sir, it'll only run about 15 gallons to the acre. It may result in a famine. TWO GUN MAC.

Brilliant Performance First Concert of the 46th Season

By PHILIP HALE

The 46th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened in a brilliant manner yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Koussevitzky, who then began his third year of service as conductor, was welcomed enthusiastically by an audience that completely filled the hall. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Der Freischuetz." Debussy, Two Nocturnes—Clouds and Festivals. Prokofiev Suite from the ballet "Chout." Beethoven, Symphony, No. 3, "Eroica."

Prokofiev's Suite was played for the first time in Boston; probably for the first time in this country. (There was a performance of the ballet at the Neighborhood Playhouse, New York early in 1924, but it is doubtful whether there was an orchestra of adequate size, if there was any orchestra at all.) "Chout" ("The Buffoon") composed in 1915 was produced at Paris in 1921. The Suite was first performed at Brussels in 1924. The music is evidently for the stage. It is a question whether the excerpts have due significance in the Suite form. The prevailing mood is one of riotous gaiety; only in the shortest of the movements is there a touch of sentiment, a poetic impression. Yet how fresh and joyous are the dance rhythms; nor is Prokofiev ashamed of salient musical ideas. His themes are not scrappy, and after they are announced he is not at a loss what to do with them. He has his own schemes of orchestral dress. The final dance is constructed ingeniously, and with irresistible effect.

A remarkable man, this Serge Prokofiev, who follows his bent: who in his later works shows more and more in-

dividuality. It is not likely that he will echo the cry of Stravinsky, "Back to Bach!" for he knows that leads to unmeaning chatter and utter dreariness. No one can now write in the grand manner of Bach; those who have ears to hear in 1926 are men and women of this year; not survivors of the 17th and 18th centuries.

Some have objected to Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of Debussy's "Festivals" and Beethoven's symphonies. One man has said "Debussy did not intend that there should be a great crescendo in the march section of 'Festivals.'" One was heard to say yesterday: "I prefer the symphony performed in the good old way." How the one knew Debussy's intention; what the other meant by "the good old way" are questions that could not easily be answered by persons who pride themselves on their conservatism, a word that may in this instance be synonymous with—but perhaps it is better not to finish the sentence.

Music on the page is not music; it is dead until it is performed. In performance it may be unemotional, uninspiring; it may excite or move profoundly. That depends entirely on the intelligence, still more on the emotional nature of the interpreter. If Debussy did not wish his "Festivals" to be performed as Mr. Koussevitzky read it, he should have wished it, for only from Mr. Koussevitzky has so gorgeous, so thrilling, so festive a performance been heard in Boston.

A word about his interpretation of Beethoven's music. The symphonies have been played so frequently that the performance has often been one of perfunctory respectability. The notes were played accurately; the tempi were according to a tradition more or less unfounded. The "Eroica" has in times past seemed long-winded; to the more irreverent of the younger generation a bore, while the more reverent stifled their yawns. This is especially true of the Funeral March. If Charles the Second was a long time in dying, the mourners of the hero in the symphony were long in bearing him to the grave.

But Beethoven was romantic, furiously romantic. He delighted in sudden and great contrasts in unexpected orchestral crashes. He could shout and toss his hat in the air. Does any sane person think for a moment that the first movement of this symphony should be performed in an undeviating, inexorable tempo? Should a pathetic passage, a song of tenderness, a plaintive cry, be played in the tempo of the preceding measures? Perish the thought!

Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation was not "sensational"; it was remarkable for its varied eloquence, for its majesty, for its pathos, for its gaiety in the final variations. Was the funeral march "dramatic?" Death is dramatic; burial is dramatic; a nation's grief is dramatic. For once this march did not seem to consume as much time as the passage of Napoleon's body from St. Helena to the Hotel des Invalides. And with the overture to "Der Freischuetz" Mr. Koussevitzky revealed the imaginative, magnetic quality that Weber's music demands.

The orchestral performance was of the highest quality.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Mozart, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; A. L. Steinert, Southern Night (first performance); Strauss, Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks; Franck, Symphony, d minor.

The audiences of the Boston Symphony orchestra will miss the presence of Mr. Hoffmann, the violinist, on the stage. He has been a member for nearly 40 years, and has rendered loyal and helpful service. An excellent musician, with great experience in routine work, he has resigned his membership, wishing to devote his time to the exercise of his profession in other ways. It is a pleasure to note that the trustees of the orchestra, through their president, Judge Cabot, have expressed in writing their warm appreciation of Mr. Hoffmann's services and their regret at his resignation.

There are few changes in the membership of the orchestra. Mr. Hamelin, the new first clarinet, a pupil of Turban, was awarded a second prize at the Paris Conservatory in 1903; a first prize in 1904. There are two new violinists, a new double-bass player, and a new second harpist. Mr. Allegra, the first clarinet of last season, has taken the place left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Vannini.

WHILE HE SLEPT

As the World Wags:

Does the brain function while asleep? Does it create, construct, review and repeat? Does it make jokes and perpetuate witticisms? I have heard of dream music being dreamed, but was the score ever written? And was the music original?

Last night at 3 o'clock I found myself awake and repeating the following doggerel (or mongrel) even to the spelling:

"Again they found me, upon my knife, that would not let me, imagine my content and peace."

Is this plagiarism or from memory, a creation or merely the result of too much chain store ginger ale?

Boston. SUDDEN NOYES.

Coleridge's brain created while he slept—witness his "Kubla Khan."—Ed

INES TO THE ANCIENT FLAPPER

(For As the World Wags)

Into the barber's shop she went, Her eye agleam, on mischief bent, Straight to the barber's chair she sped "Give me a hair-cut quick," she said.

"Cut every lock of my old gray head. But spare my ears and nose," she said "My husband forbade me to have it done. We had a tiff, but, of course, I won."

The villainous barber's work is o'er, And the snip of the scissors is heard no more:

Honor to her who had no fears To ape the flapper in spite of her years. Worcester. T. L. N.

"THE COUNTERCHECK QUARREL—SOME"

As the World Wags:

I had lost my way, and I suppose I was blundering about a bit, hunting for the main road.

We came to a sign—one of those new yellow and black ones—"Road Right."

She frowned and said with quite unnecessary sharpness, I thought: "The road may be right, but you're certainly not."

We came to another sign, "Road Left."

She frowned again, then said exultantly: "There! What did I tell? You left it some way back, too."

As pleasant as a May morning, I smiled and said: "Yes, my dear."

The next sign read, "Cross Road." I looked at her out of the corner of my eye and said: "It has nothing on you, my dear." W.

Lexington.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

As the World Wags:

Mayme Ober Peak? How I love always, to roll that bonbon of a name on my tongue!

And now Mayme has swiftly directed the eager attention of a continent—may-be the wide world itself—to a court room feature that has gone unobserved by the present scribe, for lo! these 30 years, at the lowest reckoning, I am willing to gage, too, all my worldly belongings—yea, even my hope of salvation, that the rest of the legal fraternity, including the judiciary, have, for the most of them, been equally blind to the phenomenon. I'll go further: I'll bet that Sherry, facile princeps of the court room, never noticed it.

It is the "fulsome gesture." At the hearing in the municipal court at Los Angeles, a witness was asked to describe Mrs. McPherson, and Mayme says, "he said, with a fulsome gesture, 'Her eyes were large and seemed to draw me.'"

After all these years of utter ignorance of the fulsome gesture, my imagination itself now fails me, and I cannot conjure up the slenderest semblance of a fulsome gesture.

What is it? May it involve the utterer in contempt of court? Is it likely to provoke the instant denunciation of an opposing attorney? To whom is it made? or at? Is it cause for killing? Wgm has no reference to it in his monumental treatise. Do you think that Nathan Haskell Dole would know?

A fulsome gesture! I am on tenter hooks to be told what it is.

RALPH WARDLAW GLOAG.

A STUDY IN NUMBERS

As the World Wags:

Appropos of your reference to the recurrence of the number seven in the life of a young English lady, what follows may be of interest.

In the Boston Magazine of 1784, vol. 1, p. 213, appeared the notice of death of the wife of Col. John Peters: "Died on the 15th ult. (Feb.) at Hebron, Conn., Mrs. Lydia Peters, wife of Colonel John Peters and second daughter of Joseph Phelps, Esq. She married at the age of 15, and lived with her consort three times 15 years, had 15 living children, thirteen of whom are now alive, and the youngest 15 years old. She had three times fifteen grandchildren. She was sick 15 months and died on the 15th day of the month, aged four times 15." G. A. T.

Boston. This reminds one of the figure 3 in the life of Bishop Lancelot Andrewes. The trecentenary of his death was celebrated in England on Sept. 25. He held ecclesiastical office under three sovereigns, was bishop of three sees, his name spelt three ways, his death has been ascribed to three different dates through an error in Land's dates he was buried three times—first N.

...was destroyed, and
...the High Altar in the
church—now Southwark Cath-

ELMAN QUARTET

YARMOUTH AND YARMOUTH
Henry Dickens, K. C., the son of
the novelist, celebrated his golden wed-
ding Sept. 25. Refusing to talk about
himself with a reporter, he told stories
of his father's fame and influence,
Moscow (Dostoevsky was a warm
friend of Dickens). The reporter did
ask Sir Henry what he thought of
Yarmouth (Eng.) councilmen who
voted to the name Steerforth being
an avenue of that town, on the
ground that he was not a "desirable."
After Mr. Jack Salmon called
a "silly old pup" and "a drunk-
ard with a red nose." Nevertheless
Copperfield avenue, Peggoty road,
Barkis road and Dickens avenue are
now Yarmouth streets, but there is no
Steerforth avenue. Let us not forget
that our Mr. Jack Salmon was described
as "a breezy fish salesman."

Yesterday afternoon the Mischa
Elman String quartet made its first ap-
pearance in Boston. The occasion was
one of interest, and not without impor-
tance. In these days when chamber
music has been crowded to the wall,
any quartet, if reasonably efficient, de-
serves a welcome. If the head of it
is an artist whose popularity is firm
enough to ensure a public so much the
better for the cause. Mr. Elman's ven-
ture, furthermore, may point the way
to other virtuosos, who must be sick
unto death of their weary round of
stock pieces for parade.

Mr. Elman has joined company with
excellent musicians, Edwin Bachmann,
2nd violin; William Schubert, viola;
Horace Britt, 'cello. It goes without
saying that they play with an even
balance of tone, with phrasing ex-

remely elegant, in all respects with
fine musical intelligence; till these es-
sentials of a good quartet had been at-
tained, Mr. Elman would not be the
man to come before the public. The
point is, now that he can get his
associates to do his will, what is it
that Mr. Elman wills?

To fulfill, apparently, the composer's
will, with no interposition whatever of
the performers' personalities or emo-
tions. With the first two movements
of Haydn's D minor quartet Mr. El-
man's plan worked admirably; the per-
formance, in its cool clarity and its
burnished finish, was exquisite.

But the method answered less suc-
cessfully with the hearty country mea-
sures of the third movement and the
finale's spirit of bustle and rush. It is
not enough, in this sort of music, to
play notes cleanly at the fitting speed;
players must give of themselves.

So with the Beethoven quartet (op.
74) and two movements of Tchaikovsky's
op. 30; every phrase was beau-
tifully turned, every melody beautifully
sung; Beethoven was played like Bee-
thoven, the Russian like a Russian.
But the melodies might have expressed
more if the performers had appeared
to feel them more. With Tchaikovsky
in particular, so steady a composure
did not suit.

The audience, especially after the
Haydn quartet, applauded as heartily
as though Mr. Elman had played a solo
show piece. All honor to him for what
he is doing—proving to his following
the delights that lie in quartets. But
pray, let him indulge in a freer play of
emotion; music, because written for
four instruments need not cast a chill.
R. R. G.

IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

Autumn in all her loveliness serene
Seems lovelier, compassing the quiet
dead,
Bronzed oak, gold elm and deep-toned
evergreen
Tower in silent splendour overhead,
Granite and marble monoliths between
Mark where the cold white foot of
death has sped.

O quiet watchers posted round the
fane,
Casting your mystic mantles on the
ground,
As if to shield the dead from frost and
rain,
Ye stand bareheaded, gaunt and
weather-browned,
Point upward, that the souls who rise
again
May find direction from each grassy
mound. A. W.

Much has been made of the fact that
the Prince of Wales, a hardy cuss, re-
fused to stop playing golf when it be-
gan to rain, but holsted a red um-
brella and went to the 18th hole. What
is he in comparison with Salome
Beuve who fought a duel, holding an
umbrella over his head. When the
seconds of his opponent protested and
had much to say about rules, regula-
tions, the code of honor and all that,
he said: "I don't mind being killed
but I don't like to get wet."

64-10-926
An adaptation of Sudermann's "Johannes" ("John the Baptist") will
be produced at the opening of the Repertory Theatre for the season next
Monday night. The adaptation, revision, or, as some would say, deodori-
zation, has been made by Mrs. Henry Jewett. Mr. Jewett will appear as
the prophet; Francesca Braggiotti will take the part of Salome.

Years ago in Chelsea, Vt., a local politician, returning from a con-
vention, was questioned at the store, as he sat near the cracker barrel and
within reach of the cheese, what he thought about the platform that was
adopted. "The platform was all right," he answered, "until they pruned
it if its most inherent qualities."

In the fall of 1897 when Sudermann wished to produce his play in Ber-
lin, the President of Police, the dramatic censor, forbade the performance.
There was the old law that prohibited the production of dramas dealing
with biblical subjects. Yet at the Royal Theatre Byron's "Cain," Hebbel's
"Judith," Mehul's opera "Joseph in Egypt" and Goldmark's "Queen of
Sheba" had been performed. "Johannes" was referred to the Emperor,
who undertook to give a final decision, which, it was said, would involve a
gain or loss for Sudermann of about \$50,000.

Sudermann gathered faithful followers, including Sorma, Reicher and
Kainz at the Deutsches Theatre, where he gave an author's reading. He
also appealed to the Supreme Court.

It was said at the time that Sudermann intended that the last scene
should show the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem. He knew that the
censor would not allow this episode, so it was suppressed.

The N. Y. Herald of Sept. 12, 1897, describing the play at length,
made this statement:

"At the Irving Place Theatre, where Manager Conried will produce
the play shortly, Christ's entrance into Jerusalem will be shown, but not
exactly as described in the Bible, for Mr. Conried wishes to avoid shock-
ing religious sensitiveness. Therefore the Saviour will not enter riding
on an ass, as Sudermann intended, since something might occur, such
as the unruliness of the animal, to mar a scene, the effect of which is
tended to be solemn and religiously uplifting."

William II declared that he was the ultimate Court of Appeal in all
matters pertaining to art. Having thoughtfully considered the play, he
allowed the production. It took place at the Deutsches Theatre in Jan-
uary, 1898. The play was characterized by the critics as "a picture of
the dawn of Christianity, true to the Scriptures and flush with the
spirit of the times, of the coming of the Messiah as it was seen by the
men of his own generation. The foundation on which the play is built
up is the history of the passing of the old dispensation before the teach-
ing of the Gospel of love." The play was not, as some hoped, anti-Semitic
propaganda; not an attack on Christianity or any church; "its inspiration
is drawn from the narrative of the Gospels; its tone is lofty and sincere
and its aim, if aim there be beyond art for art's sake, is not didactic.
The dialogue is striking for the simplicity and beauty of its lan-
guage—the language of Luther's Bible."

Agnes Sorma, who had the part of Salome, having gone to New York,
was replaced by Mme. Riesenhofer. She was said to express the passion
of Salome, her sensuous desire, with remarkable naturalness. "When
she is spurned by John a diabolical hatred seems to take possession of
her and in her voice there is a sound like the hissing of a snake. She
gives the dance before Herod even better than Mme. Sorma did." The
part of John was taken by Josef Kainz.

Mary Harned's translation of Sudermann's play was produced at the
Lyric Theatre, New York, on Jan. 21, 1907. John, Mr. Sothern; Herod,
Mr. Reicher; Salome, Miss Marlowe; Herodias, Miss Kruger. Roland
Buckstone played Vitellius. When he came on the stage in the last act
that takes place in Herod's palace the audience giggled. "In the garb of
a Roman he was almost as funny as Eddie Foy."

As The Herald stated last Thursday, William Winter waxed indignant
and vituperative. He leaped in the air; he frothed at the mouth. His
verbal assault on Miss Marlowe were published last Thursday in The
Herald. She and Mr. Sothern made the mistake of rushing into print
after Mr. Winter's first diatribe.

"Those missionaries of morality," Mr. Winter wrote, "revealing a
copious reserve of religious zeal—not till then suspected—had made dis-

coveries of extraordinary value. Miss Marlowe's biblical researches, for
example, had enabled her to ascertain that Salome was merely a naughty
child, a sweet young thing, who, approaching John the Baptist with a
verbal tender of her 'young body,' was only 'on the anxious seat,' and de-
sirous to learn about 'the second birth,' while Mr. Sothern's explorations
of Scripture and Sudermann had determined that Salome and John are
the celestial bearers of 'a message of love,' commissioned to instruct the
community that love is 'not altogether a lascivious and sensual matter,'
but really a good thing. . . . Mr. Sothern did not disguise the opin-
ion that Miss Marlowe's Salome dance was, perhaps, a little middle-aged
as a salutory feat, but he deemed it an edifying performance and calcu-
lated to do wonders in the service of morality; and finally he avowed (and
in this he was not far wrong) that after you had seen 'John' a few times
you would feel that it was as 'natural as an exposition of a man 'swat-
ting you in the eye.' These little gems of thought which actors contribute
to the public information are useful in many ways, especially as side-
lights upon the mental condition of their authors."

Channing Pollock's "The Enemy" will be performed next Monday
night for the first time in Boston. The play was announced on May 12,
1925, to open in New Haven, Ct., on June 1, 1925. It reached New York
(Times Square Theatre) on Oct. 21, 1925, when Fay Bainter took the part
of Paul Arndt. Charles Dalton played a profiteer; Russ Whytal, "the sar-
donic and statistical disciple of tranquility, an admirable and unanswer-
able pacifist." Jane Seymour was emotional as Miss Winckelman. Mr.
Percy Hammond characterized the play as "perhaps more than a good
show, for besides its scheme and stratagems it is a literate, eloquent and
evidently an honest essay in propaganda. It is like something by Sardou
cut of Galsworthy."

The four acts take place in Vienna in June, 1914; August, 1914; March,
1917, and June, 1919.

After the performance in New York Mr. Pollock indulged himself in
his favorite amusement: writing letters to the newspapers. He wrote in
an amusing vein to Mr. Hammond, who headed the letter: "Mr. Pollock
Reduces a Reviewer to a Pulp, Leaving Him No Leg to Stand Upon." In
the letter, speaking of originality, Mr. Pollock said: "The woman who runs
away with another woman's husband—principal figure in at least five suc-
cesses on Broadway—is not an original figure. She wasn't new 30 years
ago when Max Beerbohm wrote:

"Lovely lady, we implore,
Go away and sin no more,
Or, if that effort be too great,
Go away at any rate."

Mr. Pollard ended by saying: "Very few of our best professional
critics like me, or my work. They resent the fact that I do not remain
quiet and allow them to kill my plays. They are rather naively angry
over the fact that very large numbers of people, here and abroad, believe
in me and my sincerity, and go to see my plays, which—and this is the
sorest point of all—make more money than those banned by the district
attorney."

Then "The Enemy" was published, Mr. Pollock wrote a long preface
in which he said the play had three fathers, Dean Swift, Dr. Peter Klotz
of Salzburg, and Napoleon.

"Long ago I made up my mind that if a man who has spent 30 years
in the theatre can do nothing better than turn cartwheels to amuse an
idle crowd he had better get out of the theatre. Neither do I apologize
for melodrama. All life is melodrama; certainly that part of life which
we call war. I can report life only as I see it and feel it—and even with-
out the wish for success. I have no wish to write messages that reach
no one except pedants and professional critics. Half a dozen of the lat-
ter, notably one in Chicago, one in Boston, and one in New York, found
"The Fool" cheap hokum. They continued to find it that, even while it
was being studied in dozens of universities and commented upon in hun-
dreds of pulpits." Yet, according to Mr. Pollock, "The Fool" reached more
than 100,000,000 people in every "civilized country" in the world, by being
acted, published, seen as a "movie" and by illustrated lectures. P. H.

...murders were committed in the same period in London, all but two of the murders being traced and brought to trial by Scotland Yard.

These figures, says Mr. Gollomb, were compiled by the American Bankers' Association.

GLASGOW SINGERS

Visitors from Scotland, the Glasgow Orpheus choir, Hugh S. Robertson, conductor, sang last night in Symphony hall. Through they sang for the most part arrangements of old Scotch songs and melodies by Mr. Robertson himself, Granville Bantoch, Vaughan Williams and some others, they also offered original compositions by Coleridge, Taylor, Bantoch and Elgar, and in madrigal of Queen Elizabeth day by Benet. Solo singing of both charm and individuality by Boyd Steven, Albert Froggatt, Agnes MacGregor and William Smith added to the pleasant variety of the evening.

A pleasant evening it was, in all truth, for these Scots know a thing or two worth knowing about choral singing. A body of perhaps 50 men and women, they have acquired a masterly technique, notable above all for cleanness of attack and release. They have voices so agreeable that they keep their quality whether they sing loud or soft, and so flexible that their power of shading is quite unusually wide. And they sang last night, except for a slight deviation from the pitch early in the concert admirably in tune.

It was not, though, by their techniques, excellent as it is, that these Scottish singers made their deepest impression. Their lively imagination, rather their quick response to sentiment set them far apart. Their musicianship, too is of no common order; they feel rhythm keenly, and they can shape a phrase after the fashion of a skilled solo singer. Best of all, they sing with life, with conviction; if they let a yell in a song of war, like "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," it does not sound like a lullaby.

As for the arrangements they sang last night, some people liked them, some did not. As music, most of them were effective enough—the less familiar, as always, standing the "arranging," the best. Nothing seemed finer than "Strathmore," an old psalm tune, nobly sung of the arrangements, Mr. Robertson's Eriskany Love Lit had much charm. Coleridge Taylor furnished an exquisite setting of a poem by Christina Rossetti, "Summer is Gone," in which work the choir did some of its finest singing.

A gruesome song by Elgar, "Death on the Hills," they sang so vividly they sent shivers down the back. In Benet's madrigal they showed how music of its time should be sung, trippingly and gayly but without a trace of that too frequent exaggerated lightness that is over-daintiness. With "Willie Wastle" they had all the audience laughing so heartily the song must be repeated.

Many added songs were asked for, from the soloists and the choir too. Mr. Robertson may well feel proud of the body he has trained.

LA TRAVIATA OPENS OPERA SEASON HERE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—San Carlo opera company in Verdi's "Traviata." Conductor Carlo Peroni. The cast:

Violetta	Tina Paggi
Alfredo Germont	Philine Falco
Giorgio Germont	Philine Falco
Don Carlos	Philine Falco
Don Giovanni	Philine Falco

For once the San Carlo has denied that almost inviolable precept that determines the opening opera of the season, even if that season happens to be as cursed and abbreviated as those that descend so benignly upon the hinterlands. It was "La Traviata" last night a sometimes shoddy travietta of uneven eloquence, but still with the indefatigable and ever adroit Carlo Peroni in command of the orchestra and this sturdy band of itinerant singers.

Even a Violetta who looked and behaved more like the chaste wife and mother than a courtesan of the high places, ancient cardboard trappings, an Alfredo who was more or less perfunctory, could not rob it of much of its Verdian loveliness. In the solo of Violetta of the first act, in the duet between her and the elder Germont, in the ensemble of the second act, in the bits of light sensuous melody that pepper the Verdian operas no matter to what

period of his composition they hark back.

It was a good performance, for the most part, which was considerably improved upon with the singing and acting of Lorenzo Conati, the baritone, a newcomer to the troupe. His voice is not large, but of a warm, sensuous quality, and he uses it without violence. Of them all he was the only one who showed some signs of dramatic conviction, as if he realized the import of his words.

Tina Paggi, the current Violetta, possessed of a small, pretty soprano voice, was at her best in the duet with Conati at the end of the first act. She has a tendency to force her upper notes, to grow shrill in forte and fortissimo; yet in her quieter moments she was effective. If she did not play the courtesan, at least she sang and acted with dignity, and always agreeably.

The orchestra is much better than usual, although there were a few moments when Mr. Peroni almost drowned out his singers. The interpolated ballet was as these ballets always are, vivid and lithe. The choruses were exceedingly good, and Mr. Peroni allowed no straining, no undue shrieking, even in the ensemble that closes the second act. In all, a competent performance, although sometimes quite perfunctory. There was an audience of good size. The operas today are "Aida" this afternoon, and "Carmen" in the evening.

E. G.

'JOHN THE BAPTIST'

The Repertory Theatre opened its doors for the season last evening with an ambitious production of Hermann Sudermann's biblical tragedy, "John the Baptist," which has been adapted for the occasion by Mrs. Frances Jewett. For nearly 30 years this vividly pictorial drama of a prophet's strength and a courtesan's treachery has caused strife and dissension wherever it was produced. Banned by the former German Kaiser and ridiculed in New York, its way has been hard. But no such unpleasantness can possibly result from the presentation now on the boards, for the religious theme receives its reverent dues.

The play in its present arrangement proceeds through seven episodes, from the desert place where the Baptist first receives his followers to the culminating banquet scene in the palace of Herod, where the fateful dance of Salome transpires, and the life of the prophet is exacted as a result of an unflinching course in preparing the way for "a greater prophet who was to come." A cast of 47 and a huge corps of extras are used to mount this extensive drama.

Vague and inspiring rumors of the one who is to save mankind come to John in his desert retreat, and he gives warning to the devout followers who journey to him, to prepare for the Christ. They tell him of the act of Herod in taking for himself the wife of his brother, and add that he is to wed her in the synagogue. Filled with moral indignation, the hermit goes to Jerusalem to stop the sacrilege, and is impatiently urged to lead the crowd in stopping the act by force. But Simon, strong and of few words, comes with a message of One in Galilee who teaches love for enemies, and in the striking crisis of the fourth episode he lifts the stone to hurl at Herod and the shameless Herodias, to let it fall from his hand with a repetition of the message brought by Simon. Salome, daughter of Herodias, has become enamored of this strange, hypnotic man dressed in the skin of wild animals, and woos him ardently to be avail. Her lust turns to wrath, and she bargains with Herod to dance unveiled before him for the price of the prophet's head.

Mr. Jewett plays the stern and unflinching prophet with fiery controlled gaze and quiet and ominous, yet humble tone. In the temptation scene of the early part of the play, when Salome and her maids dance about him, his attitude of rebuke and pity is best set off. Miss Frances Braggiotti, with voluptuous grace and soft Mediterranean accent, conformed to the accepted ideas of a Salome, and added convincing beauty to the production by her dancing.

Though scenes were simple and in part duplicated in structure, there was apparently difficulty in preparing the stage for the succeeding episodes, with the result that the audience was forced to wait as long as 12 minutes for the

story to be continued. This unfortunately prevented full enjoyment of the piece, and coupled with a tendency toward slow, unvaried and monotonous tempo, made many parts of the play seem unduly protracted. Clocks pointed at 11 in the middle of the fifth episode, with two more to be acted. H. F. M.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The Castle Square Players present this week Owen Davis's "Easy Come, Easy Go," in three acts.

The cast:

Mortimer Quale	W. H. MacDougall
Horace Winfield	Rankin Mansfield
Pullman Porter	Harold Burnett
Dick Tain	Gavin Gordon
Jim Bailey	Jack Marcus
Tom Nash	T. A. Magrane
Alma Borden	Thelma White
Walcut Masters	Harold Chase
Ada Ray	Winifred Douglas
Barbara Quale	Jean Oliver
Dr. Jaspers	Winfield Hatt
Molly	Gene Cleveland
Shadow Martin	Hal Burnett

"Easy Come, Easy Go" is a so-called crook farce. It is pleasantly remembered from last year's presentation at the New Park theatre with Otto Kruger and Victor Moore starring. Last night's offering was well presented, except, perhaps, for the too jocular manner of Gavin Gordon, who, as Dick Tain, was an associate of an experienced bank robber. Experience with such characters leads one to believe that men of that type are not as sportive as was portrayed by Mr. Gordon. They are more inclined to be the "wise guy" style as played by Hal Burnett as Shadow Martin, a former accomplice of criminals who had later obtained employment as athletic supervisor at a sanitarium.

However, even if Mr. Gordon did overdo his part, he caused most of the laughs. He was only outdone in this regard by W. H. MacDougall, who as Mortimer Quale, a millionaire, was continuing to go through life on the sheer bluff that had made him wealthy, but, like many of his ilk, he had never been able to attain the great heights they think their money will carry them to.

Quale's daughter, Barbara, played by Jean Oliver, was attempting, at her father's suggestion, to climb the social ladder of another and more exclusive family until she met with Tain, the robber, under whose influence she began to assert herself and finally threw over the ninecompo whom her father had selected to be her husband.

The adventures of the millionaire family and the robbers in a health resort, where the family was to have its corrected, while the robbers were there to evade the police, furnished plenty of fun and in consequence of the close association of Barbara Quale and Tain in the sanitarium the proposed marriage of Barbara to Horace Winfield was cast aside for the adventurous Tain.

The Castle Square Players are endeavoring to play their way into the hearts of the public, and are offering a number of daring plays as a means of attracting attention. Last week they played "Ladies of the Evening," which had to do with the rehabilitation of a street walker. Next week they will present that much-talked-of "Simon Called Peter." When the book "Simon Called Peter" was being first circulated there was a spirited controversy as to its fitness for distribution among the people of this commonwealth.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Student Prince," an operetta in four acts. Book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly, music by Sigmund Romberg. The principals:

Prince Karl Franz	Halfred Young
Dr. Engel, his tutor	Herbert Water
Lutz, his steward	DeWolf Hopper
Von Mark, the premier	Yvan Serravallo
Ruder, the inn keeper	William White
Carl Tarnitz	Townsend Alford
Huber, Lutz's attendant	Charles Mac
Kathie, a waitress	Ise Marvenga
Grand Duchess Anastasia	Jayne Herbert
Princess Margaret	Lillian Glaser
Gretchen, Ruder's niece	Kay Hawley

"The Student Prince," which played a long engagement in Boston last season, is back with its gorgeous scenery and effects, its glittering uniforms and swaying crinolines, its resonant choruses and its romantic "Prisoner of Zenda," ending, also, with DeWolf Hopper, whose infinite zest age can not wither nor custom stale.

Two changes were noted among the principals. Halfred Young, as the handsome young Prince, who falls in love with the pretty peasant girl but gives her up at the command of duty to his people, achieved an instant popularity. He has a graceful presence and a pleasing, albeit rather light voice. Ise Marvenga, who created the part but has only been seen once in it here, was all that she has been described, dainty as a butterfly and singing her lines with appealing sweetness. The Heidelberg student chorus was, as ever, superb, and the court hall was one of the most dazzling bits of stage magnificence seen here for many a year.

Mr. Hopper was a bit slow in start-

ing, but when he finally did get going with a lot of fresh "business" and gags, he took possession of the stage by right of eminent domain. His little talk before the curtain was characteristic.

If you like a beautifully mounted, tuneful and wholly delightful production, that moves with the smoothness and precision that only comes from long practice, go and enjoy "The Student Prince."

J. E. P.

CONTINUING

COLONIAL—"Ziegfeld's Follies," 20th annual production, with James Barton, Ray Dooley, Louise Brown, Edna Lee-dam, Charles King and others. Last two weeks.

HOLLIS—"The Honor of the Family," comedy-drama, starring Otis Skinner. Second week.

NEW PARK—"Craig's Wife," Pulitzer prize play by George Kelly, starring Chrystal Herne. Second week.

SHUBERT—Al Jolson in his newest musical production, "Big Boy." Last two weeks.

TREMONT—"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," comedy by Frederick Lonsdale, starring Ina Claire, with Roland Young and James Dale. Second week.

WILBUR—"One of the Family," comedy by Kenneth Webb, starring Grant Mitchell with Louise Closser Hale. Second week.

COPLEY—"They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's Pulitzer prize play in its fourth and last week.

ETHEL BARRYMORE

Ethel Barrymore is heading the bill at Keith's this week, appearing in Sir James Barrie's one-act play, "The Twelve Pound Look," one of her favorite vaudeville vehicles. Miss Barrymore's artistry and accomplishments are recognized by all. She did at Keith's what was expected of her and the large and enthusiastic audience which her name had brought to the house gave her a hearty welcome. She is a trifle stouter, and becomingly so, than she was at her last appearance in the city. Her hair is blond, smartly bobbed and closely waved. She wore a powder blue crepe de chine two-piece sport dress and her velour hat was of the same shade.

Jay C. Flippen, black face comedian, last seen here about a year ago in "June Days," is back in vaudeville again with his act entitled "The Ham What Am." He still smokes the 10-inch black cigar which he fondles with his long fingers between puffs. He breaks up his "wise cracking" chatter with songs, some of the insinuating variety, which the audience delighted in. Herma and Juan Reyes, violinist and pianist, presented an entirely classical program and had the good taste and courage not to stoop to ordinary selections for their wind-up. The audience liked them immensely.

Skelly and Heit and company present an attractive combination of singing, dancing and clowning, the latter largely contributed by the irrepressible Hugh Skelly. Raymond Wilbert, a suave gentleman, who talked as he worked, did some nicely placed trick golf shots which were interesting to everybody. Harry Bentell and Helen Gould, the dancing xylophonists, live up to their name, playing lively tunes on the xylophone as they dance, and later forsaking the instrument and going in for some intricate tapping and eccentric steps that were excellent.

La Salle, Hassan and Moran, three young chaps who opened the bill, came near to stopping the show with their remarkable exhibition of fast tumbling and dancing. These boys have youth and plenty of enthusiasm that is infectious. The Dancing McDonalds, an entertaining act, completed an unusually entertaining program.

A. F.

MME. AVIERINO

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Olga Avierino, soprano, gave her first recital in Boston last evening in Jordan hall. Leon Vartanian was the pianist. The program read as follows: Gluck, O, del mio dolce ardor from "Paris and Helen." Purcell, When I laid in earth, Nymphs and S. Bach-Sloti, Arias from Can. and No. 105 (the ...)

3) Tchaikovsky, i.e., who have warned alone. Glazounov, Oriental. Chumantov, Sorrow in Spring, Spring. Olenin, My Country (two songs). Gubsky, Mandoline, La Chevelure, Clair. Lune, Wagner, Isolde's Love Death. The only unfamiliar name on the program is that of Alexander Olenin. Born in 1865, he is a brother of Mme. Olenina. Alhelm, a celebrated singer of Moussorgsky's songs. His opera "Kudejar" was performed at Moscow. He has written many songs, also piano pieces on Russian folk-tunes. The words of "My Country" were not on the program, so one was unable to say whether the music fitly expressed the sentiment of the poet. As far as the music itself is concerned, the second song has the more character and the more poetic feeling.

The voice of Mme. Avlerino, whose father and husband are members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, is of rich and emotional quality, well suited to dramatic interpretations, yet it is flexible, so that florid passages are easily and smoothly performed. Nor does this voice rebel against sustained vocal passages of tender moods. In Gluck's beautiful aria, Mme. Avlerino showed dramatic intensity and joyful lightness.

Mr. Sliot is never so happy as when he is "arranging" music by Bach. Yet he did this excellent pianist, this man fine musical taste, waste his time

and run the risk of irritating well-dressed hearers by transcribing an aria from Cantata No. 54, an aria that Bach might have spun out for 10 minutes more or chopped off several minutes before the present completion without affecting the prevailing oneness of this music without significance. The second aria with the oboe obligato was a little more tolerable and to be endured, but Bach was not save in a few instances, an inspired writer for a solo voice; as a melodist, not to be compared with Handel. Mme. Avlerino won sympathy by her accuracy, memory and patience in the accomplishment of an ungrateful task.

The Russian songs were sung with genuine passion, with a passion which at times led to the forcing of tones so that they lost quality. The "Oriental" was charmingly interpreted, as were the little Russian songs which were added to the program.

Mr. Vartanian proved himself to be an excellent accompanist. The obolst played skillfully, but with undeviating tone in Bach's aria. An audience of fair elze was warmly applaudive.

The obligatory two-course dinner in French restaurants has excited comment. It appears that the French government does not count "sweets" or cheese as a course, but vegetables, if they are not a trimming to a meat dish, do count. "This placing of vegetables on the level of foods which deserve, for reasons of taste as well as of health, to be eaten by themselves is an essential part of the tradition of the French table. It accounts for the number of vegetables commonly used, which is still much larger than in England, and for the appetizing variety in the methods of cooking them. It is responsible for the chief part of the amazement and hardly concealed contempt of the Parisian for an Englishman's manner of choosing dinner."

This Parisian correspondent adds that the French think visiting Americans do not appreciate what they eat. They wish a meal served so soon after the order that there is not time to prepare it properly. "Give them evening dress and ice and a jazz band and they will accept any kind of food. They will order a dinner with all the dishes in the wrong order and no vegetable at all. They will take a vintage Bordeaux, shake the bottle while they are pouring it out, and dilute the precious wine with soda water."

This we can readily believe, but here is an incredible statement: "They will put jam into their soup."

Two courses. What would Terry Quinn, no longer on earth, have said to this? He was many years ago a brewer in Troy, N. Y. An enlightened constituency, perhaps remembering that brewers in England found seats in the House of Commons or became peers, sent Terry to Congress. He was asked by a fellow-townsmen if one dined well to Washington. "I should think so," was his answer. "I was at a dinner

there the other night when there were 17 courses and we never changed a plate."

As the World Wags:

I met a middle-aged man, an old friend of mine in New York. He said, "I saw 'Able's Irish Rose' last night."

In surprise I said, "I thought you had seen that before." He replied, "Well, I just wanted to see if they had changed it any since I was a boy." JAZBO.

THE DEVIL IS OLD

My friend is young—and wise.

I may not touch her hand,
"For the devil," she says, "is in the revel

Of dance and song; the brand

Of sin's in a stolen kiss."

Ah, Quaker maiden sweet,

There's that in your eyes that a saint

must prize,

And this sinner kneels to greet!

The voice of my friend is low,

And soft, and wondrous kind,

But her words so dear draw, cold and

clear,

From the crystal lake of her mind.

For she is of Plato's school—

Believes, with that hoary sage,

That 'tis no sin to love, within

The law of the printed page.

I may not touch her hand—

But she yields to me her eye.

And—the devil's to pay, in the same old

way,

For the devil is old—and wise!

BILLY D.

Dr. Robert Henry Aders Pilmer of London has the courage to define a "square meal." "A square meal should be geometrically square, in the sense that it should embrace the four cardinal points of good diet, vitamins A, B and C and good protein."

This definition would not have eulged the late William Hoyer, who ordered his last meal before execution. Long Island duck mixed with one can of peas and one pint of olives, to be cooked into a brown stew and served with dumpings. Four slices of bread, boiled rice, tomato salad, strawberry shortcake, a pint of vanilla ice cream and raspberry soda. He also ordered 12 good cigars and a package of cigarettes.

The account of Hoyer's last hour did not include the old formula indispensable in the days of "a dull, sickening thud" and "the wee small hours." This formula began with "The unhappy man thanked the jailer for his kindness and partook heartily of—"

THE DUKE GOES TO MARKET

As the World Wags:

I got to thinkin, the longer I wear a suit, the shorter the bank roll gets, so we had a peacefull council of war to see what wuz wrong. Tha B. and C. blames it on tha butcher an grocer, so I went along on lass Sattidaye market spree. Wen I got thru, I tell ya, I was surprized they doan have a addnshun charge. In tha butchers I wuz afraid ta sit on a stool, fer feer they wood wanna check my hat. Seems pottoze got so ritz, they insist on being sole by tha lb. insted of butshell. I remember when they haz such common fokes, that they wood be stuck on a oil can spout, coop greens, what I thought was 3c a bunch, haz got an idear there in a clase with orchids. Insted uv gettin a cup an saucer free with a lb. of coffee, ya get a dirty look ef ya doan buy tha kind they rekkomend. There selling eggs now, dependin on what year model ya want. They got 3 kinds, old, older, an oldest. I got so mad wen tha clerk ask'd how many beins we wanted, I tole him, about a dozen. Seems tha butcher doan weigh hiz hand with the meat ennymor, az heez got a better elsten. They got a scale wich figgers quicker az algebra, fer instance, he puts 2 lbs. of steak on at 52c lb. an it tells ya to tha penny that \$1.36 is the anser. He didn't know who I wuz, so afur tha meet waz rapped, he ask'd me ef I waz next. I sed "ya dam rite im next," wen I went ta skoll 2x2 waz \$1.08, an tha best I got outten the argument waz a wize crack to tha effect, "ya coodn fool horse flies." Wen we got home I tole tha B. and C. to get a new butcher, an she seys arlite wize guy, but iv'e tried em all, an heez tha cheepest, so I tole her it seems tha only solution to tha problem wood be for one of us ta quit eatin, an she seys, arlite gloom, "When do ya wanta start?"

DUKE BAKRAK.

As the World Wags:

"A final preliminary was put on immediately after the big bout in the hope of relieving the traffic congestion." Probably this reporter adds a preface at the end of every letter he writes.

PHILEMON FARGO.

Softly, fair sir: There were several preliminary bouts. One of them must have been the final one.—Ed.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Carmen

San Carlo Opera Company. The cast:

Carmen	Marguerite Sylva
Don Jose	Franco Taffuro
Escamillo	Giuseppe Interaute
Dancarlo	Francesco Curci
Remendado	Natalie Cervi
Zuniga	Andrea Monelli
Morales	Francesco Curci
Micaela	Tina Pargi
Frasquita	Philine Falco
Mercedes	Bernice Schalker

Conductor—Carlo Peroni.

A Carmen trod the boards last night, in the person of Marguerite Sylva, worth everybody's seeing. To recall, indeed, so interesting a performance as Mme. Sylva's, one would have to think back a good many years. For Carmen after all, if one may take Merimee's word for it, not to forget the music Bizet wrote for her to sing, was a person of charm, who fascinated many men of many minds. Violence and vulgarity, the chief stock in trade of too many recent Carmens, would never in the world have accounted for the gypsy's many conquests.

This charm Mme. Sylva never let disappear. She was brazen enough, but with a deft hand she drew the line between the elemental boldness of a gypsy and plain vulgarity. She stormed when occasion rose for fury, but she did not scold Jose into following her, after the manner of many Carmens. A creature of wild grace, even as Bizet said, a woman of witty address, with plenty of the appeal that other singers stress, Mme. Sylva presented a Carmen last night whose history for once seemed credible.

Without fussy over-elaboration, Mme. Sylva showed herself ingenious in devising details of "business." With fine skill she differentiated her behavior toward the three men who sought her. More intelligently than any Carmen of recent years she distinguished, in her scenes with Jose, between a woman enticing a man merely to gain her ends, and a woman pleading love, be it only for the moment. How beautifully Mme. Sylva sang in the duet of the second act, and how vividly she suggested, by her quality of tone, the woman's change of heart! A finer performance is not to be seen every day.

The performance of the opera was, on the whole, very good, according to the standards Mr. Gallo now sets himself. In Miss Pagli and Mr. Taffuro he has found two singers with excellent voices, who know how to sing well. Mr. Interaute also sang very well. The smaller parts were done with animation, the ballet danced with grace and vigor, the chorus showed good training. Mr. Peroni, admirable conductor though he is, did not make it clear that "Carmen" is to him the most sympathetic of operas. Tonight "La Boheme" will be sung.

R. R. G.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—San Carlo Opera Company in Verdi's "Aida."

Carlo Peroni, conductor. The cast:

Aida	Clara Jacobo
Amneris	Stella de Mette
Rhadames	James de Gaviria
Amnaso	Gino Lull
Ramsis	Andrea Monelli
King of Egypt	Natalie Cervi
A priestess	Francesco Curci
Princeps	Philine Falco

The performance, yesterday, was one of the best that this company has given for some time. In point of individual singers, of ensemble work, of orchestral playing it far surpassed the somewhat inauspicious occasion of the opening night. This, despite the fact that Miss Schalker was substituted hurriedly as the Amneris in lieu of Miss de Mette of other seasons. It may account for the omission of the duet of the last act between Rhadames and Amneris.

But it was Clara Jacobo who, as the Aida, was the bright, particular star of the performance. Dramatically, a routine player, she sang with such power and loveliness that the edited breast heavings and heavy gestures, that pass for acting in opera, were forgotten. She has a large, dramatic soprano, of considerable range and volume; yet she never forced it, abused her upper tones for forte climaxes. Her attack on some of her high notes was not always good, but this is a distinctly minor fault.

Mr. de Gaviria as the Rhadames, sang the role of this luckless captain of the king's army, with suavity and considerable vocal effectiveness, especially in the final duet and in the duet of the third act. A tenor robusto, of a full, Italianate voice which he did not overstrain. In fact, it was throughout a singularly dramatic and yet restrained performance, thanks to the guiding hand of the invaluable Mr. Peroni, whose orchestra outdid itself, especially in solo passages.

Miss Schalker, who sang with the company last season although not as

Amneris, has a very pretty mezzo voice, at times too light to compete with the sumptuous voice of Miss Jacobo and the orchestra. But in the beginning of the last act, she sang the mezzo sir very beautifully, though somewhat timorously. Gino Lull was a vigorous and richly-voiced Amnaso.

As for the ensembles, the third act of yesterday's performance was one of the finest things the company has done. Here, for a time, they achieved operatic and vocal heights. The setting

and lighting, incidentally, were of the usual travelling troupe variety, impossible anywhere but in opera.

E. G.

Arthur B. Walkley, the celebrated dramatic critic of the London Times, who died a few days ago, wrote entertainingly about literature, social whims, food, all things pertaining to humanity. He once went to a concert of the London Symphony orchestra.

"The conductor enters, and there is more applause. It is Mr. Serge Koussevitzky, whose behavior as he advances to the desk is so quiet and restrained that you would never suspect that diable au corps for which he is famous. But when he starts the Melstersinger overture he is a man transformed. The great, blazing, pompous marches lift his arms high above his head, and then down, down they go, pushing the music, as it were, back in its overwhelming advance. But to speak thus is, of course, to speak as a fool. The gestures of the conductor, by which he seeks to give out again to the orchestra the soul of the music he has absorbed within him, seem only exaggerated contortions to the unmusical or the soulless. The staid and statuesque Englishman may find Mr. Koussevitzky's movements excessive, but then Mr. Koussevitzky is not an Englishman—c'est tout dire. I found him very interesting to watch, and I think, if I were playing in his orchestra (say, the triangle), I should be compelled, under his electric inspiration, to bang it like mad. When it came to Sir Edward Elgar's turn to conduct (his own Variations, Op. 36) the effect was, naturally and rightly, different: intimate, and, if I may say so, homely. Under him, I should not be so fierce with my triangle, but touch it delicately, as though I loved it. I instance the triangle for safety; because, as a matter of fact, there is no triangle in the L. S. O."

For this week the program comprises Mozart's Kleine Nachtmusik, Stelner's "Southern Night" (first performance), Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and Franck's Symphony, D minor.

"THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY"

We have received an interesting letter about "The Honor of the Family" in which Mr. Otis Skinner is now shining brilliantly at the Hollis Street Theatre.

Notes and Lines:

Permit me to extend my compliments to "H. F. M." for his most comprehensive review of "The Honor of the Family" in The Boston Herald of Tuesday, Oct. 5, also to acknowledge the correctness of his assertion that Philippe Bridau "should have been killed". In the original French production he was.

I had the pleasure of seeing M. Genier in the play at his theatre and it was then and there that Charles Frohman asked me "Whom I saw among his stars in the role." I answered unhesitatingly, "Only Otis Skinner." So that fall when I had returned to America, Mr. Skinner and his, at that time, personal manager, Joseph Buckley, came down to my place at South Duxbury, and I had the honor of reading the play to them in my library. In addition to the two distinguished listeners, my son James, M. D. (now of Harvard University) was lying on the porch just under the open window, "taking it all in."

The play was called in the French "La Rabouilleuse," a title difficult to translate into an attractive English one, signifying as it does, "a shrimp-catcher," or "one who entrap."

Mr. Frohman had the play in his possession several years before I saw it in Paris. It was first adapted for him by Paul Potter; then, with a view to his acting the part of Philippe, William Gillette went to work upon it but with no satisfactory result. Next, with William Faversham in mind for the part, Mr. Frohman had Clyde Fitch try his hand at bettering the adaptation already made, but Faversham did not care for the part, and it was shelved. Then when Genier had arrived in Paris—I think it was in the summer of 1900—I saw it.

colman reverting to the first management of it, made as Paul Potter, which adhered closely to the original, altered it to Otis Skinner, who, upon hearing it read by me, sent a wire instantly to Mr. Frohman: "The part for me," and he was the man for the part. As acted by Gemler, Bridau leaving the stage in the last act, and Flora, knowing that Orsanto is lying in wait for him, listens at the door in terrified silence. A cry is heard and Bridau staggers in, and with a desperate effort to reach Flora, falls over a chair, carrying it with him, and dies upon the stage: a very effective and acrobatic bit of acting on Gemler's part. Mr. Frohman, helleving the public taste to be in favor of a hero's survival, arranged the present ending. The title of the play was suggested by me, among many others, and one of the regrets of my long association with Charles Frohman was not having the direction, or staging, of the play for Mr. Skinner, but at the time of its production here I was very busy with the rehearsal of "The Thief" and had to give all of my time and attention to that play. Of that original supporting cast only two members remain, Harry Burkhardt and Eugene Woodward. I have seen both of the earlier production, and should like to revive old and pleasant memories by seeing the present one. Perhaps I might be complimented with an admission to the Hollis, if I ran up to town during the engagement.

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

South Duxbury.

"La Rabouilleuse," based by Emile Fabre on Balzac's "Menage de Garcon," was produced at the Odeon, Paris, on March 11, 1903. Bridau, Gemler; Mal Gilet, Dorival; Orsanto, Decour; Flora, Andree Megard. There were 109 performances; in 1907 (Theatre Antoine, Gemler direction) 31; there were revivals in 1908 and 1912. Mr Skinner first played Bridau at New Rochelle, N. Y. In 1907, New York city saw him on Feb. 17, 1908. Clyde Fitch wrote to him: "Frohman has sent me from Boston your M.S. of the ending, which I think fine. . . . It is my version of the play you are using. The royalties for the play are paid to me. But I have my name on too many play bills, as it is, and my old friend, Paul Potter, had first done a version for Frohman, and so I stipulated my name was not to be used. Later Fitch wrote to "V. G.": "Isn't Skinner's success fine? It pleases me so much more for his sake, in a way, than mine. Who would ever have dreamed, when we motored down that stormy, dreary, raw night to New Rochelle last autumn, it would presage a success like this!" Mr. Skinner says in his "Footlights and Spotlights" that Potter's version was overhauled by Frohman, Gilette, Fitch and himself; that it was Fitch who, having a horror of death scenes, insisted that Bridau must not be killed. Mr. Skinner said that in Paris people went to see Gemler die, to which Fitch replied: "Well, they won't come to see Skinner die. Why should you die? Nobody will want you to. You've been a good fellow all through—all comedy and gaiety. Do you think they will like it, if after all these fine scenes, you come in covered with blood and fall over a chair?" Mr. Skinner adds: "The play was his property. He was stubborn. I couldn't convince him, so I lived." In Balzac's story and in the French play Bridau is a rascal.—Ed.

Notes and Lines:

Raquel Meller, the Spanish singer,

was so pleased with the way she was received in the United States that she has sold her home across the pond and is coming here to live. Well, Raquel, receiving distinguished foreign visitors is the very best thing we do over here. But after you settle down and we soak you with the income tax and the cops tear your automobile all to pieces for likker and the bandits lock you up in the clothes closet and carry away your diamonds and young grand piano and you buy champagne and find it is about the same as corrosive sublimate and—well, Raquel, it's a great country, if you don't weaken.

R.H.L.

Boston Opera House—"La Boheme," Jan Carlo Opera Company. The cast:

Mimi	Blanca Saroya
Rodolfo	Dimitri Onofrei
Musetta	Tina Pauci
Marcel	Lorenzo Conati
Alcindoro	Andrea Monelli
Conductor	Giuseppe Interrante
	Natale Cervi
	Natale Cervi

From the vocal point of view, that was an excellent performance last night of "La Boheme." Miss Saroya in particular showed her lovely, well-schooled voice to great advantage. Certain passages of sustained song she delivered with rare beauty of tone and with genuine appreciation of the melodic line. In the third act quartet she sang admirably, indeed, and frequently, in conversational episodes, she made a notably skillful use of the half voice that fit them best.

Miss Saroya sang nearly always

well that it is a pity she should sometimes over-stress insignificant sentences. She should beware, furthermore, of a tendency to force her high tones. She has no need of so unfortunate an expedient; her voice is trained to carry.

Mr. Onofrei, in his turn, sang sometimes too loud for mere loudness' sake, when a quieter utterance would better have suited the words. For the most part, though, he sang excellently, with tones freely given and fine in quality. Not every tenor can manage a high C so easily and with such complete success.

Two able comedians, Miss Paggi and Mr. Conati, made much of the roles of the second pair of lovers—Miss Paggi, indeed, doing Musetta exceedingly well—though it might be wished they had not driven their comedy, at the end of both their big scenes, quite so far. They sang well, Mr. Conati displaying an especially agreeable voice.

The opera was very well staged, and the chorus both sang and moved about with animation. Mr. Peroni appeared to find his heartiest enjoyment in those climaxes that swell and mount; with the comedy of the first act he seemed less in sympathy.

R. R. G.

MISS GREVILLE

By PHILIP HALE

Ursula Greville, soprano, gave a recital in Jordan hall last night. Her program read as follows: North Country Songs arranged by W. G. Whittaker—Bobby Shafto, Adam Buckham, O' Bonny at Morn, Ca' Hawke through the Water, Elsie Marley. Early 18th century songs, collected by Miss Greville and arranged by Owen Mase (Newness, What Charming Sounds, Anon. From Place to Place, The Maid's Petition, A Northern Song, Carey, the Nightingale), Brahms, Feldensamkeit, Der Schmied, Vergebliches Staendchen, Sandmaennchen, Melne Liehe Ist Gruen, Shaw, Palanquin Bearers, Finzi. The Cupboard. Felix White, Old Courting Rhyme, Gibbs, The Mad Prince, Gerard Williams, Baby's Night Song, Bainton, Nightingale, near the House.

Felix White, born in 1884, chiefly self taught, is a voluminous composer, who has written orchestral pieces, chamber music, part songs, many piano pieces, about 250 songs, some with orchestra and children's operetta. The other living composers are more or less known here, except Gerald Finzi.

Miss Greville is more than a woman with a voice and what are known as "singing brains"; she would be an interesting apparition even if she did not sing, for she is fearless, one might say audacious as the editor of the Sackbut (One is tempted to say, recalling Biblical phrases, Sackbut and Psalter). Her comments on songs, composers, audiences last evening were entertaining, for she has a sense of humor. On the printed page of her program, she said with reference to the words of certain 18th century songs: "Personally, I love calling a spade a spade." We can imagine her calling a spade "a damned spade" for she is vigorous and outspoken as a writer.

In 1920 she gave her first recital in London and also took the part of the Queen of Night in the "Magic Flute." Last evening she showed herself to be an accomplished singer of florid songs, as in "What Charming Sounds" and Bainton's "Nightingale." Her vocal technique in other respects is highly commendable. Her command of breath enables her to maintain beautifully a long melodic line, as well as to sing long roundels in an easy and flawless manner. As a singer and only with respect to technique, she is to be praised.

But she is much more than an idle singer of an empty lay, she shines brilliantly as an interpreter, intelligent, versatile, and original while respecting the intentions of poet and composer. She spoke modestly last night, apropos of the songs by Brahms, that a singer should not stand in awe of traditions, should not endeavor to ape singers whom she named, but should communicate to the hearer what she herself found in the music. It is not too much to say that in her interpretation of "Feldensamkeit," "Vergebliches Staendchen" and "Sandmaennchen" she surpassed the singers to whom she referred.

That she has dramatic power was revealed in "The Mad Prince;" still more in "The Cupboard." Occasionally she made a discreet use of facial ex-

pression and gesture, but her voice itself was eloquent.

Of the group of English songs, Shaw's "Palanquin Bearers" has the most individuality and musical charm, though it is less pretentious than others in the group.

Her enunciation was not always distinct; one wished that the text of the songs had been printed on the program.

Owen Mase accompanied as an excellent pianist with a charming touch, and in full sympathy with the singer. The audience of good size was enthusiastic.

Who was Newness, an 18th century composer? A singer runs a risk by singing "What Charming Sounds," as a dramatist courted disaster by naming his play "Success."

Mr. Rupert Hughes continues to stir up all the Daughters of the Revolution, all the Colonial Dames, members of temperance bands and wild-eyed prohibitionists by insisting that Gen. George Washington crooked his elbow on formal and informal occasions; furthermore, that he fell in love with various ladies during his life and was especially fond of Sally Fairfax, a married woman.

We doubt if the great and good Washington ever "drank to hurt." He certainly was not what they call in the District of Maine a two-handed drinker, and he never was so foolish as to drink between drinks. When he visited, with his brother Lawrence, the Barbados in 1751, he was rather distressed, we have read, by the spendthrift habits of his hosts, and by their luxuriant mode of living. "A heavy dinner of beefsteaks, tripe and rum, held at 3 of the clock on a tropical afternoon, was a luxury for which the simple Virginian had little taste."

As for Sally Cary Fairfax. We respectfully invite the Colonial and Revolutionary dames of high and low degree to read the first chapter of Mr. Eugene E. Prussing's "George Washington in Love and Otherwise." Mrs. Fairfax was a tall brunette, handsome, inclined to coquetry, well read. She saw to it, when George was a young man, that her seamstress made his linen and cambric shirts to suit him, with narrower wristbands and deeper ruffles than those of the one he sent to measure by. Sally's "great misfortune in life was not that she did not share Washington's fortunes, but that she never knew the peace that passeth all understanding." When he first met this "vivacious, cultured and beautiful woman," she was 18 and he was 17.

As for other affairs of the heart, Mr. Prussing says: "There are also many tales of his later years, of gossip and malicious character such as are told of all eminent men, but none of them can stand the test of historic examination."

We like to think of Gen. George Washington as a human being; drinking wine or strong waters when he was so inclined, not indifferent to woman's grace and beauty; swearing in bursts of righteous indignation.

Let us say with Artemus Ward, delivering a Fourth of July oration at Weathersfield, Ct., in 1859:

"G. Washington was about the best man this world ever set eyes on. He was a clear-headed, warm-hearted and oldfogy goin' man. He never slept over! The prevailin' weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER. (Put them words in large letters.—A. W.) . . . Washington never slept over. That wasn't George's stile. He loved his country dearly. He wasn't after the aples. He was a human angl in a 3-korned hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away."

DREAM-POETRY

As the World Wags:

The free verse (shall we call it?) dreamed by "Sudden Noyes," and repeated for the pleasure of readers of this column in The Herald, recalls an all too little known quatrain:

"I eat my beans with honey.
I've done it all my life.
It makes them taste quite funny,
But it holds them on the knife."

I have an idea that dreams similar to Mr. (?) Noyes's are not so very uncommon, for I recall similar instances among my own acquaintance. In each case the dreamer, as he woke, felt that he had given birth to a most beautiful poem. Here are three:

"The coal-oil lamp was filled with coal-oil, and on it sat an angel, looking down."

"Hush! Roar me soft against a wall!"
"A cat sat on the mantelpiece.
Beyond—a star!"
I rubbed her down with axle-grease
And there you are!"

I once was able to recall, after waking, both the words and music of a bit of song which I dreamed:

"Way down in Alabama
I stole two chickens more,
And whistling softly placed them
Outside her kitchen door."

The most interesting experience of this sort which I ever had, however, came to me one morning, when I awakened with an all-pervading sense of a strange and noble beauty. And ringing in my ears were these words, spoken rhythmically and sonorously:

In the Gate of the Bull at Ctesiphon
How greatly was Caesar our friend.

I have no theory about the geneals of these lines. Are they perhaps a remembered fragment?

MIRIAM LOWELL.

Provincetown.

THEY GO LOOKING

As the World Wags:

The B and C tells me this morning I came home from Johnny Birmingham's poker game I promised she coud get a new fur coat this year, (which may be I did cause in my condition a promise was a helova lot smarter than a battle). The subject was served again for breakfast last week, an I told her to do some window shopping an if she coud find a good sable outfit fer about 85 bucks, ta grab it. From the reports Im getting it wood be cheaper ta buy a pair of platinum dumbbells. Well yesterday I take a cupple hrs. off an go lookin with her. What I dont know about furs is still in the books, but before long I was wised up to the fact that it certainly is a skin game. One guy blows on em ta show you there A. I. first class, tha next bozo tries to pull out a handfull of hair, another bird asks ya ta smell em. Frum tha price they want fer squirrel they must be feeding em shelled pistachio nuts. A fresh guy in one store asks what kind of trimmining we want, and after givin him tha once over I had it all figured out what kind of a trimmining we wood get. One store showed us a coat with a skunk trim wich I kiboshed rite away on acct of having had dealings with one of those animals on my vacation. One thing I learned was that tha diffrunce between a garment an a creation was 800 bucks. When I tried ta tell the B and C it wood be more sensible ta get a cloth coat, she says, "Yes dear and dont forget it wood of been more sensible ta bet that Tuncny wood last more as one round."

DUKE BAKRAK.

JERRY

was the only one of them all I truly loved. And she never knew it. Slim, arrogant, well-groomed, her red-brown hair always a fitting frame for her small, oval face, her green eyes slight and moving, or quiet and deep. Small ringless fingers that could have held my all, but were so unaware. She disappeared from school one day, and no one seems to know much about her now. Ah, well.

THE STRANGER.

As the World Wags:

How often have we thrilled to the story of the he-man cowboy winning the heart of some eastern maiden sojourning on a neighboring ranch! But realism somehow injects a fly into the ointment of one who knows the cowboy first hand. Whether the cowboy thinks bathing unhealthy or merely a nuisance, I don't claim to know, but in truth he and the bath are not boon companions. From the viewpoint of fragrance he should be rated somewhere between the goat and the Turk in the famous anecdote Can you blame me for incredulity when I read a story of such a gamey chap playing Romeo to a girl to whom the daily bath is merely an incident in the routine of living. Can't be done if he approaches her on the windward side.

S. A. PRISTI

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—San Carlo Opera Company in Verdi's "Rigoletto." Carlo Peroni, conductor. The cast:

Gilda	Consuelo Escobar
Duke of Mantua	Franco Taffuro
Rigoletto	Lorenzo Conati
Sparafucile	Andrea Monelli
Maddalena	Stella De Mette
Montenero	Natale Cervi
Conte Di Ceprano	Elio Grimaldi
Contessa Di Ceprano	Philine Falco
Borsa	Francesco Curci
A Pave	Philine Falco
Marullo	Luigi De Cesare

Nothing can quite mar the musical spontaneity, the dramatic point of "Rigoletto." Somehow, despite its absurdities, its interpolated flights of coloratura, it arises bravely from the midst of shoddy, ancient trappings, from all that welter of stage setting that burlesques itself. Its musical vitality alone carries it, and the unerring fitness of music to mood, the one underscoring the other from the first dark, bitter chords of the introduction.

As for the performance last evening, it was a good one, though not always even or of the same high quality as some of the others. Mr. Conati was apparently not in the best of voice; at times his singing was hardly above a whisper. Yet his Rigoletto was an excellent bit of acting, deliciously mocking, gentle, tragic. In the duet of the third act, with Gilda, he seemed to recover for a few minutes the warmth and richness of voice that marked his singing in "La Traviata."

Again, Miss Escobar, as she has several times before, mimed and sang the Gilda. A gentle, exquisite voice, not always smooth, not always well manipulated as to breath control, it has little emotional quality. It is, instead, fresh, effortless, unimpassioned voice of a child.

Mr. Taffuro's Duke was excellent, both vocally and dramatically. The ensemble singing was not quite as good as usual, although in the first scene and again in the chorus of the masked courtiers it was exceedingly effective. The orchestra and Mr. Peroni were as dynamic as usual.

The opera tonight is "Rigoletto."

For Oct-16 to 24
522-3424

Oct 21, 1922

A. Koussevitzky's program for the symphony concerts this week is as follows: Haydn, Symphony E flat (B. & C. No. 8); Ibert, "Les Rencontres"—three pieces for ballet; Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin"; "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried"; funeral music of Siegfried and the Prelude to "The Master-singers."

Ibert's three pieces will be played for the first time in this country. They are entitled: "Bouquetieres," "Les Creoles" and "Les Bavardes." In their first form they were piano pieces for four hands. Ibert orchestrated them and they were performed at a Pasdouloux concert, Paris, early in 1925. They were included in his ballet which was produced at Paris in November, 1925. It was then said that the dancers excelled their art for the sake of dancing, without any preoccupation with a plot. "The spectator does not think of literature when watching the graceful and fantastic evolutions." Ibert's "Ports of Call" and "Song of Madness" were heard at Symphony concerts last season.

Haydn's symphony is unknown to the younger generation in the symphony audience. The music has not been heard at these concerts since 1886. It was first played here at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association. Surprising as the statement may seem, we know very little of Haydn in Boston. Conductors have not gone from the beaten track. They have been content with repeated performances of a few that give only an imperfect idea of Haydn's genius.

Mr. Koussevitzky promises for next week the first performance of a scherzo by Felix Lezar, a Rumanian. Queen Marie should attend the concerts, wearing her crown and royal jewels. He also promises Borodin's second symphony.

The Philharmonic Society of New York, Mr. Mangelberg conductor, will perform in Symphony hall tonight Beethoven's eighth symphony, the overture to "Euryanthe"; three pieces from "The Damnation of Faust," and a new symphonic poem by Hanson, who is at the head of Mr. Eastman's music school at Rochester, N. Y.

Willard Amison, tenor, at his recital tonight in Jordan hall will sing folk songs of seven nations (arranged by Bantock), and songs by Schumann, Novacek, Horsman, Tanelev, Rachmaninoff, Cimer and Respighi.

The New York String Quartet (Messrs. Cadek, Siskovsky, Schwab and Vaska) assisted by Ethel Leginska, pianist, will play quartets by Haydn and Beethoven, and Schumann's Piano quintet.

The Boston Philharmonic Society, Mme. Leginska, conductor, will give its first concert next Sunday afternoon in Mechanics hall at 3:15 o'clock: Weber, Overture to "Oberon"; Beethoven Symphony, No. 5; Peterka, Prelude "Triumph of Life," op. 8 (first time in this country); Liszt, Hungarian Fantasia (Mme. Leginska, pianist and conducting); Wagner, Overture to "Tannhauser." Rudolf Peterka, born in 1894 at Bruenn, violinist and viola player in the orchestra of that city, was in 1915 a pupil for a short time at the Vienna Music Academy. In 1920 he became director of the Philharmonie at Bruenn. He has written chamber music, piano pieces and, according to musical lexicons, a symphony, "The Triumph of Life." Is this "Prelude" a movement from the symphony, or is it an independent work and the lexicon in error?

These announcements are made by the Philharmonic Society: Sunday, Oct. 31, Mme. Cahler will sing with orchestra a composition by Mahler. Emma Roberts, contralto, will sing on Nov. 14 a November Gebhard's Fantasy for piano and orchestra will be performed. Lucille Oliver, pianist). Alfredo, Cappelletti and Carlos Salzedo have been engaged for later concerts.

Rosa Ponselle, dramatic soprano, Metropolitan Opera company, will sing in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

The Russian symphonic choir, Basile Kibachich, conductor, will sing in Symphony hall next Sunday night at 8 o'clock. The program will include sacred music by Glinka, Tchesnokov, Cheremetiev, Gretchaninov, Archangelky, Lvovsky. "Classical Music," by Beethoven, Rubinstein, Dargomyzhsky, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Ippolitov-Novikov. Folk songs by Woodford-Finnikov, Lladov and arrangements by Ippolitov-Novikov. Kibachich.

Recitals of next week: Tuesday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Dorothy George, soprano. Wednesday, 8:15 P. M., Bruce Simonds, pianist; Eva Stark, violinist, 8:15 P. M., Steinhert Hall. Thursday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Harrison Potter, pianist; Naomi Hewitt, violoncellist, Copley Plaza, 8:15. Saturday, Jordan hall, 8 P. M., Donald Tovey, pianist.

On Friday evening, Oct. 29, Donald Tovey will give in Paine hall, Harvard Music building, an illustrated lecture on "The Sense of Movement in Music." The lecture will be free and open to the public.

What is this malicious story we hear of the London manager who was asked to see "The Mayor of Casterbridge" One cannot predict, at all events, to a last week? What he asked, was the mayor of Casterbridge. When told it was a play by Hardy, he asked: "Which Hardy?" It reminds us of the American film exhibitor who advertised "that great picture, 'The Blue Bird,' by that famous woman author, Mae Terlinck."—Daily Chronicle.

Englishmen in all parts of the world are protesting against "American film propaganda." One at Valparaiso wrote in bitter mood:

"In the American-produced film of 'Peter Pan,' only recently seen here, when the pirate ship is captured by Peter, it was, to the amused disgust of British members of the audiences, not the union jack, but the stars and stripes, which was run up. This is, of course, a small thing in itself, but why should a purely British story be used in this way to advertise once more the United States of America to millions of people who know nothing of the origin of the tale? That is not common honesty, and it would appear as if British authors would be well advised to put provisos in their contracts (if they must sell their cinematograph rights to foreign firms) to the effect that their stories must not be distorted for the self-advertisement of the land of the producers. I presume that the 'Peter Pan' film as shown in Britain followed the book, in which case it is to be regretted that it should be possible to practise on foreign audiences a deception which was presumably specially prepared, in the first place, for Gopher Prairie chauvinism of the American public."

Does any now one sing, "Tommy make room for your uncle"? We read that the author, T. S. Lonsdale, recently visited the Lyric Theatre, Hammer-smith, to hear the revival of the ditty in "Riverside." Lonsdale's memory does not rest alone upon the once popular song. He supplied Robert Browning with the amazing rhyme:

"You trample over beds of ran-unculus
And you, Tommy-make-room-for-your-Uncle 'us."

Mr. Ernest Newman wishes that concert societies "would combine to declare a close season of, say, three years for new orchestral works by any living composer under the age of forty. Our capacity to listen to any more of this pretentious feebleness is fast becoming exhausted."

PIANIST MUENZ

The hardy lot who braved the storm last night to hear the pianist, Mieczyslaw Muenz, heard for their pains some very agreeable playing.

Mr. Muenz, as he has already made clear on several occasions, never fails to produce tone that is always a delight to hear, tone of a grand sonority when called for, tone most skilfully adapted to make melodies sing, and delicate in the extreme in passages that require deftness of touch. Mr. Muenz has trained his fingers to a high pitch of virtuosity, and his wrists he has made even as competent.

These three or four years Mr. Muenz has been showing himself a musician who likes what he likes at the moment more ardently than discreetly. Of a mind last night, for instance, to play Scarlatti, what does he do but play six sonatas, without—or so it sounded—a single repeat left out. They were very pretty; all but two were unfamiliar; and at least two of them, the first, and the hard-worked pastorella, Mr. Muenz played wonderfully well. But six in a row did seem more than plenty.

Mr. Muenz, furthermore, was in a mood last night to play very fast. Technically, he could manage the speed he fancied; rhythmically he could not always. The sonata Tausig arranged sounded like a scamper; so did the last of the group. The fantasy's rugged third division suffered from his hurry.

Indulging once again in his taste for extremes, Mr. Muenz held up the course of the fantasy with such inordinately long pauses as to raise an effect of

calculation ruinous to the rhapsodic, fanciful character of the music. This was a pity, he played each episode so well, had it been a piece by itself. With especial ingenuity he dealt with the sufficiently frequent repetitions of the first theme.

After the fantasy Mr. Muenz played a minuet by one Labunski, of a piquancy highly pleasing to the audience, two "Fairy Tales" by that Medtner Slavic pianists appear to prize, and a Faure impromptu, the last an unusually brilliant performance. He ended the program with a Chopin nocturne, mazurka, and the tarantella.

Though he has still to learn the value of the Grecian golden mean, Mr. Muenz is always a pianist worth listening to. One cannot predict, at all events, to a shade what one will hear. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

R. R. G.

"MARTHA" WELL SUNG

San Carlo Company Gives Opera by Flotow

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Martha," opera in four acts by Flotow. San Carlo Company. Carlo Peroni, conductor. The cast:

Lady Harriet Consuelo Escobar
Nancy Bernice Schaker
Lionel Dimliri Onofrei
Plunkett Giuseppe Interrante
Saffron Luigi De Cesare
Tristan Natalie Cervi

The San Carlo company gave an exceedingly amiable and spontaneous performance of that graceful and animated little opera of Flotow's, "Martha," of which the tenor's evocation of the soprano still remains the best known of its arias (always barring "The Last Rose of Summer"), and which even led certain ladies in the orchestra into sympathetic choral singing, yesterday afternoon.

At first, the chorus seemed a little timorous, but by the end of the second act it had acquired boldness and a certain peasant swing. From then on there was a vigor and bravado in their measures that contrasted well with the porcelain quality of the rest of the score.

The quartets of the second act, in fact all of the ensemble numbers were excellently sung, lightly, with a certain sparkle and grace. Miss Escobar, the Lady Henrietta who masqueraded as pure, plain Martha at the county fair, was not always in the best of voice. She has a tendency to grow shrill in her upper register which was sometimes quite evident, yesterday. However she sang the inevitable "Last Rose of Summer" very heartily.

Mr. Onofrei sang the Lionel, otherwise Lord Derby by virtue of the off stage queen's recognition of his ring, with his accustomed ease and richness of tone. He is by far the best of the company's tenors, and although he is not a good actor, he is never a bad one. Miss Schaker and Mr. Interrante, as the other ends of the quartet were excellent. And still a word for the shrewd acting of the invaluable Natalie Cervi, who as the crotchety and ubiquitous Tristan again proved his merits.

E. G.

Boston Opera House—Puccini's opera, "Tosca," given by the San Carlo Grand Opera Company. The cast:

Flora Tosca Gladys Axman
Baron Scarpia Lorenzo Conati
Mario Cavaradossi Franco Tafuro
Spoletta Francesco Curci
Schiavone Luigi De Cesare
Cesare Angelotti Andrea Moncelli
A priest Natalie Cervi
A jailer Luigi De Cesare
A shepherd boy Phine Falco

Because of inclement weather, Puccini's intense dramatic opera of love and death failed to attract large numbers last evening; nevertheless it was received by the small audience in an enthusiastic manner. Franco Tafuro, who sang the major role of Mario the young painter, victim of the villainous devices of Baron Scarpia, was most satisfactory and received prolonged applause in the third act at the conclusion of his solo, "E lucevan le stelle." Well cast as actor and well favored of voice, he helped to sustain the illusion of this opera of intimate type and closely knit dramatic sequence—an opera which, lacking the panoramic pageantry and vast choral ensembles of other pieces, demands of its singers that they be actors and actresses to keep its frequent "plot conversations" from lagging heavily.

Lorenzo Conati also lent to his Baron Scarpia expressiveness of face and gesture, and was admirable in his "Tosca Divina." Less conventional of mannerism and at times more convincing was Gladys Axman as Tosca. Though slow to get under way both as actress and singer, she met the demands of the crucial second act in a manner compelling and satisfactory, rising to her best in "Vissi d'arte a d'amor." The settings were well achieved and in conventionally good taste, and the lighting effects adequately handled. H. F. M.

AMISON, TENOR,

By PHILIP HALE

Willard Amison, tenor, gave a recital in Jordan hall last night. George Pickering played the accompaniments. The program read as follows. Eight Folk songs of England, Sweden, Italy, Hungary, Tunis, Serbia, Algeria, arranged by Bantock, Schumann, Frueblings-nacht; Novacek, Du spacte Rose, Schumann, Mondnacht, Novacek, Flamentod. Horsman, In the Yellow Dusk. Tanelev, Among Foes. Horsman, You are the Evening Cloud. Rachmaninoff, Ebb and Flood. Cimar, Stornello, Respighi, Nevicata and Vieni di la lonti lontano. Cimar, Stornellata Marina.

In the first and geographical group of songs, the singer invited ladies of Italy, Serbia and African lands to come to him. These invitations were given so discreetly, in so gentlemanly a manner, that one was reminded of Artemus Ward's behavior when he heard beneath his window the serenade "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." "Said Artemus, 'I didn't go, I didn't think it would be proper.' When will singers have the courage to respect Henry Carey's last verse of "Sally in Our Alley" and not change it in ridiculously prudish fashion?

How many in the large and very friendly audience last night, when they heard Novacek's songs, remembered, or even knew, that this composer lived in Boston as a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; that a string quartet by him was played at a Kneisel concert in 1922? Novacek, a Hungarian and a skilful viola player was even then suffering from the disease that obliged him to retire into private life in 1899 and brought his death at New York the next year. When he was here he was regarded as an ultra-modern composer, but the songs heard last night did not give the impression of marked originality, still less of total audacity.

Mr. Amison has an agreeable voice which is well-controlled. He sang with vocal intelligence, but with a tendency to fall into sentimentalism that in the end became monotonous. To say that his interpretation was at the narrow-pammy would be, perhaps, too harsh a judgment, but it was a relief when the songs called for a little delivery. He was especially fortunate in his singing of Schumann's "Mondnacht," a performance that recalled the exquisite manner in which Victor Maurel sang the song at his recital here many years ago.

Mr. Amison has the voice and the technical skill to give more than ordinary pleasure. Let him cultivate versatility in expression. An admitted use of sugar soon pall. Mr. Amison's employment of head-voice was distinctly overdone.

The Paris correspondent of a London newspaper reproached visiting Americans for putting jam in soup. Mr. Charles Chisolm thinks there are freak eaters in Boston. We quote again from the Morning Telegraph: "Talking about oysters I know a chap who cuts his with a smearing of olive oil, with ice cream on the side. It's an oyster, then a spoonful of the ice cream, and so on. He's from Texas, so he says."

WATSON, HOW ABOUT THIS?

(From the Dubuque Telegraph Herald)
HOUSEHOLD GOODS FOR SALE
MIRROR FOLDING BED, SANITARY CAT, 2 burner gas plate. 1208 Locust.

The chief reason that all the Athenians turned out for a new play by Sophocles was probably that they had nowhere else to go. In the modern Athens (which some of the older readers of this journal will remember is Boston) the people have many other places to go—and go there, in such large numbers that the easiest way to kill off a good play is to take it to the capital of Massachusetts.—Walter P. Richard, Editor, in the New York Sun

FOR THE ACADEMY

As the World Wags:
Has Soren Humble been admitted?
May I propose the names of Mrs. Stretch and Strain, who sell auto-rickshaws in Wichita, Kan.?" KENO

FREEDOM CONSIDERED

(See the August Atlantic)

Freedom, considered, seems to be only another boundary,"

Set up, in this new day and age, Under your neighbor's tutelage,

Who watch with eagle eye to see That no one boasts of liberty.

The days of pioneers are gone, When, with the future held in pawn,

A sturdy race sallied o'er the sea, Scoffing at laws of slavery!

Like babes who can hardly stand, We're penned about on every hand,

With "pointed palings of control," Which "mark the measure of the soul,"

And chained as well, nor dare we raise A voice against our neighbors' ways.

Machine-made, organized, are we, The victims of "Efficiency."

ROBERT WORTHINGTON.

A RETROSPECT

As the World Wags.

When in my apprenticeship days I worked with my uncle, who was a veteran of the civil war, one of his old comrades was Tom Libby. He used to drop into the shop. They'd talk over their campaigns in Louisiana and Virginia much to my enjoyment. One day we were horrified by a visit from two reporters, who came in to see what my uncle knew about Tom Libby, as the man had murdered a young woman named Snow at the City Hall the night before.

One of the reporters was Charles C. Condit of the Boston Herald; the other was Edwin W. Higgins of the Portland Advertiser. This incident gave me a good lesson, being my first encounter with newspaper men on the trail of a real story, whose principal actor was well known to me.

Mr. Condit was for years the local correspondent of the Boston Herald. He was a tall, thin, and fat. As to Tom Libby, he became a "lifer" at Thomaston and died there after several years' imprisonment, I believe. I followed "Mel" on the Argus and served that paper as well as I knew how until it was sold out. Now I am in some ways following "C. C. C." as correspondent of The Boston Herald. G. A. E. Portland, Me.

THE B AND C STARTS REDOOCIN

As the World Wags.

If you don't think hell popped looms at a house, you're far from particulars. The B and C started this carrying too large an inventory in certain departments, and on a diet. Part of last week's allowance which she'd gone to the Vacuum Cleaning Co. has been into phonograph records, which she's listening to, Valencia is a treat. The titles are too catchy for words, they are one and two, hands on hips an Abdominal Heaps, whoever he is. Music for breakfast especially that kind, is about as welcome as a visit from her mother. The battle of What-tha-Hell started when I looked for the butter an was told there won't be any for a while when I let into some phoney kind of wheat which tasted like shredded wheat without the cream I bet she wished it was Armistice Day. This new brand of coffee she's gulped too lately can only be drunk if a load it with cream, which she's not going to be none. Sunday morning at two o'clock I got woke an informed to get up an fix the baby as she's going on a long walk, I was forced to tell her if she didn't cut this "wood" she'd be going on a long sleep. Yesterday I run across a letter from a Horse back riding Co. quoting rates for 2 people so if ya happen to go out to the track next year an see a guy weighing about 67 lbs., well In a jockey. This morning after again trying to eat some of the junk I stopped in at Gus Appodemuse's Greasy Spoon an had a Strawbare Hotlet, after trying to eat it I suddenly decided to call a halt at home, so last night I asked the B and C when was she going to cut out the dam foolishness an she says not until she can kick the back of her head an I told her if that all she wanted, she wood'n a had to spend 6 bucks fer records as I coulda done it fer her much cheaper.

DUKE BAKRAK.

P. S. The diets over I lost 17 lbs an she gained 12.

FOR DOCTORS ONLY

(Building adv. in the bulletin of the Chicago Medical Society)
Features: Special plumbing for professional men. Good parking space for your patients.

As the World Wags.

And Marle—if you don't mind—the line "I am simply dumbfounded as I gaze at your wonderful country" is in the Cannery, jar No. 321. Don't use it. R. H. L.

As the World Wags:

An enterprising book firm offers to sell me five volumes which will give me an "unconscious command of English." But why should I buy them when your column affords me the purest examples of an unconscious command of English in the delightful contributions of Snowshoe Al?

Music, too, has its charms of the unconscious. Among the gorgeous pictures of the filmed "Mare Nostrum," Amphitrite the goddess drives her white spume-flecked team in stately pageant through the waves, while above her arches a shining sky fluted like a shell. Our organist played:

"A sailor's wife a sailor's star shall be.

Across the sea, across the sea . . ."
—with the appropriate tremolo.

Melrose.

ALL CHIE.

N. Y. ORCHESTRA

The Philharmonic Orchestra of New York—it is now necessary to distinguish precisely—played last night in Symphony hall, under the leadership of Willem Mengelberg.

Weber's "Euryanthe" overture led off the program. In its course there was much admirable playing, from the tonal point of view, and also much that was emotionally stirring. The slow episode in the middle of the work made a thing of rare beauty. Mr. Mengelberg ending it with a masterly vanish that not every orchestra can equal. The close of the overture Mr. Mengelberg liked very loud.

He followed it with a symphonic poem, "Pan and the Priest," op. 26, by Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester. Mr. Hanson does not choose to vouchsafe any hint as to his "program": "those members of the audience who are sufficiently sensitive," he writes, "will get the underlying emotional idea of the work without any story or attempted program." No doubt a suggestion, nevertheless, would have done no harm in behalf of the broad run of people, who, after all are not so sensitive as might be wished.

To the most obtuse it must have been that Mr. Hanson was writing of two people who view things very differently, the one of a contemplative temperament, the other boisterous. Although, to express these opposing temperaments, Mr. Hanson made use of themes suitably characteristic, he leaned most heavily for his effects on his remarkable sensitiveness to instrumental color.

With cunning skill he paved the way to make a solo trumpet tell. Wood winds he put together amazingly. He lets his cymbals loose at precisely the instant when they could do the most good. When he felt a din in order, he could produce a body of not ill-sounding tone fit to raise the roof.

Mr. Hanson used his extraordinary orchestral skill to write music of a definite orderliness, music with progression to it, a judicious feeling for contrast. That he built this imposing structure from musical material of real value, he failed last night to make plain to everybody. The performance, both sympathetic and brilliant, roused cordial applause.

Mr. Mengelberg ended the first part of the program with fragments from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." The dances of the Will of the Wisps and the Sylphs, and the Hungarian march. Some people like these pieces, some do not; those who do are blessed in that they are given frequent opportunities to enjoy them.

Mr. Mengelberg ended the concert with Beethoven's eighth symphony. He read it robustly, especially the first and last movements, something as though he were trying to rival the purple paragraph of Sir George Grove printed on the program. If Mr. Mengelberg likes the symphony thus inflated at least he is to be admired for giving his effects without damage to rhythm or extravagance of tone. He was consistent.

The audience was of good size, but more persons should have been on hand to hear a distinguished orchestra and conductor. Perhaps the program failed to suit.

R. R. G.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—San Carlo Company in Ponchielli's "La Gioconda."

Carlo Peroni, conductor. The cast:
La Gioconda Clara Jacobo
Enzo Franco Taffuro
Laura Stella De Mette
Alvise Andrea Mongelli
La Cica Bernice Schalker
Barnaba Gino Lulli
Zuane Natale Cervi
Il Cantore Francesco Curci
Iseno

It was a voluble and animated performance that the San Carlo company gave of this intricate and quite endless piece of Boito's magical construction and Ponchielli's musicianship. A musicianship that is always facile and Italianate, yet utterly undistinguished. His most effective measures are those for the chorus, which have a touch of the folk in their composition, especially those of the second act.

But, with the exception of Miss Schalker's amazingly effective La Cica and the Enzo of Mr. Taffuro, the singing last night was considerably below the level that the company has set in previous performances. Miss Jacobo's La Gioconda was massive and voluble, dressed more like a lady of the Renaissance than an impoverished singer of the streets. The subtler qualities of her voice, which were so often evident in her Alda, seemed to fail her here.

Miss Schalker outdid herself in her impersonation of La Cica, a vivid, consistent bit of characterization, and in her singing of Voce di donna. Her voice sounded fuller and smoother than it has before; there was none of the shrillness that sometimes touches it. Mr. Taffuro, having delivered himself admirably of "Cielo e mar," insisted on spoiling his otherwise musically performance by forcing his climax. But it stopped the show and he was obliged to repeat it. Mr. Lulli's "Barnaba" was appropriately malevolent.

As for the chorus, it started somewhat scattered but by the end of the Marinaresca of the second act it grew smoother and more concentrated. There must be some mention of the costumes, by far the most effective ones that have come out of the San Carlo kit, especially that of Mr. Taffuro. The audience last night was unusually large. The opera tonight is "Lucia." E. G.

3D SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE 23

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, E flat major (B. & H. No. 3); Ibert, "Les Rencontres," three pieces for ballet (first time in this country); Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin"; "Funeral Music of Siegfried from 'Dusk of the Gods'; "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried," and the Prelude to "The Mastersingers."

This was an extraordinarily brilliant concert. Not the least striking feature of it was the performance of the symphony by Haydn, a symphony that had not been played at these concerts for 40 years. Why conductors have neglected this work is a mystery.

Haydn, the composer for orchestra, is known here only by a few of his many symphonies. The few have been repeated ad nauseam, and too often they have been ground out in a perfunctory manner, so that the younger generation is not to blame if it has considered this music "old hat." He has been sadly misunderstood by present followers of tradition who have spoken of him as a man of the old school, while Mozart was a forerunner of Beethoven. Thus they erred. Mozart summed up the school of his day and wrote imperishable music. There has been only one Mozart, and there is no probability of another being born for generations to come; but Haydn was often nearer in spirit to the young Beethoven. It is customary to speak lightly of Haydn as an honest Austrian who wrote light-hearted allegros, also minuets, by which one is not reminded of a court with noble dames smiling graciously on gallant cavaliers, but sees peasants thumping the ground with heavy feet and uttering joyful cries. It is said carelessly that Haydn was a simple fellow who wrote at ease many symphonies and quartets that, to quote Berlioz, recall "the innocent joys of the fireside and the pot-au-feu"; but Haydn was shrewd and observing—read his diary kept in London—and if he was plagued with a shrewish wife he found favor with other women. Dear Mrs. Schroeter of London received letters from him breathing love, not merely complimentary affection. And it is said of Haydn that he was only sportive in his music, having a fondness for the bassoon, "the clown of the instruments"; but the bassoon can be sepulchral, sinister, macabre—witness the evocation of the nuns in "Robert the Devil," Berlioz's "March to the Scaffold," Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony. Haydn could express tenderness, regret, sorrow in his music, but conductors seldom allow us to hear works in which there is the expression of these sentiments and emotions.

In the symphony heard yesterday there are passages that are singularly modern; there is a pervading freshness. How unexpected is the thematic treatment in the slow movement! How unconventional the Trio in the Minuet!

When a symphony by Haydn was performed here in 1932 the program stated: "Mr. Pettit will neglect nothing for the execution of the music." Mr. Koussevitzky not only "neglected nothing," he was concerned with the spirit as well as the flesh. There was no attempt to modernize this music; Haydn had his say as he would have wished it said. The orchestral performance of the Finale taken at an extremely rapid pace, but without injury to the musical thought, was a triumph of virtuosity.

Here is Mr. Koussevitzky who makes, what are often thought, the dry bones of the old masters live; who gives us the most eloquent interpretations of symphonies by Beethoven and Brahms that we have heard for years; who is wholly in sympathy with contemporary composers of the ultra-modern school and skilful in the revelation of their purposes and idioms. Grant that Ibert's three pieces, "Les Bouquetières," "Les Creoles" and "Les Bavaroises" are for the ballet and heard in the theatre would have greater significance than in the concert hall, nevertheless, as music pure and simple they were interesting and unusual. The first movement has charming ideas finely expressed. The movement is something more than patches of bewitching or dazzling color. In the middle section, one of genuine beauty, one fancies the entrance of the leading ballerina for a voluptuous, fascinating pas seul.

In "Les Creoles" perhaps the frequent repetition of the short, languorous theme becomes monotonous, though appropriate to the title and no doubt to the scene on the stage. Mr. Koussevitzky is to be thanked for enlarging our acquaintance with this composer of talent, two of whose works were heard here last season.

Then followed four extracts from Wagner's operas—for his "music dramas" are after all to be ranked among operas—played with a wealth of sonorous beauty and, when the occasion demanded, with dramatic force. Hearing the superb performance of the prelude to "Lohengrin," we remembered how at one of Theodore Thomas's concerts at Central Park Garden in New York—it was in the '70s—when this prelude was played we heard strong hissing from many who would not have "the music of the future." And so today there are "lovers of music" in Boston who can not endure the music of the present and swear it cannot be the music of the future, for they have ears but they do not and will not hear. Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone.

The great audience was enthusiastic, and no wonder. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Berlioz, Overture "The Roman Carnival." Borodin, Symphony No. 2, B minor. Lazer, "Gypsies," Scherzo (first performance). Respighi, symphonic poem, "Pines of Rome."

Boston Opera House, San Carlo company in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermore." Conductor Carlo Peroni. The cast:

Edgar of Ravenswood Elmitri Onofrei
Lord Henry Ashton Lorenzo Conati
Lord Arthur Bucklaw Francesco Curci
Raymond Natale Cervi
Norman Luigi di Cesare
Lucia Tina Paggi
Alice Philine Falco

One of the best performances of the series. Fine and satisfactory in every respect Scott's dour northern tragedy, wedded to the Italian composer's springly melodies may sometimes appear to make an ill assorted alliance. But, the San Carlo company, last night, by the very fire and evident enthusiasm of its work, welded lines and music into a most attractive whole. "Lucia," always a favorite opera, attracted a large and appreciative audience. Recalls and encores were too numerous to count.

Miss Paggi, in the title role, sang with wonderful sweetness and purity of tone. Her duets with Ravenswood and Ashton were gems and she handled the long and difficult mad scene with ease and skill.

Mr. Onofrei was a close second in popular favor and his death, in the cemetery, in the final act, was tuneful as well as most dramatic. This version is a decided improvement on the finale in the novel, where Ravenswood is swallowed up in a quicksand. Mr. Conati, as Ashton, was properly wicked and Mr. Curci, as Lord Arthur, made such a handsome figure of that it was a pity that he had slain on his marriage night. The semibreve work was artistically done, famous sextette, "chi mi frena," singing a hurricane of applause.

The chorus, too, to use a stiff all phrase, was "right on its toes, arsely sang with noticeable smoothness, was sympathy. It has a lot of long, was

...rodin, but marked significance, tentative, experiment-
...nov. Ey surprising. The com-
...Nikols probably be the

Has Verne's description of the "Ideal City" (A. D. 2000) been translated into English? It is not mentioned in the Bibliographical note in the Everyman editions of the two romances. In this description he did not foresee houses of 18 stories, but he saw the city traversed by electric street cars and wires of all sorts, a factory city, a barrack city. The description was attributed to an American reporter, which reminds us that Claretie said: "The rival of Dr. Cook and Commander Peary is to be one of Verne's romances fully realized." Has

The Verdi of "Rigoletto" is far removed from the Verdi who wrote the diffuse, often quite apathetic and jumbled score for "La Forza del Destino." Of course, much of this is due to the rambling and crazy twisting of the libretto itself. Still the music is often as patchy and sterile as the tale.

There are moments that are quite lovely, the whole convent episode with the duet between Leonora and the padre, the kneeling chorus of the Polish singers, into the dignity of Verdi has for some unaccountable

Among the major parts, the zuki particularly was well taken. Hermine Schaffer, Franz's cousin, the marriage broker, role his cozy noisiness of the evening more than a puppet in his part singing. However, was a requi-

Altogether as specific performance in the hinterland cities as in Boston has chosen to take has been a fair way well deserving of better attention than accorded to Fellows and there was

We have not seen a circus for many years, not since the introduction of three rings. They would confuse us. Perhaps our eyesight is failing. An old bore once ate a meal at our grandmother's in Chelsea. He was asked politely about the state of his health; not that any one was anxious to know about it. "Wall," he said, "I'm a little deaf, but my eyesight's as good as it ever was," and with that he stuck his fork—a two-tined one in those days—into a doughnut, thinking it to be a potato. Perhaps, going to a three-ring circus, we would not have the requisite eyesight and the necessary mental concentration.

Mr. Robert Edmund Sherwood, now a bookseller and publisher in New York, is the author of "Here We Are Again," the recollections of an old circus clown, for Mr. Sherwood was thus famous for many years. His book, full of information about the good old days of the circus, brought to mind the first circus of any size and worth that we had the pleasure of seeing. It was Lent's New York circus, on the south side of Fourteenth street, between Third and Fourth avenues. The ground was first occupied by Nixon's Alhambra, which had board sides and a canvas top. This was in 1863. The Alhambra was succeeded by the Hippotheatron, opened early in 1864, a building of corrugated and ridged iron. Lent became the owner in 1865. It was there we saw a few years later Carlotta de Berg, James Robinson, James Melville and his family, Robert Stickney—we shall never forget him, so handsome that high-born dames of New York sent love letters to him—we see him now flinging his arm aloft as he rode triumphantly round the ring eight fiery steeds, or were there 10 or even 12?—a remarkable man. And there we saw the Levantine brothers, one of them known later as F. F. Proctor, the partner of Jacobs in popular-priced theatres. That was a circus worth seeing!

The building was destroyed by fire in 1872. Bears, lions, leopards, elephants were burned. P. T. Barnum was then the owner. Lent died in 1887.

Mr. Sherwood as a boy did not wish to be President of the United States. "I had heard in a vague sort of way that President Grant smoked as many as a dozen 25 cent cigars in one day. As even Wheeling stogies made me dead by sick, you will understand why I did not crave the Presidential job—the circus seemed the only alternative—so the circus it was." He ran away to join one. The story of this first adventure is told amusingly. Dan Rice was the clown; Sherwood became his apprentice. There is a picture of him in costume at the age of nine with Frank Lacardo and Japanese Tommy. It is a copy of a daguerrotype made in 1867. Rice was kind and patient to him, but life with a circus in those days was hard. Jolting wagons were the only sleeping accommodations; a piece of canvas to shed the rain was the only covering. Ministers and church members were the sworn foes of the circus men and women.

"The 'immorality' of the circus was the usual text for a sermon immediately after the show was billed to appear." Mr. Sherwood bears witness from his long experience that though the men were rough, uncouth and sometimes profane, he cannot recall any case of a lewd man or woman. "Morality prevailed to the highest degree. The nature of the profession made clean living a paramount necessity. Mutual respect was unfailingly exhibited between the sexes. When occasion permitted, not a few performers made a practice of going to church."

Four of the finest circus acts have passed away or been supplanted by inferior ones. The running vault, by all the company, upon and over a free horse going at full speed in the ring; the Spanish trampoline, "a company act, each member vaulting over a standing horse from a very high spring board (technically known as a trampoline board), which was taken at a run from an inclined plane"—strange to say the great Oxford Dictionary knows the trampoline as only a performance on stilts (1798), though Seguin invented a kind of swing with a wide seat to develop the legs (Montessor Method), known as the trampoline; stile vaulting, backward free somersaults upon a small space marked out on a level springing board (William O. Dale twirled himself around 89 times successively)—"there is probably not a single performer in the country today who could reach 25 times"; the forming of pyramids by from seven to 11 men on horses in the ring, with flankers of from four to eight men and boys on the sides to complete the tableau—very difficult but dangerous, simple as it looked.

A circus company was then one of general ability, trained well and uniformly. "A circus troupe is made up now largely of special performers."

In everything else except the one specialty selected by them they are mediocre, even poor. Thus the troupe is made up of disintegrated acts, like a variety show. Well done, important company acts are no longer practicable. Old performers aver that this is not because of any change in the public taste, but a consequence of the abolition of the system of apprenticeships which once obtained."

James Robinson received \$200 a week for himself alone, as well as \$400 for himself and boys. The Melville brothers, \$350; Dockrell and his wife, Mlle. Rivers, "probably the best and most daring female bareback rider in the world," \$300. These equestrians were the best paid persons in a circus. The general pay of pad riders ran from \$90 to \$100 a week; of bareback riders from \$100 to \$200. "Compare these salaries with those drawn today by the Wirth or Hanaford families, each receiving nearly \$3000 a week."

Naturally there are many pages about clowns, most of whom lived to an old age. There are many anecdotes about them. Johnny Patterson, famous for singing "Bridget Donohue," born in Ireland, could neither read nor write; "a good singer, an excellent jester, full of original wit," he improvised all his material. "He died in 1889 under the circus tent, having refused to go to a hospital."

"With a desire to cheer him up, the physician who attended him said: 'Well, good-by, Johnny; I'll see you in the morning.' 'Perhaps you will,' said Johnny, 'but, doctor, will I see you?' 'When the doctor came in the morning, Johnny was dead.'"

According to Mr. Sherwood, Barnum never said "There's a sucker born every minute"; his favorite expression was "the American people

like to be humbugged." "Primarily, the word 'sucker' as a slang slogan was not in use during Barnum's lifetime." Is Mr. Sherwood positive of this?

There is a general belief that if an elephant is offered tobacco, he will wreak vengeance on the giver. Did not Artemus Ward write in "A Juvenile Composition." "You must not give the Elephant Tobacco because if you do he will stamp his grate big feet upon you and kill you fatally dead?" Mr. Sherwood says this belief is all bosh. He has known elephants who liked tobacco, especially "fine cut," so much that they would steal it from the pockets of their keepers.

Charles Reade in "Jack-of-all Trades" frames a severe indictment against the elephant, as the most treacherous and vindictive of all beasts. Mr. Sherwood and other circus men think nobly of the elephant, as did the old Hindoo sages, who, if Victor Hugo is to be trusted, consulted the elephant in the preparation of their sacred books. Mr. Sherwood tells stories to illustrate the kindness and sagacity of the beast.

Really, a half page of The Herald could be profitably devoted to Mr. Sherwood's book, which is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co. He has so much that is interesting to say about circus life, freaks, side shows, swindlers, pickpockets, celebrated men and women of the ring. He tells his story with a never failing sense of humor, in a generous, lovable spirit, and with amazing gusto, whether he talks about Barnum, Ada Isaacs Menken (in connection with "Mazeppa"), Gen. Tom Thumb a prince of "light-wads," the unfortunate Capt. Costentanus, cruelly tattooed through his Christian faith when he was captured by Ali Tebelen, the bloody Pasha of Yanina, George L. Fox, the greatest of all pantomimic clowns; Pete Conklin, the "Shakesperian Clown," John L. Sullivan, the Circassian Beauty ("blue-eyed, with a shock of blonde hair which had been soured in stale beer, to make it stand up in wild confusion—'sold into the slavery of a Turkish harem, and rescued at the point of the sword'" as the barker introduced her).

Nor are Mr. Sherwood's adventures on the legitimate stage unworthy of attention. He writes to us that he has just signed a contract with the Famous Plays Film Company to play P. T. Barnum in "The Greatest Show on Earth."

P. H.

"AT MRS. BEAM'S"

New Comedy at the Copley—Notes on Plays—
Now to Be Seen at Boston's Theatres

Mr. Clive will bring out C. K. Munro's comedy "At Mrs. Beam's" tomorrow night at the Copley theatre. The performance will be the first in Boston. The Stage Society of London gave one performance before the play was taken to the Everyman Theatre in February 1923. It arrived at the Royalty, London early in April 1923. The part of Dermott "the gentleman crackman" was first taken by Franklin Dyall; Dennis Eadie played it at the Royalty. Adela Mavis succeeded Hilda Moore in the part of Laura Pasquale.

When the comedy was seen at the Guild Theatre in New York, April 26, 1926, the critics were invited to a dress rehearsal on Sunday the 25th, to avoid conflict with Mr. Munro's "Beau Strings," which was to be produced at the Mansfield that same Monday night.

Mr. Munro, whose real name is MacMullen, was born at Portrush, County Antrim, Ireland in 1889. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge (Pembroke College). He married an actress, Mary Sumner, who played Bessie Broke in "The Light That Failed" and Stasia in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" when Forbes Robertson gave his farewell tours in the United States and Canada. (She made her first appearance on the stage at His Majesty's Theatre, London in 1906.)

Mr. Munro has written novels as well as the plays "Wanderers" (1915), "The Rumor" (1922), "Progress" (1924), "Storm," called "Beau-Strings" in this country, (1924); "The Mountain" (1926). Jean Cadell who acted the part of Miss Shoe when "At Mrs. Beam's" was seen in New York—she played the part in London—says that Mr. Munro has an uncommon personality. "Very keen eyes, piercing in fact. One has the sense that nothing escapes him. He is an elusive person and a great listener. He didn't interrupt the director at our rehearsals. He was very charming and a great help. There is no vagueness about him. He knows every character thoroughly, exactly what he means, and the value of what he's got. But he's very modest, very shy, very non-theatrical. He doesn't go about in the theatre world at all. He's thin-faced, brown, tall, with blue eyes. He is a brilliant man, but he doesn't make brilliant conversation. He always plays the role of observer."

In New York Jean Cadell played Miss Shoe; Daisy Belmore, Mrs. Beam; Lynn Fontane, Laura Pasquale, and Alfred Lunt, Mr. Dermott.

At Mrs. Beam's boarding house the boarders suspect that the handsome Mr. Dermott is a murderer in hiding, who has slaughtered many wives. Miss Shoe, an old maid, turns detective and causes Dermott and his alleged wife much trouble. It would be unfair to the future audiences at the Copley, if we should tell the results of Miss Shoe's investigations. Mr. Gilbert W. Gabriel the dramatic critic of the N. Y. Sun, said that this "tantalizing piece of foolery, told in terms of slyest chatter is something utterly unashamed of being utterly unsentimental—which you may count as a virtue."

Otis Skinner in his "Footlights and Spotlights" tells of the trial performance of "The Honor of the Family" at New Rochelle, N. Y. "Everything was unpropitious for the event. Hardly any press announcement had been made—the company wore that aspect of ghastly cheerfulness that actors always assume in the face of anticipated disaster. A mere handful of people composed the audience—and to crown all, it rained pitchforks. The storm beat upon the metal roof of the sparsely filled theatre, making as much racket as the actors on the stage. It was

awful night. The play began apathetically and proceeded on leaden wet. At the very end of the first act, while the precious lady and her ever are preparing to make away with old Rouget's money, Philippe bursts unexpectedly on the scene—bangs his stick on the table, tells the plotting pair that they've got to get out—then strolls out to smoke a cigar. It is the falling of a thunderbolt, and the scene lasts less than a minute. I know no more effective entrance in the whole range of the drama. The audience screamed with delight. When I came on again in the next act, they chortled once more, and, somewhat to my own amazement, I discovered the Colonel to be a comic figure. The audience had taught me the exact mood of the part, and proved what I have often found, that the right audience is the greatest stage director in the world. The play was a success from that moment. It ran for two years with half a season at the Hudson Theatre, New York. Ten years afterward I made a profitable revival in a forty week tour of the entire country."

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" was a year old in London on Sept. 22d. In Berlin last spring there was a run of 50 performances. That run ended because the actress, Elizabeth Bergner to whom the success of the play was largely due, left the city for a holiday. A foreign correspondent wrote that the mention in the play of a breach of promise suit meant nothing to Germans, "who do not enter lightly into engagements and are severely compromised if they break them."

"Engagement" in "affairs of the heart" is a foolish, vague word. Mr. H. W. Fowler finds it "curious that betrothed people should find it so difficult to hit upon a comfortable word to describe each other by 'My intended', 'my engaged', 'my fiancé (e)', 'my sweetheart', 'my love (r)', none of these is much to their taste, too emotional, or too French, or too vulgar, or too evasive, the last two objections are in fact one; evasion of plain words is vulgarity, and 'my intended' gives the impression that the poor things are shy of specifying the bond between them, an ill-bred shyness; so, too, with 'my engaged', and in 'fiancé (e)' they resort to French instead of to vague English for their embarrassing though futile disguise. Is it too late to suggest that 'my betrothed', which means just that it should i.e. pledged to be married, and is not vulgarized but only out of fashion, and would be a dignified word for public use, should be given another chance?"

To go back to Berlin, the correspondent believes that if foreigners took more trouble seeing to the adaptation of their plays, they would have a greater chance for a continental success. "One of Mr. Jerome's plays suffered greatly under a total lack of comprehension as to what he 'seven days' might mean, on which a great measure of the plot turned. One of the most deeply touching passages in Sutton Vane's 'Outward Bound' dealt with scullery conveniences and a trip to Margate, both unknown quantities to Germans. London has always been forced to adapt Paris; there is surely no reason why Berlin should not trouble to adapt London."

"Jazbo" writes: "I saw signs outside the N. Y. Palace Theatre reading: 'Ethel Barrymore in Sir James Barrie's—The Twelve Pound (\$60) Look.' This explanation of the title was probably for visiting New Englanders and the people 'Up-State.'"

"Applause is not an aesthetic judgment; we cannot say either 'good' or 'bad' in a hurry unless we are fools. It will probably disappear quietly one day, as duelling did, as being too crude a method for our then refined sensibilities."

Ten to one the women in the audience last Monday night thought that "The Enemy" would have the "happy ending" so dear to the pe-pul; that the Englishman, Bruce Gordon, returning to Vienna, would wed the widow of Carl Behrend, killed in the war; or that the report of his death was unfounded. It is to Mr. Pollock's credit that he did not yield to the temptation; that he allowed Pauli "to wait" for Carl, wherever and when their meeting would be. "The Enemy" is well worth seeing. The portrayal of Dr. Arndt by Russ Whytal should not be missed by any admirer of fine acting.

Clayton Johns is the author of a little book, "Do You Know that—?" which should be read carefully and more than once by teachers and students of the piano. "The insistent reiteration of 'Do you know that—?' is in order to give the student time to consider each musical thought." Mr. Johns, a conscientious, experienced and successful teacher, knows the stumbling-blocks in the path of progress; what is more important, he knows how they can be removed. Few as the pages are, they contain weighty, sane and helpful matter. The book is published by the Arthur P. Schmidt & Co.

Grand interpretation by the San Carlo Grand Opera Ballet, the best of which was the "Peasant Girl and Her Doll", charmingly danced by Miles. Elistus and Shott. This part of the program as announced was not adhered to, and two

of the dances, "Pavan" to music by Debussy, and "Hungarian Dance" to music by Brahms, were replaced with substitutes.

The opera on Monday evening will be "Faust," with Mmes. Goddard (debut) and Schalker, and Messrs. Onofrel, Ingrante, and Mongelli.

H. L.

LIEBLING

George Liebling, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall.

Fantasia, C major, Schumann; Barcarolle, F minor, Chopin; Impromptu, A flat, Chopin-Liebling; Ballade, B minor, Liszt; Hark, Hark, the Lark, Schubert; Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 4, Liszt; Spring, Study in Octaves, Liszt's; Impromptu, G major, keys, Toccata de

Mr. Liebling must have liked the program, or he would not have planned it so. But still it may be questioned if his arrangement was adapted to please the taste of many people. Two ballads, even though two dissimilar composers wrote them, are surely one too many. The Schumann fantasy is very long, with many a page that only a supremely great performer can make interesting today. The barcarolle, Chopin notwithstanding, is scarcely worthy of its composer. And the only new music came only at the end of the day. Mr. Liebling might have planned better.

He is a curious player. Certain episodes of the fantasy, those that are tender and lyrical, he played so sympathetically that it was easy to see why he chose to bring the lengthy work forward. But the stormier passages he played sometimes dryly, sometimes hurriedly, rarely with that strength of conviction that makes such music tell. Of continuity he made no account.

So it went through much of the program. Though he brought no suggestion of a ballad to either Chopin's piece of Liszt's, the quieter portions of both Mr. Liebling played charmingly, with a beautiful singing tone for melodies, in passage work with tone at once delicate and brilliant.

The barcarolle, the Impromptu—needlessly embellished by himself—and the Schubert song Mr. Liebling chose to perform in a lively manner not far away from flippancy.

It was all perplexing—he played so well what he did play well that it is hard to guess why Mr. Liebling so often fell short of his best.

There was an audience of excellent size. R. R. G.

Alexandria (or "dria"), the capital of Egypt in the good old days; Alexandria in Sogdiana, not to mention other cities, were named after Alexander the Great.

Why chide the good people of St. Louis for proposing to rename that city Alexandria, after Grover Cleveland Alexander the Greater?

OUR WELL KNOWN HOLIDAYS

As the World Wags:

Overheard while waiting to cross the street (one has time at some crossings to hear considerable).

MAN NO. 1—"I'm going to stay down there till—what's the name of the holiday that comes Feb. 22?"

MAN NO. 2—"Decoration day."

MAN NO. 1—"Decoration day, that's it." "Well, I'm going to stay down there till then." LUMILLA D. EVERETT.

As the World Wags:

It is my secret ambition to beat the tag-day girls. I tried it last tag day. The system was simply to carry a \$10 bill in the hand and smilingly explain, "Just going to get change." Well, it worked all right, until I met her. "Oh," she exclaimed, before I could speak my piece about the ten-spot which I was flourishing. "OOOooo! You DEAR, GENEROUS, WONDERFUL MAN!" HERBLOCK.

KANSAS NOTES

(Collected by J. P. H.)

Percy Jones, the "Rachmaninoff of Kansas," left yesterday for New York, where he will continue his study of the piano. Percy's benefit recital held last Monday night at Odd Fellows' hall was a complete success and netted him \$26. Dr. Harry Thomas, Republican candidate for coroner, will speak at Liberty schoolhouse tonight on "Dead Farm Methods."

Chief of Police Malcolm Rodgers caught a bad cold Tuesday night sitting out to intercept a bootlegger.

The La Petite Little Theatre Club will present "Lady Windermere's Fan" and the third act of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Opera House next Friday.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid held with Mrs. George Meek, Tuesday, resolutions were passed against cigaret smoking, Al Smith and the World Court.

DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

From the Orlando, Fla. Sentinel.) Infirmary attendants worked to keep the man awake by administering cold baths and anecdotes.

THAT "FULSOME GESTURE"

As the World Wags:

Ralph Wardlaw Gloag asks in your column what Mayme Ober Peak means by a phrase she used in describing a hearing in Los Angeles, where she said a witness used a "fulsome gesture." It may be all right for him to spoof Mayme the Ultra-Montane, for I do not for a moment think the witness did such a thing, but when he attacks me, and says I don't know or never noticed what a fulsome gesture is, I want to bet him a week's salary against a month's retainers that I do know, and have noticed fulsome gestures—though not in court. I have sometimes wished badly to employ one in court, but I think it probably would be in contempt of court.

Assuming that he has accepted my bet, I now proceed to win it. A fulsome gesture is performed with the nose, the thumb and the four fingers, the second being placed in contact with the tip of the first, and the fingers being spread and wiggled. The word "fulsome" in this use takes not its first

definition, "offensive from excess of praise," but one of the derived meanings of "coarse," "disgusting" or "wanton."

It is an old-fashioned gesture, and has been supplanted in modern repartee by the "raspberry." Wigmore makes no mention of this, either, but I am sure the raspberry is in contempt of court.

Now that I have answered Mr. Gloag, will you please ask him what he means by calling me a "facile princeps"? Is it pure butter, or do I detect in his jocular use of it a slight odor of cheese?

Finally, if he "loves to roll that bon-bon of a name, Mayme Ober Peak," on his tongue, can't he just see Miss Peak gloating over that gum-drop-clogged patronymic, Ralph Wardlaw Gloag? What WAS the clergyman trying to say when he named him?

FRANK P. SIBLEY.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD—VERY OLD—

When you are old, very old,
With a long white beard,
And I am no longer a wild,
Young thing to be feared,
I think I shall take you with me
To Tetozotlan,
Where the desert sleeps in the eyes
Of the Mexican.

There we will enter a church
With a chapel of gold,
Where the red gold rust of the walls
Is centuries old.

I shall show you a plaster saint,
Inscrutably sweet and mild,
Holding a cross in her arms
As it were a child.

But I shall not tell you how once . . .
Once, long ago . . .
You had been with me in that church
In old Mexico.

QUEEN OF THE SUBURBS.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

(Ad in Antiques for July.)

AMERICAN DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS: French Legion d'Honneur, Chevalier, with gold centre; French Croix de Guerre, with palm; Belgium Croix de Guerre; Italian War Cross; Egyptian Khedive's Star. This collection for \$45. Sydney Thorpe, Detroit, Mich.

As the World Wags:

I was sitting in the Doc's office waiting my turn for a prescription. Two gentlemen sat near me discussing their state of health and kind of exercise.

"I play golf every day," said one. "It is good for you."

"So," answered the second. "Do you play with knickers?"

"No," answered the first. "With white people." S. GORDON G.

AINSWORTH AND GALLIZIER

As the World Wags:

Ainsworth's novels were recently referred to in your column. I enjoy re-reading them and have come upon an interesting comparison. Has anyone of your readers noticed the striking resemblance between Ainsworth's style and that of Nathan Gallizier, at present writing historical romances? Compare Ainsworth's "Guy Raffles" with Gallizier's "Under the Witches' Moon."

GERTRUDE BURNHAM.

Willmantle, Ct.

JACK BUNSBY, M. D.

From the Danbury News.

As to the heart condition, a result of the accident, Dr. Stahl stated that while she will probably always have this ailment, it will not, in his opinion, always be permanent.

Miss Pamela Robinson, who has contributed to this column, is now playing Susan Bilsby in "The Cat and the Canary" as a member of the Manfred Gross Production Company.

BRUSSELS QUARTET

String players from Brussels, the Pro Arte Quartet, appeared, last night, for the first time in Boston, at a public library concert, under the auspices of the Library of Congress, Washington. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation. These players are A. Onnou, first violin; L. Halleux, second violin; G. Prevost, viola; R. Mans, cello.

The Belgian visitors see no harm in an exacting program. They began last night with a Beethoven quartet, Op. 132, no less. A minor. People view it variously; some will have it a jewel in Beethoven's brightest crown, the fruit of his ripest years, others believe it the work of a man far past his prime. But everybody agrees that this quartet, not restful to hear, it demands attention.

So, it served not too well as a prelude for four "indications."

Gluck, ergo, after these indiscretions, as though the brain and ear had not been sufficiently taxed, came a prize-winning poem by Huybrechts, in one movement. To close, for full measure, there was the Debussy quartet.

The long Beethoven work aside, the program proved not quite so formidable as it looked. The "Indiscretions," amusing trifles, are short little pieces built about pretty themes and lively rhythms, highly spiced with dissonances that can hardly add to the content of the people who would naturally take pleasure in that kind of theme and rhythm. Three pieces out of the four end with a humorous surprise, in the way guides to short story writing recommend. The slow piece, the second, seems to have most in it really worth while.

The poem contains more of value. Though the program gave no such information, themes and rhythms suggested Indian origin. The slow episodes have much charm; the first brisk passage has some, in the style of opera. Other quick measures, perhaps for want of a hint as to what it was all about, sound meaningless, as well as unnecessary. If the composer, however, wrote passages very unpleasant, he wrote them because he wanted them so, not because he knew no better; he proved as much, in the best of what he showed last night. His work will be worth the watching for.

Conditions last night were not favorable to strings. The heat within the hall was intense, and outside the air was damp. So it is hardly fair to judge of the Quartet's tone; which in quick-moving music sounded small.

The ensemble, however, was admirable. The quartet played the modern music, of many guess, quite as it ought to be played, rhythmically and making the most of every bar of melody. If the treatment of the first Beethoven movement seemed something too superficial, and that of the second not too vital in accent, the Belgian players rose nobly to the loftiness of the slow movement. Vividly they felt the mystic quality Vincent I. Indy finds in Beethoven, as well as in Cesar Franck; most players do not. As for the finale—can mortal powers make it a pleasure to hear?

The audience was very large and enthusiastic. R. R. G.

JOHN MCCORMACK

Yesterday afternoon John McCormack, a singer of the inevitable and too often lacking interlinear performers who to prove the chief bugaboo of concert-goers, gave his first concert at the Boston Symphony hall. As I have said, it was a program that commenced with Bach and in this instance also Perl and ranged through the arrangements of Irish folk songs to the lesser miscellany that ravishes three-quarters of the audience.

His singing of the Bach excerpt from the cantata "Let Us But Rest" was the high point of his program, a flawless thing impersonal, remote, without seriousness, its phrases exquisitely smooth and rounded. Then came Respighi's "I templi assai lontani," two Chinese poems arranged by Granville Bantock, the first of them rather tepid and lacking distinction, the second, "Desolation," based on the theme of the "Guiding March" to the "Temple of Confucius," exotic and swiftly dramatic, with a very effective piano accompaniment.

There came, in immediate succession, Edgar's "Is the Not Passing Fair," the Irish songs in Herbert Hughes's arrangements, Stanford's arrangement of "Would God I Were a Tender Apple Blossom," and songs by Roger Quilter, Messenger and Dix. Between there were the cello solos of Mr. James Liebling, of which it is best to say nothing.

At this late day and hour there is little to be said of Mr. McCormack that has not been repeated ad infinitum. Yet the wonder constantly grows that he has been able to remain so much the artist and to have gathered unto himself so wide and catholic a public. Even when he sings the most insipid ditties, there is no trucking in his musical style. Yesterday, however, he was not always in the best of voice. There were moments when his high notes showed a slight strain. E. G.

Mathilde Bauermeister died in England on Oct. 10. "Her age was 77," but a singer's birthyear is a movable feast. How many of the old opera-goers in Boston knew whether she was alive or dead? Yet she was once an indispensable member of leading opera companies and was often seen in Boston, usually in parts that are called minor; but on one occasion, in Mechanics Building, she saved a performance of "The Huguenots" by taking at

short notice the part of the Queen, whose florid music she sang well. She was cast as a rule in parts like Marthe in "Faust," the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." Born at Hamburg, she studied singing at the Royal Academy, London, and was awarded the King's scholarship. She made her debut at Her Majesty's Theatre. She first came to the United States as a member of Mapleson's company, appearing at the Academy of Music, New York, in 1885, as Frasquita in "Carmen," Poussette in "Manon." Later she was with Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau. When she sang with Adelina Patti at Covent Garden in 1895 Herman Klein alluded to her as "the evergreen Bauermeister." She was a little woman, vocally superior to some of her sisters who took more important roles. Whatever she did, she did well. Her co-mates respected her and liked her. She never disappointed managers or an audience.

We infer from sundry hints in the newspapers that the Queen of Rumania is on her way to this country or has already landed at New York.

AUTUMN LEAVES (For As the World Wags)

Laugh at death!
The first red leaf
Shouts at death's
Fierce tiger teeth;
Sings a song
As bright as fire
Out of the throat
Of its desire.
To longer live
Were sweet to leaves.
Yet how they laugh.
Not one leaf grieves
That life is done.
I went today
Where leaves were burning.
Heard them say:
"Thanks, thanks, for life,
O greater Leaf!
We would not pay
Thy gift with grief!
For life was fair
With wind and sun,
With wind and rain,
And now it's done
We fall to earth.
Let us be gay.
Death looms. We die
The braver way!" —H. W. M.

As the World Wags:

Why have not these men been elected to the Hall of Fame? It happened in Montpelier, Vt., some time ago. Jesus Aja and his brother Angel Aja brought a lawsuit against Joseph Kreist. One of the contestants' attorney was Mr. Lord. L. R. R.

A NOTE ON SYMBOLISM

Some have characterized Mr. Pollock's play, "The Enemy," as a symbolical drama. Suppose this characterization is true. Would the members of an audience agree exactly as to what the symbolism is?

Mr. Arthur Machen recently wrote of a sentence in cipher exhibited to three persons. "The first pronounces it a random huddle of letters without sense or significance; the second reads it with ease: 'Tom has the mumps, but Aunt Jane says she cannot put off her visit to Stow-on-the-Wold, as the Dickensons have made their arrangements.' Very well; but the third man sees that here we have a cipher within a cipher; that Tom and his mumps, Aunt Jane, the Dickensons, and Stow-on-the-Wold are not what they seem. The real message relates to Chinese politics, and the supply of machine guns to Yang, or Wang, or Fang. But we must not say that the meaning of the sentence was not contained in it, but only in the mind of the third man."

In the mind of Mr. Pollock, his interesting play, "The Enemy," is directed against the Klu-Klux-Klan, but how many in the audiences at the Plymouth Theatre, affected by the episodes in the Viennese apartment, have realized the dramatist's intention?

As the World Wags:

Bud Stillman says his bride-elect doesn't sing or play the piano, but that she is a wonder on the mouth organ and the accordion. Well, Bud, you may get her into society, but you're going to have trouble renting an apartment. R. H. L.

GUESS AGAIN

(From an editorial in the Norwood Messenger.)
It was St. John, we think, who said, "Let there be light."

AN OSPHRESIOLOGIC NOTE

As the World Wags:

Mr. Sapristi is, in the main, correct: a cowboy is certainly no geranium. However, if a man held aloof from the bath in the city as long as the cowboy in his country, the city man would be far more offensive. This is because the dry heat combined with the odors of sagebrush and alkali dust acts as a disinfectant. This is true in Bermuda

also, with its limestone and salt filled air. We had a little goat for a pet, there for a short time, and that goat smelt as though he was sterilized, he was so clean.

Take a Boston subway train on a hot, sultry Friday afternoon, as it reels, steaming and stewing, from the depths, and there you will find the quintessence of human odors. It would, as they say in the stockyards, "drive a turkey buzzard off a gut wagon."

Still, I am not holding up the he-man of the veldt as an advertisement for E. D. Pinard. I say merely he would be riper if he tried it in the city. Some ingenious fellow once attended the Bal des Quatres Arts disguised as a stench, nothing more nor less, and the French artists, catching the spirit of the costume, gave him a rousing welcome. This shows what can be done with limited means. W. L. ROBINSON.

Mr. Robinson might have quoted a famous line of Walt Whitman's; he might have mentioned Alexander the Great and Lord Herbert of Chisbury, who threw off from their bodies sweet and entrancing odors.—Ed.

We are not the only victims of sumptuary laws. The directors of girls' schools in Budapest have forbidden the pupils to appear in skirts that end above the knees; they must not wear blouses without sleeves, use cosmetics or wear their hair shingled. "The latter edict will not prove a severe blow, for the girls have already begun to let their hair grow, having taken alarm at the pronouncement of a German scientist that a few years of shaving the nape of the neck will inevitably result in the growth of a marked beard and moustache."

We read that in Yugo-Slavia public leaders intend to follow Mussolini in prohibiting the importation of Paris modes and other vanities; as lipsticks; that the women, and even the men, in the government service must wear sober costumes.

Who was the eminent German who, after exhaustive researches, came to the conclusion that "out of every million individuals only one is really conscious?"

'AT MRS. BEAM'S

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "At Mrs. Beam's," a comedy in four acts by C. K. Munroe. Produced in London by the Stage Society early in 1921; Miss Shoe, Jean Cadell; Mr. Dermott, Balliol Holloway; Laura Pasquale, Adela Mavis. Revived at Everyman's Theatre, February, 1923; Miss Shoe, Miss Cadell; Mr. Dermott, Franklin Dyall; Laura, Hilda Moore; Royalty, March 31, 1923; Miss Shoe, Miss Cadell; Mr. Dermott, Dennis Eadie; Laura, Adela Mavis. New York, April 26, 1926, Guild Theatre: Miss Shoe, Miss Cadell; Mr. Dermott, Alfred Lunt; Laura, Lynn Fontanne.

The cast last night was as follows:
Miss Shoe Miss Ediss
Mr. Dermott Mr. Clive
Miss Bebb Miss Harcourt
James Bebb Mr. Whorf
Miss Cheezle Miss Grande
Miss Stone Miss Carey
Miss Newman Miss Hallatt
Mrs. Beam Miss Harcourt
Mr. Dermott Mr. Mowbray
Laura Pasquale Miss Marriott Watson
Collin Langford Mr. George

Mrs. Beam kept a boarding house, or as the genteel English prefer to say, she welcomed "paying guests." Scenes in a boarding house have amused many audiences in the theatre. Fifty years ago Stuart Robson as Prof. Gregarious Gillypot and W. H. Crane as Col. M. T. Elevator excited Homeric laughter in Leonard Grover's "Our Boarding House." (The thought of the inventor putting a flying machine on the market than seemed supremely ridiculous.) Only a few years ago in "39 East" the talk at the boarding house table was delightful.

The boarding house always furnishes rich material to dramatists. As many of us have known the horrors of these homes for the unfortunate the stage characters are as familiar acquaintances. O Sunday dinners with cold-storage turkey and skim-milky ice cream, advertised as an inducement! O Sunday night suppers with a pallid prune floating in watery sauce! And the boarders, and their conversation! We know a man who left a boarding house, one of the better class, because he was asked after a discussion of military affairs: "Say, Mr. Blank, don't you think that Napoleon Bonaparte was a good general?"

At Mrs. Beam's there were gossips; there was a doddering ass who would interrupt a speaker by saying, "I read in a newspaper," and would mumble a few vague and wandering sentences; there was a deaf woman, who wished remarks repeated and heard distinctly at unexpected moments; there was a positive woman with a granitic face and an offensive young son; there were two flappers, one a silly wife; there was a

timid youth who did not know enough to respond warmly to the seductive Laura, supposed to be the wife of Mr. Dermott; and he was suspected of being the notorious Frenchman who murdered women and cut them up or burned them or pickled them in brine, Mr. Dermott, who was watched by the Pinkertonian eye of Miss Shoe.

There is no action in the play. Mr. Munroe has opened a photograph exhibition. Instead of an annotated catalogue, he makes these photographs talk. The play is all talk, even in the farcically melodramatic bedroom scene. While the semblance of a plot is beyond reason, the talk is for the most part extremely amusing, as showing the vapid or censorious or base and sordid nature of the inmates. Only Mr. Dermott and the adventuress, scoundrels both, accomplished thieves, are likeable. The man is ready witted, a philosopher in his way, a deeper nature than his cynical flippancy would make one believe; Laura is a fascinating creature, no doubt an out and out "bad un," but she is frank in her passion, adorable as a spitefire, irresistible in her encounters with that weak, poor creature, man.

And how well Miss Marriott Watson played the part! She was physically a radiant woman, one that might well

have been a "grande amoureuse" as well as a crook. She acted the long and trying scene with Dermott brilliantly; she turned in rage on Miss Shoe and told her what she thought of her with a flaming intensity. In amusing herself with the young man, her voice was a caress; her caress was tropical. Mr. Mowbray was her cool, imperturbable, companion, irritating her by his biting comments on her character, the more biting by reason of his placid manner and calmness of speech.

Miss Shoe is a "fat part," fat in lines. It was to be regretted that Miss Ediss was for the most part unintelligible in the delivery of them. Miss Harcourt was an excellent Mrs. Bebb, and Miss Hallatt made Miss Newman a girl of flesh and blood.

And again Mr. Clive shone in a character part, that of a vacuous minded bore, whose remarks were always inappropriate to the occasion, who began an anecdote but never finished it.

Was not the reference to President Coolidge an interpolation, a gag? Did Mr. Munroe in 1920-21 know or care much for the President of the United States as an example of married life?

CONTINUING PLAYS

REPERTORY—"John the Baptist," adaptation of Sudermann's play by Frances Jewett, with Francesca Braggiotti as "Salome," and Henry Jewett in the title role. Last week.

PLYMOUTH—"The Enemy," drama by Channing Pollock, author of "The Fool." Last week.

MAJESTIC—"The Student Prince," operetta with DeWolf Hopper, Ilse Marvenga, Halfred Young and others. Second week.

NEW PARK—"Craig's Wife," George Kelly's Pulitzer prize play with Chrystal Herne. Last two weeks.

TREMONT—"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," comedy by Frederick Lonsdale starring Ina Claire with Roland Young and James Dale. Last two weeks.

HOLLIS—"The Honor of the Family," Otis Skinner starring in one of his favorite roles. Last week.

WILBUR—"One of the Family," comedy by Kenneth Webb starring Grant Mitchell with Louise Closser Hale. Last two weeks.

COLONIAL—"Ziegfeld Follies," twentieth edition with James Barton, Ray Dooley, Louise Brown, Edna Leedom, Charles King and others.

SHUBERT—Al Jolson in his newest musical production "Big Boy." Last three weeks.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Faust," San Carlo Opera Company. The cast:
Marguerite Lucretia Goddard
Faust Dimitri Onofrei
Mephistopheles Andrea Moussell
Valentine Giuseppe Interrante
Sibyl Bernice Schalker
Wagner Eloi Grimar
Martha Philine Falco

Conductor, Carlo Perini.
A vast company went last night to the opera house to witness the first appearance of Miss Lucretia Goddard.

found plenty to please them, for Goddard acquitted herself with credit.

She has much in her favor—youth, good looks and charm—three qualities sufficient in themselves to ensure an attractive and unusual Marguerite. For these assets Miss Goddard must thank her stars. She may, on the other hand, thank her own good sense for the distinction with which she acted an exact role.

Wisely recognizing that she is neither Salve nor a Farrar, Miss Goddard played—and tastefully—limited herself to what she could manage well. She has not as yet a wide range of facial play; but not once did she indulge in silly grimaces. Without much freedom of gesture, at least she avoided the fault of meaningless, conventional motions; she moved, indeed, about the stage with ease and grace.

Because, therefore, of good judgment and an evident sincerity, Miss Goddard was able to give a very charming and convincing impersonation of the Marguerite of the first two acts—the rest came too late for a morning paper's schedule.

The same quality of youth, which helped mightily Miss Goddard's impersonation, makes it difficult to judge justly of her vocal equipment. At her young time of life, her voice cannot possibly have reached its maturity. So much, though, may safely be said, with her high notes not yet placed to their best advantage, with her lower medium register still awaiting its full development, already Miss Goddard possesses tones in the upper medium range that are strong, free and sweet. She sings smoothly, easily; she turns her phrases with taste; she respects the time. Miss Goddard indeed has much in her favor. Of prime importance, perhaps, she is blessed with the quality that enables her to please an audience. Though that of last night, of course, was personally friendly, the people could not have applauded so long and so tornily if they had not been genuinely pleased.

The opera, very well sung, was acted up less well than usual. Mr. Peroni, fine fettle, did excellently with the orchestra and indeed with the whole ensemble.

The opera tonight will be "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."

R. R. G.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Simon called Peter," a dramatization in five scenes by J. E. Goodman from the novel by Robert A. Keable. The cast: The Rev. Peter Graham.....Gavin Gordon; Simon.....Jack Martin; Judas.....Rankin; Mansfield; Donovan.....Army officers; Richard Keith; Mackay; Harold Burnett; Drayton; David Smiley; George Lessing; Tom MacRae; Harp; an orderly; Tom H. A. Lewis; Miss, an army hospital nurse; Jean O'Neil; Tommy Reynard; another; Thelma White; Madeline, a woman of the camp; Gene Cleveland; Hilda Lessing, Peter's fiancée; Phoebe Richardson; Villains, a verger.....Harold Chase.

The Castle Square players gave an adequate if rather spotty performance of this much-discussed play with the Biblical name. At times the drama was very tense indeed; at others it rather craped along on the bottom. This is, of course, inevitable in stock company work.

The story is familiar. How a stiff and starched, not to say priggish young Anglican curate, stung by covert sneers, goes to the front as an army chaplain; how in his efforts to understand "life" as it is, behind the lines, he encounters the seamy side in good earnest; how he comes within an ace of being "vamped" by a female camp follower; how he comes to see, under stress of danger, that the externally "tough" but really "all right" hospital nurse is "the right sort," whereupon he takes her to London as his companion when he gets his leave; and how the girl, with a clearer vision than his, realizes the impossibility of their "marrying and settling down," and deliberately snaps the tie, though her heart breaks in doing it, whereupon the hero, with a covert sigh, resumes his inevitable place in the church.

All these make a fine dramatic framework upon which several good theatrical situations are suspended. Decidedly primitive, and frank some of them are, and if the censor's pruning knife hadn't been pretty vigorously wielded, they would have been even more so. There's evidently a moral intended somewhere, probably it is, shoemaker stick to your last, in this instance altered into "preacher stick to your pulpit."

The honors of the evening clearly fall to Miss Oliver, who steadily refrains from over emotionalizing the part of her and whose work in the London tel room scene, with the church bells ringing outside, in which she makes her chaplain lover understand that the future holds nothing for them, is marked with sustained and telling pathos.

gives us a love-

saved by his own better nature, his conscience, his bringing up—and Julie—from final disaster. Personally he fits the role to a "T."

There are several other noteworthy

successes. Gene Cleveland, as the French girl, is a pretty realistic character. Rankin Mansfield as the boy lieutenant, at first most obviously drunk but still the gentleman, in the cafe scene and, later, when hit in the air raid, dying with a pagan cheerfulness that is quite shuddersome, contributes an excellent bit.

Jack Marvin, as the cynical Capt. Langton, plays the part with practised skill and the other officers are typical young soldiers, living for the here and now, and resolutely ignoring the possibility that death might have a rendezvous around the corner with them.

J. E. P.

AT KEITH'S THEATRE

Dr. Rockwell, the gentleman who dispenses quack advice, but by no means a quack brand of foolery, is heading the bill at Keith's this week. His monologue consists of first rate clowning with medical terms and expressions mixed up with a lot of his own concoction, all of them dealing with the care of the body, and the general health.

The doctor is followed by the Dancing Merediths, a boy and girl who go through an attractive dance routine, ably seconded by the doctor, who sits on the side lines and comments as they dance. At the finale of this act, the Black Bottom contest which is being held at Keith's at every performance this week, takes place. Prizes will be awarded at the end of the week.

Les Folles Rouge is an unusually attractive dancing act which credits Harry Royce with the staging. The dances are original and the settings above the average. The whole company were excellent and Percy O'Neill, a first rate tap dancer, did a Black Bottom with satisfying variations. Arthur Prince, certainly the best of the ventriloquists, kept the audience in a constant state of laughter. His material is particularly good.

Russell and Marconi, one with a violin, the other with his accordion, played tunes that pleased. Stephens and Hollister, familiar to Keith patrons, presented "The Passing Parade," a boy and his "gill" friend, who watch a Labor day parade, seated on two boxes. Miss Stephens sings on of Mr. Hollister's songs for an encore and does it very well, too.

Jerome Mann does imitations of Al Jolson, Eddie Leonard, Pat Rooney, Sophie Tucker, Eddie Cantor and Ted Lewis. The remaining acts were all entertaining.

A. F.

LOEW'S STATE—"La Boheme," film version of Murger's "La Vie de Boheme," directed by King Vidor. The cast:

Mimi.....Lillian Gish
Rodolphe.....John Gilbert
Musette.....Rene Adoree
Schaunard.....George Hessel
Vicomte Paul.....Roy D'Arcy
Colline.....Edward Everett Horton
Benoit (Janitor).....Karl Dane
Theatre Manager.....Frank Currier

"La Boheme", in its present version of Murger's tale, adapted from its operatic edition, is an exceedingly lovely thing scenically and compositionally. And it is equally bad as drama. For King Vidor has chosen to direct it both in the style and tempo of the opera. As a result it is neither opera nor cinema, but a curious garbling of both in which all the actors look ready to burst into aria on the least provocation.

As it stands it is the sad, sad tale of Mimi and Rodolphe, the former a frail and wan Gish heroine much in the style of the Griffith melodramas of a few years ago, and the latter a volatile, leaping Jack Gilbert trying desperately to be a bona fide inhabitant of the Latin Quarter. The legend completes itself. Mimi leaves Rodolphe so that he will not give up his writing and take care of her. Rodolphe becomes a great playwright and on the night of his success Mimi, stricken low in the squalid dwelling hears him call her and drags herself through the streets to die by his side.

If Vidor had not given it the over-emphasis and the exaggerated tempos of the Griffith pictures, it might not have been so absurd. But for once a Mimi looks as if she were dying of her cough, instead of being a stout and seething prima donna who bears down upon her tenor with the rapacity of a dowager. Lillian Gish is fragile and unusually lovely.

The back stage vistas at the theatre are all done after Degas. The French

types, the doctor, the literary hack, look as if they had stepped out of a Daumier caricature.

The rest of the program of course includes the somewhat diffident and amazing "Trudy" Ederle who, with Helen Wainwright and Aileen Rigglin, performs aquatic feats in a huge pool constructed on the stage. She does some interesting fancy strokes, waltzing under water, etc., while her mates do various dives from a high spring-board.

In a brief Hal Roach comedy the still animated and comedic Mabel Normand comes back again as alert and skillful as ever in a piece with some original touches.

E. G.

Oct-20 1920

"W. B." writes: "Reading Morle Robert's life of Hudson, not the man of the North river and 'Rip Van Winkle' but the lover and keen observer of nature—no one has written with more authority about South American birds—I came across this phrase, 'parting brass rags with Gissing.' Gissing is, of course, the unfortunate man who once taught school near Boston, who wrote those bitter novels 'In the Year of Jubilee,' 'New Grub Street' and others—all smelling of fried fish and squalid life—also the 'Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft,' but what is the meaning of the quoted phrase? Tell me, gentle Shepherd."

We can only hazard a guess which will probably be wrong.

"Brass" is a generic term for money, for at one time money was made of brass.

"To part" in English colloquial use is to pay, restore, give.

"Rag" means bankpaper, bills of exchange; in the plural "money."

Gissing was for a long time tied up. Does not the phrase refer to the giving him or paying him pounds, shillings and pence?

ADD "INDOOR SPORTS"

English journalists are discussing burning questions: The proper use of "Mr." and "Esq"; what became of the Dauphin in the Reign of Terror; the verb and the future tense as in "Tomorrow is polling day"; should one say "Scot," "Scotsman" or "Scotchman." (The Man in the Iron Mask is left undisturbed; no one inquires into the age of Anne, or who killed Billy Pattison.)

It seems that in a subscription list in which amounts received are credited, one reads:

Mr. and Mrs. Smith.....1 1 0

H. Jones, Esq.....10 6

There is this comment: "By this ruling a man is 'Esq.' if he gives a sum all on his own, and only 'Mr.' if he encloses a similar amount with a 'sub' from his wife. In a case of this sort, economy of space overrides conventional courtesy. Another slight for the sex."

Should one write: "Messrs. Ltd."? "The balance of opinion is that one should not. A limited company in its articles of association is deemed to be a single concern, and not a collective body. Those who argue that the prefix 'Messrs.' is a courtesy title may be met with the further statement that a company, as such, is impersonal. Real sticklers indeed might claim that to write 'Messrs. John Smith, Ltd.' is as horrible a solecism as to write 'Mr. John Smith, Esquire.' For ourselves we prefer to save time and cut out the messieurs in these cases."

"Tomorrow is polling day." "The idea of futurity is already implied in 'tomorrow,' and to repeat it in the verb would be pure tautology."

Some say that "Scot" or "Scotsman" is the correct term for the native of Scotland; that "Scotch" is confined to "less dignified or to inanimate things, as Scotch whiskey." But Burns used both "Scot" and "Scotchman." Another says that "Scots" is a pedantic book word, never used by true dialect speakers in Scotland. Our friend Mr. Fowler, in his "Dictionary of Modern English Usage," writes: "'Scottish' is still both good English . . . and good 'Scotch.'" He quotes the Oxford Dictionary with reference to the English form "Scotch," which had "before the end of the 18th century been adopted into the northern vernacular; it is used regularly by Burns and subsequently by Scott."

As regards the Dauphin, "we lose sight of the unhappy child on the night of Jan. 20, 1794, and after that date nothing is certainly known of him." His fate was recently discussed editorially in The Herald. Was Eleazar Williams, the missionary to the Indians, the Dauphin? "Have we a Bourbon among us?" was asked in Putnam's Magazine of 1853 and 1854. The Rev. J. H. Hanson's "The Lost Prince," which sought to prove the identity of the Dauphin and Williams was published in 1854. Some one had written in 1853 that Eleazar was a direct descendant of the Rev. John Williams.

BALLAD OF A MAN'S TWO DAUGHTERS

Pat loved music and silver rings
And tall young men to have to tea;
The other, other?—"Oh, my dear,
Ike sat alone down by the sea."

Ike loved starlight and a slim moon
Appliqued tightly on the sky;
She loved a gull's wing softly etched,
Or the path of a ship gone by.

He bought a small bright silver ring,
He drank tea from a lacquered cup;
And then one night he wandered down
To where Ike watched the moon come up.

Pat loved music and silver rings
And tall young men she might command;
The other, other?—"Oh, my dear . . .
I simply cannot understand!"

DONFARRAN.

HE HAS FEW BOOKS

As the World Wags:

Tell me, please, whether the great Mr. Herkimer Johnson's library contains "The American Family Robinson." As a good little boy of strictest Presbyterian upbringing, I was shocked when the adventurers in "The Swiss Family Robinson" exclaimed, "Good heavens!" at sight of giant trees. Now "The American Family Robinson" contained no such exclamations. It was filled with wholesome and delightful adventures on the prairies beyond the Mississippi. Among the characters were the Chief and the Trapper. There were also two boys and any number of horses. It was from "The American Family Robinson" that I gathered the notion that there were two kinds of horses—flets and steeds. I am convinced now that this was a misapprehension, but it abode with me for some years. It would be delightful to learn that the omnivorous reader, Herkimer Johnson, knew and possessed "The American Family Robinson," for I never knew any one but my childish self who had read the book. Can it be that mine was an unique copy?

REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN.

THE STORY OF THE BUSY BAKER AND THE CAPRICIOUS CUSTOMER

As the World Wags:

Perhaps you've heard it—it's all over New York, but so as not to let a good thing die, give it a little space in your column. A man went to a baker shop and ordered a cake. Yes, said the baker, a cake. But, stipulated the man, I want a very special cake, I want it made in the form of the letter S. Can that be done? Certainly, said the baker, most certainly. Two dollars. All right, said the man, and away he went. The next day he came back and the baker proudly exhibited a most beautiful cake. That's fine, said the man, but that's an Old English S; what I wanted—I thought I told you—was a script S. Oh, a script S, said the baker. Well, that can be done. Come back tomorrow and I'll have it. The next day the man returned and the baker, prouder than ever, displayed a still more beautiful cake, iced and decorated and in the form of a graceful script S. The man examined it carefully, viewed it from all sides, and at last professed himself satisfied. Shall I, said the baker, send it, or will you take it with you? Oh, replied the man, don't bother, I'll just eat it right here.

KATYA.

Reginald Boardman in Recital at Jordan Hall

Last night Reginald Boardman, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan hall, at which he played the following program: The Tug from "Ships," by Goossens Cipressi, by Castelnuovo-Tedesco; Valse Ma mie qui danse, by Bartok, Sketch, Op. 9, No. 4 (first time) by Bartok; Teu d'artifice and Nocturne by Debussy; La Danse d'Olaf, by Pick-Mangialagalli; two movements from Sonata, op. 106 ("Hammerklavier"), by Beethoven; scherzo, C minor, waltz, E flat, Nocturne, C minor, by Chopin; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11, by Liszt.

It was an interesting, though none too animated concert that Mr. Boardman gave to a large audience last evening. One imagined from the brave and lengthy list of ultra-moderns inscribed upon the program, that there would be daring things. But, with the exception of the Bartok, there was no music that was either wildly revolutionary, or more than passing musical interest.

The Goossens prelude, "The Tug," the first of three written in 1924, all of them included in the general title of "Ships" is terse and dramatic. Castelnuovo-Tedesco's "Cipressi" is often lovely and imaginative, especially at first, but towards its close it is strongly reminiscent of Debussy and "La Cathedrale engloutie." There is a passing suc-

ion of the... to "T...
"oma," too.

Bartok's Valse is a lively and energetic miniature, far removed from the staccato movement of the more ancient dance. His "Sketch," played for the first time, according to the program, is more sentimental, more imaginative music, which lost something of its color perhaps by the often monotonous playing of the pianist, whose performance of modern music was otherwise sympathetic and sensitive.

Mr. Boardman is a facile, intelligent and sensitive pianist, whose greatest faults are overfondness for the damper pedal and a lack of tonal color. His technique is excellent, his interests catholic, his touch always agreeable. He was at his best in the first group of novelties. With the Beethoven, he had music, especially the adagio, that demanded more expansiveness and depth than he could summon. E. G.

Boston Opera House — Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." The cast:

Santuzza Clara Jacobo
Lola Bernice Schalker
Mama Lucia Beatrice Altieri
Turiddu Franco Taffaro
Alfio Giuseppe Interrante

Followed by Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." The cast:

Nedda Bianca Saroya
Canio James de Gaviria
Turiddu Lorenzo Conati
Silvio Giuseppe Interrante
Beppe Francesco Curci

Mr. Peroni conducted both operas.

There is no doubt of the popular appeal of these two music tragedies. Excerpts from both have been hammered out in every corner of the globe. What sacrileges have been committed in their names. The Intermezzo has been lambasted, Canio's Lament has been sobbed out from as far back as we can remember. Many, no doubt, agree with the sly insinuation of Irene Riccardi: "Whoa, Pagliacci!"

There was a large audience, and this as it should be, for the performances of both operas were not only creditable, in some instances unusual. Besides, here are the works of the masters, given painstakingly, and within reach of the slender purse. Let those who mor for opera at popular prices show their hand!

In the Mascagni opus Miss Jacobo was the Santuzza, and her performance was excellent, both vocally and dramatically. She should watch her hands closely, however, for last night, from our angle, she came dangerously near making the "falseness gesture." We couldn't mind a bit, but had she purely showed her contempt for Turiddu in this manner at a time later and more justifiable, but at least not before she had "warmed up." Miss Jacobo did not make the mistake of too obviously wearing a heavy heart in her evening scenes; there was a well developed emotional intensity, and she was convincingly tragic in her climax with Turiddu.

Mr. Taffaro's Turiddu was better voice than dramatically. His fluent voice commanded exceptionally well in sustained song and he reached his star in the drinking song. Dramatically he takes the mistake of falling into hysterical ways. Mama Lucia was neither legmatic nor sympathetic, and she acted as if she was at a loss to know at it was all about. She did arouse her lethargy, however, at the farewell by Turiddu.

Seldom has it been our pleasure to hear the Prologue rendered at once so dramatically and musically as was the conception of Mr. Conati, who sang Canio. A full rounded voice, a measure in all registers, he offered besides a fine textual understanding.

Mr. De Gavria, as Canio, registered all the conflicting emotions of the traveling player, and to his credit he utters his sobbing beside his song and into it. A pleasing lyric tenor, of course he brought down the house, as he say, in his singing of the Lament, and an exceptionally good job he did of it, too. Miss Baroya's Nedda hardly sounded the ominous note, but she sang greatly.

Of the work of the chorus, much praise. A very even and painstaking performance that showed much drilling and musicianship. There was not the trace of a ragged edge. Precision had its say. So had Mr. Peroni.

T. A. R.

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backward standing about to do in this opera and it did this well, also.

The piece was very nicely staged and handsomely costumed, especially after the principals and chorus had discarded the uncomfortable and rather embarrassing kilts, which did not fit as they do in Scotland, and had been transferred to the ancestral halls of the Ashtons, which bore an astonishingly close resemblance to a Venetian palace.

To repeat, it was a performance in which even-flowing, tuneful music was excellently and intelligently sung by the whole company and where more attention was paid to the theatrical side than one sometimes notices in conventional opera. J. E. P.

Oct. 23 1926

We have been asked to recommend "a good novel." A prudent man recommends nothing. If he forgets himself and speaks warmly of a book that pleased him, speaks of a reasonably reticent barber, a doctor or dentist who does not dwell in a robber's cave, a tailor who does not cut cloth with an axe, he will probably make an enemy for life. His foe may not revile him; but the sad face and the coolness of greeting will be more cutting than flint-edged words.

We'll risk it, though we have read few modern novels, and enjoy reading the old ones.

"Precious Bane," by Mary Webb, pleased us more than any novel published within a year. Some have found the use of old Shropshire words a stumbling block, but the use is sparing and effective. This novel has been reviewed at length in The Herald.

If our correspondent reads French—without a dictionary (without the use of the springboard or any mechanical appliance, to quote the old circus wheeze) there is Andre Gide's "Les Faux-Monnayeurs," a singular study of it, must be confessed, a rather shabby lot of people. There are a few pages that bring to mind the Gide that wrote the preposterous "Corydon." We should advise the reading at the same time of Noel Forrest's "Ways of Escape." The two authors, the Frenchman and the Englishman, have much to say about the course to be taken in the bringing up of youths. Mr. Forrest—we say "Mr.," although an English critic called him "Miss" throughout a laudatory article—the author of the novel published by Little, Brown & Co., has been ably reviewed in The Herald. We now speak of "Ways of Escape" only in connection with Gide's novel, in which two men are more or less concerned with the formation of youth's character. Mr. Forrest shows us Stephen Heath—insisting that his sons should mould their lives as he wishes, while Paul Kenyon, secretly opposing him, encourages them in following their own inclinations. And what a mess the two of them made of it. Basil, a journalist, attacked his father, the architect, in print and left him to come to this country; Terry stole, was obliged to leave the army, and then cruelly disappointed Kenyon, his benefactor. Antony died before he fell a victim to father or the interfering well-wisher. The daughter, Rosamund, made the worldly marriage her father longed for, and then threw her bonnet over the windmill. Don't think "Ways of Escape" is a thinly-coated educational tract. As Prof William Lyon Phelps of Yale would say in writing for a publisher's and street car blurb: "It's a ripping good novel."

Little, Brown & Co. publish other novels—that is, a novel and a volume of short stories—that should interest our correspondent. "Five Hundred Dollars" is a collection of stories by Henan White Chaplin. Four of them were first printed in the Century Magazine. The present volume is a reprint. Mr. Chaplin was known in Boston as an able lawyer and a writer of legal treatises. He left this city to make Washington, D. C., his home, where he was happy among his books, for he was not only a delightful companion; he was a man of scholarly habits and fine literary taste. He died two years ago. These stories are of New England life. One or two of them are to be classed with stories by Sarah Jewett, and the early ones of Mary Wilkins and Alice Brown. "The New Minister's Great Opportunity" might be told in Georgia or Ohio; "St. Patrick" and "Madelra Place" might describe scenes in New York, but the other stories, especially "Ell," in the portrayal of character are of New England. Miss Wilkins's early stories were often grim in their pathos, even in their humor. Living in London, she would have written Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets." Mr. Chaplin was nearer to Miss Jewett and Miss Brown, for the three did more than tell about men and women; they made them live as if they were village neighbors.

"Walls of Glass," by Larry Barretto, also published by Little, Brown & Co., deals with a sexual problem, but not in a rank, not in a snickering manner. Sophy's husband, killed by an accident, left her penniless and with a baby to support. The neighbors promised to help her. She made preserves for sale; she opened a lunch shop, which was set on fire by a tramp who had tried to kiss her, but was thrashed by Martin Greer. Desperately poor she became the mistress of Greer, a rich owner of race-horses. His wife was hopelessly insane.

If George Elliot was censured for living with Lewes, who could not marry

her, how could Sophy scape calumny? She queened it for a time—chiefly abroad; at home she saw the finger of scorn. Nor was Greer himself a restful companion. He would drink furiously, would be seen at the racetrack with Kitty Devlin of the "painted raddled face." He was jealous, and not without plausible reason, of Alan Craig, who would have Sophy desert her lord and master. Greer was remorseful after his explosions; proud of Sophy as he was of his horses.

She was included in the list of stock. When Greer died, she found out that the insane wife had died before him and Greer could have married her. Joel, her son, for whom she had sacrificed everything, reproached her with having been a kept woman, but he apologized later, and Sophy, now rich, became Alan's lawful wife. The story is well told, at times graphically, with no mean skill in the portraiture of character. Still the question arises: Was Sophy justified in living with Greer for the sake of her child? Here is an interesting subject for discussion at women's clubs.

A book, not a novel, but far more interesting than many now on the book shop counters, is the new edition of Josiah Quincy's "Figures of the Past" from the leaves of old journals, with an introduction and notes by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, whose editorial ability and taste have long been recognized. Little, Brown & Co. publish the book in an attractive form. Here is good reading; here is a vivid picture of former worthies, John Adams, Randolph, Jackson, Webster, of the school, college, city life of the periods in which they flourished. There are many temptations to quotation. We may yield to them later, for there are incidents related that lead to comparison with the world in which we now live.

JOHN IN JAPAN

(London Daily Chronicle)

Admirers of Mr. John McCormack, who are hoping to hear his great voice again this winter, may enjoy this story. The popular tenor read a Japanese review translated into English by a native, which stated that he "suffocated his audience." Investigation showed that the Japanese phrase should have been rendered "left the audience breathless."

Were willows ever called palms in New England? In Devonshire bunches of willows were carried to church on Palm Sunday even in recent times. It is said that the cockney always gives the name of palms to willows.

In some English counties the willow and the yew tree are called palm trees. A palm willow is any willow producing catkins early. The buds and catkins of various species of willow are also called palms as are the catkins of the hazel.

NEW YORK STRING QUARTET CONCERT

Yesterday afternoon the New York String quartet gave a concert in Jordan hall before an enthusiastic audience of excellent size.

The enthusiasm was richly deserved. Already two seasons ago, before they had been long in company, these four players—O. Cadek, J. Siskovsky, L. Schwab, B. Vasha—gave us a taste of their quality that made their future appearances eagerly looked for. They have lost nothing in two years; on the contrary, they have gained.

They have bettered their balance of tone: Mr. Cadek may, or may not, have added volume, but in any case he now can hold his own. Also they have, to a great extent, done away with a certain harshness of sound that, at their first performance here, worked some ill. Only occasionally yesterday, in a few loud quick passages, did they make sounds anything but beautiful.

Delightfully they played one of Haydn's quartets in G minor. In its not many pages they found Haydn the man of moods. These players showed warm sympathy with the man's sturdy strength, his grace, his power of lofty song. They felt his sense of the elegant, his formality, his passion for the dance, be it of the market place or of the court. The largo was a triumph of fitting tempo—slow enough to be grave, but not like the famous water in Taunton, so sluggish it would not run down hill.

Quite as well, in its more modern way, they played Beethoven's F minor quartet, op. 95, bringing out with unusual force the significance of the sharply contrasting themes of the first movement, making something strikingly brilliant of the finale. If they could not sustain interest throughout the third movement, who shall blame them?

The repetitions, though, of the first movement of Schumann's piano q

the Quartet, by their energetic enthusiasm, kept from seeming too many. Miss Leginska had something to do with this feat; she played superbly. They all did, throughout the quintet with a vitality that gave every bar its due. Vitality like that, combined with taste and sound musicianship, could not fail to quicken the audience to enthusiasm.

Need the New York String Quartet wait another year before paying us a return visit? R. R. G.

GRAND OPERA COMPANY CLOSES SEASON HERE

Miss Goddard Sings Prettily as Micaela in "Carmen"

The San Carlo Grand Opera Company brought to a close its season of a fortnight at the Boston Opera House by a performance of "Carmen" in the afternoon and one of "Aida" in the evening. These performances were repetitions but in "Carmen," Miss Lucretia Goddard took the part of Micaela. She sang the music prettily.

The performances afternoon and evening were much enjoyed, although in the afternoon no doubt owing to the football game, the audience was not as large as might have been expected.

Oct 25 1926
ROSA PONSELLE

By PHILIP HALE

Rosa Ponselle of the Metropolitan opera company, assisted by Stuart Ross, pianist, gave a concert in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon.

The program stated that she would sing Marguerite's Prison aria from Boito's "Mephistopheles," Salvador Rosa's "Star Vclino," "Chi vuol comprer" by Jommelli; R. Strauss's "Traume," Decreus's "L'Oiseau Bleu," the cavatina from "Il Trovatore," Tchaikovsky's "At the Ball," "Invocation to Eros" by Kurstener; Silberta's "Lullaby" and Molly Carew's "Piper of Love." Mr. Ross's selections were his arrangement of the Corelli-Tartini Theme and Variations; Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G major; a Spanish Dance by Granados, and Tausig's version of Johann Strauss's waltz, "Man lebt nur einmal."

As Mme. Ponselle is known chiefly as a dramatic soprano, it was to be expected that she would sing operatic airs as well as songs. She chose the air of Marguerite crazed and in the prison, an air that for full effect demands the situation and the scene; nevertheless, Mme. Ponselle gave the requisite dramatic feeling without the undue intensity that would have been foreign to the concert stage. The florid passages, the outbursts of the heroine's delirium, might have been thrown off with greater lightness and without the suggestion that they had little or no significance and were interpolated only to show vocal agility.

CONTRAST LACKING

Her interpretation of the Cavatina from the first act of "Il Trovatore" sinned against the text and the music. Leonora here tells a story and describes a peaceful scene. Mme. Ponselle took the first section at so fast and restless a pace that there was no contrast between these calm and beautiful measures and the more emotional ones that follow; the brilliant section following also suffered thereby. Her interpretation, unintelligent and therefore ineffective, of Verdi's sustained melody showed that she was unacquainted with the Italian tradition.

She has a glorious voice, rich, full, flexible enough to sing florid music without labor; to sing rapidly without loss of distinct enunciation. There is no need of her forcing upper tones. They then lose body and occasionally are thin and shrill. In the first group of songs she gave the appropriate character to each; nobility to Salvador Rosa's; playfulness to Jommelli's song of the canary and Decreus's "Blue Bird," while she sang the song by Strauss with genuine if subdued emotion, with tones of exquisite beauty.

IN GENEROUS MOOD

Mr. Ross accompanied her sympathetically. His transcription of the familiar theme with variations for the violin was interesting.

The large audience was enthusiastic throughout the concert. Mme. Ponselle was in generous mood and added several songs to the program. Mr. Ross also met with the favor of his hearers.

Although Mr. Clive has what might be considered a minor part in Munro's "At Mrs. Beam's," now at the Copley Theatre, his conception of Mr. Durrow's character is true to nature, and carried out with a fine regard for details of portraiture. We have all known Mr. Durrows; he is with us today in the office, at meeting of directors, in the club, yes, especially in a large club. This mumbling, timid person, recalling stories of a town where he once lived, beginning to tell them but, seeing that no one pays attention to him, dropping the anecdote unfinished; eager to hear a scandalous rumor or suspicion, at the same time protesting against what may turn out to be an unjust inference; a slave to his newspaper, believing everything he reads in it, quoting from it when his quotation does not bear in any way on the talk of others in the room. Note how Mr. Clive handles his newspaper; how he is lost in vacuous thought; how he emerges from his constitutional dullness to say his foolish say. He is foolish even when he is silently attentive to what is going on. Could anyone be more foolish than he looks? With what finesse he plays the part. And though he is called on to mumble his words, yet his mumbling crosses the footlights. Seldom does one see a more skillful delineation of a character that if it were played by another might seem merely grotesque, unnatural.

Strange to say, when "At Mrs. Beam's" was performed by the Stage Society in 1921, the London Times was disturbed by Laura Pasquale's amorous advances. "We alluded to the author's naive complacency in these kissing scenes. It is naive because nothing is so easy as to shock your audience. But, we fancy we can hear the author protesting, my girl is real; there are plenty of women like that. Granted, but what then? Salacity may be a fact of life, but it is not, therefore, suitable for the footlights. There are many things besides the slaughter of Medea's children that should not be done coram populo."

The audience at the Copley last Monday night was not so squeamish. They enjoyed Miss Marriott Watson's frankness of declaration, and thought Mr. Langford a poor fish for not taking advantage of it.

A play well worth seeing. Miss Ediss no doubt has by this time corrected the swiftness of speech that made her often unintelligible. In other respects her Miss Shoe was a vivid impersonation. The London Times might have had Mr. Mowbray's Dermott in mind when it described that adventurer as a "curious compound of brute, cynic, philosopher, humorist and bon diable."

Marc Connelly's "The Wisdom Tooth" will be seen for the first time in Boston tomorrow night at the Hollis St. Theatre. It was produced at the National Theatre, Washington, Jan. 18, 1926. New York saw it at The Little Theatre on Feb. 15, 1926. The story is of a man "who didn't grow up," one that looks back on his boyhood. This man was played by Thomas Mitchell, whose portrayal of Bemis, who even when a boy fought for his ideals, was enthusiastically praised. Bemis believed in fairies when his dotting grandparents knew he would be president of the United States. He had saved the horse when the barn burned down. The circus came to town. He remembered his fight with "Porky" on account of a little sweetheart. As a bookkeeper in New York he is a timid person, saying "yes" too easily. His wisdom tooth is aching as he sits in a boarding house with his past youth returning. Mr. Stark Young described Bemis as a simple fellow, "mentally on the level with ordinary journalism, ordinary politics, shows, moralities and boarding houses. But there must be many men for whom this theme of boy and man, that brave, free little spirit and that later completion or denial of it, will have a strange and poignant appeal and application."

Mr. Gabriel of the New York Sun, saying that this play is "fantastic precisely the right degree," added: "It is nothing for the usual run of dumb, gushy eye-moppers. It is sacred to those who know the rare bliss of one furtive tear or two before they go back to grinning."

It was announced on May 12, 1925, that George S. Kaufman's play "The Butter and Egg Man," would be tried on the Stamford dog on June 11th, and then be seen at Long Branch and Asbury. It arrived at the Longacre Theatre, New York, on Sept. 23, 1925, when Gregory Kelly took the part of Peter Jones, the ingenuous youth, and Lucile Webster played the retired "lady juggler." The first performance in Boston will be at the Plymouth Theatre tomorrow night.

"Butter and Egg Man." What does the term mean? It is generally supposed to have replaced "Angel," the rich man, who from love of art or from a tender feeling for some actress, singer, dancer, chorus girl, finances the show in which his adored one takes part; perhaps "figures" is the more appropriate word. But Mr. Barney Gallant told Mr. Percy Hammond of the New York Herald-Tribune, that while Mr. Kelly is a successful "angel," Butter and Egg men are "unsuccessful devils."

"Butter and Eggs." One is reminded of Calverley parodying Jean Ingelow:

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her spectacles lay on her apron'd knees.

Mr. Gallant's explanation of the term was as follows.

"At one of the more hospitable night clubs, not long ago, the principal guest was an amateur and liberal rake from Cedar Rapids. A quondam Iowan, this celebrant attracted attention only because he insisted on paying all the checks. He purchased food and drink for everyone and rewarded the artists of the cabaret with generous alms. He bestowed banknotes upon the saxophonists and donated his pearl scarfpin to the leader of the band. His philanthropies arousing the curiosity of those present, he was asked by Miss Texas Guinan, the hostess, to reveal his identity. Thereupon he blushing arose from his chair and said: 'I'm just a big butter and egg man from the West.' Since that evening no solvent pilgrim has been able to buy champagne in the local saloons and taprooms without being stigmatized as a butter and egg man. The moment a grateful guest from out of town tips a headwaiter abnormally that servant grasps him by the hand and says: 'How's the dairy?'"

Mr. Kaufman's play relates in a satirical manner the adventure of a small town young man who has inherited money and is anxious to increase the sum so that he can own a hotel. He spends most of his capital by investing in a Broadway show. This is the way Fanny (Lucille Webster) talks. She has refused to put money in the show for she has seen a rehearsal and thinks it "terrible." She talks with her husband, a vaudeville agent, and his assistant. McLure has asked her what she is going to do with her money—"leave it to a home for jugglers?"

"You lay off the jugglers. They can take care of themselves. They ain't none of them hanging on to the edge of show business, pretending to know all about it just because they bum a lunch at the Astor every day. If you're so crazy about the drama, Joe, why don't you produce it with some Butter and Egg Man's coin. And that Colonial Dame you got in the leading role! Who tipped you off to her—the New York Evening Post?"

If "Success" was a risky title for a play, what is to be said of Mr. Lonsdale's "On Approval" brought out in New York last week?

The Philharmonic Society of New York performed Howard Hanson's Symphonic poem "Pan and the Priest" last Thursday for the first time in Boston. Strange to say it was played in London before it was heard here or in New York. Ernest Newman wrote: "Mr. Hanson's indebtedness to certain predecessors among his contemporaries was obvious enough; but in spite of this one felt that there was something at the back of it, all that was Howard Hanson. He scores well, not merely pulling off standardised effects, but making the ideas and the sound seem soul and body of each other; and he has a good sense of shape and of transition. The work is certainly the best that America has sent us for some time."

R.H.

"LADY FROM THE SEA"

Ibsen's Drama at the Repertory Theatre.
Notes on Its Origin and "Symbolism"

Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea" will be performed at the Repertory Theatre tomorrow night. It is stated that this will be the first public performance in Boston.

The play has been a stumbling block to some on account of its alleged symbolism, yet it appealed strongly to Eleonore Duse. It was in her repertory when she visited the United States for the last time, but she did not bring it to Boston. When, after a long absence from the stage, she appeared in 1909 at Berlin in this play, she thought she was there to be seen for the last time. She said this to a friend: "I know that I shall not act any longer but the world does not know it. The song of the swan. This evening it really seemed to me to have been Ibsen's worthy interpreter. Perhaps I am mistaken."

She was mistaken, for on May 5, 1921, forced by pecuniary reasons to reappear, she was seen at Turin in "The Lady from the Sea." Edouard Schneider then saw her and wrote: "I cannot describe my emotion when she came on the stage as Ellida, her face with its aureole of white hair, her voice always young and flexible; but, as it was said, she was suffering from an incurable wound." Was this a reference to d'Annunzio's more than caddish treatment of her?

When she took the same part at Florence and triumphed she said: "These successes are only successes of virtuosity. I know only too well what the great majority look for in my face. But do they understand the life, the soul of my dear Ellida?"

Before her last visit to this country her manager demanded that she should not play in any one of Ibsen's dramas. She was obdurate. Then he insisted that she should order sumptuous costumes in Paris. "Do you see," she said, "the simple wife of a poor Norwegian doctor, with costumes in the latest Parisian fashion on her back?"

"The Lady from the Sea" was published in Norwegian in 1888. (This version was also published in Chicago in 1889). The scenario had been constructed about 1880. English translations were published in 1890 and 1891. There are translations into French, Italian and German. The play has been parodied many times. When it was first performed at the Christiania Theatre (we retain the old name of that city) in 1889 Laura Gundersen played Ellida. In London the first performance was at Terry's Theatre in 1891. The translation was by Eleanor Marx-Aveling. At the Royalty, in 1902, Mrs. F. E. Archer's translation was used. Was not Janet Achurch the first actress in London to play Ellida?

Reicher took the part of Ellida when the play was first performed in England in New York in 1911. She then told a reporter that in her mind Ellida was "no dreamer, no seer of idle visions, no foolish woman; she is exactly what I should be were I in her place. She says exactly what I should say if I had to say it, and so I speak her lines simply as I would say them in real life. They are simple to me. The symbolism of Ibsen is exaggerated. He is so simple, so real."

Ellida, married to good Dr. Wangel, had years before met a man of the sea who told her that they two were wedded to the ocean, into which their rings were thrown. He went away, but their spiritual communion held her fast. She married Wangel, a widower, and by him she had a child, whose eyes were of the sea's color. "Such a sign of inheritance was sufficient to make her doubt herself the true wife of Wangel." Her step-daughter did not aid her in making her feel at home. Wangel realized that there was a lack of confidence between him and Ellida. She believed that water, not land, is our natural element. She kept talking about the ever changing sea. The stranger finally appeared, claimed her for his own, bade her go with him. Wangel gave her the choice. She exclaimed: "Oh, Wangel, save me from myself." Wangel, self-sacrificing, freed her. The spell was broken. Ellida, wholly free, remained with Wangel. The stranger was now nothing to her.

In the sea, for which she longed, the symbol of liberty? Did the fjord represent, as a French critic has put it, "the spirit of freedom hemmed about by relentless duty"?

Miss Reicher believed that Ellida's marriage was based on a false ideal. Her responsibility was taken away from her; she did not exist for any definite good of her own; "she did not exist by her own will at all, but because other people kept her alive, protected her, and loved her. It was a false existence, and soon she realized it. When she wants to go back to the sea she means that she wants the freedom of the universe in her own heart: she wants to be free to choose what she loves. Wangel loves her, but he does not realize the situation. So many men in audiences are like that."

"As for the other man, she knows herself as early as the seer that he has a hypnotic effect on her which vanishes when he leaves her, but she does not love him, and when her husband at last, finding that everything she has failed, tells her to do what she wants to, then out of her own heart, and with her own free will, she understands everything—that she loves only her husband. And now she no longer desires the sea because she has everything in her own heart; her freedom has come to her. She has her own duty in life, her own responsibility, the will to act, and the will to live."

"I want to make a little prophecy about 'The Lady from the Sea,' which people tell me is so very terrible. In ten years—I hope it will be sooner, but I'm sure it will be in at least ten years—'The Lady from the Sea' will be a very old-fashioned play, even in New York."

In 1889 Ibsen wrote to Camilla Collett with reference to this strange drama: "I felt pretty certain that you, you in particular, would understand. . . . Yes, there are suggestive resemblances—indeed, many; and you have seen and felt them, seen and felt that of which I could only have a vague premonition." Just what did Ibsen mean by this?

John Paulsen, a Norwegian author, wrote in his memories that the prototype of Ellida was the authoress, Camilla Collett, a "noble and remarkable woman," whom Ibsen had admired from his youth up. Her novels had influenced him in several respects. At Dresden, in the early twenties, he often visited Ibsen's family, and by her conversation changed his hitherto conservative idea of woman's position in the world. Ibsen's wife also felt Camilla's influence.

"When 'The Lady from the Sea' first appeared I was in Copenhagen," wrote Paulsen, "where Magdalena Thoresen, Ibsen's mother-in-law, and Mrs. Collett were also stopping. As everybody else, we spoke of the new play, and I was amused to find that both ladies flattered themselves upon having inspired the dramatist. Mrs. Thoresen, who was a woman of the world, hinted vaguely and delicately at it, and in a way it was not strange that she should consider herself the heroine, for, like Ellida, she was extremely fond of the water."

"But as soon as Mrs. Collett had read the book she felt that she was Ellida. 'I am The Lady of the Sea,' she said with characteristic frankness. She said it as calmly as though it were the most ordinary thing in the world."

"I objected that Mrs. Collett had nothing to do with the sea, that she had been brought up in a little inland village and that she was not fond of the water."

"Don't you understand the symbolism of Ibsen's work at all?" she asked me in the same calm way. "With Ibsen everything is symbolistic. What Ibsen calls the sea is merely another way of expressing the weird fascination of the nature at Eidsvold which put its stamp on my whole being."

"Mrs. Collett wanted certainty, however, and with characteristic naivete she immediately wrote to the dramatist to find out. In reply to her letter Ibsen admits that she had greatly influenced his conception of things and that she had many points in common with Ellida."

But Paulsen's explanation, if explanation were needed, has hardly been accepted by other writers about Ibsen.

One of the finest analyses of "The Lady from the Sea" was written by Jules Lemaitre, who admired Ibsen when other French critics complained of Norwegian fogs chilling the theatre.

P. H.

Oct 25 1900

A correspondent keeping house in a suburb of an English factory town writes to us about the cost of living. "Experienced servants are too costly and independent. The girl we have is 18 years old and it is her first job. A general servant costs \$45 to \$50 a month and a second maid (inexperienced) from \$20 to \$25 plus rooms and board, clothing, and doctor's or dentist's bills or both. Everything else, however, is very much more expensive than in the United States. Houses are usually not rented in England except when people wish to go away for a few months. We paid \$125 a month for a furnished house in the country last winter; no central heating, because the owner went to town for the winter. Such a house would be unobtainable in the summer time here at any price. A small roast of beef costs \$2.25; a small roast of lamb, \$2.50; a small chicken, \$1.85; eggs, \$1.08 a dozen; and milk, 16 cents a quart. The great trouble in England is that this small country is burdened with excessive taxation to support a large army and navy and imperial government enterprises. This is the only country paying its war debts to America, but no other country is paying England to any great extent. The tax on a Ford car is \$100 a year and everything else is in proportion, as to taxation. Every time one signs a receipt or check, one must cancel a government fee-stamp to make it legal."

Our correspondent does not mention the dole, nor does he refer to the fact that in September the best native oysters in London were selling at 16 cents apiece, and the best price that the purveyors could promise the consumer was in the neighborhood of \$1.50 a dozen. Exploding mines during the war are blamed for the scarcity. As for the price of beef and lamb, housewives in Boston complain bitterly when they are told of the much more reasonable prices in New York. A wealthy woman from the West, who had traveled extensively in this country and in Europe, told us that she found Osterville, Mass., the most expensive place for housekeeping she had ever known.

As The World Wags:

It is said that some well paid government officials who were inclined to be economical on first taking office, have now become good spenders on a hint from the men higher up that national prosperity depends on everybody putting money in circulation. Noblesse oblige, they call it. A story in point is that Napoleon once observed that one of his generals came to a levee all wet with rain. He explained that he had to walk from the gate as the place he hired was not allowed to enter the grounds of the Tuilleries. When the general took his leave he found a fine carriage at the door and was told that it was his own. But, alas! The price was deducted from his salary. G. A. E.

Portland, Me.

"A lady was telling W. S. Gilbert that the Greeks had a custom of carving speeches on their seats. She had forgotten the proper term, and asked Gilbert. 'Arricre-pensee, I expect,' he replied."

TO MY WRIST WATCH

(For As the World Wags.)

You are the jewel I admired
And longed year by year,
Your beauty shown through windows
Barred
Till came a sudden fear
That some remote, ancestral urge
Would make me snatch my prey
And in the modern bandit style
I'd swiftly dash away.

With prudence and with forethought,
soon

I found a better way
And took you home, my treasure
To be with me night and day.
I liked to watch your little hands
And feel that you were mine,
Not dreaming that my love for you
Would last so short a time.

Now cold upon my arm you lie
With face quite set; although
One day I may have called you fast
Indeed you are too slow.
No longer do I get a thrill
Each time I glance at you
And so I will a-shopping go
To find a love that's new.

Don Juan.

A street-car sign urges the passengers to eat "Welsh RAREBITS." We will not be urged, but we would gladly eat a Welsh RABBIT, if there were good old ale for the making. "RARE-BIT" is absurd; "RABBIT" is the right and amusing word.

IT'S AN ADVERB

As the World Wags:

Are we trying to emulate that nation, famous for its mutilated alphabet, by dropping our "LY's"? Perhaps Mr. Herkimer Johnson can tell us why in this Glorious Commonwealth of Massachusetts and particularly in the vicinity of the Hub of the Universe we have so many traffic signs reading "Go Slow."

Is this ungrammatical condition due to the flapper influence or the crim wave?

Concord.

FEA JAY.

"Slow" has been used adverbially since the beginning of the 16th century. Milton: "Swinging slow with sullen roar." Byron: "As the stately vessel glided slow." Thackeray: "We drove very slow." H. W. Fowler in "Modern English Usage": "In spite of the encroachments of 'ly's', slow maintains itself as at least an idiomatic possibility under some conditions even in the positive (how slow he climbs, please read very slow, my watch goes slow) while in the comparative and superlative slower and slowest are usually preferable to more than most slowly." So our correspondent need not cry out "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," seeing the traffic signs.—Ed.

ABSENT TREATMENT

As the World Wags:

That statement which "Amused" and "Oudels" speak of their having heard to the effect that "Longfellow was born in Portland while his parents were traveling in Europe," reminds me of the following passage in a sketch of Prof. Stephen Holmes Weeks of Portland which is on page 153 of the History of Parsonsfield, Me.: "Stephen Holmes Weeks, of Portland, son of John and Mehitabel (Holmes) Weeks was born on the 6th of October, 1835. His parents were at the time temporarily absent from town, but returned soon after." As that sketch of Prof. Weeks does not state where he was born, the reader of the sketch would naturally assume that he was born in Parsonsfield, the town in the history of which the sketch appears. That being the case, the statement that his parents were temporarily absent from the town when he was born has the appearance of being as obviously absurd as the statement regarding Longfellow that he was born in Portland while his parents were traveling in Europe. Interpreted, however, in the light of the fact—which is stated in a sketch of Prof. Weeks which is given on pages 452-463 of the History of Parsonsfield—that he was born in Cornish, a town adjoining Parsonsfield, the statement that at the time of his birth his parents were temporarily absent from the town (that is, from the town of Parsonsfield) is seen to contain nothing absurd.

OBSERVER.

PHILHARMONIC I

Yesterday afternoon in Mechanics hall the Boston Philharmonic orchestra, Ethel Leginska, conductor, made a brave start on its career. This was the program: Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Beethoven, symphony No. 5, Opus 67; Peterka, prelude, Opus 8. "Triumph of Life"; Liszt, Hungarian Fantasia; Wagner, overture to "Tannhauser."

Miss Leginska has gathered some 55 players about her. Although they are of varying worth, some being far superior to others, she has been fortunate in finding a body of musicians capable of playing music to a very considerable extent as she would probably have it. She draws from her orchestra very good tone, including a soft pianissimo and a fortissimo amazingly sonorous, with many gradations between the two extremes. She has taught them already to follow closely her comfortably decisive beat, and to do her will in matters of phrasing, dynamics and rhythm.

Although her first concert proved over-long, Miss Leginska laid out her program wisely. An overture to begin with, with the symphony to follow; then, not too late in the day, the work of the occasion, with a solo piece next and an overture to close—what could be more judicious?

Of this program itself only the prelude needs a word, it being new in America. Rudolf Peterka, who wrote it, was born in 1894 at Bruenn, Austria, where for some years he played in the theatre orchestra, and later conducted the Philharmonic orchestra. He has written chamber music, a symphony, songs and piano pieces. At present he lives in Leipzig.

His prelude, if one may judge by its idiom, must have been written when he was very young, for it follows the

says of Strauss. By the evidence, though, of its workmanship, a musician of maturity devised it; the man had something to say, and well he knew how to say it, without bombast or

superfluous measures. The only pity is that that kind of thing has been heard too often to make the effect today it might have made 20 years ago.

The orchestra played it exceedingly well. They sang its melodies expressively; they revelled in its surges of sound; up and on they swept to a climax truly imposing.

They met a shaper test, though, when they successfully overcame the difficulties of the Liszt piece. Miss Leginska indeed, set herself no easy task when she undertook to conduct this music and also to play the exacting piano part. She came off with flying colors, for she played the fantasy in the rhapsodical spirit that eludes too many performers, with a rhythmic brilliancy, too, that swept all in the hall before her.

Quite as intelligently she saw her way through the symphony, with no silly attempt at a forced originality of reading. Though she brought about some excellent playing in the symphony—the beginning of the scherzo, for instance, and the quick passage for strings in the slow movement—it was here that she must have seen what she has before her if she would make her orchestra as good as it may be. She did far better with the Weber overture.

Since Miss Leginska needs a hall that will seat many people, she is lucky in the surprisingly good acoustics of Mechanics hall. The audience was enormous yesterday, and gratifyingly enthusiastic. And so, congratulations on the auspicious beginning. R. R. G.

Russian Singers Again Heard in Symphony Hall

At Symphony hall last evening the deft and versatile Mr. Kibalachich and his Russian symphonic choir gave another of their programs of choral music, mostly Russian, and listed under the three staid headings of liturgical, classical and folk. The concert did not vary materially from those in the past season, with the exception of the interest in, though not altogether happy, arrangement of the andante of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony for choral ensemble.

Mr. Kibalachich uses his singers as the instruments of an orchestra. But it demands a suaver body of voices than some of his sopranos to substitute for the string choir. This harshness is still the only fault of his band, an ensemble of an amazing flexibility and technical virtuosity. Their strong point is the male choir, whose singing was especially effective in the Dargenizhsky fragment from the opera of "Rusalka," in which Messrs. Mamonoff and Shedko were the soloists, and in the dark beauty of the Rimsky-Korsakoff church scene from "Christmas Eve," which they repeated.

There was liturgical music by Glinka Tschernokoff, in which Mme. Ivanova sang the soprano solo; Count Cheremeteff, a Credo by Gretchaninoff with Mlle. E. Stetzenko, the alto soloist, offset by the rest of the choir; Stroklin's "Prayer of St. Simeon," with Mr. Grebetzky, the bass soloist, and the dynamic and virtuosic chant of Lvovsky, which they were again obliged to repeat. For the rest there were folk and near-folk songs, Russian, Serbian, Czech-Slovakian, melancholy, lusty, sentimental, which they sang with the same dramatic sweep and musical dexterity that has marked each of their previous performances. And despite the weather, Symphony hall was almost full.

It is pleasant to read of singers returning to this country; how they are dressed and what they say. Mme. Jeritzka had a beautiful time with the Queen of England, the "sweet" Queen. When Mme. Jeritzka arrived at Windsor Castle after she had crossed the moat and looked curiously at the port-cullis, she naturally expected to be ushered with ceremony into the august presence. But no, the Queen "came rushing to the door to meet me!" She did not walk toward Mme. Jeritzka; she did not even glide in a queenly manner; she "rushed." There is "our Mary"; not "our Mary." Not "our Mary" Ander-

son who is in England; "our Mary" Garden, of course. She met Will Rogers in Paris and kissed him as he was standing with four other men, one of them Morris Gest. Why the invidious distinction? Why did she not imprint a chaste kiss on Mr. Gest's cheek? Miss Garden has been eating only dry toast for breakfast, no butter, no jam, no honey, no marmalade. We regret to say that she called Mme. Jeritzka a fool for not bobbing her hair. In heavenly minds can such resentment dwell? For Mme. Jeritzka's hair has been greatly admired, even by Mme. Jeritzka. Miss Garden said in confidence to a reporter—he betrayed her confidence—that Mr. Gene Tunney is good looking, an angel, and she wouldn't mind marrying him a bit. Well, why not? Ada Isaacs Menken, radiant beautiful and brilliant, married John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy, who was a fine figure of a man.

Mme. Rosa Ralsa arrived in Chicago from California. "Chicago thrills me; I'm always delighted to return." Nearly every week inhabitants of Chicago are thrilled, but they do not live to tell of it.

"BRASS RAGS"

A correspondent, finding in Morley Roberts's life of W. H. Hudson the words "parting brass rags with Gissing," asked the meaning. We floundered in an attempt to "oblige."

"B. D." has written an explanation that seems reasonable and is interesting. It is strange that the phrase is not in Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues."

"To 'part brass rags' with a friend means to quarrel with him. It is a common expression in the British navy and possibly the merchant service as well. The sailors have rags given them for polishing the brass. When two blue-jackets are chums they pool their brass rags, as it were; when they 'part brass rags' then all is over between them. A friend in the British navy is my authority for this explanation."

"SHORT CUT TO HAPPINESS"

(For As the World Wags)

Who wants to hear, "I love your eyes, There's sunshine in your smile!" Who gives a hang about such truck That's thought up to beguile?

If he had said, "I love you, dear, There's no-one else but you— Always—I swear—see—cross my heart!" Perhaps I would be true.

How can I tell the wheat from chaff— It looks the same to me— Some men like eyes and some a voice, They've no stability.

I want to hear the one I love, Insist in his blunt way, "Give me your hand, I've bought the ring, I'll marry you today."

HELEN R. MANSON.

WET V. DRY

As the World Wags:

Not so very long ago in our political circles we could behold the "wet" candidate and the "dry" candidate. Things have slid along, however, until now we do behold the wet candidate and the dry candidate. Apparently there is no such thing as a moist candidate, both wet and dry candidates insulted by such effrontery of label.

Back in prehistoric times we had in our midst the dry candidate, nor was it necessary for him to announce the fact or to argue the case with us. And in those days the wet candidate wanted to be dry, as against his present-day desire to drip. These more modern days reveal to us the dry candidate who refuses to be wet even when soaked. Indeed he can be soaked in the primaries and still throw out a dry chest.

The wet candidate is something new. He desires to be known as wet; he exhibits his wet feet as proof, and nature should have endowed him with feathers. Curiously it is our wet candidates who suggest the arid desert, the parched expanse. There are dry candidates of irriguous appearance but who wear waterproof flannels, just as there are wet candidates of exsiccation hue whose under garments are of sponge material.

As for ourselves, we need barometers, folding umbrellas, galoshes, goggles and Egyptian cloaks as sudden first aids in protection from the everglade torrents and the glare of the shifting sands. As time flits along, and before we know it, dry wit will be partisan and wet weather will be taboo. 'Twill be land or sea, army or navy, baled hay or clams, barnyard fowl or fishes of the deep.

Times do change, and the day may come when we shall discover other "paramount issues" of equal importance and worthy a share of our interest. Fitchburg. H. C. P.

ANOTHER "OLOGIST"

"Mr. Murray enters a canvas mail-bag, whose strings are knotted many times; he is then enclosed in a trunk, barely large enough to hold him, and this has a canvas covering which is fastened together after the lid has been

securely packed. Screens are placed round the trunk, and in a few minutes Mr. Murray is free. Here is an excellent opportunity for the exercise of inductive reasoning—if only to prove its limitations." This surprising person, coming from Australia, was billed at the Coliseum, London, as an "escapologist."

WELL INFORMED

As the World Wags:

The other day I was riding home in a street car with a young chap. He remarked that if it wasn't for Thomas Edison we would have no such a thing as electric light. He also went on to say how wonderful it was that he got a spark between lightning and a key on a kite-string. Of course, I got a good laugh out of it when I arrived home, because I knew all the time it was George Washington. JERRY.

WE MADE A WISH

Once we were children in the dark, Fearful a broken star would fall, Tracing a splendid, fleeting arc— We made a wish—we were so small!

Once we were older, promising We would remember every kiss; You held your finger for a ring— We made a wish—we smiled at this!

Now you are married, gone away; I keep your memory in a shrine, Hoping that if we meet one day You'll tell your wish and I'll tell mine! COLORADO PETE.

As the World Wags:

A friend of mine who has just returned from "the other side" was telling of a tally-ho trip through rural England. One day, as they were going serenely along the picturesque highways, the man with the megaphone, whose mission it was to point out the places of interest, exclaimed: "We are now passing the oldest inn in England." Whereupon a lazy voice from somewhere in the rear drawled: "Why?" JAZBO.

'BUTTER AND EGG MAN' GAY SATIRE

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Butter and Egg Man," a comedy in three acts and four scenes by George S. Kaufman. Stamford, Ct., June 11, 1925. Longacre Theatre, New York, produced by Crosby Gaige Sept. 23, 1925. Fanny Lehman, Lucille Webster; Peter Jones, Gregory Kelly; Joseph Lehman, Robert Middlemass; Jack McClure, John A. Butler; Jane Weston, Sylvia Field; Bernie Sampson, Harry Stubbs.

The cast last night was as follows:

Joseph Lehman.....	Robert Middlemass
Jack McClure.....	John A. Butler
Linney Lehman.....	Mervia Esmond
Jane Weston.....	Isabel Baring
Mary Martin.....	Marian Barny
Peter Jones.....	Gregory Kelly
Walter.....	Tom Fadden
Cecil Benham.....	Harry Nunn
Bernie Sampson.....	Carol Goodner
Peggy Marlowe.....	Puritan Towns
Kitty Humphreys.....	Harry Stubbs
Oscar Frichle.....	George Allison
A. J. Patterson.....	

Audiences rejoice in a play that is either within a play, as in "Hamlet," "Kean," "Faust," or one that takes them behind the scenes and supposedly acquaints them with the inner workings of the stage, whether these scenes are emotional or comic. The spectator feels that he is on intimate terms with the actors, rejoicing in their success, sympathizing with the leading woman who falls, indignant at the manager

who is a taskmaster. The audience is especially pleased when an "angel," as that is, a "butter and egg man," as long as he is an innocent, a sucker, outwits a crafty, brow-beating, blow-hard of a manager.

This accounts in a measure for the long continued success of "The Butter and Egg Man." Another reason for the success is the appearance of Mr. Kelly as the unsophisticated young man from Ohio, who, having inherited from his grandfather, leaves the hotel where he was at work and comes to New York, wishing to buy an interest in a play so that he may return and own the hotel. Peter Jones was already interested in the theatre for he had produced two amateur plays in Chillicothe.

He falls into the hands of two unscrupulous theatrical agents who think they have a "wow" of a play, but have no money to produce it. The scene in which Lehman, admirably played by Mr. Middlemass, describes this drama and excites Peter's enthusiasm to such a degree that he signs his check for 20,000 is one of the best, if not the best in the play. The little stenographer already pities Peter, she does not dare to warn him; the old theatre-goer looks wise and says to himself, "Aha! Jane will

The play is produced at Syracuse. The most important scene is that of the council called after the first performance. The entrance of the two dejected agents, the happiness of Peter, unconscious of a failure; the brilliant remarks of Fanny with her champagne glass; the leading lady, Miss Martin, who complains that her role is not a sympathetic one; the stage manager, who had served under Irving, Tree and others, indignant at injurious comments on his failure to look after the scenery and give cues; the apparition of pretty Miss Goodner as Peggy the "lady friend" of the theatre man from New York—all this is amusing.

Then there is the final scene. Peter dreams wild dreams. Having with the aid of Fritchie, the assistant manager of a Syracuse hotel, he takes the play to New York where it is a success. He now apes the methods and speech of Lehman; he will produce his play in London, Budapest, all over the world. Is the attorney Patterson right in saying this play was plagiarized from a short story, of which the author will receive 66 and a fractional part of the receipts or an injunction will be issued? Will the police, objecting to one scene, swell the already great audiences? How Peter revenged himself on Messrs. Lehman and McClure will be known by a visit to the Plymouth.

Good little Jane was sure that her Peter by getting a swelled head was also getting away from her. She comforted him when his theatrical horizon was clouded; she was right in saying that a hotel was more his home than a theatre.

The scenes that deal exclusively with theatrical life are much better than the sentimental ones, which, however, supply the "hokum" necessary in these days to the full enjoyment of the average audience.

Mr. Kelly's methods are so well known that it is not necessary to dwell upon them. Again he has a tailor-made part that fits him closely; fits his apparent innocence and artlessness, his shyness of bearing and speech, his whimsical manner, and sudden flashes of shrewdness. Mr. Middlemass as the agent and the husband of the ex-Indian club swinger acted with great gusto. His verbal encounters with his wife, his presentation of the merits of the play, when he first welcomes Peter; his bullying after the failure—all this was forcibly expressed, by word of mouth and by facial expression. Truly, an excellent performance. Miss Esmond was sufficiently slangy and impudent, as Fanny Lehman, who held the leading lady, one of "the Colonial Dames," in just contempt. Miss Baring was as Jane justified Peter's affection. One might have wished Miss Goodner a more important part. The other roles were adequately taken. The audience of good size was honestly and greatly entertained.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The

Wisdom Tooth," comedy by Marc Connelly. Presented by Patterson McNulty, staged by Winchell Smith. The cast:

Carter.....	Royal C. St.
Sparrow.....	Harold Dawes
Brutus.....	Thomas Mitche
Mr. Porter.....	John Maurice Sullivan
A woman patient.....	Grace Thoms
Her friend.....	Agnes Worl
A man patient.....	William Wadswor
A second man patient.....	John Maron
Farraday.....	Kate Mayhe
Mr. Poole.....	Madeline B
Sally Field.....	Anne Brew
Katy.....	Ellenor Kenne
Kellogg.....	Earl May
Fry.....	Maureen Be
Grandma.....	Mark Sullivan
Grandma.....	Lizzie Eva
A circus owner.....	Jefferson L
His partner.....	Paul Johns
Porky.....	Eddie Qui
Everett.....	Frederick Keat
First clown.....	James Maur
Second clown.....	Harold Dars
Animal tainer.....	Oliver Brew
A circus lady.....	Anne Behr
Mildred.....	John Moore
Ice Cream Hawker.....	Edwin Lewis Phil
Skeeter.....	

Behold a comedy of today that neither flippant, cheaply cynical nor "ou," so let us give thanks. It seethes with an episode in the career of a country boy who, in the course of becoming a moderately successful clerk in New York, has lost every vestige of individuality he ever had, and with it independence of thought and act. The loss does not bother him, till he falls in love with a girl in his boarding house. When she tells him what she thinks of him, suddenly he sees himself as is—a cheap city clerk like other clerks with a pea in a pod is like other peas with scarcely a quality to his peer worthy of a man. Thinking back to his boyhood, while he dozes before a parlor fire, he remembers his grandfather and grandmother, and how they at all events, thought well of him a fondly.

Guided by a fairy in whom he used to believe, they tell the plain speck girl and an equally candid man about her, the fine boy he was. But when they go, sadder than they came, they see in the clerk a sorry fall from their boy.

The clerk in despair takes after the land, as well may happen in fanta

...here he had
unch... only he had
d. and not for the better. In-
s a scene of his boyhood. In-
thereby, and guided by himself
young in person, he takes a val-
step to redeem his manhood, the
e of his youth. So all ends well.
develop this theme successfully a
light must needs be a bit of a
Mr. Connelly? At least he is
e, and not abashed before honest
ent. A shrewd man, too, of the
e, he has made this sentiment
table to an every-day audience
by clothing it in the utmost real-
speech and setting; even when
wrest to shed a tear, they can
a laugh at some drolly common
phrase. Mr. Connelly is a close
ver
e in this play, he has not shown
if either a writer of a technical
or a man of quite fine enough
to deal adequately with his
ous scheme it is by means of his
e that Mr. Connelly offers his
entertainment. His scene in a
to another in a dentist's parlor,
g to a man who waters
Blythe's beasts, that con-
the last act between three
all these episodes are
to see.
ing of the stage, true
h... The acting, though
two spots, on the whole
Mr. Mitchell, with the job
making a weakling sym-
extremely well, though
a boy and a routine clerk
his effect by a monotony
a sluggishness of motion
ill of tedium. Everybody,
their advantage quick-
notwithstanding a nar-
expression, plays with
rm. So many of the smaller
well done that it seems invi-
only a few names. Mrs.
does play two roles re-
ably well, and there are two boys
who both look and behave
feet worthy of mention.
R. R. G.

ETTY BLYTHE AT KEITH'S THEATRE

Etty, the screen star is making
America debut on vaudeville at
the theatre in an act entitled
and Screen Impressions." She
ens with a dreamy waltz song "Put
our Arms Where They Belong" and
this occasion drapes herself in vari-
branded actual cloths which she
twirls as she steps about the stage,
veiling for the finale, a very tight
ting gown of plain gold cloth. She
wears a tiara of diamonds. This song
followed by Impressions of types
from Miss Blythe has observed at the
theatre of casting directors in movie
studios. The audience gave her a cor-
dial welcome. On next Friday morn-
g at 11 o'clock Miss Blythe will con-
duct a fashion show on the stage.
"Oklahoma" Bob Albright, the huge,
reezy gentleman from way out West,
back again with an unusually attrac-
tive set.
Edna and John Torrence, brother
and sister, present a dancing act that
has distinction.
Johnny Barry and company can take
a large share of the laughs created
during the bill to themselves. Barry
is a perfect clown.
Jack Joyce, a versatile chap, who has
out the leg, dances with the aid of
crutch in excellent fashion.
Joe Weston and Harriet Hutchins,
dressed next to closing, keep everybody
laughing with their antics.
A. F.

CONTINUING PLAYS

MAJESTIC—"The Student
Prince," return engagement of
popular operetta with DeWolf
Hopper, Ilse Marveng, Halfred
Young and others. Third week.
NEW PARK—"Craig's Wife,"
George Kelly's Pulitzer prize
play with Chrystal Herne. Last
week.
WILBUR—"One of the Fam-
ily," comedy starring Grant Mit-
chell and featuring Louise Clos-
ser Hale. Last week.
SHUBERT—Al Jolson in his
newest musical production, "Big
Boy." Last two weeks.
TREMONT—"The Last of Mrs.
Cheyney," Ina Claire stars in
comedy by Frederic Lonsdale.
Last week.

REPERTORY THEATRE—Ibsen's
"The Lady From the Sea." First time in
Boston, professionally. The cast:
Bollette Joan Hopegood
Ballestad Ralph Roberts
Lystrand Mark Schwind
Hilda Stanley Drexell
Wangel William Kershaw
Prof. Arnholm Ruth Taylor
Elldda Henry Jewett
The Stranger
So many of the Ibsen plays, recently
exhumed, have borne the indelible
marks of their periodicity upon them.
Not so "The Lady From the Sea," one
of the most beautiful and cogent of the
entire Ibsenic repertoire; a play which
has been curiously neglected by the
companies hereabouts.

There is the same mystic note, the
fantastic overtones that run through
the plays of the Gaels in the Ibsen of
"The Lady From the Sea." Perhaps
in the light of the current and recent
discoveries of the psycho-analysts, this
same "Lady From the Sea" does not
seem so much of an enigma, a symbol,
as she did to the audiences of her con-
temporaries.

It is a strange and impelling play,
firmly built, as fresh and impulsive as
ever vividly dialogued. From the very
beginning there is the suggestion of un-
happy things. And although he has
meant some of his persons as symbols
in the drama, Ibsen has not once let
them become nonentities, or propaganda
sticks. Elldda Wangel is not a symbol,
but a woman repressed, a woman who
has never had or demanded responsi-
bility. So she has allowed a curious
fear and fascination of the sea to which
she has attached the person of a child-
hood sweetheart, to grow into an obses-
sion with her.

About it she has created an entire
philosophy of repression. When her
child dies she has lost the one thing
that demanded her care, would have
made her a necessity, for her husband
is cared for by the daughters of his first
wife. And then the stranger whom
she had feared, imagined as the one
thing that she wanted, appeared. He is
barely recognizable. Yet she would go
with him when he asks her, because
they had once thrown their rings into
the sea, married the sea. It is only
when her husband gives her her free-
dom, tells her that she must choose of
her own free will, her own responsibility,
whether she will go away into the un-
known or remain, that she realizes that
the stranger means nothing to her, that
she is necessary to someone, her hus-
band, that she cannot leave him be-
cause of his love.

An interesting psychopathic case, yet
there is something far more than that
for "The Lady from the Sea" is a poetic
fantasy, at times broken with a swift,
earthly humor in the retorts of the
younger daughter, a sadistic soul. The
performance last night was a good one,
and immeasurably helped by the vivid
and suggestive constructivist settings of
Mr. Jorgulesco which, with the lighting,
set the vague, somewhat oppressive
mood of the piece.

Miss Taylor as the Elldda Wangel did
an excellent bit of acting. Although her
voice is often quite heavy and thrust-
ing, she caught the strange, restless
fear of the woman, her chill brooding,
her increasing dread of her own obses-
sion. A tall, graceful Elldda Wangel,
whose poses were all rhythmic and yet
unstudied.

As for the rest of the company, Miss
Faxon and Miss Hopegood as the re-
spective daughters, were the most nat-
ural. The men were all exceedingly
oratorical, with the exception of Mr.
Schwind, whose Lystrand was an
excellent characterization of that ideal-
ist of a sort.
E. G.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The
Girl from Childs." A comedy drama in
three acts, by Archie Colby and A. G.
Jackson. From the novel by Robert
Keable. The cast:

Stuyvesant Wood Winfield Hlatt
Stanley Wood Gavin Gordon
Henry Wood Jack Marvin
Lord Donchester Rankin Mansfield
McEvoy Tom Magrane
Gwendolyn Keyes Gene Cleveland
Mrs. Wood Victoria Montgomery
Mary (the Girl from Childs) Jean Oliver

"Boloney is boloney, no matter how
thin you cut it," is one of the bitter
come-backs which "The Girl From
Childs" flings into the faces of the
startled and disgusted Washington
household of would-be society high-
fliers who suddenly find a restaurant
waitress projected into the family circle
as the result of a "spite marriage" con-
tracted by a scapegrace son.

Miss Oliver, as Mary, carried nine-
tenths of the business that really count-
ed—most of it in the first act—when,
clad in sweater and tam, and carrying
a \$3.25 suitcase, she marched into the
sumptuously furnished mansion of the
Wood family and announced her in-
tention of sticking there until Henry,
who had wedded her after a two-day
courtship, should come to claim her as
his bride. Her barrage of slang; her
deft handling by grace of native wit
rem. Yet

and grit of the purse-bound matron,
her discomfiture of the spoiled and
haughty niece, engaged to a sprig of
the English aristocracy; her prompt ap-
praisal and final exposure of the said
sprig, a patent impostor from the start,
and the development of her affection for
the second son, kept the action go-
ing briskly all the start. The applause
was well earned.

The remainder of the play shows the
miraculous change of the former wait-
ress into a "refined" and educated
young lady, and even the ever more
marvelous transformation of the snob-
bish and disagreeable Wood family—
barring the hero—into angels of light,
kindness and Christian charity, all in
the space of less than a year.
J. E. P.

A correspondent in Portland, Me.,
has sent us a program of "The Grand
Duchess," performed by Bateman's
French Opera Bouffe Company, at the
Boston Theatre in January, 1869. On
this particular bill, we read that
Fleury Longchamps, not Tostee, then
took the part of the Duchess.

But we are more interested in the
advertisements. At Greenleaf and
Anthony's bird store in Court street,
"Long Antwerp Canaries" were for
sale. They were probably "just out of"
short ones. Orus Clark was a book-
binder in Morton place. "Orus"? Was
it then a common name given in bap-
tism? L. R. Springer had received by
S. S. Cuba, the "newest and most ele-
gant" designs in Decalcomanie and
Diaphanie. We are old enough to re-
member the decalcomanie craze. Miss
Braddon in one of her novels spoke of
the decalcomanias. That English paper
of fashion, The Queen, stated in 1864,
"there are few employments for leisure
hours which for the past 18 months
have proved either so fashionable or
fascinating as decalcomanie." We do
not recall workers in diaphanie, which
we believe was a French invention, a
process for the imitation of stained or
painted glass.

The "Tostee" hat was recommended:
"Low crown, black velvet hat, with
brim of medium width, slightly rolled
at the sides. The trimming consists
of sprays of green velvet leaves, and a
crossing of black velvet in folds, with
two wide streamers lined with satin,
and trimmed at the end with silk
fringe."

Miles O'Reilly's poem, "The Canteen,"
was published in this program. Does
anyone read today the prose or the
verse of Charles G. Halpine, Soldier
and Author? During the Civil War,
his pseudonym was familiar. He was
at one time assistant editor of the
Boston Post.

RESERVOIR-BEACON

As the World Wags:
Until a short time ago the street
cars of the Reservoir-Beacon were
convenient for entering and leaving by
the middle door; they were clean and
comfortable. For what reason have the
officials of the road put passengers to
serious inconvenience and discomfort?
The cars now substituted for the old
ones are entered at the ends, obliging
passengers to mount a high step, so
that elderly men and women make the
ascent laboriously, and to some, entrance
is well nigh impossible. The space
near the conductor is crowded with
strap-hangers, adding another incon-
venience. Nor are the cars so clean
and well-kept as the old ones. These
old cars with the middle door, so easy
for entering and leaving, have been
transferred to other roads, some of
which do not carry nearly as many
passengers. The service on the Reser-
voir-Beacon road has not been ade-
quate except perhaps at the business
rush hours. No satisfactory arrange-
ment has been made for carrying the
crowds of passengers going to the
theatres at night. I am not a con-
stitutional grumbler, but the substi-
tution of cars on the Reservoir-Beacon
route leads to grumbling and profanity,
in addition to the unnecessary discom-
fort.
H. J. L.

We have received several letters from
correspondents deploring the change in
cars, letters couched in more violent
language than in H. J. L.'s communi-
cation.
ED.

MR. GLOAG REPLIES

As the World Wags:
I am disheartened. From afar, and
with diffidence, I have admired Mr.
Frank P. Sibley. I have admired him
for his "get up," for his stride, for his
easy indifference to the passing world
of humanity that throngs our sidewalks;
I have admired him for his offhand
sketches of personal experiences, on
rough seas and in bucolic quarters, and
my admiration was heightened by his
confrere's pictures on such occasions of

Mr. Sibley himself. Your readers can
judge how honest my regard has been
when I mention that I treasure an odd
volume, the product of Mr. Sibley's
lightsome, bright fancy, telling a tale
of love, in telegrams, and published
many, many years ago.

And now my mute constancy receives
a cruel blow, and I am jecred at.
First as to my name. Mr. Sibley hit
home hard. I abase myself and confess
that I have steadily fallen from grace
since the day that dad had me chris-
tened and named after a much beloved
pastor of his family, a famous doctor of
divinity whose hymns are still being
sung in all English-speaking countries.
I have not lived up to my namesake.

My avowal of being sweet on Mayme
Ober Peak, her name—in a halting mo-
ment—surely does not justify friend
Sib's entering the lists against me, if
he be not wearing the lady's favors, by
gracious giving.

But. The fulsome gesture. And,
first, the fulsome gesture at large. I
make no pretenses. I am no innocent
—at my time of life. I know (I have
been punished in my youth for) the
thumb-and-nose gesture; and on a Sun-
day afternoon, this summer, a strange
lady, in vexation, when she had got
ahead of my machine, twisted round
and gave me that sign. . . .

But all that is by the way; only, I
claim, Sibley started it. What I wanted
to know about was the particular ful-
some gesture that caught Mayme's
swift eye in the courtroom at Los
Angeles. Nothing else was of the
slightest consequence.

And so the only relevance in Mr.
Sibley's gay contribution was his ad-
mission that with all his years of acute
observation in courtrooms he did not
know—which was just what I had as-
serted, and made my bet on.

Now why, with all the resources at
his hand, with his prestige, with the
veteran newspaper man's keen sense
for the unusual, in news—why did not
"Sib" telegraph instantly to the Mayme
of his fraternity and importune her for
the fullest details of that fulsome court-
room gesture. So much am I puzzled
by Sib's actions, so mystified, that I am
become suspicious: I suspect that he
did get her, but, out of sheer pervers-
ness, he is withholding the information
—and this from my illustrious exemplar
of the Harvard man (Frank Palmer
Sibley, class of '91) in journalism, the
man whom I continually point out for
admiration!

Is it any wonder that the heart is
taken out of me? I can in any event
donate my idol's week's salary to the
Massachusetts General Hospital, and I
do so: the money would not cheer me.
RALPH WARDLAW GLOAG.

As the World Wags:

Please allow me to suggest as the
year's foremost example of euphemism,
a phrase in a sentence from a press
dispatch to a Boston journal this past
week: "The Queen's chief character-
istics are her . . . charm, and her
firmly regal way of permitting those in
her presence to know her wishes."
FORREST F. HARBOUR.

DOROTHY GEORGE

Dorothy George, mezzo-soprano, sang
this program last night in Jordan hall,
accompanied by Reginald Boardman:
Two Scottish Songs, arr. by Respighi—
where the kye come hame, The Piper of
Dundee, Arturo Luzzi, Au Paradis, L.
Bellelli d' amour; Scherzen, Traume, Wan-
ner; Mat segast—billebille, night, d'abel,
Strauss; Abschied, Schonenberg; The Ring,
Richard Wagner; Arrogant, Poppes, Arm-
strong Gibbs; Wanderer's Night Song, Cha-
rlott; Come, Bring Your Torches, Erlö, Zerk
Chanson, Triane—from "Le Roi Malgre
Lui," Chabrier; Jardin d'Amour, Villermoz;
Au Chiodere, Faure; Espana, Chabrier.
Miss George may be depended on to
put her hand on songs that less adven-
turous singers pass by. Her intellec-
tual curiosity is indeed a fine thing.
But, even so, is Miss George wise when
she puts her trust so deeply in novelty
alone? For a song, after all, becomes
well known only in case it is extremely
good of its kind, so familiarity is at
least an earnest of quality.

It may be, too, that Miss George is
not prudent when she lets good old
melody go so completely by the board.
French songs and Wagner are admirable
—who would wish to deny their worth?
But, nevertheless, a melody or two such
as Schubert wrote, or Brahms or the
early Italians, would add value to any
program ever devised, because of the
directness of their musical and emo-
tional appeal and because of the op-
portunity they give the voice.

The most interesting song in the
earlier part of Miss George's program
was that of Schoenberg, a song written
in the composer's younger days, when
he had melody at his command, and
emotional force, and a richness of har-
mony not yet extravagant. In this song
of last night he showed in a far higher

degree than is always the case the power to finish a song as impressively as he began it. A man should sing it, to do it justice; it should be written for baritone.

The unfamiliar songs by Luzzatti, unlike Schoenberg's, began better, because more honestly, than they could continue. As for Respighi's arrangements of Scotch songs, can any reasonable creature feel convinced that that simple ditty about the cows coming home is bettered by his elaborate devices? The songs in English seemed not to be of unusual value.

Miss George sang yesterday with all the excellences that are widely recognized in her work. She appeared, too, to have tried successfully, in a year's time, to add more warmth to her voice, a longer range of color.

She was much applauded by a very large audience. Mr. Boardman accompanied her discreetly and intelligently.

R. R. G.

EVA STARK

By PHILIP HALE

Eva Stark, violinist, assisted by Nicolai Slonimsky, pianist, gave a recital last night in Steinert Hall. Her program read: Beethoven, Sonata, D major, op. 12, No. 1; J. Conus, Concerto, E minor. Bloch, "Nigun"; Bizet-Kassman, Minuet from "L'Arlesienne"; Pugnani-Kreisler, Paludium and Allegro, Bach, Adagio, Wieniawski, Polonaise No. 2.

A few words about this program. When Beethoven's three sonatas op. 12 were seen in 1799 by a Leipzig critic, then in high repute, he wrote that he found himself barred every minute by inimical barriers, so that he was exhausted and had no pleasure. "It is undeniable that Mr. Beethoven goes his own gait; but what a bizarre and singular gait it is! Learned—and nothing natural, no song." There was no "good method," but there was "a striving for strange modulations, an objection to customary associations." The critic spoke of "perversities." Today this "lover of music" would no doubt rail bitterly against nearly all music of the contemporaneous "modern" school.

Bloch's "Nigun" ("Improvisation") is the second of three pieces, written in 1923 and entitled "Baal Shem": pictures of Chassidic life.

Julius Conus, violinist and violin teacher of Moscow, should not be confounded with Georg Conus, teacher of theory and composer of the same city.

We understand that Miss Stark is a pupil of Mr. Kassman, a violinist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who in turn was in Leopold Auer's class in Leningrad. When a girl of 15 years plays for the first time in public, the first question is naturally, concerning her technical proficiency; that answered, it may be asked whether she recites her lesson in parrot manner, or whether she shows musical taste and hints of individual treatment, for it is not to be expected from one so young that she will give emotional interpretations.

That Miss Stark has already acquired a remarkable technique for one of her years is indisputable. Her proficiency and her manner of playing—these are highly creditable to her teacher. The bore in "Ivanhoe" is always boasting that his grand sire drew a good bow at Hastings. Miss Stark often drew too strong a bow for the small hall with its excellent acoustic properties. There was a robust performance throughout the sonata and the concerto. One could have wished more nuances, more dynamic contrasts. The concerto suffered perhaps from the absence of orchestral background, but it served to display the violinist's mechanism; otherwise the concerto is of little moment. There was a large and warmly appreciative audience. The modesty of Miss Stark's bearing on the stage and the charm of her youthfulness added to the interest in her appearance. She gives promise of gaining an enviable reputation. Mr. Slonimsky proved himself an intelligent and sympathetic accompanist as well as an accomplished pianist.

Philip Lazar's "Gypsies," a scherzo, will be performed from manuscript, and for the first time, at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week. Lazar is a Rumanian, who, born in 1894, having studied under masters of that country, became a pupil of

Stokowski at the Leipzig Conservatory. Lazar now lives at Bucharest. This scherzo, scored for the modern full orchestra, describes a scene in the courtyard of a nobleman. Gypsies enter, dance, sing, wrangle. The handsomest of the women dances voluptuously, then leaves the crowd. The gypsies again dance, but they are driven away by the boyard's attendants. Little Rumanian music has been heard in Boston. Enesco's is known, but he went to Vienna, then to Paris at an early age and is identified with the musical life of Paris, though in 1912 he founded a National Prize for works by young Rumanian composers, prizes that have been awarded to Otescu, Cuctin, Alsandrescu, Tora, Enacovicel, and Golestian, names unfamiliar here. Franz Kneisel was born at Bucharest and made his first studies there, but, it is said, he was of a German family. National opera was not firmly established until 1919, when it was patronized by Queen Marie and aided by the state. The country is rich in folk tunes which have an ancient character.

The program of the week also comprises "The Roman Carnival" overture of Berlioz, Borodin's Second Symphony, which has not been performed at these concerts since Mr. Rabaud's time, and Respighi's "Pines of Rome," with the assistance of the gramophonic nightingale.

Mr. Koussevitzky will take the orchestra next week on its first trip of the season. The program of the fifth pair of concerts, Nov. 12, 13, will be as follows: Arensky's Theme and Variations, Schumann's Symphony No. 1, B flat; Bartok, Village Scenes; Ravel, Spanish Rhapsody.

The New Yorker published these lines:

Maybe, I said, this fellow
Whose voice is so mellow,
Whose bosom's as large
As a barge,
Who brings tears to the eyeballs
As liquid as highballs,
Who sings
For the things
He gets at his supper and dinner,
Was once a discouraged beginner
Who scowled
And howled
In a bedlam of amateur labors
To the great distress of his neighbors.

A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the London Times, who died recently, wrote the shortest review known in dramatic criticism. He saw a play entitled "A Dreadful Evening." He wrote only one word: "Exactly."

Harrison Potter, pianist, at his recital tonight in Jordan hall, will play music by Scarlatti, Beethoven (sonata, op. 7), Chopin, Toch, Slavenski, Brahms, Griffes, Schumann, Goossens, Liszt. The pieces by Toch, born at Vienna in 1887, is Josip Slevenski, our old friend Joseph Slivinski, the pianist who, gave recitals here in 1894, and in 1901 played at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra; with Winderstein's visiting orchestra, and also gave several recitals? Goossens's "Tug" from the suite "Ships" was played here recently by Mr. Boardman. Have the companion pieces, "The Tramp" and "The Liner," also on Mr. Potter's program and announced "first time," been heard here?

Naomi Hewitt, violoncellist, assisted by Arthur Fiedler, pianist, will give a recital tonight at the Copley-Plaza. Her program includes a sonata by Boellmann, Saint-Saens's concerto in A minor, and pieces by Chadwick, Debussy, Kreisler, Popper, Bach and Cui. Boellmann is best known here by his Symphonic Variations for cello and orchestra and his compositions for organ. An Alsatian, born in 1862, when he died at the age of 33, he left 67 published compositions, among them a symphony and a suite for orchestra. Miss Hewitt, educated musically in Boston, has played in public, but this will be her first public appearance in this city.

Donald Francis Tovey, who will give a piano recital in Jordan hall Saturday afternoon, is not a stranger here. Born in England in 1875, an Oxford man, a pupil of Parratt, Higgs and Parry, the author of many articles about music in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, founder of the Reid orchestra at Edinburgh, he is known in England, Germany, Austria and this country, as a pianist of merit, conspicuous for his interpretations of music by Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. Next Saturday he will play pieces by these composers, also pieces by Scriabin, Debussy and Wagner-Liszt. As is his custom, he will comment on the pieces to be played.

Mme. Charles Cahier, who was known a good many years ago in Boston drawing-room musicales as Mrs. Morris Black, will sing at the concert of the Boston Philharmonic Society next Sunday afternoon "Songs of a Wandering Journeyman," first sung in Boston by

Paul Driepel, a Frenchman, at the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1915, and three nursery rhymes by Legneca. The orchestral pieces will be Dvorak's "New World" symphony and the prelude to "The Mastersingers."

The famous English Singers, who sit at a table and sing melodiously and skillfully old Madrigals, glees and "ballets," will be heard in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon. They have been praised in the highest terms wherever they have appeared in European cities and in this country.

Johnson and Gordon will give another evening of "Spirituals" at the Copley Theatre next Sunday night, "Sperichills" as the South Carolina coast negroes pronounce the word.

Stefan Sopkin, violinist, who will play in Jordan hall next Tuesday night, has studied with Weldis in Chicago, Ysaye, Auer and Fleisch. In 1924-25 he toured in this country with Challapin.

Marie Nichols, violinist, and Kate Friskin, pianist, will give a concert in Jordan hall next Wednesday evening. Pauline Danforth, a pianist, in Jordan hall on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 6.

Mikhail Mordkin will bring his dancers to the Boston Opera House for the evenings of Nov. 4, 5, 6, and the afternoon of Nov. 6.

The first of the Tuesday afternoon concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be on Nov. 30.

Singing as a preventive of flu has never been properly advocated. Most of us would get the singing habit more easily than the daily floor exercise habit if we were not a shy race and apt to jump on vocal enterprise. The solo effort by a man who changes his key every time he gets above himself, so to speak, can be very distressing, but in a crowd he is not noticed so much, and can let himself go. Which is to be the first firm to start daily sings as part of the welfare movement?—Daily Chronicle, London.

The Paris correspondent of the Observer (London) writes about the shows at the Folies-Bergeres: "Here on Sunday nights the auditorium is packed to suffocation. In the front rows are women from the middle West, clothed from heels to ears, and round about you are English and American fathers, with their wives and families. In glum silence they watch the caperings of a negress

wearing a girdle of bananas alone. This is Josephine Baker, a very remarkable performer; but she has nothing more than a solitary concussion from the claque. From curtain rise to curtain fall, "La Folle du Jour" is played to an audience whose apathy is elephantine. There is neither the sound of a laugh nor the sign of a shudder, though a considerable number of the spectators have come a very long distance in order to be gay or shocked. For a striking contrast go to the places of amusement where only French is spoken around you; go to the circuses. . . . Here is gaiety if you like! Unlike the average Englishman, who becomes self-conscious or sentimental directly the circus is mentioned, the Parisian regards the ring as he regards the stage—daily with more enthusiasm. Nor does he, like the American, want to be staggered by mammoth aggregations too vast for eyes to contemplate. Liberty horses and clowns need no justification in his eyes. He accepts the show without question—even when a trainer of dogs uses his whip in a way which would earn his dismissal from the ring in London. (Actually, however, performing animals are but a minor item.)"

BRUCE SIMONDS

Bruce Simonds, pianist, drew a large audience last night to Jordan hall, an audience that included many musicians and many young people. Among the latter it is to be hoped there were piano students in plenty, for there is much they can learn from Mr. Simonds.

Let them study first his program, find one in their files, if they can, more varied, more catholic, or an interest firmer sustained, freer from all trash:

Preludes and fugues, B flat major and minor, Bach; Sonata, F major, Mozart; two Russian folk-tales, Medtner; Ondine, LeGibet, Scarbo, Ravel; two intermezzi, Brahms; two mazurkas, two studies, Chopin.

These young people could learn much from Mr. Simonds's wise theory of tonal values. Thump the piano or pound he will not; so much is clear. But the man does not need to. He has learned to produce a perfect pianissimo, one that will carry far. On that pianissimo he has based his scale of values, a scale so skillfully graded that he can work up a climax as grandiose as the

noisiest player that ever crashed and landed, with a striking, mark you, single chord that is harsh. Let the closing page of the second Russian folk-tale bear witness to his mastery.

Every music student present last night, one may go on, will be trying his hand today at the Mozart sonata. They will find a surprise in wait for them, unless they listened with unusual attention to Mr. Simonds's performance. They can play the notes, very like. But can they play them in time, as Mr. Simonds did, while allowing themselves the utmost rhythmic freedom? Can they make the melodies sing as he did, and give each one a character of its own? Or can they find for passages of no great musical consequence accentuations that make them interesting to hear—his every grace note has a charm of its own—and tonal color so lovely it ravishes the ear? If so, can they manage these feats with an air of spontaneity? Far more likely will they make their artful effects through that obvious artfulness that repels.

Ever since Mr. Simonds played certain pieces by Castelnuova-Tedesco, these two or three years ago, some of his admirers have been hoping to hear from him Ravel's Ondine. Beautiful work he made of it last night with tone clear, cool and sparkling as any fountain of water in the sun—rhythmic, calm, and its melody, what there is, done justice to, yet not unforgivingly thrust forward.

With Ravel's second poem, Mr. Simonds drew a striking picture of desolation, grim and gray, forsaken of man and beast. Could he have done more? Ravel's music itself seems to miss the grisly note of Bertrand's poem.

The fantastic third poem he played with extraordinary brilliance, strongly in sympathy with its spirit of Puck at his wildest.

The large audience, proved with their enthusiasm, that there is place today for a performer who is neither sensational nor noisy, a man who makes appeal by his musicianship alone, in combination with insight and fine taste. Let us all give thanks.

R. R. G.

Who was the American reviewer of books who stated the title, author, publisher and price of the work, and merely added: "Shake"?

COLORED PAPER

As the World Wags:

While we are heartily in favor of legislation which would force Mr. Hearst to print his dailies in black ink on black paper is there not danger that in the hands of fanatical lawmakers the idea will be carried to extremes and a boomerang return to puritan ranks in the form of an edict to make the Transcript be printed upon a snow white sheet with milky type? Once the habit spreads, the lot of the paper chemist will be a difficult one. Where now the stolid toothpaste manufacturer who uses our wares contents himself with a crude yellow or green coating we shall be hard put to it to deliver the exact nuance required by authors of the flaming fiction on the fall list. So many of our best colors wash off very easily in contrast to printers ink that a new and dangerous stimulus might be given to censorship especially among the trustees of the small-town New England libraries. Unless an author chose his color maker more carefully even than his bootlegger, the chance for endurance of his work would be perilously low. Fancy what one righteous wielder of a sponge might do to the soluble paragraphs of a Mencken or a Ford Madox Ford!

TYRUS THE TERRIBLE

Ridgefield, N. J.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE

L. L. B. has proposed Mr. Green Flag of Augusta, Me., for admission to the Academy of Immortals.

THE ADVERB "SLOW"

As the World Wags:

Your defense of the flat adverb is welcome. "Eat slow," "walk slow," "talk slow," "drive slow" are both grammatical and idiomatic. I fought this question out some years ago with a correspondent who questioned the use of the flat adverb with a certain insolence and an utter ignorance of its history. I then looked up the matter in grammars down almost to the moment of the discussion, fearing that my life-long use of the flat adverb was not justified by recent custom, and found myself fully vindicated. I take it the wish for uniformity has led many, among them teachers of youth, to add the suffix "ly" to such flat adverbs as "slow." For obvious reasons nobody adds it to "low" or to "hard." I fear the schools are teaching the disuse of the flat adverb, and if so it is doomed. My newest dictionary aptly says that

those who write (and I presume) automatically are those who read the best English literature. Is that an increasing percentage of the American people? Oddly enough, although "walk slow" is both grammatical and idiomatic, so also is "walk slowly across the bridge." I should like the infallible Herkimer Johnson's views upon this seeming inconsistency.

LANGUAGE LOVER.

We read a meat-man's circular and find:
"Legs and Lions—Best Spring Lamb 34c a lb."
Is the lamb inside of the lion, having tried to lie down with him, heeding the prophet of old?

AN INDUCEMENT

As the World Wags:
Last spring I read that the college entrance board had sanctioned: "It is me."
Since then I have been attending church regularly, anticipating the thrill I shall experience the first time I hear a choir sing: "Lord, is it me?"
FORREST F. HARBOUR.

Mansfield.

DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

As the World Wags:
In Fowler's "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage" under hackneyed phrases is listed "the curate's egg."
What is the story? Bad?
PRAXITELES II.
Bad? Rabelaisian? O dear, no. A curate was asked at table if his egg was all right. Courteous, perhaps timid, he answered that he found it "good in spots."—Ed.

THAT "FULSOME GESTURE"

As the World Wags:
In the introduction to John Colton's "Shanghai Gesture" there is discussion concerning the significance of the title. From a somewhat hasty reading I gathered that the "Shanghai Gesture" is identical with the "fulsome gesture" which has figured several times lately in the columns of The Herald. While in New York I witnessed that "notorious" show, but the gesture was not in evidence, at least not in concrete form: the Mother Goddess may be said to have used it metaphorically at times, especially at the end of her dinner party.
In last week Wednesday's Herald, the reviewer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" advised Miss Jacobo, who took the part of Santuzza, to "watch her hands jealously." It seems she made unconsciously and too soon this unseemly gesture which might have been artistically allowable later in the action.
But is not this piquant, derisive gesture the most apt expression of emotions deeply imbedded in human nature? Does it not descend to us as a heritage from the remotest antiquity? Could not Mr. Herkimer Johnson cite for our edification passages from the ancient classics in which it figured?
For vulgar persons, unhampered by troublesome conventional inhibitions, is it not a singularly effective, even indispensable gesture in those crises when mere words fail to meet the situation?
In spite of the frowns of Emily Post and polite society is not this abominable, maddening gesture stout in principle likely to survive and flourish in sempiterna saecula?
M. S. D.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson is not in Clamport; not in Boeton. There is a rumor that he is in the Queen of Rumania's suite, but some say he is taking notes in New Jersey about the Mills case. In his regrettable absence, let us say that the "fulsome gesture" is seen on certain ancient stones and mural paintings. Egypt and Babylon knew it. In England the act is known as taking a grinder (Dickens), taking a sight (Dickens), pulling bacon, working the coffee mill. In "a double sight" the tip of the little finger, already in position, is joined to the thumb of the other hand, the fingers being similarly extended. If the fingers of both hands are moved as in playing the piano, the gesture is more emphatic. The gesture is also termed "taking a lung nose," "cocking snooks." See Aytoun and Martin's "Lay of the Lovelorn."
"When I went the pace so wildly, caring little what might come,
Coffee-milling care and sorrow, with a nose-adapted thumb."

In the frontispiece to the "English Theophrastus" (1703) one little satyr is taking a single "sight" at a lady stripped by Truth of false hair, while a second satyr takes a "double sight" toward the spectator.—Ed.

ADD "SCHOOLBOYS' HOWLERS"

"The chief clause in Magna Carta was one which said you could not be punished without your own consent."
"Habes Corpus is what people said to undertakers at the time of the Great Plague. It means 'You may have the body.'"

HARRISON POTTER

Harrison Potter, a pianist who may be classed from his yearly recurring recitals among the bards annuals, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Scarlatti, Gigue, Sarabanda, Siciliano. (The audience was spared Scarlatti's shop-worn Pastorale, for which Mr. Potter is to be thanked). Beethoven, Sonata op. 7 (for a sonata is still thought by many to give respectability to a recital). Chopin, Four Etudes and the Barcarolle. Toch, Capriccio, Slavenski, Danse Yougoslave, Brahms, Capriccio, D-minor. Griffes, Notturmo, Schumann, In der Nacht. Goossens, Ships (the tug, the tramp, the liner). Liszt, Tarantella. The pieces by Toch, Slavenski and Griffes were announced for the first time in Boston.

Ernst Toch is an unfamiliar name.

Born in 1887 at Vienna, he first studied philosophy and medicine. Self-taught musically, he was awarded many stipends for composition. Going to Frankfurt in 1903 he studied to be a pianist. In 1913 he went to Mannheim as a teacher. He has written much chamber music (there are 12 string quartets), a symphony, a piano concerto, sonatas and smaller pieces for various instruments. The capriccio which Mr. Potter played last night proved to be a terse and barbaric witticism.

To close Mr. Potter played a brisk and vivid little Yugoslav danse done in the modern idiom of Slavenski; a fragile and quite lovely Notturmo of Griffes, one of the few of his pieces neglected by concertizing pianists, which Mr. Potter, for some reason, chose to follow by Schumann's "In der Nacht," rather dull Schumann to begin with, and negated by the Griffes. Goossens' "Ships," of which another pianist played the first of last week, and which promises to become a fixture on programs this season, and Liszt's "Tarantella."

Mr. Potter played with his accustomed facility and skill in tonal coloring. He has excellent taste and delicacy of touch. The more virile dances of the last group he played with a gusto that quite belied the sometimes oversensibility of his earlier playing. The audience was very appreciative.

NAOMI HEWITT

Naomi Hewitt, violoncellist, assisted by Arthur Fiedler, pianist, made her first appearance here in public, as it is reported, last night at the Copley-Plaza. Educated musically in Boston, she has played elsewhere. Her program last night comprised Boellmann's Sonata for violoncello and piano; Saint-Saens' Concerto in A minor; Chadwick's Reverie, Debussy's En Bateau; Kreisler's Londonderry Air, Pepper's Tarantelle and Hungarian Rhapsody, and Bach's Aria.

A violoncellist is often hard put to it in arranging an interesting program. A concerto with piano is not the same as with orchestra; a sonata and a concerto on the same program are for the display of personal proficiency rather than for the pleasure of an audience, however good each work may be, however skilful the performer. As for the smaller pieces that are added, they are either brilliant or sentimental. A little of either class goes a long way, for the violoncello cannot hold the attention for an hour and a half, even when the player is Pablo Casals.

Miss Hewitt's program was no exception. She proved herself to be a cellist of unequal abilities. Her tone was often smooth and rich. Again she was often off pitched. But she has a marked sense of rhythm, a musical sensibility, and

a pleasing platform manner. She will no doubt improve greatly with further appearances. Mr. Fiedler's accompaniments were as satisfactory as usual.

The  quite large and there were

4TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, overture, "The Roman Carnival," Borodin, Symphony No. 2, B minor, Lazar, Gypsies, a Scherzo (first performance), Respighi, Fines of Rome.

To some of us this program, brilliant as it was, suffered somewhat from a lack of contrast. The greater part of the music was of a fierce, strong, robust temper, truly in Erckles's vein. Yet

the orchestra never showed greater virtuosity. The enthusiasm of the audience was a sonorous tribute to Mr. Koussevitzky and the members of the various choirs.

Borodin's symphony had not been heard here since the excellent Rabaud conducted it. Only a Russian can do justice to this music which is wildly Russian; that is to say, the Russia of the Orient. One is tempted, hearing the repetitions of the first leading theme, a motto phrase it may be called, to say with Hamlet: "Leave thy damnable faces and begin," but the monotony of repetition becomes irrepresive. A Russian critic was reminded more than once in the course of the first and last movements of the ancient Russian knights in their awkwardness, also in their greatness. We are told that Borodin intended to portray them in tones. He himself said that in the slow movement he wished to recall the songs of Slav troubadours: to picture in the first movement the gatherings of princes, and in the finale the banquets of heroes where the Russian Gulea and bamboo flute were heard while the mighty men caroused. It is easy in the lyrical passages to be reminded of corresponding phrases in "Prince Igor," nor is this surprising, for he was working on the symphony and the opera at the same time. He was then obsessed by the life of feudal Russia.

No composer can be called great simply because he is a Nationalist in his music. The folk tunes of a nation have often worked damage to the composer relying on them for his themes and content with the mere exposition of them. Rimsky-Korsakov and Moussorgsky were Nationalists, but their music passed the frontier: it gives pleasure in every country. Is Borodin to be ranked with them?

Eric Blom, speaking of Borodin as a pioneer, remembers how he was once condemned as an "incompetent amateur who wrote hideous discords because he did not know the rules of harmony"—an unwarranted and foolish condemnation, as unjust as Tchaikovsky's characterization in the bitter letter he wrote to Mme. von Meck in 1878 the year after this symphony was first heard. Admitting that Borodin had talent "a very great talent," he said that it had come to nothing for the want of teaching, "because blind fate has led him into the science laboratories instead of a vital musical existence." The reference was to Borodin's time as a chemist at the Academy of Medicine. This was written when Tchaikovsky was accused of that atrocious crime, cosmopolitanism, by his fellow laborers in the Russian vineyard.

There are pages of splendid savagery in this symphony; there are a few wild haunting melodies. No, the composer of the two symphonies, one at least of the string quartets, and a handful of exquisite songs is not to be flippantly dismissed.

Lazar, a Rumanian, born in 1894, studied at Bucharest and later at Leipzig. His "Gypsies" describes their dancing, shouting, wrangling near the court yard of a boyard. The belle among the women dances a dance of seduction and then leaves at twilight. The men would fain renew the dance, but they are driven away by the boyard's attendants, who were not to be blamed; nay, they were to be applauded, if the gypsy music in any way resembled Lazar's scherzo. A pian of pronounced technical proficiency, has musical ideas, so far as the scherzo is concerned, are commonplace, not pleasing in an obvious way, not fascinating by exotic charm or fury. There was a chance for relieving contrast, for voluptuous measures in the episode of the woman's pas seul, but how dry, how tame the music Lazar provided for her!

To us the most prominent feature of the concert was the dazzling, marvelous performance of the "Roman Carnival." This music, composed over 80 years ago, is still irresistible in the beauty of the opening—the English horn solo was admirably played by Mr. Speyer—in the vivacity and dash of the allegro measures.

Will Respighi's "Fines of Rome" wear as well as his "Fountains of Rome"? We doubt it. After a third hearing the section "Fines near a Catacomb" is still the most imaginative, poetical, impressive. The effect of "The Appian Way" consists chiefly in its rhythm and the ever increasing sonority till the climax crashes.

The concert will be repeated tonight. As the orchestra will be out of town next week there will be no concerts. The program of Nov. 12, 13 will be as follows: Arensky, Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky, op. 35, & (first time in Boston); Schumann, Symphony, No. 1, B flat major; Bartok, Three Village Scenes (first time in Boston); Prokofiev, Suite from the opera "The Love of Three Oranges" (first time in Boston).

VITAPHONE AND 'DON JUAN' AT COLONIAL

COLONIAL THEATRE—The Vitaphone and "Don Juan," film directed by Alan Crosland, from the adaptation of the Don Juan legend made by Bess Meredith. The cast:

Don Juan..... John Barrymore
Adriana Della Varnese..... Mary Astor
Pedrillo..... Willard Louis
Lucretia Borgia..... Estelle Costello
Rena (Adriana's maid)..... Helene Costello
Mama (Lucretia's maid)..... Myrna Loy
Beatrice..... Jane Winton
Leandro..... John Roche
Trusia..... June Marlowe
Don Juan (5 years old)..... Yvonne Day
Don Juan (10 years old)..... Philippe de Lacy
Hunchback..... John George
Murderess of Jose..... Helene Daly
Cesare Borgia..... Warner Oland
Donati..... Montague Love
Duke Della Varnese..... Josef Swickard
Duke Margoni..... Lionel Braham
Imperia..... Phyllis Haver
Marquis Rinaldo..... Nigel de Bruiler
Marquis Rinaldo..... Hedda Hopper

Through the many, ineluctable versions of talking "movies" that have been foisted so testily upon an ever alacritous public since the beginning of the cinema, the experimenters have at last achieved the Vitaphone. And, despite the fact that it is still somewhat muddy and diffuse at times, more accurate and effective in its recording of soloists than of orchestra or choruses, this vitaphone is a real development.

The program commences with Will Hays addressing the field, continues through the New York Philharmonic orchestra's playing of the Tannhauser overture, Marion Talley's singing of "Caro Nome," Roy Smek in "Pastimes," Anna Case singing "La Fiestita" with the Caninos as assisting dancers; Mischa Elman's playing of "Humoresque" and Martinelli's singing of "Ves ta la Giubba," from "Pagliacci." This follows the current version of "Don Juan."

But it is emphatically not the "Don Juan" that demands the review in the current presentation. It is the Vitaphone which synchronizes music and film so vividly and with such accuracy. Marion Talley, probably because of her comparative inexperience in singing for a recording instrument, is the least successful of these. Her voice is diffused and not well focused. But Mischa Elman and Martinelli are extraordinarily good. Here the quality of the tone is less as if it were produced through a loud speaker, and more as if it came from the stage itself. As for the orchestral prelude played by Dr. Hadley and his band, the tone of the violin is rather muddy, and the effect on the whole is more that of the average record of an orchestra.

It may not always be to the advantage of an opera singer, perhaps, to be scrutinized so sharply in close-up as she indulges in all of the anatomical productions of voice. But it is exceedingly interesting for the onlooker who can now see and hear simultaneously. As yet the visual side of this combination is the most interesting. With further experiment, the Vitaphone will improve amazingly. And now, at least, in all those far places where an orchestra cannot reach, they may see and hear and substitute for the "movie" pianist this mechanical device, already articulate, if not always musically successful.

As for the film of "Don Juan," it is a pity that the Warner brothers chose to announce the Vitaphone with so crude and old-fashioned a piece of "movie" craftsmanship. The tale recounts the many and profane loves of the gentleman of legend and, perhaps, fact, as many another tale of seduction and near-seduction has been recounted on the screen. Mr. Crosland has directed the piece in the style of the romantic films of three years ago, when such a thing as camera subtlety or subtlety of any sort was quite foreign to the cinema. There are many and luscious ladies from the Folies and other places who go through their paces with John Barrymore as the Don Juan.

John Barrymore was once an excellent actor, but since he joined the "movie" colony in Hollywood he has done nothing but repeat his version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He does it again in this Hollywood version of "Don Juan" through which he mugs consistently from beginning to end. The settings are heavy, yet often effective; the lighting and composition rather good. Toward the close Mr. Barrymore does a few banks stunt of riding against a wheel which is the most exciting bit of picture.

The audience of last evening was identically one of the most distinguished that a film has been able to gather hereabouts. But that was the Vitaphone, which deserved it. E.

We often hear old theatre-goers sighing over the "decadence" of the stage, pooh-poohing revues and saying: "Ah, you should have seen the burlesques played by Lydia Thompson's British Blondes, and other companies. They were funny, really funny, with amusing texts."

Were these texts funny? We remember with great pleasure the charming Lydia Thompson. The school we attended in New York in 1868 was near Wood's Museum on the west side of Broadway just below Thirtieth street. This place of entertainment was first known as Banvard's Museum, for Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi was in the lecture room. The museum contained rooms for curiosities and an auditorium for a theatre which would seat about 2000 persons. It was there that the "peerless Morlacchi," excellent dancer and charming woman, was first seen in this country ("The Devil's Auction"). In August, 1868, the name of the museum was changed to Wood's Museum and Metropolitan Theatre, and on Sept. 28 of that year Lydia and her Blondes appeared for the first time in this country. The burlesque was Burnand's "Ixion, or The Man at the Wheel," which was then exactly five years old. (Jenny Wilmore was the leading woman at the New Royalty; Ada Cavendish was Venus—she was appropriately cast, but read the description of her on the playbill: "Venus, the Goddess of Beauty; still a spinster although it has been said by a great authority that 'Venus orta mari,' which, being translated, is 'Venus ought to marry.'") There you have a sample of the rollicking humor that threw past generations into fits of laughter.

Lydia brought with her Ada Harland—she married Brander Matthews—Lisa Weber, Pauline Markham. Harry Beckett, an excellent actor; Louis J. Mestayer, George C. Davenport and Sol Smith, Jr., were in the cast of "Ixion" in 1868. Readers of the Galaxy remember how Richard Grant White praised exuberantly in that magazine the voice and diction of Lydia and the sumptuous beauty of Pauline, who, he said, could restore the arms of the Venus of Milo. It is said that he was the author of a life of her; it is also said that in later years she confessed he bored her considerably by talking about Shakespeare. When "Ixion" was revived by Lydia at Wallack's Theatre in 1872 Rose Coghlan appeared as Jupiter. The company then included Eliza Weathersby, Amy Sheridan, Camille Dubois, all "fine figures of women." Willie Edouin was leading comedian.

To go back to the play, "Ixion," would any audience today stand for the rhymes, the appalling puns, the laborious verbal fooling, so dear, until comparatively recent years, to the great British public?

"Ixion: I gambled on the turf,

Jupiter: Ah, that may mean,

In other words you played upon the green.

Ixion: I backed four horses for four races; stunners!

Of all my misery they were the fore-runners.

I guess'd not that I was on ruin's brink,

And back'd the cracks with all my ready chink."

Here is another sample:

"Cupid: Hermes! just go to Jove, and from Mars free him;

Say Leda is below and wants to see him.

Yes! Yes! Jove brightens at the very name;

'Follow my Leda' now will be his game."

And one more:

"Apollo: Yes, flushed; I've just been setting

I've darted my last ray.

Ixion:

I never knew

That you were both the sun and darter, too."

There are the "good old" minstrel songs. We were looking over some of them last week. A favorite song of the Ethiopian Serenaders (Pell, Harrington, White, Stanwood, Germon), a song of 1847, was "De Color'd Fancy Ball." Two verses should suffice:

"Observe dat lubly Juno,

Wid de luxurant head ob wool;

She beats all de gals dat you know,

I guess above a jug full.

Jus look how she toe and heel it,

As she ballensays to de crowd;

And dat color'd gent seems to feel it,

For no gobbler was ever so proud.

See he offers a glass ob ice cream,

Wid a real silver spoon jus stuck in it;

She takes it, but surely I dream,

For by golly 'tis gone in a minute.

"See dat Nig in de blue satin vest,

Wid his heel sticking out a feet sirs;

Cutting such capers and doing his best,

To charm eb'ry gal dat he meet sirs.

Sich a daky as dat has no right at de ball,

Tell him to quit and be off;

He had two years in Singing and came out last fall,

For picking up tings on de wharf.

An now he takes his pleasure

On his light, bombastic toe;

An dance de polka measure,

Or thro' de Waltz he go."

Another song of 1847 sung by Christy's Minstrels:

"Her eyes, dey shine like diamonds,

Her lips are red as coral;

She us'd to live on mush and milk,

We nebber had a quarrel;

Her voice was like de Jay bird,

'Twas sweet as any honey;

At dancing she could beat dem all,

For any kind ob money.

2nd voice:

But she's gone, and she's left you,

She hadn't time to tell you.

She went wid her brodder Samuel,

But she's gone (1st voice) Whar? (chorus) to Alabama.

There's the famous "Jim Crow." Our copy has 44 verses; one of them gives a fair idea of the song's quality:

"Deres Possum up de gumtree,

An Raccoon in de hollow,

Wake Snakes for June bugs

Stole my half a dollar."

There are "topical allusions," about Nullification, Gen. Jackson, Hoboken, Weehawken, Brooklyn "high," Packerham at New Orleans, etc.

"Miss Julia Tanner" (1846) was sung "with unbounded applause" by Campbell's Minstrels:

"On de Banks of Susquehannah

Mid de Winter frost and snow

Oft would I and Julia Tanner

Both to balls and parties go.

For I loved d'angelic creature

And adored her night and day

But de most distressing feature

Was de bills I had to pay. Ah!

Chorus:

Radid dyda, radiddy-da,

Oh, Miss Julia Tanner,

I nebber sa sich a pretty girl

Since I left de Susquehannah.

Compare these old songs with negro songs of a much later day: "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," "Ma Honolulu Man," "Oh, I Don't Know, You're Not So Warm," "I Don't Like No Cheap Man," "When You Ain't Got No Money, Well, You Needn't Come 'Round," "No Coon Can Come Too Black for Me," the magnificent "Lady with the Ragtime Walk" (sung by "Mr. Carroll Johnson, 'the Minstrel Adonis'"). Another priceless song—we first heard it at Keith's, had for the chorus:

"Enjoy yourselves,

Keep all your razors in yer inside pocket,

Enjoy yourselves,

But don't cause no disgrace.

Enjoy yourselves,

Gals keep yer hands upon yer chains an'

yer lockets,

Jes 'member you is ladies an' 'gemmen,

An' represent de colored race."

And no less a man than Paul Laurence Dunbar wrote the words for "Who dat say Chicken in dis Crowd."

These "coon" songs are no longer heard, but many of them deserve to be remembered. Some one should edit a collection of them and do for them what has been done for the songs of Harrigan and Hart. P. H.

PLAYS OF THE WEEK

Three Comedies Here for the First Time—Return of Mordkin After Many Years

"The Patsy," a comedy by Barry Connors, will come to the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow night. Mr. Connors, the author of "Applesauce," drew from the Commonwealth this indorsement: "A good, wholesome play, and added to this minimum requirement a plenitude of wit, keen observation, under-running pathos and flashes of fairly high-grade comedy. The Patsy is good theatre and good entertainment. . . . It was obviously written as a very human comedy. . . . It builds up to many situations of real poignancy and to family situations which are far too close to truth to be sound material for farce."

Claiborne Foster will take the leading part. Of her Mr. Skinner, the critic from whose review we have quoted, wrote: "Miss Foster's acting is an excellent study in the deft avoidance of farce. She never strives for an effect, but lets it come naturally. She takes great care to let her comedy and pathos flow into one another without the abrupt breaks and mannerisms which so often crash through illusion."

"Love in a Mist," a comedy by Amelie Rives and Gilbert Emery, will be seen tomorrow evening at the New Park. New York saw the play at the Gaiety Theatre on April 11, 1926, when Madge Kennedy took the part of Diana; Sidney Blackmer, that of Gregory Farnham; Tom Powers, that of Count Varelli. Frieda Inescourt (Sidney Rose), Alice John (Anna Moore), Mary Marble (Kizzy), Jack Willard (Colin) were in the cast. Diana Wynne, a North Carolina heiress, went to Italy with her aunt, Anna. She was betrothed to Gregory, but in Italy she became attached to Varelli, for she thought he was about to die. As she was about to wed, Gregory turned up. Diana kept the two in doubt until she was forced to make a choice. Then the Count, who exclaimed: "We Varellis are a proud people," went out and shot himself, but his wound was not fatal.

Miss Kennedy takes the part of a cheerful liar; white lies, fibs are her stock in trade; not lying maliciously, but thinking that it always pays to be pleasant; kinder to lie than to tell truths that would pain friends.

When "Love in a Mist" was first seen in New York, the question was raised whether a play becomes a comedy "merely because a man who goes offstage with a well-motivated purpose to kill himself fails to do so? Do not the causes that were responsible for his attempted suicide remain the same? Certainly the moment when the revolver shot rings out, indicating that a man has sought self-destruction because of a woman's well-intentioned lying, is as serious and arresting a moment as any I have known in the theatre." The comedians were praised; Miss Kennedy for her "freshness, spontaneity, zest—dewy, fluttering, winsome always." Mr. Woolcott spoke warmly about the acting of Messrs. Blackmer and Powers.

Mr. Clive's Players brought out Noel Coward's amusing comedy, "Hay Fever," last season at the Copley Theatre. Tomorrow night Coward's comedy, "Easy Virtue," will be seen for the first time in Boston. The play was produced at Newark, N. J., on Nov. 23, 1925. It opened at the Empire, New York, on Dec. 7 of that year, when Jane Cowl took the part of Larita; Halliwell Hobbes, that of Col. Whittaker; Marda Vanne, that of Marion, "a horsey gentlewoman who simply reeks of tweeds"; Mabel Terry Lewis, that of Mrs. Whittaker. The story of the play was told by the Star-Eagle of Newark. Stating that Larita is a risen woman instead of a fallen woman, the reviewer wrote:

"The woman is intelligent, sensitive, a combination of mind and matter that is increasingly in occurrence today, learning life through living it, considering each day the start of a new career, retaining ideals and illusions despite experiences, and capable of infatuation and love.

"This woman, a victim of her own ideals, marries into a priggish British family and is bitterly disowned by it. She marries the youth because she feels that to accept his love as she has accepted other loves would be cheapening, since her own love for him is so genuine and lasting. But she is measurably his elder in years, and immeasurably his superior in breadth and depth of mind and spirit; the family's country life of tennis and dancing is demoralizing to her because of its spiritual emptiness, and she finds him further and further from her and yet her love for him pitilessly persistent. In the end she leaves him, although she can never leave off loving the inner spark of him which her spirit detects and responds to, under his giddy, selfish, unstable and uninformed exterior."

Much has been written about the versatility of Mr. Coward. J. T. Grein of London, a man not easily pleased, did not hesitate in 1925 to call him a genius: "an actor born; a playwright born; a humorist born. I think he could act any given young character on a mere outline; he would coin words and phrases, as an improviser develops themes on the piano; he can, as it were, shake plays from his sleeves, none of them betray labor, he seems to absorb the world as it revolves around him—whether it be in comedy or in sadness; lastly, he has the gift of humor and melody—thus he turn little occurrences of life into the funny mirror of irony and satire and—if needed—he churns out to it a lyric, a song, a tune that haunts the ear."

Coward was born in 1899. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1910 in a child's fairy play; in 1911 he was engaged by Charles Hawtrey. In 1917 he joined the British army, but reappeared on the stage in 1918. He visited the United States for the first time in 1921 when he took the part of Sholto Brent in his own play "The Young Idea." Besides his plays, he has written "Terribly Intimate Portraits," the "Poems of Herina Whittlebot" and "A Withered Nosegay."

Mikhail Mordkin and his dancers will give entertainments, beginning next Thursday night, at the Boston Opera House. O the years gone by! It was at this opera house that he and Anna Pavlova were first seen in the season of 1910-11, as in "Giselle," "The Legend of Aivale," and in many diversifications. He appeared for a short time in London in 1914, then danced at theatres in Moscow and Leningrad until 1917, when he was put in charge of ballet productions at the Soviet Opera in Moscow. Coming into disagreement with the Soviet officials in the summer of 1918, he fled to the south of Russia, where he danced in various cities: at theatre or concert hall, wherever there was opportunity. Finally, at Tiflis, he had his own school of the ballet. He came again to the United States in the fall of 1924 to dance in the Greenwich Village Follies. Later he became a teacher of ballet dancing in New York.

Mr. Oliver M. Saylor wrote in November, 1924, that the Mordkin who first visited this country and the Mordkin of today are two distinct personalities, or, at least, two different artists, "separated by several of the most significant qualities which can distinguish one artist from another. The Mordkin of the days before the war was a dancer and dancer only; the Mordkin of 1924 is pre-eminently producer and trainer, without having lost any of the virility and technical prowess which gave him his early fame as a dancer. Uncontent with dancing by rote and to order, he has learned by eager and ambitious experiment the profession of regisseur in the dance, until today he is a law unto himself and yields obsequance only to his own imagination. . . . Mordkin as dancer has lost none of his physical self-mastery. He still brings to the stage the sense of boundless power held in strict leash. The ease and grace which cloth his release of these powers still ingratiate him with his audiences. To this technical proficiency he has added a distinct sense of characterization which marks his work off from that which he did when we knew him."

The N. Y. Sun published "Theatiquette: How to reach your seat": "Wait in the back of the theatre until the lights have been finally lowered. The polite theatregoer never demeans himself by going down the aisle until the house is dark, the curtain up and every one else comfortably seated.

"On the way down the aisle permit the playful usher to flash her light in the eyes of all occupants of aisle seats. Most of them are critics, anyhow.

"Should you discover that reaching your seat from one aisle involves squeezing past only one or two persons, cross over to the next aisle and attack the passage from that end. This will insure you a greater number of rising votes and inviolate knees.

"Should any one stand up to allow you to pass pay no attention to so quaint an error. Brush straight past—or, at the most, sniff." P. H.

DONALD TOVEY

Donald Francis Tovey, the pianist from Edinburgh, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall.

Prelude and Fugue in C sharp minor, Bach; Sonata, Op. 111, Beethoven; Intermezzo, E major, Op. 116, Chopin.

E minor, Op. 76, Intermezzo, E flat minor Op. 118, Rhapsodie, E flat Op. 119, Brahms; Fifth Sonata, Op. 53, Scriabin; La terrasse des audience du clair de lune, La Serenade Interrompue, Les collines d'Anacapri, Debussy; Isolde's Liebestod, Wagner-Liszt.

Mr. Tovey gave an afternoon of hearty pleasure, that was clear, to an audience of excellent size; his custom of pointing out the salient features of what he is

about to play evidently is agreeable to many people. Let other performers, though, who may feel disposed to try the effect of a few remarks, beware. Not everybody has Mr. Tovey's knack, for, after all, it is not so much what he says that counts as the pleasant way he says it. If Mr. Tovey would give a real lecture, illustrating his points at the piano, the occasion ought to prove illuminating.

Mr. Tovey planned an interesting, though somewhat lengthy program. Both by word and by deed he set forth the Scriabin sonata with enthusiasm. This work, in form and in musical content, meets squarely enough the exactions of a sonata. Nobody can deny its vitality, or the effectiveness of contrast between the portions that Scriabin labels "languid," and those that rage and storm. There are themes, furthermore, really recognizable. That languid theme, though it sounds, with repetition, as a fading gold-banded lily smells, something over-ripe and sweet.

Mr. Tovey played this program with varying degrees of success, reaching his best music that exacts the highest type of musicianship, such as the Beethoven arletta, the first Intermezzo of Brahms. To some listeners he chose a tempo uncomfortably slow for the prelude by Bach, one too fast for the fugue, clearly though he played it. The Brahms rhapsody, on the other hand, he played so fast the technique was not clean. The Debussy pieces came unfortunately late in the day; not everybody could hear them. R. R. G.

PHILIPPINE BARITONE

This evening is Philippine night at the Ford hall forum when two native Filipinos, Mr. Villamin and Mr. Lichauco, will discuss Philippine independence, one for and one against. Preceding the forum Filipino songs will be sung in native tongue and in English by Jose Mossesfeld-Santiago who gave the first Filipino song recital in America at Steinway hall, New York, last week. This appearance at the forum is his first in Boston. He is a native of the Philippine islands and educated in the largest private school of Manila, the Ateneo de Manila College, where he afterward held the position of dean of the faculty of music until recently. He was the president of the Musical Association of the Philippines, general director of the musical organization of the Ateneo de Manila College like the glee club, orchestra, Ateneo choristers and one of the most successful vocal teachers in the Philippines.

The Cambridge (Eng.) debaters pleased the many hearers in Symphony hall, by their ease, wit and force of argument. There are several volumes of Oxford verses. Yet it was a Cambridge man who said to a graduate of the rival college: "You have had 24 Professors of Poetry at Oxford, but have not yet produced a poet; Cambridge has produced 24 poets, but has never yet had a Professor of Poetry." Mr. Whitaker tells this story in The Observer. The Oxford man countered by saying that no one of his university had written such atrocious lines as appeared in a Cambridge prize poem of the early seventies. The subject was the sickness of the then Prince of Wales:

"Then from the bed the electric message came,
"He is no better, he is much the same."

The Cambridge man admitted that these lines were bad but he quoted in turn lines from a Newdigate prize poem entitled "Nebuchadnezzar":

"The wicked monarch thus turned out to grass
Beside the restive ox and patient ass,
Spake, as he champed the unaccustomed food:

"This may be wholesome, but it is not good."

A verse with reference to Belshazzar was quoted during this friendly dispute:

"They sat in silence, by the sight appalled,
When some one hinted Daniel should be called;

Daniel was called, and just remarked in passing—

"Oh, Mene, Mene, Tekel and Upharsin."

There was a rhyme about Nebuchadnezzar known to all the schoolboys in our little village of the '60s, but we shall not quote it.

G. A. E. of Portland writes: "One of the English collegians who debated here with the Bates students on the subject, 'Is democracy a mistaken ideal?' goaded to desperation by the taunts of his opponents about the autocracy of kings, nobles and the leisured classes of a monarchy, blurted out—'Well, what do

you people know about a democracy anyhow? You haven't got a democracy. You've got a plutocracy.' The vote of the audience was about 1200 to 200 against the visitors, but the young Britons gave us some hard shots at that."

The letters about the substitution of cars on the Reservoir-Beacon route, cars not so convenient entering and leaving, for the ones that were so comfortable, led us to personal observation. We saw that when a trailer was joined to a car, one was entered at the side door, the other at the end. There were, as a rule, plenty of cars during the day. At the hour for going to the theatres, say from 7 till 8 P. M., the service is insufficient; the substituted cars are in use; the passengers are jammed together in a disgraceful, indecent manner. We also observed that on other lines passing, Kenmore station there were plenty of cars with the side door.

FOOTWEAR

Life's a pair of shining shoes,
Proudly stiff and new,
You put them on and strut about
Like all the others do.

They chafe your tender skin a bit,
And rub your toe or heel,
But you just smile and stalk ahead
And smother all you feel.

You polish them most carefully
Each tiny marring scratch,
And if a sin breaks forth some day,
You hide it with a patch.

But when you're older,—oh, my dear!
That pair so easy grows.
They never rub, and there is room
To wiggle all your toes.

You plod along in sheer delight,
On any path you choose,
And pity those who've just put on,—
Life's brand-new pair of shoes!

—Francesca Miller.

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of Oct. 24 the news is given that the last of the Nipmuc Indians has died near the scene of their ancient home, the shores of Webster lake. We are further informed that "Scores of years ago the Nipmucs occupied the shores of Chaggogagoggman-chaggagoggabunagungamaug," which was the old Indian name for Webster lake."

The article does not say how Mrs. Leach died. Can it be that in a burst of sentiment she endeavored to pronounce in her native tongue the name of the abode of her ancestors—and choked to death?

Practical, indeed, if prosy, were the whites when they discarded that poetic name for the simpler one of Webster. I tried several ways of pronouncing the Indian name. The only successful method is to take a mouthful of water, tilt back the head at an angle of 45 degrees, and breathe outwardly without allowing the water to pass down the throat. The possibilities of musical inflection by this method are unbounded. F. G.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

As the World Wags:

It delighted me to see in this column on Monday last the correction of the misuse of "Welsh rabbit." For years I have struggled with chef after chef at the hotel where I spend my summers, and have brought forth authority after authority, and those of the highest, to try to educate them to the intent and meaning of "Welsh rabbit," utterly without success. Menu language, like that of baseball, is a language of its own; and once it gets into a chef's cookbook, it is there to stay.

"Cole slaw" is another name I have fought for, but those without knowledge of what Cole is, and some who do know, insist in inflicting upon the public the meaningless "cold slaw."

Now if some power would take up the cudgels for the correction of the misuse of "replica," that would be a service also. When a writer tells of a church decoration being a "replica" of "The Twelve Disciples," it is the limit of absurdity, for a replica strictly has but one meaning, and that is: a work of art duplicating an original made by the same artist or sculptor and of the same material and in every way exactly the same. The statue of "The Last Days of Napoleon," by Vela, in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, is a replica of the one at Versailles.

F. C. G.

WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG—

When I was a poor, little penniless w
My highest ambition was to eat in a ca
ORPHEUS.

Teacher thought my knowledge fierce
When I called that old enchantress Cleo.
D. L. F.

A ADVENTUR WITH A AFRIKAN LION

He lit his pipe an' threw the match
into the campfire. "Yuh," sez he, "wen
I wuz a lad like yew I wuz a globa-
trotter." "Yeh?" sez I. "Yup," sez he,

"When I wuz yer age I wuz trekking thru Afrika." "Yeh?" sez I. "Yup," sez he, "which reminds me uv tha time I wuz trotting along alone an' I bumped into a full-grown African lion. He wuz tha most powerful, tha most magnificent specimen I ever saw." "Yeh?" sez I. "Yup," sez he, "an' I wuz unarmed." "Tha hell!" sez I. "An'," he continued, "I koodn't run fast on account uv havin' a sprained ankle." "Migawd!" sez I. "Yup," sez he, "an' so tha son uv a gun got away." SNOWSHOE AL.

ENGLISH SINGERS

Those distinguished "English singers," who draw large, distinguished audiences wherever they appear, did no less yesterday afternoon, when they set up their now famous table on the stage of Symphony Hall. These singers are Flora Mann, Nellie Carson, Lillian Berger, Norman Stone, Norman Notley and Cuthbert Kelly.

Not only did the English visitors attract a fine body of hearers, but, with their madrigals, motets and folk songs, they mightily pleased the company. The pleasure they gave is not quite easy to explain; one would scarcely have supposed that so many people fancy the archaic.

The music itself does not furnish a clue. Purcell, Byrd, Josquin de Pres—these efforts have always been praised, but the stoutest champions could hardly claim for them, this century or two, and wide popularity. Nor are the voices and the singing of this present group—though three indeed they sing very well—sufficiently exceptional to account for their present vogue. The singers, none the less, have discovered the secret by means of which this ancient music can once more exercise a popular appeal.

Those who remember George Grossmith will understand this secret. He had a broadly comic spirit about him, humor quite naive, a heartiness that won his audience before he had spoken two words. A hard worker, he spared no pains to make his effects; sometimes he had to work hard indeed, but in the end he rarely failed.

A singer of similar temperament sat yesterday at the table, he who spoke for the company on occasion. He read translations of Italian street cries of 16th century; he joined the other men singers in a Purcell trio. Behold the spirit of George Grossmith! The audience laughed as they might laugh at a farce, and wanted the music again.

Surely therein lies the secret. By their frank determination to get the most out of any page of music, they make that music tell. They feel so French songs, of madrigals with their "heigh hos" and "fa la las" that they make the audience feel it too; with folk songs, as arranged by Vaughan Williams, they had an easier task. By their earnestness they succeeded in even restoring a certain air of devotion to church music—Byrd and Weelkes—in which, for most people today, what musical beauty it has overtops its devotional spirit.

Great is the power of conviction. Grossmith had it. So have the "English Singers." People who liked Grossmith, granting they like unaccompanied singing at all, will find rare pleasure in this English company. The large audience yesterday proves there are many such. R. R. G.

LEGINSKA DIRECTS

For a second time Leginska, ranging in attitudes from the jaunty drum major to the fearsome Svengali, has carried herself and her orchestra to success.

The second concert of the Boston Philharmonic Society with Mme. Leginska as conductor was given yesterday in Mechanics building. Mme. Charles Cahler sang. A well balanced program included the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," Mahler's "Songs of a Travelling Journeyman," three nursery rhymes by Mme. Leginska and Dvorak's "New World Symphony."

The four songs of the journeyman have been sung only once before in Boston when Paul Draper, tenor, gave a performance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in February, 1915, with Dr. Karl Muck conducting. They are whimsical songs, written in folk-song spirit. In the first the journeyman openly laments his sweetheart's being a bride. In the second he announces the coming of summer though he has nothing will blossom. The gay and sprightliness of this song makes the sadness of the third and fourth songs, where he bemoans his loss un- sleep brings peace, seem not altogether inconsolable.

Cahler's perfect enunciation

and rich contralto voice made a work obviously written for men, acceptable from a woman. Her low tones were full and mellow, but once or twice the higher notes seemed to eclipse the range of her voice and were unpleasantly blurred.

The three nursery songs by Mme. Leginska were enthusiastically received. There was much applause and Gaston between Mme. Cahler and Leginska as to whom the honors were due. The music is piquant. Both words and orchestra are given humorous treatment, the orchestration charming enough in itself to be rendered without the song accompaniment.

The "New World Symphony" was splendidly given. Leginska and her orchestra work together with apparent devotion; at times brilliant, and always interesting. A large audience seemed well pleased with the whole performance.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS

The concert of negro spirituals, given at the Copley Theatre last night by J. Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon, for the benefit of the Boston Urban League, avoided the hackneyed songs, with which we are all so familiar through the agency of the radio and the phonograph, and introduced the audience to a score or more of unique compositions that are infrequently heard in public.

Melodies with haunting minor cadences, songs expressive of the negro's aspiration for heaven, for escape from earthly troubles; music which does not conform to any known rule, but is strangely beautiful and affecting, nevertheless.

The final group had more of the camp-meeting zest and go and, at the end, the singers were compelled to accede to requests for such old stand-bys as "Deep River" and "Roll, Jordan, Roll."

"Gimme Dat Ol' Time Religion" won an enthusiastic encore and such numbers as "My Lord, What a Mornin'!", "Roll De Old Charlot Along," "Stan' Still, Jordan," "There's no Hidin' Place Down There," "Git On Board, Little Children," proved especially popular. Mr. Johnson, the tenor, possesses a voice of much sweetness and smoothness, although not of great power, and Mr. Gordon comes in from time to time with a rich and resonant baritone. There was a good sized audience which demanded more until the vocalists were almost exhausted. J. E. P.

"THE PATSY"

By PHILIP HALE

Wilbur Theatre: "The Patsy," a comedy in three acts by Barry Connors. First performance in Boston. Produced by Richard Herndon, after a few performances at Long Branch in July, 1925, at the La Salle Theatre, Chicago, on Aug. 16, 1925. Mr. Harrington, Peter Lang; Mrs. Harrington, Lucia Moore; Grace Harrington, Mary Stiles; Patricia Harrington, Claiborne Foster; Billy Caldwell, John Diggs; Tony Anderson, Herbert Clark.

The cast of last evening was as follows:

Mr. Harrington..... Joseph Allen
Mrs. Harrington..... Lucia Moore
Grace Harrington..... Mary Stiles
Patricia Harrington..... Claiborne Foster
Billy Caldwell..... John Diggs
Tony Anderson..... Herbert Clark

This is a simple play of harrassing domesticity. Even if this morning did not dawn on election day, Mr. Connors' plot would not call for a minute description. Harrington, a travelling grocery salesman, has a nagging wife. Their daughter Patricia is a puzzle to her mother, who fears that the odd behavior of the girl will injure the family's social position and break off the match between the other daughter Grace and young Caldwell. Grace is a vixen, who treats Patricia shabbily. Tony Anderson is in love with Grace or he thinks he is. Patricia, feigning to adore an unnamed man, consults Tony about the best way to capture him. The poor worm Harrington finally turns and reads the riot act to his wife and Grace. After a slight misunderstanding in which Patricia is ready to sacrifice herself, thinking that Grace's engagement is broken and that Tony can then step in and wed her, she finds that Tony loves only her.

No doubt Mr. Connors intended the play to be a comedy, a comedy of home life. Last night Mr. Allen, Miss Moore and Miss Stiles, especially the two first named, struck the farcical vein to the evident enjoyment of the audience. One can imagine them playing with a lighter touch; with Mrs. Harrington portrayed in a less palpably "roaring farce" manner. Mr. Clark did not yield to the temptation; his Tony

was a real person, not a comic supplement lover.

Miss Foster was a charming Patricia, a creature of moods and tenses, a pathetic figure but not sentimental, in the scenes in which she was abused by mother and sister, frank in her love for her father, subtle in her wooing of Tony, playing the scene of self-sacrifice with a fine reserve. We shall have something to say about her artistic ingenuosness, and about the play itself next Sunday.

Three interesting volumes have been added to the series of valuable Broadway Translations, published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co.: "The Choice Humorous and Satirical Works of Quevedo," "Poems and Fragments of Sappho"—Greek text translated and edited by C. E. Haines (Cantab); and the old French satire, "The Fifteen Joys of Marriage," translated and with introduction by Richard Aldington.

We first knew "the satirical rogue" Quevedo through the translation by Pedro Pineda. He revised in 1743 the translation by Capt. John Stevens, an Irishman. The diligent Alibone mentions our Pineda, calls him Peter, speaks of his grammar and dictionary and other works, but says nothing about his translations. It would be interesting to know if Pedro was of the Pineda family that included the learned Jesuit, who in his commentaries on the book of Job gave a shocking reason for the bolts that tortured the patient man. Mr. Charles Duff, who has revised the translations by L'Estrange, Stevens and others, and supplied an interesting introduction and notes for the Broadway version, simply says that Pedro was a Spaniard who had long resided in England; that he and Stevens must have used a corrupt and incomplete text, so that he, Duff, was obliged to recast the former English version of "El Buscon" ("Paul the Spanish Sharper" or as Mr. Duff has it, "The Life of the Great Rascal") and translate passages that had been omitted without, we are glad to say, any attempt at expurgation; "my own aim has been to reproduce the original as faithfully as difference of idiom will permit." We do not know the Spanish language. Mr. Duff says that in "El Buscon," Quevedo gave full play to his "immense talent" in the use of that rich language, so that "The Great Rascal" is most difficult to translate. Mr. Duff has made a version that shows no signs of labor; it is delightfully racy throughout.

This volume also includes Sir Roger l'Estrange's translation of "Visions" with translations of "The Hour of All Men" and "The Qualities of a Wife"—all good reading, as is the L'Estrange's short preface to "Visions," in which he says: "This preface is merely for fashion's sake, to fill a space and please the stationer, who says it is neither usual nor handsome to leap immediately from the title page to the matter. . . . As to the ordinary mode and pretence of prefaces, the translator desires to be excused. For he makes a conscience of a lie, and it were a damned one, to tell ye, that he has published this, either to gratify the importunity of friends or to oblige the public, or for any other reason of a hundred that are commonly given in excuse for scribbling. . . . He (Quevedo) has had hard measure among the physicians, the lawyers, the women, etc." So he revenged himself on all his enemies. "For it is a satire that taxes corruption of manners, in all sorts and degrees of people, without reflecting upon particular states or persons. It is full of sharpness and morality."

Mr. Duff's Introduction gives a full account of the life, adventures and works of Quevedo (1580-1645). As a boy he had an amazing memory, biting wit, and an unusual command of words. At 15 he passed a severe test in theology. Was he embittered by "a deformity of the limbs and a shortness of sight," the death of his father and the mother's lack of attention; by the fact that he did not have the money to maintain his high social standing, for he was of gentle birth? In "Visions," he tried to ridicule all human aberrations, to drive out the prevailing corruption among all classes.

In 1611 he killed an important person who had insulted a woman praying, and was obliged to leave the country for a time. Osuna, viceroy of Sicily, befriended him, sent him as ambassador to Spain. When Philip III died, Quevedo was imprisoned. Liberated he was poor, but his books published in 1626-27 brought him European fame. His many enemies worked for his utter ruin, but he was never molested by the Holy Office, for he supported the Faith, the King and national morals. Unjustly

and of sea libelling Philip III, he was taken into a dungeon, where he suffered from lack of air and an ulcerous disease. When he was released he was physically a wreck and almost penniless, and when he wrote his will, the priest asked him to leave a trifle for music at his funeral. Quevedo answered, "Whoever wishes to hear music on that occasion may pay for it." Mr. Duff's introduction, biographical and critical, is a masterly piece of work.

Though "The Visions" brought Quevedo deserved honor; though "The Qualities of a Wife" might be a lesson to maidens of 1926: "She must be well dressed to please me, not to gain the applause of others; and she must wear what is decent, not whatsoever the folly of other women shall invent. She must not do as some do, but that all ought to do"—the story of the rascal Paul will no doubt appeal more of the great majority of readers. All sane and moral persons find pleasure in becoming intimately acquainted in print—with shameless blackguards and charpers. This Spanish rogue is in the long line that would include the wily Ulysses, Casanova and Stephen Burroughs. The story of his swindling is one also of the Spain in which he lived, the seamy side of Spain. It might be called a satirical romance of the picturesque order.

Its forerunners were the "Satyrican" and Nash's "The Unfortunate Traveller." Whether he is on the road, masquerading as a gentleman, cheating at cards, courting, in borrowed splendor and with magnificent lies, a rich woman, he is without shame, and of course without regret—except when a scheme falls through. And what adventures! What caustic descriptions! What bitter comments on contemporary manners and life! The story is told with constant verve. Read the account of his school days at Segovia, in the "house of famine," where the master himself was "a fly-blown skeleton, lanky and red-haired"; note the details in the description, the wealth and significance of words: "His (the master's) bed was on the floor, and he always lay upon one side from fear of wearing out the sheets." Till Eulenspiegel would have envied the pranks Paul played.

He meets a poet who had written 901 sonnets and 12 roundels in praise of his mistress's hips. At Madrid Paul lived with his uncle, the executioner. Here Paul for once felt shame—on account of the uncle's "infamous profession." Running away, he comes across a nobleman in ragged attire who showed him how to live by one's wits at court. Paul consorts with beggars and learns their tricks. On his way from Toledo to Seville he had his loaded dice, his own broad and narrow cards. Speaking of his ability to palm and his skill at sleight-of-hand, he warns his readers never to think themselves safe when they happen to hold the right cards, "for they can be changed upon you during the snuffing of a candle." Paul becomes a past master among the gang of ruffians, but finding that ill-fate pursued him, he grows tired of it all. "Therefore, on the advice of my doty Grajales I made up my mind to go to the Indies and take her

with me, to try whether I could meet with better fortune in another land. But it proved worse; for they never improve their condition who only change places without mending their life and manners."

What happened to Paul and Grajales in the Indies we shall never know. Here Quevedo ends the story.

Quevedo's "Qualities of a Wife" might well be bound up with "The Fifteen Joys of Marriage." Was this written by Antoine La Sale, who died in 1486? We shall speak later on these "Joys" and Mr. Haines's "Sappho."

COPLEY THEATRE—"Easy Virtue," play in three acts by Noel Coward. The cast:

Mrs. Whitaker..... Edith Harron
Marion Whitaker..... Margaret H. H.
Col. Whitaker..... C. Wordley H.
Edith Whitaker..... Joan C.
Furber..... Roger W.
John Whitaker..... Alan M.
Larita Whitaker..... Nan M.
Sarah Hurst..... Mar. E.
Charles Burleigh..... Norman C.
Philip Bordon..... Edmund G.
Mr. Harris..... E. C.
Sina Vassilart..... Anna F.
Hon. Hugh Petworth..... Richard W.
Hon. thea Wainwright..... Lorraine L.
Helen Carleton..... Dorothea K.
Mrs. Phillips..... Charlotte S.
Henry Furley..... W. E. W.

Not to draw too prodigally on the store of dramatic material, Mr. Coward, in saving mood, must have tried to show how far he could make smart plays and a series of grand rows serve making a play.

A Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker and the two daughters, British county people lead off with row number one—at his

ne woman do th... an supp...
phrases. These... only, though...
naturally put out about the...
rather... return... that man...
he Rives... with a newly married wife...
lady of whom he has told the little...
eyond the fact that she is much older...
han him self—she by the way, had kept...
er dubious past strictly to herself.

The dispute quiets down; the married...
air arrive, the phrases begin, and the...
urtain falls. When it rises, behold...
he wife, poor thing, bored to death...
he has always wanted, to use her...
own words, to be top-dog in her sphere...
her husband's sphere she's nothing...
of the kind. Her husband, himself, a...
different sort entirely, has tired of her...
just three months at home.

This unhappy situation is set forth...
in some sadly dreary dialogue; it allows...
ou see, scant scope for epigrams. Then...
he set-toes begin again. The father and...
his oldest daughter allow themselves...
the pleasure of a few plain words. The...
husband and wife fall out. So do the...
elfe and the oldest daughter. And...
many all the women fly at each others...
throats. This scurrilousness is the climax...
of the second act.

In the third the wife departs for...
ood, after she has coaxed from a nice...
young woman a promise to console her...
husband, once the divorce is granted...
This she might be made much of...
or this middle-aged worldly woman is...
ruly in love with her pleasant young...
husband, despite his empty head. But...
Mr. Coward is not the man to deal...
with it. He has not the insight to...
draw the woman's character clearly;...
and for the others he sees too smartly...
to see with truth. Nor can he, ap...
parently, write serious dialogue that...
is not dull.

Miss Marjorie Watson, unfortunately...
not apt at bawling, was not happily...
ast. She was at her best in two scenes...
where she showed the real misery that...
underlay the woman's flippancy. Miss...
Jallett, with a difficult role to play...
ffered the best characterization of the...
vening. The other leading roles were...
ompetently played.

R. R. G.

ew Park Theatre—Madge Kennedy
"Love in a Mist," a comedy in three...
s, by Amelle Rives and Gilbert...
nery; first played in New York last...
pril. The cast:

Madge Kennedy
Sider Blackmer
Jack Willard
Mary Horne
Alice John
Murray Bennett

Those who enjoy the deft and pleas...
ing grace of Madge Kennedy's adorable...
emeline antics cannot help but admire...
er as usual in this new piece, yet they...
an hardly come away without wishing...
that the dramatists themselves had...
shouldered a larger part of the burden.

The play concerns one woman and...
wo men, and the varying fortunes of...
ve at the woman's ancestral home "In...
the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia."...
lana is a capricious and captivating...
young lady with a bit of Duley in her...
he always tells a pleasant, if rather...
upward, he in preference to stating an...
upward or unpleasant truth, and can...
ot bear to say "no" when a young man...
sures her that his heart is breaking...
or her.

Because of this acquiescent trait, she...
nds herself engaged to two men, one...
romantic Italian count, and the other...
prosaic, slightly cave-mannish ex...
plorer. Not wishing to offend either...
he flits from one to the other with...
assuring endearments, while each...
comes more suspicious. Eventually...
they call for a show-down, and she...
urns to the explorer, whereat the...
ount dashes out into the moonlit gar...
en and shoots himself.

Then comes Miss Kennedy's best line...
s the wounded count is carried back...
to the room, she sobs—"You see—...
ou see what happens when I tell the...
truth!" Then her young sister, who...
ecretly loves the count, has to shriek...
He's dead, and I hope you pay for it...
hell!" Of course he recovers and...
alls in love with the sister, and after a...
few more ups and downs of the theatre...
he explorer claims his own.

Messrs. Blackmer and Willard acquit...
hemselves creditably in their farcically...
consistent roles, the former playing...
straight," and the latter sprinkling...
s lines and business with whatever...
amboyant stage Latinisms he can lay...
and or tongue to. Miss Horne shows...
romise in her adolescent role, and...
ough lacking smoothness, does work...
f a high amateur grade. As for the...
wo negroes thrown in for southern...
tmosphere, they are badly miscast...
nd have not even taken the trouble...
o equip themselves with a dinky ac...
cent.

H. F. M.

TREMONT THEATRE—"Beau Geste,"
a motion picture, adapted by John Rus...
sell and Herbert Brennan from the...
novel of the same name by Percival...
C. Wren. The cast:

Michael "Beau Geste"..... Ronald Colman
Digby Geste..... Nell Hamilton
John Geste..... Ralph Forbes
Lady Brandon..... Alice Joyce
Isabel..... Mary Brian
Sergt. Lelaune..... Noah Beery
Maj. de Beaujolais..... Norman Trevor
Baldini..... William Powell
Mars..... George Rivas
Schwartz..... Bernard Siegel
Hank..... Victor McLaglen
Buddy..... Donald Stuart
St. Andre..... Paul McAllister

Something of Ouida's "Under Two...
Flags"; something of "The Shiek";...
something of half a dozen other dimly...
remembered stories are brought to mind...
in "Beau Geste." But these sugges...
tions are in its outward seeming only...
The picture itself, conveying as it does...
with absolute fidelity the enthralling...
and tremendous narrative of Mr...
Wren's book, goes far beyond them. It...
is epic in its sweeping magnificence, its...
sustained power, its intense but re...
strained emotionalism, its admirable...
characterization, its breathless climax...
and the grapho brilliance of its pro...
duction on the screen, which make it...
altogether the outstanding production of...
its kind. One might lavish adjectives...
and then fall short of adequate descrip...
tion.

"Beau Geste" is a motion picture...
without a heroine and without a love...
story, which in itself constitutes a nov...
elty. Its theme is the love of brother...
for brother, a story wrought with the...
broadest of brush strokes and with a...
simplicity of narrative that is remark...
able. There are no complexes of plot...
no riddles to unravel—for the mystery...
of the theft of the great blue sapphire...
is only incidental, after all—and the...
overemphasis of melodrama is quite...
lacking.

Its scene is laid with the French "For...
eign Legion" in Africa, that refuge of...
"men who want to disappear," in which...
the three Geste brothers have enlisted...
"Beau," the oldest, accused of stealing...
the gem, is followed by the other two...
who disbelieve in his guilt. The great...
er part of the second reel is devoted...
to the thrilling siege of a tiny fort in...
the desert. One by one the defenders...
are shot down, but the commandant, a...
strange combination of brute and hero...
fools the Arab attackers by propping...
the bodies of the slain in the embra...
sures and maintaining a fire from all...
sides until the relief column arrives...
One regrets that the exigencies of the...
plot require the officer's own demise.

"Beau" is killed and his body given...
to the flames by John Geste, who fires...
the fort in fulfillment of a boyhood promise...
that the surviving brother should have...
a "Viking funeral." Then he him...
self perishes in the desert, while en...
deavoring to escape. Only Digby, the...
youngest of the trio, reaches England...
and home. The name and fame of Beau...
are cleared, of course, and there is...
the faintest of romances in the finish.

The performance of the roll of "Beau...
Geste" by Mr. Colman calls for the...
highest commendation. Also we are...
thankful for the departure in his face...
and general appearance from the ami...
able and vivid good looks of the con...
ventional hero. Noah Beery, as Sergt...
Lelaune, crowds his principal hard for...
first honors.

The photography in "Beau Geste" is...
of the highest order, especially the...
desert pictures, the attack on the fort...
its heroic defense and the wonderfully...
impressive and realistic charge of the...
Arab horsemen over the sands.

J. E. P.

CONTINUING

COLONIAL—"Don Juan," star...
ring John Barrymore, with a...
Vitaphone prelude. Second...
week.

HOLLIS—"The Wisdom Tooth,"...
fantastic comedy by Marc Con...
nelly, with Thomas Mitchell...
Second week.

MAJESTIC—"The Student...
Prince," return engagement of...
popular operetta, with Ilse Mar...
venga, DeWolf Hopper, Hal...
fred Young and others. Last...
week.

PLYMOUTH—"The Butter...
and Egg Man," comedy by George...
Kaufman, starring Gregory...
Kelly. Second week.

SHUBERT—Al-Jolson in his new...
est musical production, "Big...
Boy." Last week.

REPERTORY—"The Lady from...
the Sea," Ibsen's drama. Sec...
ond and last week.

"His Chinese Wife," an Orient-Amer...
ican play, was given last night at the...
Castle Square Theatre in a creditable...
manner by the popular Castle Square...
players.

The play is the joint work of Forrest...
Halsey and Clara Beranger, and was...
presented a season or two ago at the...
Belmont Theatre in New York. The...
leading role of "Tea Flower" was...
played particularly well by Miss Jean...
Oliver, the leading lady.

Gavin Gordon, the young American...
born between his real love for "Tea...
Flower" and his passion for a haughty...
society maiden, did an excellent piece of...
work in a part which, in less capable...
hands, could easily have been over...
drawn because of its emotional possibil...
ities.

Miss "Gene" Cleveland, too, as the...
society miss who tried to inveigle the...
hero into marrying her, was all that...
could be desired, while Zita Moulton, a...
new addition to the company, and in...
cidentally a Boston girl, made a de...
cided impression with the audience.

BEVERLY BAYNE IN RETURN AT KEITH'S

Lt. Felix Ferdinando and Ha...
vana Orchestra Popular

Beverly Bayne returns to Keith's once...
more, this time to star alone in a sketch...
written by Edwin Burke entitled "From...
Eight to Twelve." How a clever wife...
keeps her husband at home and pre...
vents his losing money outside with...
friends, at poker is the theme of the...
piece. The dialogue is above the av...
erage in sketches of this kind and Miss...
Bayne and her associates, Mr. Cavanagh...
and Mr. Tanne, keep the act moving...
at a brisk pace.

Lt. Felix Ferdinando and his Havana...
orchestra were popular with the au...
dience. Several of their numbers had...
an original touch to them, notably the...
burlesque of "Faust," and "Carmen."...
The winners of the Blackbottom con...
test held at Keith's two weeks ago ap...
pear at the close of this act. The boy...
was an especially fast stepper and...
possesses excellent stage personality.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry are back...
Ann Codee works with a man of the...
"boob" type who proves an excellent...
fool. Toto, beloved clown, has many...
new tricks. Frakson does sleight of...
hand tricks just a bit faster and more...
fascinating than most of his contem...
poraries. The remaining acts are all...
entertaining.

A. F.

STEFAN SOPKIN

By PHILIP HALE

Stefan Sopkin, violinist, assisted by...
Harry Kaufman, pianist, gave a re...
cital last night in Jordan hall. The...
program read: Beethoven, Kreut...
zer Sonata. Bruch, Concerto, G mi...
nor. Bloch, Suite "Baal Shem."...
Saint-Saens, Havanaise. Sopkin...
Swiss Lullaby (for violin alone).
Paganini-Sopkin, Caprice 24.

Mr. Sopkin is a courageous young...
man, and not only because he gave a...
recital on election night; he played the...
long-winded concerto after a sonata...
and then, nothing daunted, added a...
suite that is not for babes and suck...
lings in musical enjoyment. Whenever...
we are obliged to hear the Kreutzer...
sonata we begin to wonder, unless it...
is played by two great artists, whether...
Bridgetower, for whom Beethoven...
wrote it, was really an Abyssinian...
prince, or only the son of an African...
prince, and what was the name of the...
girl over whom Bridgetower and Bee...
thoven quarrelled, so that the latter...
dedicated the Sonata to Rudolph...
Kreutzer. These questions came into...
our mind last night.

A concerto with the piano substituted...
for the orchestra is not unlike a dish of...
cold veal, no matter how competent...
those engaged in the exploitation of the...
music may be. The pianist may exert...
mind and muscle to the utmost, he can...
not supply the orchestral background...
nor can he reproduce the contracting...
orchestral effects.

Sonata and concerto, as played, gave...
a reasonably large audience unmis...
takable pleasure. Mr. Sopkin, who we be...
lieve, visited Boston with Chaliapin...
played with an appreciation of the...
music which he was at times not able...
to express as he no doubt purposed. In...
lyric passages his tone was rich and...
warm, his phrasing musical, in rapid or

nothing only that...
world measures, his tone was some...
times thin, sometimes coarse; but he is...
evidently an honest player, who has at...
tained no small degree of technical pro...
ficiency. Mr. Raufman accompanied...
sympathetically, with happy moments...
in the music by Beethoven and Bruch.

Although it is the day after the fair...
we make room for Mrs. Agnes Welch's...
ALL SOULS' EVE

Light candles, light! Light more, still...
more,
Let all the churchyard glow!
Bring flowers, fresh flowers, and...
wreaths for every grave,
Call softly that the dear, dear dead may...
know

We want them, love them, wait on them...
On this their day, who sleep—how still—
Beneath the shroud of snow.

Kneel now and pray, pray in the...
warmth
Of bloom and candlelight.
Might they not waken to our yearning...
call,
Come as we knew them once, speak...
smile,

One brief, brief hour tonight?
Cannot this ardor of our need
Revive their hearts that they return
Led back, through walks of silence,
unto life?
Guided by love, welcomed by lights
that burn?

Look up, far up into the star-hung...
heaven
There, would they answer give.
The earth holds naught of them we...
seek and love

They have cast off all memory of death;
'Tis they who call us unto life,
'Tis they, not we, who live.

DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

(London Daily Express)

A Scot was playing a round of golf...
with his daughter, "Maggie," he said...
"Is today your birthday? Well, there...
I'll give you this hole."

HAS THE AUTHORITY OF BYRON
As the World Wags:

I notice that Forrest F. Harbour, in a...
letter to you in The Herald, says that...
last spring he "read that the college...
entrance board had sanctioned 'It is...
me.'" Well, for the correctness of such...
a construction the board could cite the...
authority of Byron, who thus made use...
of the construction in the 300th line of...
Canto I of "The Bride of Abydos":

"Say, is it me thou hast or fearest?"
Byron did not thus use "me" instead of...
"I" for metrical reasons, for the metre...
of the line would be the same with...
"I" as with "me."

By the way, where are the head...
quarters of the college entrance board?
INDACATOR.

Byron has been accused by others...
than Swinburne of faulty grammar—Ed.

MARRIED AT THIRTEEN

As the World Wags:

Did you get this one from "A...
Monster's Child" in the Saturday Even...
ing Post, Oct. 23. I surmise you do not...
read it.

"I got down the book. George Rich...
ards Dessault was written across the...
fly leaf in George's hand. I looked up...
George Richards Dessault in the Index...
Page 546.

"Family Number 65
"From Family Number 44. Descent:
Louis, Louis, Jared, Louis, John, John...
Henry.

"Henry Lynd Dessault, born April 9...
1878, at Wilmington, Delaware. A law...
yer of much promise, he was killed with...
his wife, on July 6, 1894, when the car...
riage he was driving overturned on a...
mountainous road. Married, 1891, Mary...
Josephine Richards. Issue: George...
Richards Dessault, born March 17, 1893...
"I stared at the page a long time."

Stared quite naturally, I think.
Rowley. J. D. SORNBORGER.

O yes, we read the Sat. Eve. Post. We...
are now looking forward impatiently to...
the third instalment of "A Mad Lover."
—Ed.

ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

As the World Wags:

He sez if this bird is right Id like to...
meet mo a coupla coeds an I sez ho...
probbly sucks his thumb an he sez les...
have anutha drink. I sez most women...
are crazy an he sez somer crazyren most...
an I sez les have anutha drink. I sez...
theres formaldehyde in the stuff and he...
sez save the undertaker trouble an I sez...
les have anutha drink. He sez I cant...
understand wimmen an I sez you probly...
been standin under the L stairs an he...
sez les have anutha drink. I sez gimme...
a match an he sez I stood in the very...
room where the guvnor of Noth Calina...
said an I sez les have anutha drink. I...
sez looks like the queens havin a pretty...
fair time an he sez yuh orta see my

Alexander have another drink and no more an I sez hell's fire go home an whip my wife an tomorrow'll do as well an I sez I'm worked up for it now an I went home she wait there.

PENDENNIS TIE YOUNGER.

THE REAL WASHINGTON

As the World Wags:

Now that George Washington has been rehabilitated—perhaps the word should be dishabilitated—by Rupert Hughes and W. B. Woodward, some of us are waiting with nervous expectancy for somebody to undertake the same job for Abraham Lincoln; for, if Washington had his one Weems, Lincoln had a score. Would it be safe to entrust such a task to Hughes or Woodward? Perhaps we should get a truer picture from the hands of a writer like Paul Leicester Ford, who, in "The True George Washington," did an excellent piece of work. Both Hughes and Woodward, in their anxiety to paint Washington as he is, "wart and all," are inclined to depict the war in such a high light that the rest of the figure is obscured. The way to get a just idea of Washington is to go back to the unvarnished chronicle of the facts of his life—to his diaries, letters and state papers. These reveal the genuine greatness of the man, and the follies which his most recent biographers emphasize fall back into their proper perspective. Washington's diaries, taken by themselves, afford no clue to the nature of Washington. They are dull and business-like. Evidently he thought that a diary was not the place for telling of his affections, his joys, his sorrows, his friendships, his enemies. The notes of his visit to Boston in 1789 give no hint of the resentment he must have felt at Gov. Hancock's attempt to put a slight upon him.

Only once in the whole course of the diaries is the chronicle varied by a gleam of humor. The passage in which Washington thus lifts the veil was written during the presidential journey through the southern states in 1791. The entry reads: "Friday, the 15th. Having suffered very much by the dust yesterday, and finding that parties of horse were intending to attend me part of the way today, I caused their inquiries respecting the time of my setting out to be answered, that I should endeavor to do it before eight o'clock; but I did it a little after five, by which means I avoided the inconvenience above mentioned."

Washington had evidently suffered a moral lapse since the cherry-tree episode of his childhood. Here we find him deliberately practising deceit; not only that, but his hard heart felt no remorse; indeed, we can almost hear the chuckle of the conscienceless man as he ruminates over the success of his duplicity while he drives on his way unaccompanied in the cool of the morning.

AN EPIC

(Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.)
Grandpa, in a speedy car,
Pushed the throttle down too far,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Music by the G. A. R.

The Boston Symphony orchestra is on its first trip, so it will not give concerts here tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. The program announced for the concerts of next week has been changed. As it now stands, it comprises Bach's Concerto, G major, for violin, two flutes and strings (No. 4 in the Brandenburg series); Bartok's "Dance" Suite; Prokofiev's Suite from his opera "The Love of Three Oranges," and Brahms's Symphony No. 4, E minor.

Mordkin and his dancers will disport themselves at the Boston Opera House tonight, Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday afternoon. The ballet "The Legend of Azylade," composed by Mordkin, is on the program. The music for it is by Russian and French composers. This ballet was seen at the Boston Opera House on Dec. 23, 1910, when Mordkin took the part of Shah-Rahman, a tribal chieftain. Anna Palowa danced the joys and woes of Azylade, the captive queen; Miss Bronislawa Pajitzkala was the queen's handmaiden, Set-Bourbour; Kyriani Barboe was Abon-Malek, an officer of the harem. There were "odalliques, almees, gaptives, tribesmen," all living "In the golden days of Haroun-al-Rashid." This ballet came after a performance of "La Habanera," in which Fely Dereyne, Ramon Blanchart, Robert Lessalle and Jose Mardones took the leading parts.

Louis Neal, tenor; Frederic Butler, baritone; Marjorie Posselt, violinist; with Gladys Posselt, accompanist, will give a concert in Jordan hall tonight. There will be songs by Grieg, Ronald, Franz, Hughes, Bartlett, and others; a duet by Hildack. Miss Posselt will play two movements of Vieuxtemps's 4th concerto and pieces by Kreisler and Nachez. Mr. Neal will sing (or recite) three Penillion songs in English arranged by W. S. Gwynn Williams. The program contains this note:

"Before the Tudor period destroyed the high and distinctive culture of Wales, the country was probably one of the most developed musical countries in Europe. Even the princes sang, composed poetry, and played the harp. In those days it was that the intricate art of Penillion singing was evolved, most probably from the reciting or declaiming of Bardic poetry to a background of harp accompaniment. It will be noticed that one of the chief characteristics of the songs is the playing of the melody by the instrument, while the singer, as it were, chants the poem." Let us add a few words:

This singing is also called "Canu gyda's Tannau," i. e., singing with the (harp) strings. This mode of singing was practised for several centuries in North Wales, but until a recent revival it was little known in the south of that country. The repertoire of harp tunes was extensive. Singers met in competition or in farmhouses. They sang in rotation. If a singer made a mistake he dropped out. We read that in 1789 a competition lasted all night; in 1790 a blacksmith won after a contest of 13 hours. Penillion singing is now practised in many elementary schools in Wales. In the old competitions the judges selected the tunes; at farmhouse meetings, the harpist made the selection.

A concert in aid of the scholarship fund of the New England Conservatory of Music will take place in Jordan Hall tomorrow night. The orchestra, conducted by Wallace Goodrich, will play Cherubini's overture to "Le deux Journées." Messrs. Maler, Pattison and Hutcheson will play Bach's Concerto, C major, for three pianos and orchestra. Rheinberger's arrangement for two pianos of Bach's Goldberg variations and Hutcheson's Fantasia for two pianos and orchestra will also be performed.

Apropos of a performance of "The Barber of Seville" in Symphony Hall next Wednesday night with Mr. Challa-plin as Don Basilio, Pasquino writes:

"Judging from the advertisements of the forthcoming 'Barber of Seville,' its humble hero has now no place in his own drama, and has become but the shadow of a name—or been eclipsed by the shadow of one.

"Ah! entrez, monsieur le barbier; avancez; vous etes charmant!" FIGARO, salu.

"Monsieur, il est vrai que ma mere me l'a dit autrefois: mais je suis un peu deforme depuis ce temps-la!"

Pauline Danforth, pianist, will play music by Ravel, Chopin and Franck next Saturday afternoon in Jordan Hall. She is one of five Americans who won the Cortot scholarship in 1925. She was awarded one this year.

A correspondent sends us the announcement of a remarkable operatic feat. The singer "has originated a unique form of giving a whole act of grand opera, with costume, by one person, who also indicates all the other characters, and has made such a sensation in New York city in this specialty concert." Yes, and without the aid of the springboard or any mechanical appliance.

Edwin Franko Goldman's "Goldman band" will give a concert with Phillips Carlin in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon. With the band is Del Stalgars, "the world's greatest cornetist," who no doubt will give a staggering performance. This will be the first appearance of this celebrated band which has been called "a symphony orchestra in brass." We read that Mr. Goldman was honored by the city of New York in 1919, when the mayor gave him a gold watch and chain. In 1920 Mr. Goldman received a flag.

Kenneth Macgowan, managing theatre director, will talk at the Ford Hall Forum on next Sunday night. His subject will be "The Theatre of Today and Tomorrow." Marion Kiresbury, so-

Ernest von Dohnanyi, pianist and composer, will give a recital in Symphony hall next Monday night. His program will be as follows:

Dohnanyi, Variations on a Hungarian Theme, Introduction and Fugue from "Humoresque," Adagio, F minor, and Presto, G minor, from "Ruralia Hungarica," Beethoven, Sonata, E flat, Op. 11, no. 3. Chopin, Nocturne, C sharp minor; Impromptu, A flat major; Mazurka, D major. Brahms, Intermezzo, E flat, Op. 117, no. 1. Brahms-Dohnanyi, Rondo alla Zingarese.

It is 26 years since Mr. Dohnanyi first visited Boston. He then played at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on March 17, 1900, Beethoven's Concerto, No. 4, with his own cadenzas. He was then 23 years old. He came again to Boston in the fall of 1900 and played his own concerto. In the course of that year he gave several recitals which were well attended and greatly enjoyed. His last appearance here with an orchestra was when, a few seasons ago, he played his own interesting Variations on a Nursery Air.

Marie Nichols and Kate Friskin Have Joint Program

Two well-known musicians, Miss Marie Nichols, the violinist, and the pianist, Miss Kate Friskin, were both of a mind this year to play in public. Their obvious procedure would have been to announce a recital apiece.

But what should she play, Miss Nichols may well have considered, she being a musician of fine intelligence who must clearly recognize the difficulties that face a violinist planning a concert without orchestra. Miss Friskin as well, having given two recitals in the two past years, may easily have wondered what sort of a program to arrange that would combine, novelty with worth.

So these wise women gave a concert together. Any difficulty as to their program must have vanished as by magic—except, perhaps, such difficulty as they may have found in choosing what pleased them best; the curse of over-familiarity they could easily leave out of account.

They arranged a program of notable distinction and variety, music that held the interest because of its genuine beauty, and its novelty. The Bach sonata, E major, with which they began it, comes rarely to a hearing, though it contains two adagios of singular loveliness, and two quick movements with far more character and charm about them than Bach always found for pieces fast in pace.

This delightful sonata they followed with D'Indy's in C major. It was published in 1905; how many persons have heard it in public in Boston? People ought to have heard it, and so often, too, they might know it root and branch; no work of a beauty so exquisite should stay unknown these 20 years. And why should players neglect it? They could hardly ask material more brilliant or grateful. By way of sharp contrast there was Mozart next, with the sonata in A major.

The work of the musicians is well known. In combination it lost nothing of its quality; on the contrary, it gained. The question is, would either lady alone have been able to set forth a program so interesting and so fine? Conditions hardly allow of so much. The attitude of the goodly audience proved the point. Scarcely a soul arrived late, and everybody listened with an attention markedly close. Miss Nichols and Miss Friskin have pointed the way. Let others profit by their wise example. R. R. G.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 19

RUSSIAN BALLET

By PHILIP HALE.

Mikhail Mordkin and his Russian Ballet gave the first of four entertainments last night at the Boston Opera House. His chief dancers were Vera Nemtchinova, Hilda Butsova and Pierre Vladimirov. Vladimirov Bakaleinikov conducted skilfully a competent orchestra. It was 16 years ago that Mordkin, then with Mme. Pavlova at this opera house, appeared as Husseln in "Azylade," the ballet, or "Choreo-drama," which was last night, the first number of the program. The captured girl from the desert was mimed last evening by Mme. Nemtchinova; Medora, Husseln's favorite slave, by Mme. Butsova. The others in the cast were Mr. Vladimirov, a snake charmer; Mr. Zverev, a slave merchant; Mr. Ermlov, a Eunuch; Mme. Avila, Gayane; Mr. Arshansky, Kerim; Mr. Rothov, a jester.

This ballet admits of a sumptuous stage-setting, costumes of oriental colors with the women dressed according to

the popular impression of them. The plenty of action, dances warlike and seductive, with a simple story of passionate infatuation, jealousy that leads to attempted murder, and the hero's return to his first love. The stage setting was vividly colored, but the predominance of red in scenery and costumes did not always allow effective contrasts, or a background that would admit of varied hues, bold or simple. There was a prodigious stir on the stage, at times dramatic, too often with the effect marred by a lack of unanimity in the evolutions of the ballet.

The chief interest was of course, in the reappearance of Mr. Mordkin after many years. He is still a commanding figure, statuesque, graceful, virile, expressive in face, gesture, pose, according to the emotions felt by the oriental ruler. Mmes. Nemtchinova and Butsova were eloquent in pantomime and seductive in the dance, so that Husseln could have sung with Capt. Macheath: "How happy could I be with either," but Azylade preferred the freedom of the desert to guilty splendor. She left him. O she left him.

"Souvenir of Roses" followed, with music by Chopin; a variant of ballets seen here in former years. The two young women that stood for many minutes excited admiration by their immobility; the dancing of Mme. Butsova and Mr. Vladimirov charmed the eye; but here again the groupings and the evolutions of the corps de ballet lacked precision and gave one the impression that there will be need of long and arduous practice before Mr. Mordkin will be satisfied.

The divertissements were an ensemble dance of Brittany; Italian Beggar (Mr. Mordkin), a short and not especially impressive scene; a charming dance, "Nightingale," by Mme. Nemtchinova, with whistling obligato, besides a husky flute; an amusing little scene, "Wanyka-Tanyka," by Miss Marvin and Mr. Arshansky to the music of Liadov's "Music Box," a classic dance by Mr.

Vladimirov; Miss Moran's pleasing "Spinning Top" to music from Bizet's "Children's Suite," and "Melodie Hebraique," an ensemble with Mme. Nemtchinova and Mr. Mordkin leading.

The curtain rose at 8:30 P. M. The waits were very long. An audience of only fair size in the orchestra applauded vigorously.

There will be a change of bill tonight.

We understand that the bill for Saturday's matinee will be that of last evening; the bill of Saturday evening will be a repetition of Friday's.

"The countries which, like the United States, have created a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher instruction, will long have to expiate this fault by their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence."

"Chewing gum is classed as 'centrifuge' abroad."

In one of John Hay's poems a rough-neck gave a child chewing tobacco "to keep his milk-teeth white." Unfortunately we are not told whether it was plug or fine-cut—for in those days "Sage" and "Mayflower" were favorite brands of the latter form of the Indian weed for "eating."

LONG WORDS

M. writes in the Observer (London) that the Finnish language can easily compete with the Madagascarian language in the use of long words. "Such a well-known phrase as 'Heartiest congratulations on your birthday' runs in Finnish: 'Sydammellisinmitto onnentoivotuksenne syntymapaivana.' Among mythological names I may mention 'Wainamoinen, Lemminkainen, Kaarakoski, and among modern names Tuovilanahli, Solsalonsalmi, Karjalanhelmo.'"

MODERN EDUCATION

(For As the World Wags)

We cross-word fans, how much we learn

And gain in every way;
That sea-bird that was once an erne
Becomes an ern today.

A cow turns out to be a "daunt,"
(I thought it was a "moo")
Those birds that fair Hawaii haunt
Are classified as oo.

Our front porch seems to be a stoa;
An entrance is an edit.

The fitting word escapes my lore
Just when I thought I had it.

And Om and Og with ed and sat
Keep company with es.

And three toed cloths, and thie and that
Go hunting for a kea

The lure that lurks within the square
Eludes all prohibitions

And in each morning Herald's snare
We seek new definitions.

P. S. G.

to be a world wage:
Greatmarks about "The Fatal Coun-
have still tickling my mind and I
one to read the book But it
into difficulty as I mentioned
le friend and being asked the au-
and. William Routhead.
time of his peculiarities of English
James I unhesitatingly pro-
scussit Rowd, the "o" as in meow-
rd it a cat makes when she doesn't
night being asked to spell it said
ng. listed it should be Ruf-ed. A
tent-discussion ensued. If not too
ment matter you might inform me
ding your columns—otherwise I shall
Mas-rsult of knowledge and find out
most GEORGE STUART.
won Crossing.
state
per- A SPORT RESUKED

World Wags:
for-secretary of the Lord's Day
tive who seems in spite of scriptural
we to dislike "Fred Doe of Quincy,"
ar could some comfort in the following
buta from a letter written by Mr.
he poorest in 1854 to the manager
Boston Theatre concerning Mr.
lest Gilbert.
ked in the expression which you used
ter he as I had the pleasure to be
ung on as in Boston I inferred that
I could not justify my conduct
in Gilbert I refusing him
to act with me during my
ted agreement there. When I briefly
ed to your expression I supposed
was a swar your objections. But
two the matter over since, I am
mo certain I had convinced you of
ted, I decided right to pursue the
one I had adopted, so I will now
more fully my views of the ques-

is an axiom that man in a state
at-bury may choose his own asso-
m-s and if he find one to be teacher-
and unworthy he may discard him.
before, I discard Mr. Gilbert. Again,
lyer believed in the hypocrisy which
ry us to love one's enemies. My re-
for is to love the good and eschew
en-vill Therefore I eschew Mr. Gil-
x- Physical cowardice may be for-
s, but I never forgave a moral
t-ird Therefore, I forgive not Mr.
ort. He insists on associating,
t-ssional y or otherwise, with another
as-n to despise him, is a wretch un-
to the name of man. Therefore, Mr.
ert is unworthy the name of man."
L. X. CATALONIA.

THE STATISTICIAN
from the Saturday Review of Literature)
fast we had much of the spirit that
Des
rd in a notable set of Paul Frye,
By courtesy called Statistical Fel-
lo-s—
prying, spying, inquisitive clan,
ho has gone upon much of the self-
same plan,
For the laboring class's riches;
d after looking in pot and pan,
raving garments in want of
sashes
ve ascertained that a working man
ears a pair and a quarter of average
breeches.

A NOTE ON CHURCH-GOING
the World Wags:
in the small village of Conway, N. H.,
are a five places of religious wor-
p-t. Roman Catholic, the Catholio
escopal, Methodist Episcopal, Con-
gational, Baptist, and Christian
ce church. These taking the
ce of the Congregational and the
dis- comes of Christians that exist-
the beginning of the town's settle-

at a difference between church
erendice of those years and that of
ay. Instead of the sparse attend-
at every one of the churches—
ays excepting the Roman Catholic
its e'erlasting praise and credit—
ate Albert Barnes told me that
Dr. Porter of ancient and blessed
ory used to count the pulpit
s at the Congregational church he
the whole town before him.
perhaps many pious persons would
ow that such outlandish sentiment
denominational competition could
d among church members, yet one
the stories of last summer delights
profane. The Rev David A. Pear-
of St. Thomas' Church, Dover, pre-
ed a large class of young persons
confirmation at Bishop Dallas's first
sial visit at Christ Church, North
way. One of the number was a
ng man, a friend of a physician who
gts in teasing. Some neighboring
dren who had become the posses-
of a pony were accustomed to
er their pet daily at the Payson
ker trough, passing along the street
reen the doctor's house and the
ly confirmed young Episcopalian.
pony's knees were dusty. The doc-
called out to the young man: "I
that they've been making an Epi-

copation out of the poor pony." The
doctor has little time, on account of
his profession, to go to church. The
boy yelled back: "Seems to me it's
better to be an Episcopalian than noth-
ing at all—like some folks I know."
North Conway, N. H. E. M. M.

JOINT CONCERT
Concert givers are waxing in wisdom
Two nights ago Miss Nichols and Miss
Priskin, by means of a judicious joining
of forces, were able to offer a concert of
unusual interest. Two young singers
last night, Louis Neal, tenor, and Fred-
erik Butler, baritone, put their resources
together, making a program surely
better than either singer could have
managed alone.
To add still more variety, they showed
the good sense to engage Miss Marjorie
Posselt to play some violin solos. As
bad luck would have it, by the way, Mr.
Butler, down with laryngitis, could not
appear at all.
Mr. Neal, a singer who probably
would make no pretensions to having
passed the pupil stage, sang Irish folk
songs and Welsh, also four songs by
Grieg. Possessed of an excellent voice
in quality highly individual, he seems
to be well on the road to acquiring a
technique of a very definite kind, al-
ready producing his tones with ease,
and enunciating most distinctly al-
though, properly enough, he appears at
present to be firmer in technique than
in interpretation. Mr. Neal sang two
or three light songs last night in agree-
ably bright fashion, especially Martin's
"Come to the Fair." Mr. Reginald
Boardman accompanied him well.
Miss Posselt, who has journeyed
rather farther along the student's path,
showed marked progress in two years
time. She was never dull; her enthu-
siasm would not allow of that. But
she has added suavity to her equipment,
and a sweeter tone. Two years ago
she could not have played the slow
movement from a Vieuxtemps concerto
with the taste and sentiment she
brought to it last night. Miss Gladys
Posselt proved an able accompanist.
R. R. G.

A firm of undertakers announces "a
Complete Funeral" for \$75; but the
mourners are obliged to furnish the
corpse.
As the World Wags:
The barber said: "Wet or dry?" I
replied: "I don't come here to talk
politics."
Jonas Twitchell.

GOLDENROD
(For As the World Wags)
Bright goldenrod, misnomer as to staff
or stem,
Yet yellower above than name could
make of them.
Affaunting in the breeze pretense of
pampas plumes,
Or what might so appear to life be-
neath the blooms—
Like meal of maize broadcast the
freckled landscape o'er,
Or splashes of gamboge from the Great
Artist's store;
And making one last stand like a
massed flags' array
Before the frosts of winter end the
gala day' B. T.

Ever since I can remember, success-
ful business men, actors, lawyers,
writers and politicians have been cram-
ming down my throat the fact that they
started life as newsboys in which voca-
tion they were forced to battle with
each other and the elements in order
to glean a few coppers a day to take
home to their respective widowed
mothers. To this picaresque business
of squabbling over a few measly cents
they attribute their success in after
life.
Therefore, can you imagine my sheer
delight when nearly every day I read
how some clever person has completely
duped a bunch of dumb "newsies,"
those paragons of virtue and living ex-
amples of business acumen.
Think what that bright schemer is
doing for the future generation of
voters and of biography readers, the
kids of today who don't have to work
for a living. And envy those kids who
will never have to listen to a politician
20 years from now tell how he started
life as a "newsie" and worked down.
Yes, sir, the "meanest thief" deserves
a vote of thanks.
BRADSHAW BICKNELL.

In the sixties and seventies railway
presidents always began, according to
their biographers, by being waterboys
in the trains.—Ed.

ADD "UNNATURAL HISTORY"
As the World Wags:
Years ago veracious correspondents
reported here on various breeds of New
Hampshire sheep, selection (natural or
artificial) having developed one with
sharpened noses, so they could reach
the grass between the rocks; another
(the "slide-hill" breed) with legs short-
ened on one side so that they might
comfortably encircle the mountains
while grazing.
Now comes a report (In Science Sup-
plement, Sept. 24, 1926, page xlv) from
the curator of the Natural History Mu-
seum at San Diego, Cal., on the goats
of the island of Guadalupe, off the coast
of Lower California. This breed was in-
troduced there by the Mexican govern-
ment to give milk and flesh to the con-
victs, who with guards were the island's
sole inhabitants. These goats from
necessity have developed strange
peculiarities, such as these:
Having devoured all the grass and
other herbage, these goats have gnawed
the bark off the trees on the steep
heights; having exhausted all the bark
to be reached from the ground, they
have learned to climb trees for the
fodder, and by the same art to ascend
the precipitous cliffs, almost as readily
as a fly does a wall. The land forage
having given out, they have turned to
the sea and have eaten the kelp on the
strand. Not enough being cast on shore,
they now swim for it and other sea-
weed. Most astounding of all, since
their destroying the shrubs and trees
has diminished the supply of fresh
water, they are learning to slake their
thirst on the salt water.
Pacific salmon, as getting iodine from
the seaweed which it eats, was recently
and extensively prescribed for swelled
neck; for my own incipient swelled
head perhaps I should straightway
make a pilgrimage to reach the lodine-
impregnated goats, milk and flesh,
though I fear that before I can reach
that remote island Death will get my
goat. CHARLES—EDWARD AAB.

ONE HALLOWEEN
There was an eldritch wind in the dry,
dead leaves
And a lop-sided moon in the sky,
When out of the west, where the witch-
mother weaves,
Came a hag-ride thundering by.
'Neath the wild apple trees there were
eerie lights
Where cauldrons bubbled and stewed,
And back in the woods there were sin-
ister sights,
Where cats with red mouths mewed.
There were scarecrows shadowed in tat-
tered old hats
Who joined in a hurricane dance,
And the sulphurous eyes of spiders and
bats
Put two tiny elves in a trance.
My nurse's great aunt was there—so
she said—
In the light of a shuddering moon,
But as for myself . . . I'll be safe abed
When the witches begin to croon.
JAYHAWKER.

VENECIA IN PARIS
As the World Wags:
You ought to know Venecia. Gentian-
eyed, fair-haired Venecia, with the
wistful mouth of a child, the provoca-
tive body of a Clree, and just back from
another of those endless jaunts to Paris.
"And the party was frightfully awful!"
said she last evening, "so about mid-
night I sneaked out and went back to
the hotel." "Not ALONE?" I gasped.
"Of course," she drawled, "why not?"
"Oh, but—but, you oughtn't to wander
about Paris at night alone. Don't the
—the men annoy you?" "We-ell, they
DO stop you, of course," she replied,
"but that's nothing. I just put my hand
to my forehead—like I had a terrible
headache, you know—and say, 'Pas ce
soir, monsieur, pas ce soir.'
You really ought to know Venecia."
GREGORY.

REVENGE
As the World Wags:
Yonkel and Pavla were Yiddische
brothers who lived in Ungarn to the
time Kossuth made there his revolu-
tion. All both became soldiers under
Borbekal and fought against the Aus-
trians. When Russland came Austria
to the help Borbekal was beaten and
the brothers were taken gecatched by
Cossacken. Two Cossackische officers
wanted servants, so they had the
brothers brought before them and said:
"Hear on us Jews. You got two
chances. One is you should go to Siberia
in a prison for wargecatchte. The other
is you should be our servants. Nu, what
say you?"
So Yonkel and Pavla became to the
Cossacken, servants. All went good by
them till the Cossacken began to
thicker. When the wine from Ungarn
went in the badness from the Cossacken
cannot underst
MACKINLAY MANTOR.

came out. For nothing, only that he
was talking to his own brother, Yonkel
got hit black and blue by Pavla's officer.
He ran to his quartier and there told
his own officer what had fallen for.
Oh, how this one angered himself.
Right away he ran to Pavla's officer's
quartier. How he scolded on him.
"What, you hit my servant? Such a
thing you do me? And you think your-
self I will stand such a thing? Never
Never in the life. You hit my Jew, I
will hit your Jew." And Yonkel's of-
ficer fell loose over Pavla and hit him
as black and blue as his brother.
CHYAM HIRSCH.

AID CONSERVATORY
Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, pianists,
who played last night in Jordan hall
for the benefit of the Conservatory
scholarship fund, bethought themselves
of several features that made their con-
cert attractive.
They began it—as Mr Wallace Good-
rich did—on time. They brought it
home to people—or once more was it
Mr. Goodrich?—that more overtures are
extant still than those three that Weber
wrote, for Mr. Goodrich gave much
pleasure with Cherubini's overture to
"The Water Carrier," through which he
put the Conservatory orchestra in ex-
cellent performance.
Even better, the string orchestra
played in Bach's concerto for three
pianos, that in C major; Mr. Ernest
Hutcherson completing the trio of pian-
ists. A more satisfyingly brilliant and
musically performance of the dashing
first allegro could not be asked, nor a
more poetic interpretation of the adagio;
when certain composers today run on
about their movement "Back to Bach,"
no doubt they fancy their efforts sound
something like this adagio, because for-
sooth, they let their instrumental voices
have free way. After the final allegro
the audience applauded as heartily as
the people at Whiteman's band.
Quite as enthusiastically they ap-
plauded Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison's
performance of Bach's "Goldberg" va-
riations, arranged for two pianos by
Rheinberger. These variations are of-
tener praised than played, remarked
Rheinberger. By his arrangement he
must have done much to make them
tolerable, and the performers last night
must have done still more.
They cut down the original thirty,
at all events, by at the least of it a
third. And what was left they com-
bined so judiciously that instead of a
bore, they presented a series of de-
lightful little pieces, full of variety and
contrast. They played them with all
the color and sentiment at their com-
mand, with no evil results, so far as
one could hear, to the clarity of Bach's
designs. It does beat all how far more
attractively plain, good musicians can
play Bach's music than the specialists
can contrive it. Ask last night's audi-
ence.
To close the concert Mr. Maier and
Mr. Paterson played a new fantasy by
Mr. Hutchinson, for two pianos and or-
chestra. This music suggests a sym-
phonic poem with a very brilliant part
for pianos, a poem that deals with the
romantic times when knights were
bold, music of much melody—though
not melody strongly marked or much
developed—and sonorous orchestration.
The fantasy was super v played. Thus
ended a concert of rare pleasure, a
concert with life about it from start to
end.
R. R. G.

Mordkin Dancers Present Col-
orful Performance
The performance of Mikhail Mordkin
and his Russian ballet, assisted by Vera
Nemtchnova, Hilda Butsova and Pierre
Vladimiroff, was late in starting at the
Boston Opera House last night. Vladi-
mir Bakaleinikoff conducted.
There was only a fair sized audience.
Alas! The theatre should have been
crowded. For such artists as these are
seen only once in a blue moon.
The chief feature of the entertain-
ment was "Carnival," a colorful episode
of Spain, by Mikhail Mordkin. We say
the chief feature without belittling the
various soli, duets and ensembles that
followed. As the title implies, there
is the gathering for the fiesta. Down
the aisles of the auditorium, up the
runway and onto the stage they come
in holiday mood. All except Pierrot,
who carries a heavy heart along with
his guitar, for Pierrette has given en-
couragement to Harlequin.
Then to the carnival comes the mar-
quis, a Spanish Chevril, no less, who
"looks them over," as the fellow on the
corner would say. Ogle them he does,
to his keen delight, agitated he be-
comes when the "merchant" spreads
his "wares" on the silken veil, two
squirming, seductive charms
fleshings, bare torso, just a
of gold here and there.
He called for his cup
is aroused only for

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"Stepchildren of Music," by Eric Blom, is a book that should be put on the shelf with Cecil Gray's "Survey of Contemporary Music"; not that these English writers treat the same subjects; but they are uncommonly entertaining and free from hifalutin, free from what Artemus Ward called "pretty shopkeeping talk."

Mr. Blom, who was born in 1888, has been known by his contributions to Musical Opinion, the Manchester Guardian and other periodicals. He has written the program notes for the concerts of Queen's Hall Orchestra, London. His "Stepchildren of Music" is published in this country by Lincoln Macveagh, the Dial Press, New York. The book is enriched by 17 illustrations.

The chapters deal with musicians and compositions of two centuries. Mr. Blom says in his preface that the works are "linked together by the pathetic circumstance of having come into the world to be Music's stepchildren, ignored by the public at large, and scarcely likely to be made the subject of special study by the professional critic, who is busy with topical matters, or for other reasons deems it unprofitable to bestow his attention on music that would seem to him to belong, in Butler's words, 'to a debatable class between the sub-reputable and the upper disreputable.'" Making the acquaintance of some vaguely-familiar musician of the past, one will find him a personality "very different from that pictured by the historian who contents himself with repeating the verdict of tradition." The musician may have been unduly extolled; "more often he is scandalously slandered." The so-called great have sinned; the humble may have their virtues. There are withered trees as well as verdant ones. "It seems incredible, for instance, that among the thousands who listen time and again to Tchaikovsky's fourth, fifth and sixth symphonies, no matter whether with pleasure or aversion, scarcely anyone should ever conceive a desire to know if the first three might not possibly please them as much, or better." A composer does not always progress upwards; witness Mendelssohn's piano sonatas. A few quotations from the chapter on these sonatas will give a good idea of Mr. Blom's racy, picturesque manner of writing.

Why did Mendelssohn begin as "a dazzling genius" and end as a "mild talent"? He was the spoilt child among composers. "What exasperates us most in Mendelssohn is the fact that he never revolted against thus being hugged and petted. It is a deplorable thing indeed to witness how his music waxed increasingly wise and righteous as it grew up, how it became more and more genteel, and how its creator remained content with the conventions which are the discreet expedients of good form."

"He belonged to that dreadful species of childhood which does not know how to be naughty." His mellow lyricism ripened into "a vague something made up of sentimentality, seamliness and somnolence that conjures up visions of the Victorian Sunday evening hour between tea and church."

Apropos of the Sonata in B flat, op. 106: "The dear boy is now eighteen, and it is time to smooth down his rebellious locks with a little of that becoming macassar oil wherewith propriety demands to see the head of a perfect gentleman anointed." In the third sonata, there is in the Scherzo "a little of that fairy music Mendelssohn sometimes happily captured, but it is a fairy story told in a stuffy Berlin drawing room full of dried bulrushes and paper fans. That there are also some oils in heavy gilt frames depicting moonlit peeps of the Rhine is made abundantly clear by the slow movement."

"From this point, Mendelssohn will go on for 20 years producing with unflinching fluency a mass of music often relieved by some piece or another delightful enough of its kind, but uniformly slick in an unenterprising sort of way, making his contemporaries rave over and posterity regret, nay resent, an accomplishment so great as to make one long for some hideous human aberration from its smooth path. Mendelssohn's case is that of the very good boy who has got on everybody's nerves to such an extent that they wish to hear nothing more about him. Unhappily, the praises once so extravagantly showered on him make them disinclined to listen, had he something ever so charming to say. * * * The man who has the courage to revive even the best of the three sonatas is yet to be found."

This chapter should be illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley's picture of Mendelssohn which appeared years ago in the Savoy.

"Brave Galuppi" is known by Browning's poem. Does anyone play Galuppi's piano pieces today? Comparing them with Scarlatti's, Mr. Blom makes the shrewd remark that while Scarlatti's "with their rattling vivacity, can hardly be played fast enough save by a few exceptionally nimble pianists," Galuppi's require "a kind of lingering, caressing touch, if the bloom of their graceful tenderness is not to be brushed off." Scarlatti "always seem to play to an appreciative assembly, watching with delight the effect of his brilliant sallies. Galuppi sounds as if he were playing dreamily to himself, or at most to a few intimates grouped round him and listening in half-troubled, half-soothed silence."

Praising Philidor's "Tom Jones," Mr. Blom says that if there is a work in this world that leaves one entirely uncritical it is Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." Asking if the brilliant Rossini made a mistake in his youth by writing string quartets, Mr. Blom quotes Adolphe Adam, who said that amateur music seemed to be composed for the happiness of those who play it and for the despair of those who listen to it.

"Cherubini in Church." The story is told that he composed his Requiem in D minor for male voices for his own funeral, to save a repetition of what happened at Bellini's death when the priests of the Madeleine refused to admit female singers.

"Small Beethoven." This chapter will distress those who believe in plenary inspiration. "Beethoven seldom accomplished anything supremely good in miniature. His songs and his small piano pieces clearly show that. He required elbow room. He more than any other master required the prop of the sonata form." The early Bagatelles op. 33 have "a kind of good natured gentleness that reminds one of demure Viennese citizens' wives and daughters in the coal-scuttle bonnets of the period."

Showing the effect of Liszt's travels on his music, Mr. Blom finds in "Sposalizio" curious harbingers of both Debussy and Richard Strauss. "Angelus" is "Franck at his worst, when he invokes visions of brightly colored plaster saints," while "Sursum Corda" is like "a bad mixture of incense and cheap scent." (Apropos of the play "Juarez and Maximilian," now in New York, does any one remember Liszt's Funeral March for the Emperor Maximilian I of Mexico?)

Lortzing was a German precursor of Arthur Sullivan. Advancing the theory that composers with a real gift for comedy are the ones who lapse most grievously into false sentiment when they attempt to become serious—"literary humorists are by no means exempt from this curious complex"—Dickens, Mark Twain, Du Maurier, Daudet—Mr. Blom speaks of Sullivan's "mawkish" church music; Chabrier's "Gwendolen." Even Offenbach infused "much unendurable insipidity" in "The Tales of Hoffmann."

Cesar Franck's most serious defect was his almost total lack of any sort of literary culture. Thus the organ Chorales are more consistently good than the "Beatitudes"; the symphony to "The Wild Huntsman"; the Symphonic Variations to "Les Djinns"—for Franck could not discriminate in the choice of libretto or poem. So only "La Procession," "Les Cloches du Soir" and "Nocturne," of which the verses are at least passable, are the most successful of the songs.

These quotations should tempt all interested in music to read this unconventional book; to become acquainted with the musical relationship of Rousseau and the young Mozart; to sympathize with the misjudged Piccini; to speak more intelligently of Lampe's "Dragon of Wantley" and of Philidor, composer as well as master of chess; to weigh Wagner's French songs in the balance—his "Two Grenadiers" has been sung here—the grotesque idea of two great composers "making two Napoleonic soldiers express their ardent devotion to the Emperor to the strains of the most republican of songs." There are chapters on the tragedy of Chabrier and Pedrell; Samuel Butler's music in Handel's manner; Reger, composer for organ; Roussel's chamber music; Elgar's "neglected masterpiece"; Bartok's string quartets; a musical novel by Delius; Strauss's "The Woman Without a Shadow"; Arnold Bax's revival of the carol.

There is much weighty matter in this entertaining book, which is provided with a singularly complete index. P. H.

A NEW THRILLER

'Number 17' Should Raise Goose Flesh—'The Patsy' Again—Queer Foreign Plays

Mr. Clive will produce tomorrow night for the first time in Boston J. Jefferson Farjeon's play "No. 17," a play known in New York as "No. 7." It was first seen at the New Theatre, London, in August, 1925. Gilbert Fordyce, the courageous hero, was played by Nicholas Hannen. The part of the repentant heroine was taken by Nora Swinburne. In New York at the Times Square Theatre (Sept. 8, 1926) these roles were taken by J. W. Austin and Eden Gray. Ben, the cockney sailor, down on his luck, was played in London by Leon M. Lion, who produced the play; Ben in New York was played by Harry McNaughton.

This drama belongs to the class known as thrillers, shockers, raisers of goose flesh. For if the Fat Boy in "Pickwick" wished to make "your flesh creep" by his narrations, there are Fat Boys among dramatists.

Here we have an empty house, a sinister house, and what dreadful goings-on may be inside! Empty—yet there is a light in an upper window. Who comes out but Ben, shrieking that he has seen a corpse there. Fordyce, who has been loafing outside, climbs with Ben to the attic. What then happens, one must not tell. Let the audience shiver in expectation of horrors on horrors. What was behind the padded door; why was a wig hanging on the wall; who was the corpse and what became of it; who were the visitors that rang the street bell; whose hand opened the window—these questions were asked in fear and trembling in New York as in London. The most important question of all is, why did Fordyce go into No. 17? It is enough to say that the villains Smith and Mr. Brant are villains of the deepest dye.

It was said in London that Mr. Farjeon had made a new departure: made a "crook" play recklessly comic all through. "His vehicle of humor is a wretchedly down-at-heel and timorous sailorman, dragged by the detective, with chattering teeth and shaking knees, as his trusted partner through a hair-raising series of alarms and adventures. Terror can always be made amusing on the stage. There is still, after 300 years, a fiendish gaiety to be had from witnessing Sir Andrew's dislike of being stuck through with a rapier by Viola."

Or as Mr. Gabriel of the New York Sun put it: "Goose flesh is an automatic physical reaction which the average audience can be relied upon to accept as a manifestation of enjoyment."

When an announcement emphasizes the fact that the play is "wholesome," an experienced playgoer is tempted to stay away from the theatre where it is to breathe its sweetness. Yet this word "wholesome" may be applied to "The Patsy," now playing at the Wilbur, without the implication that the comedy is therefore vapid, dull, abounding in hokum; for "The Patsy" is entertaining without any breaking of the seventh commandment, without the appearance of a woman with a past. There is little profanity in the dialogue, profanity that sends audiences into fits of

GRACIE

APPLAUDS HAYES

Roland Hayes, tenor, admirably accompanied by William Lawrence, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall: Caldara, "Selve Amiche"; Scarlatti, "Gla il sole dal Gange"; Handel, "Ah Spletato," from "Amideli"; Schubert, "Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren," "Rastlose Liebe," "Die Stadt"; Brahms, "Helmkehr," "Es traumte mir"; Rachmaninoff, "Again Alone"; Griffes, "By a Lonely Forest Pathway," "The Lament of Ian the Proud"; Quilter, "Dream Valley"; negro spirituals, "Made My Yow," "Zlon Weep-a-low"; "Lit'l David," "Camp Meetin'."

Once more yesterday Mr. Hayes showed his supreme mastery of a certain type of song. This song must be of gentle sentiment, roguish, if you will, or pensive, but gentle it must stay. Its melody and rhythm must spring, as though spontaneously, out of the text; its words must move apace, in accordance with natural speech.

Two striking songs of this type Mr. Hayes found for yesterday, both by Roger Quilter, a setting of Blake's "Dream Valley," and one of Shakespeare's "It Was a Lover and His Lass." No less than perfectly Mr. Hayes sang these two. Every sentence he sounded as clearly as though he were reciting it in a room. Consequently, considering the idiom of the song, he made every phrase shapely in form. His tone, of an exquisite half voice, he let ravish the ear by its beauty.

Behold Mr. Hayes at his best. Other songs of the spirituals or Schubert's song of the boy at the spring, he sang quite as excellently.

In some different types of songs, though, Mr. Hayes appeared less a master. In Caldara's air, where the words, provide but feeble help, he lost his hold of the melody. He has not the warmth of nature needful to make dramatic air by Handel tell where words and melody fit each other not too loosely, as in Brahms's "Helmkehr" and Griffes's splendid lament, it is not Mr. Hayes who can make the two elements blend.

By a curious deficiency, furthermore, in his technique, Mr. Hayes cannot be sure of moderately high tones both beautiful and strong—it must be his technique at fault and not his natural voice, for when conditions suit he can deliver as well as the best a high tone both free and full—he did so several

times toward the end of yesterday's concert. If Mr. Hayes would remedy this vocal defect, he would widen his range considerably.

He had a vast audience yesterday, an audience highly enthusiastic, but one none the less that knew clearly what it liked.

R. R. G.

Mr. J. W. Lanigan of Portland, Me., sent to us the Canner (Chicago) of Oct. 23. It contains an engrossing article by Arthur P. Chew, "Shall the Food Law Be Toothless?"

Mr. Lanigan asks: "What do you think of this one?" Think? Mr. Chew's has already been proposed—with loud roars in the committee room—for our highall of Fame.

the World Wags: extant as 250-Pound Man Falls on Film prath Bunk.—Herald.

his The recent campaign showed that weight weights can also fall on us with junk. M. G. B.

There are people whose minds are nourished exclusively on silly papers which specialize in chit-chat and pictures of expensively empty people leading expensively empty lives.—St. John Ervine.

One can not help admiring Sir Harry Lauder's frankness. He does not come gain to the United States because he ves us with a passion that passeth nderstanding; he does not come merely gaze again at the justly applauded yline of New York. When he said ood-by to friends and reporters at ne Waterloo station, London, he lifted up a cheery voice: "I'm going back to try to get back some of the money we have been giving them the last two rland a half years. And I think I'll get y a bit, because the Americans are al- ways ready to pay for anything good and substantial." Here modestly and thrift kissed each other.

am Louis C. Hurt is evidently a sen- person. He wrote from Vienna Sunday Times (London): "A wspanner wrote: 'We shall not

be surprised if the King of Bulgaria does not abdicate,' meaning if he abdicates. This illogical insertion of 'not' is quite usual in conversation."

Sir Charles Higham recently spoke about the ascendancy of modern women. Sir Ian Hamilton said in reply: "There's too much of that sort of slush on tap." He declared that Sir Charles was 20 years behind the time.

"We're all dominated now," said Sir Ian, "always have been—and this dominance has been going on since Mrs. Noah walked into the ark she had nagged Mr. Noah into building for her. 'Why, in the very newspapers in which I saw this 'startling statement' by Sir Charles Higham was another paragraph saying that woman had again shown her superiority, this time by an invention."

"This particular inventress was, it appears, worried by the blankets falling off her bed every night—so much so that at last her husband invented and patented an ingenious clip for holding them on. But the husband would never have invented the clip if the wife had not made him."

"Exactly; there's the relation of the sexes in a nutshell. The man and the woman between them have enriched the world by a blanket clip. The man wouldn't have invented it if it hadn't been for the woman."

Thus do these noble "Sirs" dispute in a commendably aristocratic manner. Does any one object to Sir Ian's word "inventress"? Well, Dryden, "Glorious John," used it.

"At last divine Cecilia came. Inventress of the vocal frame," and the word was written in the 16th century.

In Thomas Love Peacock's "Cryll Grange" there is mention in conversation of Jack of Dover, "who traveled in search of a greater fool than himself and did not find him." The Rev. Dr. Opimian then remarked: "He must have lived in odd times. In our days he would not have gone far without falling in with a teetotaller, or a decimal coin-are man, or a school-for-all man, or a competitive examination man who would not allow a drayman to lower a barrel into a cellar unless he could expound the mathematical principles by which he performed the operation."

Peacock was not merely a man of his time. Years ago he mourned the noise and tunelessness of "modern" music, "the passion for rushing about the world observing nothing, and observed that 'modern dancing' is little more than walking." When his Lord Curryfin hoped that the telegraph might yet be laid in the Atlantic, Dr. Opimian answered: "I have no wish to expedite communication with the Americans. If we could apply the power of electrical repulsion to preserve us from ever hearing anything more of them, I should think that we had for once derived a benefit from science."

IN LINE

(For As the World Wags)

There is a duty I owe to the world—At sixty my hair should be gracefully curled

My hair—which is somewhat thin and gray

Must be disposed in a modish way.

It is well to secretly superimpose

A flick of powder on cheek and nose

My step must be made so snappy and spry

That those behind me shall not pass by.

But the smile is the thing by which to win—

Without that, the rest is not worth a pin.

For two score years I intend to try

To look Old Time square in the eye;

But after that I'm willing to say

"Now, dear old father, have your own way."

Till then let me keep my tryst with the world

Powdered and smiling and freshly curled.

Worcester.

F. S. P.

'T WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY

As the World Wags:

According to a report, the Italians intend to celebrate the Italian victory over Austria. Could it mean the war between Austria and Italy in 1866, where that latter's ally, Prussia, administered to Austria an overwhelming defeat at the battle of Sadowa, and eventually compelled her to relinquish Venetia in favor of Italy? Incidentally, during that rather brief and decisive war, Italy lost the only serious engagement with the Austrian troops, viz., the battle of Custoza.

PUBLISHER'S CONFESSION

(The Saturday Review of Literature)

A letter from P. E. G. Quercus, the bookseller, says: "I have been making an intensive study of advertising, and to me that some one should

parody Kipling's famous quatrain. In fact I have done so, to this effect:

I have five serving men, by gosh,
They taught me all I knew:—
Their names are Hokum, Bunk, and Bosh,
And Blurb and Ballyhoo.

One likes to think of Max Beerbohm's reply to the editor of the Saturday Review. Beerbohm was about to succeed Bernard Shaw as the dramatic critic of the paper. The editor hinted that he must not expect so large a salary as G. B. S. had been receiving.

"Oh, but I shall," responded Max. "Shaw was used to the work and found it easy, whereas I'm new to it and shall find it hard. If anything I should be paid more."

'NO. 17' PLAYED

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "No. 17," a play in three acts and five scenes by J. Jefferson Farjeon. Produced by Leon M. Lion at the New Theatre, London in August, 1925. Gilbert Fordyce, Nicholas Hannen; Ben, Leon M. Lion; Nora, Nora Swinburne; Eddie Scott, Ronald Simpson; Mr. Ackroyd, E. H. Brooke; Smith, Fred Groves; Mr. Brant, James Lindsay; "Henry," F. A. Flower; Rose Ackroyd, Elizabeth Arkel. Produced as "No. 7" by Earl Carroll at the Times Square Theatre, New York, on Sept. 8, 1926. Fordyce, J. W. Austin; Ben, Harry McNaughton; Nora, Eden Gray.

The cast last night was as follows:
Gilbert Fordyce..... Alan Mowbray
Eddie Scott..... Edmund George
Mr. Ackroyd..... Richard Whorf
Louis Leon Hall
Smith..... C. Wordley Hulse
Mr. Brant..... Norman Cannon
Henry..... May Edles
Rose Ackroyd..... Nan Marriott Watson
Nora..... E. E. Clive
Ben.....

Balzac begins his story "Ferragus" with a disquisition on streets of Paris; how some, like men, are dishonored; for streets have human qualities and by their physiognomy impress one with certain ideas that cannot be disregarded. If there are noble streets, if there are respectable streets, reassuring streets, there are also streets of evil company where no honest man would like to dwell. There are streets whose houses suggest vice and crime. There are narrow streets where the sun enters only a few times a year. "There are assassin streets that kill with impunity."

(Did Arthur Morrison have these pages of Balzac in mind when he gave the title "Tales of Mean Streets" to his collection of grim, squalid, pathetic stories?)

Now No. 17 was a dreary, dreadful house in a suspicious street. The house was supposedly empty; at least there was a sign "To Let." Why then did a light move from an upper window to a lower one? And what was Mr. Fordyce, who seemed to be a gentleman of leisure, doing outside in the foggy street, and why was some stutterm calling loudly his name? The playbill itself excited anticipation of dark deeds to come: scenes in the attic and the cellar. No wonder, Ben, the cockney sailor, who has the fat lines and the fat part in the play, was frightened out of his boots, when seeking a lodging in this attic he came upon a corpse.

This melodrama might have for a sub-title, "Who's Who and Who's Whom." It would not be easy, if it were generous to the actors and to the future audiences at the Copley, to tell the plot. Who are the detectives and who are the crooks? The spectator pluming himself on his shrewdness is constantly baffled. Is Mr. Ackroyd on the square? Why did the villainous Smith and Brant distrust "Henry"? Why did Fordyce also suspect him?

There are the usual and expected features of a blood-curdling melodrama: mysterious lights, Rose coming down through a skylight, a corpse that some unknown persons carry away, a hand at a window, handcuffs and pistols, the repentant Nora saving Fordyce from a crook's dagger in the spirit of Florida Tosca attempting to rescue her young lover from the Baron Scarpia, the sight of men roped and gagged, a trap door, strange ringing at the street door and strange noises inside, a cellar door that opens and shuts by a combination lock and spring—and for relief, the ever present, irrepressible Ben, now as cowardly as Sir Andrew, now breathing threatenings and slaughter. Of course there is a diamond necklace; there is talk of a post office robbery. Constant surprises, vain guesses and conjectures in every scene. Plot? The play is all plot where there is not counter-plotting.

No wonder the large audience was pleasantly mystified and greatly amused. The play moved swiftly; the ensemble was excellent. Mr. Fordyce was imperturbably good-natured, even when he was gagged, bound, ready to be delivered to the graveyard. His smile was ever ready; then there was his gallantry toward Nora, with comments on reformation by imprisonment which might have been taken from a

zealous tract. Ten to one he was to Normandy to visit Nora with the thought of wedding chimes. As we have said, Mr. Clive was the life of the decidedly mixed party. Mr. Hall, who has recently joined the company, and Mr. Hulse were appropriately brutal in their villainy; Mr. Hulse roaring his threats and wicked counsel, Mr. Hall slick and greasy in his hideous proposals. Murderous and amatory. The women did well what little they had to do.

It was a pleasure to see Mr. Clive again in an important part, though a minor role is not minor when he plays it.

ARTISTS & MODELS

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Artists and Models" (Paris edition), revue in two acts and 31 scenes. Skits and sketches by Harold Atteridge. Lyrics by Clifford Grey. Music by Alfred Goodman, J. Fred Cootie and Mourle Rubens. Pierre De Reeder conducted.

The principals that appeared in the various sketches were Phil Baker, Teddy Claire, Florence Quinn, Bernard and Rich, Andrew Jochim, Stanley Rogers, Beth Elliot, Ned Norworth, Flora Hoffman, Lewis Cates, Dottie Van Hest, Brennan and Rogers, Eric Titus. There were also the Eighteen Gertrude Hoffman Girls, and the orchestra was augmented by the Broadway Entertainers' Band.

Quite naturally comparisons are inevitable in an entertainment of this kind. Much has heretofore set a very high standard and much has been stupidly mediocre. This "show" will at least hold its own after the manner of the formula as we understand it: Girls, music, song, dance, spectacle and novelty.

Last evening flesh was paramount. This must be laid at the feet of the Eighteen Gertrude Hoffman Girls, and since they made up the major portion of the entertainment, flesh would have it. Nor is it too much to say that very little was left unrevealed. Now this does not mean that they did not have resort to fleshings, for in some of the sketches they appeared tighted, in one other heavily draped and overdressed, but for the most part it was nature very little adorned, and they were promptly elected!

We must say of late that the fun ingredient of contemporaneous revue knows not the mortar and pestle. We must forthwith admit that last evening it was very much in evidence and decidedly welcome. Phil Baker stopped the show or was it his foil, planted conveniently in the right hand balcony box? The comedian (in the box) was not mentioned in the act, paradoxically he was heard. There were other comedians, each in his own way funny, but they offered little to compare with these two.

Of the music there was little else than the perfunctory and routine of the revue of the theatre, with the exception of what was appropriated for the ensemble dances. It is true that here and there is was conspicuous for nifty bits of orchestration, and it served for a joyous occasion.

The sketches were happy in their brevity, for their sophistication was overemphasized. There was a surfeit Hopwoodian beds, a flow of double entendre unceasingly and the colloquialisms of the brothel.

Just two solists of the serious vein—Harold Stanton and Flora Hoffman—and they sang agreeably not very complex ditties.

There was much in the way of dances, and excellent, too. The Gertrude Hoffman Girls are yet in the memory and will not down; their Charleston number was wild but arresting; their aerial act was daring. Every time they appeared there was something worth while, if only to show you how they could do it with so little clothes on. Buck they did, as well as flacker, toe, jazz, ballet, swirl, peacock, shimmy and the leopard's dance as well.

For a spectacle it measured well "The Maid of the Milky Way" was beautiful in its opulence, in its ethereal atmosphere with its soaring balloons and its girles revolving high up in the flies.

The dream scene, too, after the manner of Cellini, visualizing the jewel box, the lavaliere, the fountain, the earrings and comb. And again the astounding perspective that set off "The Star," simple enough, but a novelty in those jaded days of our theatre if ever there was one. There were others equally interesting, but we must be off to press. You must see all this for yourself. We confidentially advise it.

T. A. R.

'LADY FAIR'S

A new and pretentious operetta received its first metropolitan showing at the Shubert last night, a romantic piece of distinctive score, excellent singing, elaborate scenic trappings, and well-written book. "Lady Fair" was

even with eager entrance and shows all the signs of becoming a pronounced success to vie with "Rose Marie" and "The Student Prince." The romantic aspect of Abd-el-Krim and his Riffian warriors has been seized upon for plot material by the authors, Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein and Frank Mandel. The leading figure of the piece, "The Red Shadow," is a merger of the Riffian chieftain and Mrs. Hull's sheik, retaining the best features of each. In scarlet robes and mask, this striking figure leads a small band of devoted Riffian warriors, and is the terror of the French forces. That alone is a good start, but when one considers that he is really the son of the French general who is fighting against him, and is in love with Margot, the toast of the French post, who is about to be forced into an unwilling marriage, the glorious possibilities of Lochlinvar heroes open charmingly ahead. He does indeed swoop down upon the French garrison and carry off the lady fair to his tent in the desert, giving cause in the progress of his impetuous courtship for exotic scenes in which barbarous desert people with brightly colored robes mingle in striking contrast with the blue-uniformed soldiers of France and dozens of ladies in Paris evening gowns. And one has only to look with an authority on northern Africa to learn that in many ways the authors have not jerked the long arm coincidence out of joint. They have utilized a splendid fictional opportunity of good advantage.

When the first notes of the overture are heard, everyone suddenly awakes to the fact that here was music instead of the tawdry and banal jargon which musical show patrons have been forced to accustom themselves to. A glance at the program, and the reason was evident—the music was done by Sigmund Romberg, of "Blossom Time" and "Student Prince" fame. That impression deepened as the play progressed, and the "Riding Song of the Riffian," the "French Marching Song," and "One Flower in Your Garden" were heard.

Like all good, well-rounded operettas, "Lady Fair" does not depend upon the work of a few stars, and it is easy to predict a half a dozen companies will roam the land before the season over. Yet the work of Robert Halliday in the leading role, of Mildred Rissette, a slender girl with a charming smile, in the role of Margot, and the boyish and naive Eddie Buzzelli in the comedy role, was very enjoyable. The chorus was well trained, and received prolonged applause in the march-number.

"Lady Fair" follows frankly in the steps of "Rose Marie," and many of its similarities are evident. But do not mar. "Lady Fair" is just as much a dancin' as was the darling of the Northwest Mounted, and is a joy of your vote.

H. F. M.

BEAUTIFUL TRINI HEADS KEITH BILL

Trini, featured dancer in revues, and just seen here in "The Passing Show," is heading the bill at Keith's this week in an act assisted by Loula Betancourt's atmospheric Marimba band. She makes an entrance a la Meller, in a gorgeous Spanish costume of silver, sings a bit, and then goes into a Spanish dance with the castanets and the tamping of heels successfully employed. He is very lovely to look upon, and easily earns her title, certainly, as "one of Spain's most beautiful."

Florrie La Vere, formerly of Holmes and La Vere, has a new act which gives her a chance to demonstrate her ability as a dancer. She opens in the stage box as formerly, but Lou Handman, the composer, who plays with her instead of Harry Holmes, is weak in the comedy end of it. He later redeems himself by running over a few of his many song hits on the piano. Miss La Vere does first rate imitations of Kitty Boner and Marlon Davies by way of introducing some clever tap dancing. She reminds one a bit of Ida May Chadwick in her style.

Carr and Farr, two English chaps, have an excellent dancing act with any novel and original comedy stunts included. Harry Holman is back again with his "Hard Boiled Hampton," a wise cracking sketch, with practical-a laugh a line. Edith Manson sings two or three numbers. The audience loved the act a lot. Mae Francis, "mucal comedy songstress," presented a repertoire that was enthusiastically received. And, of course, Kramer and Kyle, "A Happy Go Lucky Pair," have more enjoyable nonsense to offer. There are entertaining acts to complete the program.

A. F.

WHITEMAN'S BAND AT METROPOLITAN

Paul Whiteman, portly maestro of our native music, holds forth on the Metropolitan stage this week with his flatulent horns and snoring saxophones. Bathed in myriads of light effects, and all dressed up in a brass buttoned-norfolk, he slides readily through every mode of syncopation with a sly sophisticated humor and cadence all his own.

Thus and so, he introduces several new pieces of unusual beauty without neglecting to maintain a fresh and evenly balanced program which incorporates more than one seasoned standby and of course the celebrated Gershwin opus, "Rhapsody in Blue." Leading off with a lightly languorous melody of "In a Little Spanish Town," he swings into the hoydenish smartness of "The Girl Friend," bringing out its full lush humor. "Rhapsody in Blue," which has come to be associated more with Mr. Whiteman than with the composer himself, seems to have been handled with even a more deft touch—if possible, than that which has characterized in his past renditions of it. The Gershwin rhapsody with those hectic melodies and aborted counterpoints apparently gains vitality every time it is played.

"Meet the Boys," furnishes an opportunity for him to display the virtuosity of several star performers. A new importation from Vienna, "When the Day is Done," made a distinct hit. Originally christened "Madonna," it is a distinctly somber strain of a much more subdued nature than any recent piece of domestic jazz. The program concludes with "Sakuntala," a Whiteman-esque version of the Goldmark overture. It is delightful.

But if the stage has been glorified this week, the Metropolitan grass has not been slighted. Raymond Griffith and his slick hat indulge their respective selves in a mystery comedy of had blunders and bad deeds, called somewhat erroneously, "You'd Be Surprised." Perhaps the best index of its cocky spoofing may be summed up with the initial sub-title, "Everybody enjoys a good murder but the victim." Griffith is cast as a coroner with highly original ideas of the most efficient ways to solve a crime. Aided by Dorothy Sebastian, he finds the gems, chooses a jury, and convicts the criminal in less time than it takes to tell about it. All the worn out theatricalisms of murder melodrama are lampooned as a lambent satire on mystery moves. "You'd Be Surprised" just about touches the high water mark. Orchestral feature and organ solo, news reel and a "Felix the Cat" cartoon wind up the program.

Castle Square Theatre—"Applesauce," by Barry Conner. A comedy in three acts, performed by the Castle Square Players. The cast:

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| Ma Robinson | Joan Gilbert |
| Pa Robinson | Jack Marvin |
| Jennie Baldwin | Gene Cleveland |
| Hazel Robinson | Ally Dwyer |
| Matt McAllister | Harold Chase |
| Bill McAllister | Gavin Gordon |
| Rollo Jenkins | Kenneth Lane |

This week's choice of play is one which depicts the typical American home in the era just before the advent of the 'flapper.' It revolves around the prime necessity of spreading happiness in order to get any joy from life. Bill McAllister, the collegiate hero, points out that the successful business man, who has never taken a vacation and never intends to, is not so much of a figure. He only is of some use in the world who goes out of his way to make others happy by saying and doing kind things. What though the method used in spreading this happiness is via the well worn road of saying it with 'applesauce'?

Bill McAllister gets there and comes through with the girl, the job and the rich uncle's money. He gets all this by obviously flattering people but by doing it so well that they do not recognize the process! The comedy is just a slice from American life with the characters a trifle exaggerated in order that they may bring the truths nearer home.

All honors for enlivening the performance go to Gavin Gordon. He has the audience with him from his first entrance. He possesses good looks, a magnetic personality and more in that he puts punch and vitality into his lines. The play moves with him.

Good work was also done by Joan Gilbert as Ma Robinson and Jack Marvin as Pa. Gene Cleveland, as Jennie Baldwin, seemed inclined to exaggerate her characterization and to emphasize lines that were obviously worthy of meriting a laugh in themselves.

A very enthusiastic audience seemed well pleased with the snappy humorous dialogue and with the play in general.

F. B. B.

VON DOHNANYI IN

SYMPHONY HALL—Ernst von Dohnanyi, pianist, played this program last night in Symphony hall: Variations on a Hungarian Theme, Op. 29, Introduction and Fugue from "Humoresques," Adagio non troppo, Presto in G minor, from "Ruralla Hungarica," Dohnanyi; Sonata, E flat, Op. 31, Beethoven; No-

turne, C sharp minor, Impromptu, A flat major, Mazurka, D major, Chopin; Intermezzo, E flat, Op. 117, Brahms; Rondo alla Zingarese, Brahms-Dohnanyi.

Dohnanyi, the composer, as a glance at the program will show, took a strong hand in last night's concert. A curious composer he is, with musical ideas to his credit well worth the writing. Ideas which develop agreeably so long as the lyrical vein holds, but which lose themselves under a landslide of notes the instant excitement stirs. The pleasantest piece of the group, because the quietest and so the most coherent, was the adagio. The audience, liking these pieces well, would have more.

Dohnanyi, the pianist of true beauty some of us remember from years ago, beauty low in key but beauty none the less real, was present in person to play the quieter episodes of these, his pieces, and also an added piece after the sonata, to play them with tone very fine in a clear, cool way, with deft passages that rippled and gleamed. But soon he made place for Dohnanyi the virtuoso.

For of a sudden Mr. Dohnanyi took the notion to play prodigiously fast. The sonata he dashed off at a tearing pace, what didn't he do to Chopin's Impromptu? He did it no good, at all events, nor did he benefit the sonata by slighting its themes as though they were not worth the playing.

Surely Mr. Dohnanyi was doing violence to himself as well as to Beethoven and Chopin. He is no wild creature to whom playing of that sort can come by nature; his own compositions prove as much, for they make most sense when they keep most calm. Is he trying to move with the times? He may be wise—but not when he drags Beethoven along in company. When he plays again in Boston, pray let Mr. Dohnanyi return to his older, finer way.

R. R. G.

Noah Porter, author of "The Human Intellect" and president of Yale, used to say to the young men of the senior class of 1876, young men trying to understand various schools of philosophy, or calmly dozing on the back seats: "And now we come to Immanuel Kant. He never went more than 15 miles away from Koenigsberg, yet he shook the world."

When Mr. Herkimer Johnson called at The Herald office yesterday and said that for many years his travels had been confined to the comparatively short journeys to Clamport and back we at once recalled the statement of Noah Porter's concerning Kant. For Mr. Johnson's fame is international, not only as an upsetter of ethnological, anthropological and sociological theories, but as a constructive critic and explorer, a moulder of new thought, a framer of new systems.

"My travels, sir, are in summer on my veranda, when I read Hakluyt, Barrows' China, Sir John Mandeville, the voyages of Sindbad the Sailor, also 'Mobi Dick' and 'Mardi.' In winter I attend the Travels of Messrs. Newman and Holmes. It's much easier, for I like my own bed and bathtub."

We at once urged Mr. Johnson to purchase for his library three books of travel published by E. P. Dutton & Co. One of these books he had read some years ago: "The Surgeon's Log: Impressions of the Far East," by J. Johnston Abraham; a book that has seen several editions.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Johnson, "I enjoyed his account of life on shipboard, and his adventures in the far east where he was a keen observer. As a boy I wished to visit the regions that on the map were colored gaudily, just as later I longed to see Central America on account of the picturesque and alluring postage stamps of those republics. Reading Dr. Abraham's account of Java, Singapore, other lands and cities, whatever desire I had to go east of Suez vanished like smoke, but I was fascinated by his interesting and amusing narrations, his unflinching good humor, his obduracy, to use the language of the ancient Romans—"we regret to say that Mr. Herkimer Johnson is at times pompously pedantic in speech—perhaps he tries to imitate the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, though of course he cannot be descended from that great and good talker."

"I remember," continued our friend, "Dr. Abraham's remark about congress gaiters, which he saw sported in the far east, for the easy pulling off on entering a Japanese house or temple—congress gaiters that he had always associated with the Non-Conformist brethren of England. It's a good book, a fascinating book and deserves its reprints."

Mr. Johnson had not read the other books we strongly recommended: Cecil Gosling's "Travel and Adventures in Many Lands" and Ferdinand Ossendowski's "The Fire of Desert Folk: The Account of a Journey Through Morocco," translated by Lewis Stanton Palen, Ossendowski's collaborator in "Beasts, Men and Gods," "Man and Mystery in Asia" and "From President to Prison," which, when they appeared, excited discussion as to their credibility.

Cecil Gosling was a minor official employed by the English foreign office; a man who wandered from his childhood. Readers of Algernon Blackwood's strange tales will remember how John Silence rescued a fellow-Englishman from the ghostly devil worshippers at Kannstadt, where once was the severe school of the Moravian Brothers. Gosling attended this school and tells of the rigid training. It would take much space to give an adequate idea of what Mr. Gosling saw and heard in many lands. Spain—he gives a long account of bulls and bull-fighting—Guatemala, Africa, the British Bechuanaland police force and good fighting. Officers and troops suffered from scanty fare, but Cecil Rhodes had brought with him all sorts of luxuries—champagne and pate de foie gras. "When our half-starved men saw the remnants of the feasts, empty bottles and tins outside the tent of the great African statesman, they were apt to use very plain and decidedly strong language." Other reasons are given for Rhodes' unpopularity. Mr. Gosling saw Cuba when it was a Spanish colony, a Havana without drainage, while Dr. Finlay was "the first to discover the real character of yellow fever." There are many pages about Paraguay and its people, with a backward glance at the fiendishly cruel President Lopez, ruled by his mistress, Mrs. Lynch, picked up in a Parisian music hall. There are pages about New Australia and the "Terrible Padre Maiz."

Mr. Gosling liked Gen. O'Brien, the American minister for Paraguay and Uruguay. "What he had done to become a general, I never knew, but he was a thoroughly good fellow, fond of a glass and fond of a lass." Mr. Gosling then crossed the Andes to Lima and La Paz, and from here on there are exciting as well as informing pages. He returned to civilization in 1913, broken down in health, but he could not forget the manliness, courage and chivalry of the Spanish-American people, especially the country folk, nor the flowery prairies, gloomy forests, rushing rivers and the beauty of the leopardo-tree. There are illustrations and a copious index. Yes, Mr. Johnson, you must read this volume of 400 large octavo pages without a dull one in it. Our only fear is that, engrossed in the reading, you will neglect the preparation of your own colossal work.

Mr. Gosling tells his story simply. Mr. Ossendowski waxes oratorical at times, but he, too, gives the world an entertaining book, valuable at this time on account of the relations of France and Spain with countries of northern Africa, and readable in years to come. It is a book of vivid descriptions, strange legends, studies of life in town and country, investigations into the art of the magicians in the market-place, pages that might be found in the "Thousand Nights and a Night," pages that might be taken from historical, political and ethnological works. Leaving Fez, "the heart and mind of Maghreb," he looked upon it as "a great smithy, where steel is being wrought and shaped for a yet unknown use. Will this steel be turned out as plough and engine to co-operate with the men of Europe in the subjugation of nature, or will it be shaped into curved scimitars with which to fight the invader? Only Allah knows—Allah, who in the hidden tablets of the Book of Fate has written his final decrees. But back on the mountainside that evening after the sun had entered the sea-guarded doors of its fairy palace in the west, a flute played somewhere, a drum was heard and the high wailing of a late mezzun reached our ears: 'La Illah Illah! Allah! Allah Akbar...'"

The book is provided with glossary and a bibliography. In the latter we miss the name of Cunningham Graham.

MISS NIEM

By PHILIP HALE

In Jordan hall, last night, Ilse Nicmack, violinist, and Isidore Gorn, pianist, played for the first time in this city. Willy Schaeffer was the accompanist. Miss Niemack's selections were as follows: Paganini, Concerto, D major; Schumann, On the Drava, Scherzo and Macarolle; R. Goldmark, Witches' Sabbath; Mendelssohn-Achton, On Wings of Song; Wieniawski, Scherzo Taran-telle; Mr. Gorn's were: Haydn, An-tante with Variations; Brahms, Capriccio, B minor, Rhapsody, G minor; Chopin, Ballade, A flat, Two Mazurkas, Etu-pe op. 25, No. 12, Scherzo, B flat minor; Tschernin, Rhapsody in Blue, solo ar-rangement by Gorn.

Miss Niemack is a young violinist of pleasing personal appearance and mod-est bearing. She probably chose Paga-nini's Concerto to show what she could do in the technical way; certainly not for the musical contents. We know from the testimony of Paganini's con-temporaries that he excited the wonder of even cold-blooded violinists, com-posers and the great public; he touched their hearts; we doubt very much that he played this concerto as it existed in print before it was tinkered for present use. Miss Niemack gave a highly cred-itable performance as far as mechanical proficiency was concerned. Her har-monies were pure; the florid passages were often played with becoming bril-liance. Nor did she in the lyric meas-ures fall into sentimentalism. The Lord knows they are slushy enough as they stand. Her own pieces are pretty, belonging to the more refined order of salon music. Mr. Goldmark's "Witches' Sabbath" is amusing, as showing that witches in their orgies are given to trilling their hellish joy. Mr. Gorn's playing of Haydn's varia-tions was clean-cut and metronomic. He does one hear a performance so strict time. In the matter of many beats in a measure, Mr. Gorn is inexorable; as young Mr. Small-and was adamant in the matter of gravi-ty. Mr. Gorn showed greater flexibil-ity in tempo. He has a pleasing touch. It is as an interpreter he is inclined to appear on the engraved pages. Mr. Schaeffer played excellent accom-paniments. There was a small audi-ence which was generous in applause.

GEORGE BROWN

By PHILIP HALE

George Brown, violoncellist, assisted by Jesus Sanroma, pianist, and Arthur Fiedler, accompanist, gave a concert in Jordan hall last night. Boccherini, Concerto, B flat major; Pizzetti, Sonata, G major; Chopin, Polonaise, op. 3; Bloch, Meditation Hebraique; G Faure, Sicil-iana; Lalo, Guitare.

Boccherini's concerto was played here three years ago at a Symphony concert by Mr. Casals. Pizzetti's sonata was in-troduced in Boston by Mr. Miquelle and his wife. Chopin's Polonaise was justly characterized by the composer in 1829: "I wrote an 'Alla Polacca' with 'cello ac-companiment during my visit to Prince Radziwill. It is nothing more than a brilliant drawing-room piece suitable for the ladies. I should like Princess Wanda to practice it. I am supposed to have given her lessons. She is a beautiful girl of 17, and it would be delightful to place her pretty fingers on the keys." Mr. Joseph Adamowski edited this polonaise and arranged the violoncello part. Wanda's pretty fin-gers long ago were dust. Time has been no more considerate of this polon-aise. It is a tawdry, vulgar thing. Bloch's "Hebrew Meditation" is dated 1924; Lalo's "Guitare," now over 40 years old, was written for the violin and piano.

Mr. Brown is to be thanked for not riding the old war horses from the stables of Boellmann and Tchaikovsky; nor did his program include the cus-tomary, traditional piece by Popper. It is not easy for a violoncellist to ar-range a program that will be of musi-cal worth and at the same time hold the attention of an audience, unless it be made up exclusively of slaves and victims of the instrument, which is pleasant to hear in solo works for 15 or 20 minutes, possibly half an hour. One soon wearies of sentimental cat-erwaulings and ceases to admire the nimble catching of flies up and down the strings. Mr. Brown's program contained compositions of genuine interest with exception.

He wrote, "We shall not

Pizzetti's music, awakened in his soul by the death of his wife, is in conversa-tional form for the two instruments. Conversation that at times is choked with sobs and tears; at other times rising to emotional eloquence. There are epirrhual pages; there are pages that suggest the solemn rites of the church. There is no taint of theatrical woe; no empty parade of grief, no "windy aspirations of forced breath." A noble work, and it was eloquently performed by Mr. Brown and Mr. San-roma.

The delightful music of Boccherini, music of the old world elegance, grace and simple beauty, at once set the large audience in pleasant mood. Mr. Brown did not fail to reproduce the delicacy and charm of the first movement; he played the cadenza in virtuoso fashion; the Adagio with the becoming tender-ness and sentiment. He has made a long step forward since we last heard him. Mr. Fiedler, as on previous oc-casions, accompanied in a musical and sympathetic manner.

'BARBER OF SEVILLE'

There was opera last night in Sym-phony hall, when Chappin took the stage in Rossini's "Barber." This was the cast.

Almaviva..... Joseph Bobrovich
Bartolo..... Giuseppe La Puma
Rosina..... Elvira de Hidalgo
Figaro..... Giorgio Durando
Don Basilio..... Feodor Chappin
Florellio..... Giacomo Lucchini
Berta..... Anna Lisetszkaya
Conductor, Eugene Plotnikoff.

Mr. Chappin, as might have been expected in this present period of his career, chose to deal with "The Bar-ber" from the comedy point of view, not the operatic. Granting him the right to this point of view, he did what he set out to do with astonishingly good judgment. The comedy, to be sure, which followers of tradition harden fast-er every year into the "low" variety. Mr. Chappin and his companions kicked a step or two lower down the comedy scale. But there the comedy was; it kept everybody on the broad grin.

For Mr. Chappin was wise enough to surround himself with really clever comedians, people with the true sense of fun about them. Even the man who conducted the serenaders with bur-lesque grace, the housekeeper, the army man—they all, and their superiors, too, had life in their work, and a feel-ing for characterization. Mr. Chappin of course, set forth the ecclesiastical singing teacher's distinguishing trait with all the extraordinary powers long known to be at his command. To his credit be it said that he thrust this secondary personage not so far to the front as might have been feared. He played, indeed, with a finer restraint than he should when last he did the role in town.

Mr. Chappin could safely have been counted on for good comedy after its kind respectful treatment of the music, though, he might conceivably have not cared about. Nevertheless he did. He saw to it that the little orchestra played well on the whole, and that this chorus sang their little well. Although he evidently sought neither accom-plished singer nor beautiful voices, he put his hand on performers who sang their music "straight" and honestly, just as well as they could. Mr. Challa-pin himself did not tear the "Calumny" rala into quite so many tatters as he did two years ago.

So there was gay entertainment last night—a comedy rousingly played, and Rossini's lovely music spiritedly sung. Of actual singing Miss Di Hidalgo did the best, when she sang for her lesson Dinorah's shadow song. The audience was very large. R. R. G.

ARMISTICE DAY IN BOSTON, 1928

There is no shaft of bronze or stone—Memorial to those who fought. The greatest war, the world has known. No outward sign of heartfelt grief. For those who died that we might live. A few more years in peace. A moment's silence once a year. A sobbing sigh, a bitter tear—Are we indifferent grown? Eight years have passed since that glad day.

Which saved us from despair;
So let us try to find some way
To show how much we care!

M. K. J. S.

The program of the Symphony con-certs on Friday afternoon and Satur-day evening as it now stands is as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Eg-mont"; Bartok, Dance Suite for orches-tra (first time in Boston); Prokofiev, Suite from "The Love of the Three Oranges." 1, Les Rêciles; 2, scene in-fernale; 3, Marche; 4, Scherzo; 5, La Prince et la Princesse; 6, La Fuite (first

time in America); Brahms's Symphony, No. 4, E minor.

Bartok's Suite was composed for the festival at Budapest in 1923 in com-memoration of the 50th anniversary of the union of the two cities, Buda and Pesth. Though it is called "Dance" Suite, the various movements are not given the titles or the form of old dances. A sort of continuity is given by means of a recurring phrase, "The Love of Three Oranges," with its libret to based on a comedy by Gozzi, wa-produced at Chicago in 1921, when Pro-kofiev conducted. The opera has been heard in New York, Cologne, Berlin. Fragments of the Suite were played in Europe some time ago, but the whole Suite was recently brought out in Paris.

The program of the concerts next week will comprise, if adhered to, Tans-man's "Dance of the Sorceress," the March and Pastorale from Krasa's Sym-phony in three movements, Webern's Five Pieces op. 10, Walton's Overture "Portsmouth Point" and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

It is a pleasure to state that the People's Symphony orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor, will resume its con-certs on Sunday afternoon Nov. 23 in Jordan hall at 3:30 o'clock. The pro-gram: Beethoven, Overture to "Fidello"; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 4, F minor; Sate, Trois Pieces Montees; Rimsky-Korsakov, Caprice on Spanish themes. Dorothy George will sing an aria from "La Favorita" and a group of songs.

Richard Crooks, tenor, will sing "Le Reve," from "Manon" tonight in Jordan hall and songs by Beethoven, Gluck, Sgambati, Schumann, Weingartner, Strauss, Chausson and others; also the air attributed to Stradella, but written probably by Niedermeyer or Rossini and heard for the first time at one of Felt's historical concerts in Paris.

Some days ago it was announced that Nikolai Orloff, pianist, would give a recital in Jordan hall this afternoon. When he gave his recital in New York on Oct. 28 the leading critics were en-thusiastic in praise. At that recital he played Schumann's Symphonie Etudes and pieces by Scarlatti, Brahms, Chopin, Medtner, Schubert-Liszt and Balakirev.

Gertrude Tingley will sing in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon two arias by Handel and songs by Poldowski, Duparc, G. Williams, Austin, Poulanc, Fev-rier, Hahn, Lalo, Bordes, Vaughan Will-iams, Peterson, Shaw, Daniels and a group of traditional "Hebrew Frag-ments" without accompaniment.

Goldman's celebrated band with Del Stalgers, cornetist, and Phillips Carlin, will give this afternoon concert in Sym-phony hall next Sunday. In Stelnert hall, that afternoon, Bertha Garabedian, soprano, and Michael Nuccio, baritone, will sing.

A concert by the ensemble class for brass instruments at the New England Conservatory of Music under the direc-tion of Louis Kloeppel of the faculty, as-sisted by advanced students of the organ department, will be given in Jordan hall tomorrow evening. It is complimentary to teachers, students and friends of the conservatory.

Young Mr. Doguereau, young pianist as he is, has his passionate press agent. Prior to his setting out for the United States, D-bussy's widow "had imparted to him her vast and intimate knowledge of her husband's compositions and vir-tually made him custodian of those ethe-ral creations." This press agent, re-membering, perhaps, the elder Weller's warning against widows, assures us that when Doguereau "plays Debussy, one hears a personal message from beyond." Well, Mr. Doguereau will give us this message in Jordan hall next Wednesday night.

In London they are sworn friends of the "dray-ma." We read that when Mrs. Muslin was trying to work her way back to her original position in the queue waiting at the Adelphi Theatre, one Woollett pushed her down some steps so that her arm was bruised and her coat got torn. But Woollett swore that Mrs. Muslin was pushing people; she struck one woman and at-tempted to strike his wife. She also blackened his eye with her umbrella. No wonder Sir Charles Biron sitting on the bench said: "I don't know what the etiquette of the queue is."

"Whatever skill the Allisons may show in 'hand-springing' (the American term for tumbling), is not to be com-pared to their feats on the trinka. This

is the apparatus used by 'acrobats' and jugglers, who lie on their back and balance objects on the soles of their feet. Jeux Icarliens, a term of mysteri-ous etymology, are played when the ob-jects they twirl about are acrobats.

"Surely, the authority on all such matters, describes these feats as 'l'ex-pression la plus parfaite de l'art acro-batique dans ce qu'il a de plus savant et de plus raffiné.' He records astonish-ing achievements—some by 'les incom-parable Craggs,' whose leader is now training the young idea in Kennington.

"After a display of tumbling which, since it includes the flip-flap, backward somersault, saut de lion, rondade, twist and rigodon, is an education, the Alli-sons show what can be done by two porteurs on trinkas and three sauteurs in the air. The enthusiasm this spectacle arouses suggests that the troupes should have taken the place of honour now occupied by 'America's Greatest Child Star.'"—The Observer.

There are only one or two Italian organ grinders left in London. What has become of the American-Italian organ grinder mentioned by Eustace Miles, the grinder who ground out nothing from a machine bearing this placard: "I spare you a tune. You spare me a dime?"

The program of the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra next Mon-day night will comprise: Mozart's Elne Kleine Nachtmusik, Prokofiev's Suite, "Chout" ("Buffoon"); Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" and Franck's Symphony, D minor.

E. F. G. of Northampton writes to us: "The other day I saw in As the World Wags a rhymed comparison of a man and his shoes. It reminded me of a little jingle I learned when a child, and I am sending a copy made from an old clipping:

OLD SHOES

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance: each a soul may lose;
Both have been tanned—both are made tight.

By cobblers—both get left and right
Both need a mate to be complete
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need healing, oft are sold,
And both in time turn all to mold.
With shoes the last is first; with men
The first shall be last, and when
Shoes wear out they are mended new,
When men wear out they're men dead, too!

They both ars trod upon and both
Will tread on others—nothing loath.
Both have their ties, and both incline,
When polished in the world to shine,
And both peg out. And would you choose

To be a man or be his shoes?

KANSAS NOTES

As the World Wags:

Harry Green is the only son of a widowed mother, good looking, dances well. He graduated from high school and accepted a position in the suit de-partment of the Bon Ton Clothiers. Mary Brown, thirty pounds ago, was the town belle. Three years ago they were married and Harry's mother gave them a new car and furnished an apartment for them. The Bon Ton raised him to \$25 a week. Two years and a half and nothing happened. "You stick-in-the-mud," said Mary, "have you no ambi-tion?" And she went to the city and took a job in the sheet music depart-ment of a music house, for Mary had artistic leanings. "I'll not come back," she said, "until you break away from the Bon Ton and show ambition." Yes-terday Mary came home. Harry had ac-cepted a new position with the Nobby Gents Furnishings at \$2 a week ad-vance. Harry's mother has given them a new car.

Mahlon Hardesty weighed 120 pounds, wore a sandy toupee and had lost his teeth. His office was four steps up, bore no sign, and had dusty windows behind which never less than two per-cent a month was charged and ample security demanded. Mrs. Hardesty had a new dress every time her husband bought a necktie. Mahlon didn't wear neckties. His funeral was a small one. A year later his widow published at her expense a slim volume in green leather covers of her husband's writ-ings, entitled, "Poems of Optimism."

J. P. A.

As the World Wags:

The following document was disco-vered at mid-winter in a lonely and un-occupied New England country house:

NOTICE TO BURGLARS!

1—If you are after Booze, you find it in the Fire-extinguishers. Please leave enough behind you to quench the thirst of any Prohibition Enforcement Agents who may be prowling about, be-cause it has been specially denatured for their taste.

27

d. Honey quorum score

"This Woman Business," a comedy in three acts, by Benn W. Levy, will come to the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow night. The play was published in England before it was produced by the Play Actors in London on Oct. 18, 1925. The part of the one woman in the comedy was to have been taken by Marda Vanne, but she had sailed for this country, so Alison Leggatt was substituted. When the play was revived at the Haymarket in April, 1926, Fay Compton was Crawford, the extraordinary woman who converted the misogynists and made them foolish. Hodges, a millionaire and woman hater, invited several who shared his views about women, but were not rich, to his country cottage for a holiday. There they discussed women's faults and frailties. In came a woman who tells them she is a thief. She had stolen money from a man in the City who had a glass eye. She was his secretary. Fearing the eye that was the natural one, she went away with a good deal of his money and arrived at the cottage of Hodges, his sleeping partner. What she did to him and his guests will be seen tomorrow night. It is enough to say she is first a house maid for them, then a typist and finally—?

Mr. Levy made several changes in the comedy before it was revived last April. In the original version the part of Hodges was rather insignificant. Later it was important. The London Times, reviewing the revival, said that the comedy fulfilled what Dr. Johnson declared to be the aim of all comedy: to make men merry. In London the part of Hodges was taken by Leon Quartermaine. That excellent actor, Mr. O. P. Hegie, will probably play the Judge at the Wilbur. Genevieve Tobin will play the disturbing woman.

Mr. Hegie, a South Australian by birth, first came to the United States in 1907 with Ellen Terry. Boston's theatregoers will not soon forget his Androcles in Bernard Shaw's play, nor his Cokeson, the clerk, in Galsworthy's "Justice." Mr. Hegie was born in 1879. Miss Tobin was born in New York in 1901. It is said that she first attracted attention as an actress by playing Genevieve Tyler in "Oh, look," produced in 1918. She and her sister Vivian appeared in charity performances when they were very young, without thought of future professional life, for they were not of a theatrical family.

Miss Betty Gray, next Thursday evening, will sing Rossini's "O Salutaris Hostia," which has been unaccountably neglected by contraltos. It is a noble air from that great master's "Petite Messe Solennelle," which was first heard at the mansion of Pillet-Will, in Paris, on March 14, 1864 when the singers were the Marchisio sisters, Nicolini and Agnesi. Rossini wrote this mass at the request of the Countess Pillet-Will. He characteristically called it "Pétite," whereas it is an elaborate work, containing a double fugue that excited the admiration of German masters of that art, as old Haupt in Berlin. (But Rossini, incorrigible joker, once spoke of his "Stabat Mater" as composed "mezzo cristinano.") At first the accompaniment was for two pianos and a harmonium. Meyerbeer, Auber, Mme. Alboni and other musicians heard this private performance, and begged Rossini to orchestrate the accompaniment. This he did, and added the "O Salutaris." He said to Mme. Alboni: "Listen, I shall not allow a performance of this mass while I live; but I thought of you when I wrote it, and for you I have composed an 'O Salutaris.' I ask that it will be you who will sing it when I am no more."

Rossini died in 1868. Maurice Strakosch called on Rossini's widow to see if he could give public performances of the mass. She said he could have a copy of the score for 100,000 francs, but only a copy. She was a miserly soul, as guests at her "at homes" during her husband's last years, complained. Strakosch hesitated, but finally gave her a check for 100,000 francs on the Rothschild's bank. Alboni asked Strakosch 100,000 for singing the contralto part, for she wished to increase her sums for charity and give her two nieces a handsome dowry. The sum demanded was not exorbitant, for Alboni sang in this mass 50 times, in France, Belgium, Holland, Baden-Baden.

The mass was first heard publicly at the Theatre-Italien, Paris, on Feb. 23, 1869: Gabrielle Krauss, Marietta Alboni, Nicolini and Agnesi. During the grand tour Vieuxtemps and the famous double-bass player, Bottesini, were added to the quartet: Marie Battu, Mme. Alboni, the English tenor, Tom Hohler, who in 1880 married the widow of the sixth Duke of Newcastle, and the bass Tagliafico. Teresa Carreno was the accompanist.

Lionel Dauriac in his "Rossini" says that the tenor at the private performance was Gardoni. The painstaking Pougin in his interesting life of Alboni names Nicolini, the thrifty second husband of Adelina Patti.

Thus has the announcement that Miss Gray would sing the "O Salutaris" led us to tell this story.

The performances at the Boston Opera House by Mr. Mordkin and his ballet company were disappointing, but many expected disappointment and either stayed at home or went for the sake of pleasant memories, remembering past years, for Mordkin, then with Mme. Pavlova, was the comet of more than one season.

This time the audience was justly pleased with the dancing of Mmes. Nemtchinova and Butsova, especially by that of the former, and with the grace and agility of Mr. Vladimirov. The poor young women of the ballet! They did their best, but they showed painfully their lack of skill in ensemble posing and evolutions. It was said that they had been pupils for "two years." What are two years in preparation? Ballet girls should be caught young, indeed, as children, and be taught for many years. Even in synchronous waving of the arms, these pupils of Mr. Mordkin were sadly deficient. On the whole, it was a mournful occasion. It would have been better to dream of the glorious nights and days at the Boston Opera House during its early years, when those on and off the stage were younger; perhaps more easily pleased.

So Mr. Orloff, the Russian pianist, who was warmly welcomed in New York, did not play here last Thursday. The Herald received no notice of the postponement till Tuesday evening, Dec. 7.

Clarita Sanchez, who will sing tomorrow afternoon in Jordan hall, is a Mexican, and her program, which is interesting in other ways, will include three folk songs of her native land. An air from Puccini's posthumous opera, "Turandot," will be heard here for the first time, as will an air from Granados's "Goyescas." There will also be arias from "Adriano Lecouvreur," "Manon," "Il Trovatore" and songs, not known here, or

not too familiar.

Miss Dudley's program for next Tuesday evening is pleasantly varied. It is good to see once more the name of Augusta Holmes on a program. There was a time when many American singers paid her this homage. Two "Songs of the Hebrides" by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser and MacLeod. How many remember David Kennedy, who toured in this country with his family? He died at Ontario in 1886. His son, David, died in 1885. James, the baritone, perished in the fire at the Opera House in Nice, where he was studying under Lamperti. Kate and Lizzie died in 1881. Then there was the tenor, Robert, who went to Australia; Helen, a soprano (Mrs. Campbell); Marjory, who sailed with her father in a clipper ship round the Cape of Good Hope for a world tour of four and one-half years, is known in this country by her lecture recitals and her collections of Hebridean songs. Margaret, a contralto, was also a sub-professor of harmony at the Royal Academy of Music.

There is a Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser (Mrs. Hood), a singer and harpist. Daisy Kennedy, violinist, who was divorced from husband, Benno Moiselwitsch, the pianist, and married John Drinkwater, the dramatist, is not a relation of old David and his brood, to the best of our knowledge.

P. H.

SOME EARLY PLAYBILLS

Minnie Maddern in 1869 and 1870

A Crux in "Measure for Measure"

To the Editor of The Herald:

The first playbill in which Minnie Maddern (Mrs. Fiske) is announced, that is still extant, so far as my research goes, is that of "East Lynne," with Lucille Western, in August of 1869, when she was billed as "La Petite Minnie," and played Louise. She was then less than 4 years old. This was at the Grand Opera House, New York, under the management of James A. Herne.

In the cast appear the names of "Mrs." M. Maddern, which probably should have been Miss (Mary) Maddern, her aunt; and also that of "Miss R. Maddern," which was another error of the type for Miss E. (Emma), her only other aunt, very likely.

The only other names that come within my ken are McKee Rankin, J. N. (Newton) Gotthold, E. L. Tilden, G. Vining Bowers, T. F. Egbert and Maria Wilkins, while the remainder certainly never rose to any distinction, and so far as my knowledge goes, "La Petite Minnie" is the sole survivor of that notably fine cast for "East Lynne," then above the 1000th performance by Miss Western.

At other times I have alluded to the exceptionally fine orchestras of those days, and it was the custom to call attention, and with pride, to the musical numbers before and between the acts. This orchestra was under the direction of Prof. Tislington, and the program included the "Overture to Zampa," a new waltz by Strauss called "Autumn Roses," a violin solo, "Sweet Spirit Hear My Prayer," and a new polka by Tislington, called "Josie." I know of but one theatre now where attention is called to their orchestral features.

There is but one known earlier appearance as an actual player, of Little Minnie, and that is often mentioned—as the Duke of York in "Richard III," at Little Rock, Ark., this same year, but no play bill is known to exist, nor does Mrs. Fiske remember who was the Richard, although it was quite likely to have been a stock performance, for in those days every stock company could present "Richard III" and many of Shakespeare's plays at a day's notice. Try it now with one company, and that the best, any one of Shakespeare's plays.

The next discoverable playbill is when she appeared with Miss Carlotta Le Clercq, in "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," May 31, 1870, at the French Theatre, New York, with Charles Fechter following with "The Corsican Brothers." In the first named play she appeared as "Sibyl, daughter of Jasper Carew," and although only 5 years old, she was featured at the head of this bill with Fechter and LeClerc with these lines: "First appearance at the Theatre, of the wonderful and talented child."

LITTLE MINNIE MADDERN

Not many names on this bill are familiar, but there are old-timers who will recall L. R. Shewell and Milnes Levick, of course, and perhaps Robert Pateman, George Becks, Claude Burroughs, H. A. Rendle, Miss Lizzie Edwards, Mrs. M. Jones and possibly Miss Langley, who was probably Josie Langley, seen here earlier at the Continental in "The Black Crook."

Soon after the above appearance she was engaged for and played with J. K. Emmet as the original "Little Fritz," the bill I have being of Wallack's Theatre, New York, in July, 1870.

The cast of "Fritz" included Charles Fisher, B. T. Ringgold, J. C. William-

son, Milton Holland, Charles Rockwell, Miss Lizzie Price and Miss Emily Mestayer.

As was the custom of the times, the program gave a very full synopsis of the incidents of the play, leaving little to the imagination, as for instance:

ACT FIRST

SCENE 1—A view of the Bay of New York, with the Offices of the Commissioners of Emigration. Coming on Shore, Pigeons among the Hawks. Col. Crafton reveals his Plans. The Trap Set. The German Emigrant. Arrival of Fritz. Tricks upon Travelers. Fritz tells his little story. Katrina in danger. Fritz to the Rescue. SCENE 2—Fritz in search of Katrina. SCENE 3—The Sanctum of Phil. Bobbit's nice little Establishment. Mopsy the patient Drudge. Ballet girls off duty. The Dove in the Talons of the Kite. Timely arrival of Louise Von Housen. "Hush, it is Fritz." A very Loving Aunt. The Drugged Wine. An opportune Sneeze. The Scoundrel Foiled and Katrina saved. Fritz up to Snuff.

Observe the lavish use of capitals, and the generous supply of thrills—like "Pigeons among Hawks," "The Trap Set," "Tricks upon Travelers," "Katrina in Danger," "Fritz to the Rescue," "Ballet girls off duty," "The Dove in the Talons of the Kite," "Hush, it is Fritz," "The Drugged Wine," "The Scoundrel Foiled," "Fritz up to Snuff" "O-o-o-h! A-a-a-a-h! Hi! Hi! Hi!" "Then was the happy days."

Then there were songs—good, too, for Jo. Emmet could sing, and he gave them in those days, "Dat Greclan Bend," "Polona Sausage Boy," "Valking Dat Broadway Down," and "Capt. Schmidt," and for good measure he followed these with a "solo on the MOUTH HARMONICON." Producing with the simple toy a perfect flood of melody, playing no less than five distinct variations upon the popular tune "Home Sweet Home."

This was at Wallack's Theatre. How think you this presentation would take on the stage of the Tremont, the Colonial or Hollis Street Theatre today?

The next playbill I have, Mrs. Fiske does not herself remember, which is not to be wondered at, for she was still less than five years old, and the time is Oct. 24, 1870—the place, the Adelphi Theatre, Boston, and the girl—announced on the bill as Eva, with the original song, "Eva to Her Papa," written by G. C. Howard—Little Minnie Maddern, "in which character she stands unrivalled," which indicates having played it before, but the record of it is obliterated.

In the column of dramatic reviews of The Boston Herald the morning of Oct. 25, 1870, the following appeared:

"A delightful feature of the performance is the character of Eva, presented by Minnie Maddern, a sweet little creature to whom one's heart goes out almost involuntarily. Childish beauty and simplicity are in her, mingled with talents extraordinary, rendering her, we fancy, one of the most acceptable exponents of the character ever seen."

It would be interesting to know who this far-seeing and remarkably astute writer really was—John McNally? Ed Byram? Ned Perry? Neither of these are living and cannot now have the satisfaction of saying "I told you so."

Few names in that cast are now recalled, out of 26, all told, but there were Mrs. G. C. Howard, the original Topsy; H. G. Clarke, J. J. Prior, Charles Norris, Adele Clarke, E. Stetson, George F. McDonald, William Barry, W. S. Seguin, Miss Julia Purcell, Emma Wesley and Mrs. De Forrest.

The Adelphi Theatre was on Central court, off Washington street, now covered by Jordan Marsh Company's store.

Some time in this period of her life she played Paul in "The O'roon" and the apparition in "Macbeth" with Barry Sullivan, but dates and places have vanished from her memory, and "evidences of the crime, in the shape of playbills, have long since disappeared, unless in some one's hidden collection."

So long and so prominently before the public no wonder she is thought to be much older than she really is. Featured before she was 5 and starred permanently from the time she was 16. An unequalled record.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

To the Editor of The Herald:

"Our very eyes are sometimes like our judgment—blind." "Cymbeline."

A notable instance of obfuscation that sometimes affects the perceptive powers of acute thinkers, is shown by the early editors in dealing with the following passage in "Measure for Measure":

"But I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him, advertise."

Myriads of eyes have scanned this simple verse without detecting the flaw that obscures its meaning, and commentators, regardless of faulty diction, have ventured to extract from it forms of thought that are quite unintelligible. Let us consider the annotation of a well-known and—as some aver—a much over-rated authority on the Shakespeare text. If Dr. Johnson had examined this perplexing sentence with critical care, surely, he would not have proposed the reading: "To one that can my part to him, advertise." As a responsible editor whose "Proposals for a new edition of the Works of William Shakespeare, with the text corrected," he would have traced the course of its defective meaning until he had hit upon it as a wrong pronoun in juxtaposition to an elliptical expression. Realizing that the slip of a single letter, by confounding the pronouns, had made his reading futile and had thrown his definition into most admired disorder ("One that can inform himself of that which it would be otherwise my part to tell him"); he would have supplanted the objective *him* by the possessive *his*, thus giving Macaulay less room for his scathing comments on his (Johnson's) lack of fitness for the task of editing Shakespeare.

With the omitted word the meaning is clear: "I speak to one that can uphold my part in his part, as my deputy." "One that can my part in his advertise" solves the problem.

It would be invidious to single out Dr. Johnson as one commentator especially lacking in insight. Long before his belated edition appeared—21 years to be exact—Sir Thomas Hanmer had published his proposed reading: "To one that can in my part, me advertise," which Bishop Warburton paraphrased as: "I direct my speech to one who is able to teach me how to govern." Even those early attempts to amend and explain the text, many interpretations have been offered, but due to the false grammar on which they are based, none of them can be considered as either better or worse than those just quoted.

That the passage still holds the ripe scholarship at bay, may be inferred from a note in the Tudor edition, which gives this explanation: "Can instruct me in my duties which I am delegating to him."

All of which points a moral: Do not stultify your judgment by making definitions that nobody can understand.

CHARLES J. DELAMAINE.

Nov 5 1920

We used to recite Macaulay's ballad about Horatius at the bridge on speaking day at school in our little village, "Lars Porsena of Clusium"; not the whole of it, but "choice extracts," flavored with trepidation and forgetfulness of important lines. In our happy ignorance we thought this ballad great poetry, not knowing that critics would arise to say that the ballad was not a ballad, that all of T. B.'s "ballads" were bunk. Nor were we aware that deep thinking Germans had determined that Horatius Coclès (Horace the One-Eyed) was a legendary character; that even William Smith, LL. D., in his Classical Dictionary, describing the reputed incident, began cautiously: "Is said to have defended."

We are glad in a year when legend and fact, also 508 B. C. and 1926 A. D., are one and the same, to find in Chicago acceptance of the old story—("Meanwhile the Tuscan army, right glorious to behold"—there's life in the old lines yet) how the Consul's brow was sad; how Horatius prayed to Father Tiber, while false Sextus invoked curses on the swimmer, and Porsena played the part of a good sport. Here is the Chicago version:

ANSHIENT HISTERY
HORATIUS AT THA BRIDGE
By SNOWSHOE AL

Tha Roman army, with Caesar as hed coach, had just got thrown fer a los

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. The Goldman band, Edwin Franco Goldman, conductor. Del Stagers, cornetist; Phillips Carlin in recitations. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Bertha Garabedian, soprano; Michael Nuccio, baritone, pupils of Tommaso Gallozzi; Alfred Fondacaro, accompanist. Miss Garabedian: Verdi, *Morro* from "Un Ballo in Maschera"; Tchaikovsky, *Deception*; Pesse, *Joli moulin blanc*; Alvarez, *Serenata Morisca*; De Falla, *Nana*; Cacanar, *Amy* song from "Shanewis"; Melikian, *Vairi*; Zaghig and Dcoy, *Dooy* (Armenian). Mr. Nuccio: *Giordano*, La Donna Russa from "Fedora"; Diaz, *Arioso* from "Benvenuto"; Ph. James, *The Victory Riders*; E. Martin, *Harp of the Woodland*; duet, *Ponchielli*, Si, il patto mantengo from "La Gioconda."

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Clarita Sanchez, soprano; Lois Townsley, accompanist. Sgambati, *Serfina*, Santoliquido, *Le domandai*; Recli, *Veglia Materna*; Cilea, *Io son l'umile ancella* from "Adriana Lecouvreur"; Verdi, *D'amor s'ale rose* from "Il Trovatore"; Tchaikovsky, *Pendant le bal*; Massenet, *Je marche sur tous les chemins* from "Manon"; Kramer, *Invocation*; Hageman, *Me Company Along*; Puccini, *In questa reggia* from "Turandot"; Granados, *La maja y el ruiseñor* from "Goyescas"; De Falla, *Tus ojos negros*; three Mexican folk songs, *Marchita el alma*, arr. by M. Ponce; *La Palajera*, arr. by L. Townsley; *Las Mananitas*, arr. by Ponce; Chabrier, *Spain the Beautiful*.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Bertha Putney Dudley, mezzo-contralto; Henry Levine, accompanist. Gluck, *Che faro senza Euridice* from "Orfeo"; Respighi, *Nebbie*; Sibella, *Giromatte*; Cimara, *Fiocca la neve*; Rogers, *Wind and Lyre*; Harris, *Silver*; Griffes, *By a lonely forest path*; Franck, *La Procession and Le Mariage des Roses*; Augusta Holmes, *Kypris*; Fourdrain, *Carnaval*; Brahms, *Feldeinsamkeit*; Schumann, *Fruehlingsnacht*; Grieg, *Lauf der Welt*; Sheep in Clusters, harmonized by S. Endicott; Kennedy Fraser and MacLeod, *Songs of the Hebrides* (To a Wild Swan and To People who have Gardens); Castelnuovo-Tedesco, *Springtime*.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Paul Dognereau, pianist. Scarlatti, *Three Sonatas*, G minor, D major, D major; Schumann, *Etudes Symphoniques*; Chopin, *Impromptu*, F sharp major, *Nocurne*, G major, *Etudes*, op. 10, No. 10, op. 25, No. 1 and No. 11; Debussy, *Six Preludes* (Bruyeres, General Lavine, La Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune, Homage a Pickwick, Canope, Feux d'artifice).

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Hester Nichols and Albert Hunter. Recital for two pianos. *Sinding*, *Variations*, op. 2; Arensky, *Waltz and Noccurne* (from 2d suite, op. 23), and *Polonaise* (from 1st suite, op. 15); Greig, *Romanze*, op. 51; Moszkowski, *Scherzetto*; Saint-Saens, *Dance Macabre*; Albeniz, *Tango in D*; Grainger, *Shepherd's Hey*.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Betty Gray, contralto. Inez Day, accompanist. Rossini, *Di tanti palpiti*; Fesch, *Tu fai la superbetta*; Rossini, *O Salutaris Hostia* (from the Messe Solennele); Liszt, *Die Lorelei*; Tchaikovsky, *Adieu, forets* (from "Jeanne d'Arc"); Chabrier, *Les Cigales*; Debussy, *La Flute de Pan*; Dupont, *Chanson des Noisettes*; Massenet, *Pensee d'Automne*; La Forge, *Hills*; Rachmaninoff, *Lilacs*; Tchaikovsky, *Cradle Song*; Aylward, *Kingscups and Daisies*; Grant-Schaefer, *The Sea*.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Sixth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

an' wuz retreetin' akross tha Tiber river. After all tha wop parade had got over alritte, Caesar called Horatius an' 2 uther dagos intuh his tent. Tha uther 2 dagos wuz named Pat and Mike. Most dagos talk Irish naims wen they fite. (See sporting pages.) "Lissen," sez Caesar, "yew 3 hombraes better go bacl akross tha bridge an' hold up tha advance uv tha Chinese army. In tha meantime, we'll chop up tha bridge an' sell it fer 6 bits a load." "Fair enuff, old timer," sez Horatius, "I'll talk tha middlo position, Pat kin be right haff-back an' Mike kin be left haff-back." "Haff-back hell," sez Caesar, "I want yew 3 saps tuh go all tha way akross!" As theez 3 buzzards reached tha uther side, a guy rushed up tuh them an' sez, "Boys, I offer yuh 50,000 liras fer tha mooving pitcher riles!" "Alredy under contract," sez Horatius, "yew'll have tuh talk tuh C. C. Pyle." Wen tha Chinese army reached tha scene, they gazed in wunder at theez 3 saps, eevn uv hoom had a shield on wich wuz painted "We wear O'Hooligan's Heels." Horatius shung a spear at General Sing Lo an' nocked him kleen out uv his Cadillac. Sing Lo picked up tha spear an' gazed at tha tag wich wuz attached. Tha tag sez "Kompliments uv tha Rosenberg Steel Korporation." "Walt a minit," sez Sing Lo, "time out! I have youse guys got union kards?" "We left 'em on tha uther side," sez Horatius. "Well, go bacl an' get 'em or we wont fite yuh," sez Sing Lo. "Alritte, but dont go away," howled Horatius, as him an' his 2 boy frends went bacl fer there credentials. "Youse 3 ginks kant bluff us! We wont run!" howls the 195,000 Chinks, so they sat down an' waited.

(Part 2, if ever written, will follow.)

"Lynn of Edwards" proposes Mr. Dudka for our Hall of Fame, that is, if he can be found.

ADV. IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

Personal—I am trying to locate the whereabouts of Prokopy Dawidowicz Dudka of Wies Kozsun, poeta Drobeyzin, Poland. Notify Agafia Shestitz-haya, 121, S. Sangamon st.

ORAL STRUTS

As the World Wags:

Is it possible that Shakespeare did not know how his own lines should be read? Is it possible to speak his lines trippingly on the tongue, or must they be mouthed? This thought comes to me from listening last night on the radio to Julia Marlowe, or rather trying to listen, for when she had declaimed Juliet's speech and two lines of Katherine's I had to "give her the hook."

In my time I have heard Barrett snort, McCullough roar, Barry Sullivan rant, Davenport purr, Bangs "unctuate" (pardon me), Ringold begin a speech at upper left and finish it at right first footlights, Terry purr, and Edwin Booth act, and I was thrilled by all of them, as I applauded them to the echo, but mai piu, mai piu, I cannot endure the acting of a Shakespeare play.

And it is not the author's fault, for

I can sit me down with one of his plays and get such exquisite pleasure from the beauty of its thoughts and diction that the lines are hidden by my tears. Why is it? Am I a back number? I can accept the hypothesis that it is natural for a whole company to sing its troubles and murder each other to orchestral accompaniment and get more thrills than in my youth, but I cannot hypothesize that an oral or physical strut is the necessary attribute of a blank verse actor. Is it and must one have youth and inexperience to accept and enjoy it? A. KNUUTT.

MR. —'S CARRIAGE STOPS THE WAY

As the World Wags:

Last week (it seems only yesterday) there came into our line of vision a diminutive automobile of a well known and popular brand, a touring car which was still touring, but which evidently had had its own private worries, a victim of indignities. The top had holes in it as though for additional ventilation. Perchance a dynamite explosion had serenaded it from aloft, or that a miscreant volcano, feeling the urge of munificent generosity, had handed its occupants some solidified lava. One of the front wheels wobbled in delirium as though a strong radiator mixture had leaked out into the outer works. One "door" was tied on with rope, and apparently another had been left at home by mistake. There were holes in the rear where once had been windows, suggestive of bouquets from French 75's on the Canadian border. Two tires wore bandages at places where the inner tubes must have insisted upon coming to the surface for breath. The hood was of corrugated appearance, of indentations carelessly made, of creases such as a pile driver would make. One guess is that the car had survived a cave-in of rock and mud which had but carried away two mudguards. Another guess is that the bucket of a harbor dredge had slipped.

Traffic stopped the car. Nor in inertia was the car ostracized. Other cars came up close behind, forming a procession in its honor. And when the advance signal was given, the driver got out, waved his whiskers in defiance of the open-air gas officers and started the indignant motor by giving a rear wheel a yank, thereby startling his omnibus into a thrill of life. The car bucked, objected, wheezed, but irresistibly possessed by the mysterious it gathered up its nuts in a voliferous contempt for normalcy, honked in fireboat fashion at the traffic cop in the assumption that he was both blind and deaf, and went putt-putting down the street sublimely oblivious of sidewalk bewilderment, in search of further conquests.

We blushed. In our frailty of constitution we always are awed by the incomprehensible, by the mysteries of invention, by the demands made upon credulity. Recovering our equilibrium, however, we offered the traffic cop our pocket edition of ammonia spirits, calming him with the assurance that the worst was over. There, there. He re-

acted to treatment he is, and wait again in composure he asked us for the address of the Seven Sutherland Sisters.

The modern street is of concrete, its walls of stone and brick, else it could not withstand the pressure of modern impossibilities. H. C. P. Pittsburg.

GOLDMAN'S BAND

Edwin Franco Goldman's famous band, beloved of countless thousands of radio enthusiasts and one of the musical institutions of New York for several seasons past, invaded Boston yesterday and gave two splendid concerts in Symphony hall.

It is a real band, and approximates a well balanced and well trained orchestra in the variety and quality of its accomplishments and tonal effects. It has been termed a "symphony orchestra in brass" and the description fits remarkably well.

It plays real music and is far from being a producer of "jazz" as are the poles from each other. Brass, of course, but brass under rare control and restraint. Indeed the woods, yesterday, seemed to be the more important section of the embattled musicians, along with the harp, the basses and the drums. Not but what the power was there, when Mr. Goldman sought to elicit it, as in the Wagner selections, but in its musicianship it far transcended mere concussion and stridently accented rhythm.

In the afternoon program the "Prelude in C-sharp minor" caught the Rachmaninoff spirit exactly and the Lohengrin "Bridal Chorus" was beautifully rendered. But where the conductor really went into action was in his playing of the numerous marches with which he responded to the frequent encores, such as "On the Mall," "On the Chimes of Liberty" and "On the Go." They were marches that set your feet to tapping and your program to beating time in spite of yourself, full of spirit and tune and rollicking good humor. Not at all "classical" but "great stuff."

Cornet solos by Del Stagers were finely given and rapturously applauded. The audiences at both concerts were by no means niggardly in expressing their approval of the work of the band and recalls were numerous.

Phillips Carlin, popular radio announcer, amused with a "microphone monologue" during the intermission. J. E. P.

"This Woman Business," with Genevieve Tobin

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "This Woman Business," a play in three acts by Benn W. Levy. Produced by the Play Actors in London on Oct. 18, 1925. Hodges, Tristram Rawson; Judge Bingham, J. Leslie Frith, Crawford, Alison Leggatt. Revised and revived at the Haymarket in April, 1926. Hodges, Leon Quartermaine; Judge Bingham, O. B. Clarence; Crawford, Fay Compton. The play produced in this country by Dr. Louis Sunshine.

The cast at the Wilbur is as follows:
Hodges.....George Thorne
Honey.....Henry Kendall
Nettleback.....Elena Aldcroft
Crofts.....George Gram
Brown.....Edward Rieby
Bingham.....O. P. Hesie
Crawford.....Genevieve Tobin
Trent.....J. Augustus Keosh
Addleshaw.....Wilfred Jessop

This is a comedy of characters and dialogue. The men, with the exception of Addleshaw, who appears in the second act, and Trent, the butler, are hardened haters of women. Hodges, who is writing an essay on woman, "deceitful damnable destructive" woman, invites cronies who share his views to join him at his country house. Honey is a young poet, with a gift of quotation; Crofts is a sour old bachelor, whose sweetheart 30 years before had jilted him; Brown is afflicted with a disputatious wife and seven children; Judge Bingham is a bachelor who had served for years in the divorce court—a charming old fellow, described by a London critic as "pawky senile," but more sly and humorous than mentally infirm.

These guests and their host, who had promised that no woman should disturb the landscape, sit and talk, each one in turn explaining why women should be shunned, feared, hated. To change the pronoun in a line of Nat Lee's tragedy: "Then they will talk—good gods—how they will talk." One would suppose that they had prepared themselves for their pleasant holiday by reading Juvenile. La Sale's catrical "Fifteen Joys of Marriage"—works of other medieval misogynists, not to mention Schopenhauer. Indeed, Honey quotes Sch-

Annual in their careers. The season of Florence Breed in the "Ighal Gesture" stamps her as an actress of rare dramatic ability. Her downright foolishness, the kind foolishness that pleases the theatre, Gracie Deagon cannot be beaten. Charlie Cannefax, Gracie's "Oh, Cannefax, to assist, the skit was received. One giggle from Gracie and the audience roar with laughter. Then a trio of jugglers can make a ton audience take notice and even then, then the trio deserves notice. Three Swifts in their fast-moving act eliminate the heaviness of the al juggling act and retain all the

bert Gordon and Vera Kingston in Recital Classique"; Bobby Randall in some fine emotional singing; sophisticated and petite Jeanne Jovson; mystifying card trick of Amac, and acrobatics of Kodak and Sister like the bill an unusually fine one.

LAUDER PLEASES

Sir Harry Lauder, from the land of the heather—via New York—made his first Boston appearance in several years last night at the Boston Opera House. Besides the Scottish comedian there was the following bill of vaudeville entertainers: Harry Moore, royal paper manipulator; Alfred Latell, the animal impersonator, in "Bonzo," assisted by Sylvan Dell; George Lyons, harpist; Clemon and Marcu, in a dancing specialty; and Emily Keady, fiddler. Arthur Wedel conducted.

The assisting artists proved better than they looked on paper, but it was obvious that everyone was on his or her toes for the appearance of Sir Harry. And sure enough he received a very gratifying welcome, for there was a large audience and they gave voice and warmth to their greeting.

For his first number, Sir Harry came down stage to the lifting pibroch of "Soosie MacLenn," one of his more recent pieces. There he was in plaid and a bag, agitating sporrans—the boy across the aisle would have it a paint brush—a flashing calmeron on left shoulder sparkling under the rays of the spotlight, and Glengarry bonnet to top it off.

And so we became acquainted with Soosie MacLenn, who according to the text and Sir Harry, was just about the most cuddlesome lassie ever, and he proceeded by eloquent facial play, by song and by comment, to enliven the young lassie all of which he accomplished as one long a student of his art. For the most part Sir Harry affected costumes of the various clans. There was the single exception when he sang "The Boss o' th' Hoosa," dressed as a carpenter, on his way to work, with hammer and saw, apron and shelf. This, one of his new pieces, is an arresting tune with a catchy lilt, and he sings of a widower, who would marry again, but he must be boss o' house, and

"She must have tons of money And under twenty-three." Another song, with a fine dramatic interpretation, was "When I Meet Mackaye." In this number Sir Harry utilizes Mackaye, the toper, and him fond of his cups, being led astray by the former tippler. Here he gave a lengthy chatter about Mackaye, but himself. And how he likes to pick a joke at his own expense. Beautiful, Sir Harry, for with all this innuendo, we will be forced to think that you really are economical!

Not a very easy task this holding an audience in the palm of your hand for over an hour. But this he did. His infectious chuckle is as likeable as his group of songs all have a pleasing swing; his interpretation of them all is flawless insofar as he picks up the text. Then there is his physical appearance that lends to the ease—the squat, chunky chap, with shoulders like those of the Elger old money, with a stride for each song. Clearly he does not rely on costume or differentiation. He lives the character in each song.

Farewell, Sir Harry, if you would love it that way—but come again!

T. A. R.

MME. DUDLEY

By PHILIP HALE

Mme Bertha Putney Dudley, mezzo-soprano, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. Henry Levine was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Gluck, the fero senza Enriddle, respighi, Nebbia, Sibella, Glometta, Cimara, Flocca le Neve, Rogers, Wind and Lyre, Harris, Silver, Griffiths, By a Lonely Forest Pathway, Franck, La Cession and Le Marlage des Roses, Gustav Holmes, Kypri, Foudrain, Carnival, Brahms, Feldinsamkeit, Schumann, Fruhlingsnacht, Grieg, Auf der Welt, Sheep in Clusters (harmonized by S. Endicott), Kennedy-Fras-

er at Leod, To a Wild Swan and To a People Who Have Gardens, Castelnovo-Tedesco, Springtime.

Nearly 150 years ago one Boye published a book at Amsterdam, "Musical Expression classed among Chimeras." In it he said that Gluck's famous air "I have lost my Enriddle" is inherently of so gay a character, that a contredanse had been made out of it; that the more fitting words would be "I have found my Enriddle; my happiness is unequalled." Yet when Gros sang the air at the Paris Opera his tones expressed such pathos that "tears flowed; hearts were melted by the frightful situation that he feigned to experience."

Pauline Viardot, a famous Orpheus in Gluck's opera, edited this air with minute directions as to how it should be sung. We doubt if even a capable singer heeding these directions could make the air effective in a concert hall. The air demands the stage and the situation, otherwise a hearer is under the impression that Orpheus takes his loss easily; that his grief is chiefly for public opinion, as in Offenbach's opera bouffe. Few can do in the concert hall more than Mme. Dudley did last night; singing the music smoothly and prettily. Dramatic intensity is not in the equipment of many American singers.

It was easy to see that Mme. Dudley had carefully planned her interpretation of Franck's "Procession." She carried out her idea, singing the first measures in a reverential manner, rising emotionally, that is with religious fervor, in the middle section. If her conception is granted as the right one, her interpretation was excellent. We prefer the opening measures sung with a dignity in which awe enters; even the bold declamation by which Blanche Marchesi thrilled her hearers. When she sang, one saw the host borne over the fields, with the hushed adorners in solemn procession.

Mme. Dudley sang the Italian group with fine understanding, beautiful quality of tone, and no mean vocal skill. Whether it was the familiar "Nebbia," the light and joyous song by Sibelius, or Cimara's drama in miniature, in each case she interpreted as well as sang. This may also be said of her charming performance of "Kypri." Not much can be said in praise of the songs by Rogers and Harris. Surely

the American composers might have been better represented. The song by Griffes stood out in strong relief.

An audience of fair size applauded heartily the singer, and was evidently pleased by the songs themselves, whether they were good, bad, or indifferent. Mr. Levine, as is his habit, accompanied most musically.

We are old enough to remember what fathers of families and gay young bucks in our little village slushed head of hair and whiskerage with odoriferous pomades and other greasy preparations, especially before going on Sundays to the meetinghouse. Today, if the advertisements of collars, cuffs, ready-made suits of clothes, shirts are faithful representations of men now living, hair is slicked with brilliantine.

Being of an austere and ascetic nature, we have eschewed cosmetics, bath salts, talcum powder, even delicate perfumes for the pocket handkerchief; but yesterday we were sorely tempted, and we may yet fall from grace, for reading a circular strongly recommending a certain pomade, we saw that two of the ingredients were jaborandi and resorcin, words hitherto unknown to us.

As the old woman in church found her soul comforted by the preacher speaking the word "Mesopotamia"; as, from its sound alone, the Guadalquivir river has filled us with a wild desire to see it, float on it, swim in it, nothing daunted by the fact that Richard Ford described it as turbid, dull, dirty, unpicturesque, so "jaborandi" and "resorcin" may yet lead our feet to the apothecary's or the "beauty shop." Any pomade containing these ingredients must be refreshing, salutary, ornamental to the hair.

We read, in books of constant help to us, that jaborandi are the dried leaflets of a Brazilian plant; that they have diuretic and sudorific qualities, and induce muscular relaxation, so that the pomade may be beneficial if taken internally, though the circular says nothing about the medicinal properties. (What a wonderful country Brazil must be! Not only for its nuts, coffee and diamonds, but for jaborandi and the fruit of the jaborandibela tree, which for full enjoyment, Sir Richard F. Burton tells us, must be eaten off the trunk, for it loses its flavor if it is taken to market. And so Munich beer is in its glory only in Munich.)

"Resorcin" has also a pleasing sound, though its origin is not so romantic as that of the jaborandi—we are never weary of pronouncing that word. Resorcin, though it is occasionally employed in medicine and photography, is first of all a dye-stuff. Is it possible

that this pomade will change the color of the hair? Harsh thought! No doubt the jaborandi will counteract any tendency to blacken venerable locks or hair reminding one of the chinchilla's fur.

OUR LOCAL STATISTICIAN

(Boston Medical and Surgical Journal)

The committee's survey of the condition of the eyes of 5,000,000 school children shows that approximately 12 per cent—one out of every eighth child—have such seriously defective vision as to be handicapped in their school work.

As the World Wags:

Bashful Belle says she just luffed and luffed when she read in the proceedings in the Hall-Mills case these questions and answers: Q—You saw the mule distinctly? A—Yes. Q—And neither of you spoke? A—No.

There is nothing funny about that, Bashful Belle. The mule is to be commended. He is the only living thing in New Jersey that hasn't admitted being in the vicinity when the Hall-Mills murder occurred.

R. H. L.

BY PROCESS OF REASONING

(Waukegan Daily Sun)

PLUSHING, N. Y.—The armless and legless body of a woman was found in a coal bin in the cellar of the Stanford Arms apartments in the fashionable Murray Hill section here today. Police believe the woman was murdered.

DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

As the World Wags:

The world's greatest optimist is the totally bald man who went into a drug store and asked for a bottle of hair restorer. "Yes, sir," the clerk said. "Here is a preparation that is sure to make your hair grow." "All right," responded the optimist, "I'll take a bottle. And, please, wrap up a comb and brush with it."

FRAN.

EARLY PROHIBITION IN NEW ENGLAND

As the World Wags:

There is much interesting reading in the old Icelandic sagas, especially those relating to the early voyages of the Norsemen to Vinland, which was supposed to have been somewhere on the Massachusetts coast. Lest Mr. Herkimer Johnson, in his varied and deep acquaintance with all subjects, should question this statement let me hasten to say that I am aware of recent investigations, which based on certain floral evidence, place it on the Labrador coast, but I am not yet fully convinced.

However, to return to my text, which is the evidence found in the sagas in regard to prohibition in New England.

Some time in 1007 a colony from Iceland, under the lead of Thorfinn Karlsefne, settled in Vinland.

Among his followers was a man called Thorhall, who had been with Erik the Red and is described as "a large man and strong, black and like a giant and foul-mouthed in his speech."

He rather leaned toward the worship of the old gods and seems to have been rather a tough citizen with a grim sense of humor. He finally quarreled with Karlsefne and took his ship northward along Funderstrand.

The saga thus describes his departure: "Now when Thorhall bore water to his ship and drank, then sang he this song:

"People told me when I came
Hither, all would be so fine
In this Vinland, known to fame,
Rich in fruits and choicest wine,
Now the water pall they send,
To the fountain I must bend
Nor from out this land divine
Have I quaffed one drop of wine."

Thorhall had hard luck, being driven on the coast of Ireland and enslaved by the Irish. Few of his men ever got home.

It is interesting to note that the sagas speak of a region south of Vinland known to them as "Ireland mikla" or Greater Ireland, which was settled by the Irish, who ruled over the natives.

Thus does history repeat itself.

XENES.

As the World Wags:

I asked one of those etiquette sharks what time I should arrive in response to an invitation to lunch on Sunday. She said: "Get there at 12:30, dearie. If they have lunch at 12, you're only a half-hour late. If their lunch is at 1, you can hang around and smoke a Smallakreano."

TOOKAYS ANNABEE.

FOR ETYMOLOGISTS

(From the L'Espresso)

He crawled out of a Bolshevik sleeping car in the early dawn. Passing Ivan the porter, he muttered: "Thanks for the buggy ride."

A CELESTIAL CIRCULATION

(From the Manchester Guardian)

"The tributes to the Guardian from

great leaders of Manchester town have a correspondence, 'I told of a member of the staff at York, who was praying for a topical that in certain occasions to begin his pet Lord, as doubtless today's Manchess!

41

Mr. Basil Malne of London dreamed a dream. He saw a young man with black hair, a sallow complexion, and deep-set, fanatical eyes addressing a crowd. "He wore a scarf and carried his cap in his hand. I had seen this man in real life addressing a similar meeting in behalf of the miners. In the dream my mind had played a trick. His banner no longer carried the slogan, 'A Living Wage for the Miners,' but instead the strange device, 'Fair Play for Brahms.'"

Hester Nichols and Albert Hunter, pianists, will play music for two pianos this afternoon in Jordan hall. Singing, Variations op. 2; Arensky, Waltz and Nocturne from 3rd Suite op. 23, and Polonaise from 1st Suite op. 15; Grieg, Romances, op. 51; Moszkowski, Scherzetto; Saint-Saens, Danse Macabre; Albeniz, Tango in D; Grainger, Shepherds Hey.

James Agate, reviewing a revival of Sheldon's "Romance" in London, names the "good things" in the play: "First, there is the prima donna whose intonation is alleged to be as pure as her private life is the reverse. This is always a sure card to play, doubled as it is with the delicious uncertainty as to cause and effect."

Betty Gray, contralto, with the assistance of Inez Day, accompanist, will sing in Jordan hall tonight, Rossini's Di Tanti Palpiti and the O Salutaris Hostia from the Petite Messe Solennelle; Tchaikovsky's "Adieu forests" from "Jeanne d'Arc," Liezt's Die Lorelei, and songs by Fesch, Chabrier, Debussy, Dupont, Massenet, La Forge, Rachmaninoff, Tchaikovsky, Aylward and Grant-Schaefer.

When a fiddler fiddles here the too familiar Praeludium and Fugue by Gaetano Pugnani, remember Sydney Grew's line in his "Makers of Music": "Pugnani was a pleasant man, curiously ugly, with a terrific nose and an ungainly body."

Let us now recite in chorus the "Sincere Flattery of Walt Whitman" by James Kenneth Stephen:

"The clear, cool note of the cuckoo which has ousted the legitimate nestholder, The whistle of the railway guard despatching the train to the inevitable collision, The maiden's monosyllabic reply to a polysyllabic proposal, The fundamental note of the last trump, which is presumably D natural; All of these are sounds to rejoice in, yea to let your very ribs re-echo with;

But better than all of them is the absolutely last chord of the apparently inexhaustible pianoforte player."

The N. E. Conservatory of Music Orchestra, Wallace Goodrich, conductor, will give a concert in Jordan hall tomorrow night at 8:15 o'clock. Handel, Concerto Grosso, G-major, for two violins and violoncello concertante, stringed orchestra and cembals; Rimsky-Korsakov, Overture to the opera "The Betrothed of the Tsar." Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor. Florence Owen of the class of 1926 will sing Cassandra's aria from Berlioz's "The Trojans" (Part 1, "The Taking of Troy.")

Mr. Koussevitzky attended the Fourth Festival of the International Society for New Music held last June at Zurich, Switzerland. He was especially impressed by four compositions which will be heard in Boston for the first time at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra tomorrow afternoon and Saturday night: Tansman's "Dance of the Sorceress" from the ballet "The Garden of Paradise" (based on a fairy story by Hans Christian Andersen); Krassa's March and Pastorale from a symphony in three movements. Weber's Five Pieces for Orchestra op. 10, and Walton's Overture, "Portsmouth Point." This overture was performed for the first time at the Zurich Festival. Walton was the only English composer there represented. The symphony this week will be Beethoven's Fifth, C minor. Tansman has already been represented at the Symphony concerts. Beethoven's Fifth symphony has been performed at these and other orchestral concerts in Boston. No doubt many of

the conservatives in the audience can hum or whistle some of the themes in a tolerably accurate manner.

What a pleasure it was to hear the English language spoken as it was last Monday night by the comedians in "This Woman Business" at the Wilbur Theatre. There was no mumbling, no clipping of syllables, no letting a sentence fall toward its end so that the last words were inaudible. The play itself is amusing, the company is an unusually good one; but it is worth while to see the play if only for the enjoyment to be derived from hearing English well and significantly spoken. What a lesson these comedians set for many of the American "fixed stars" and lesser luminaries in the theatrical firmament!

Ernest Newman, it appears, does not care for Sullivan's "Iolanthe." He wrote on Oct. 31: "The 'Mikado' is good, but 'the Gondollers,' one felt on leaving the theatre, is better—so near perfection in its genre, indeed, as any musical comedy composer can hope to attain. The humorous music of it is Sullivan at the top of his form, while in his occasional more serious moments he is completely free from that touch of sentimentality that here and there in some of his other operas reminds us a trifle too unpleasantly that he too belonged to the race that created the drawing-room ballad." And so on in most enthusiastic vein.

When "The Gondollers" was produced here at the Globe Theatre, the late John Stetson, the manager, said with a groan that the title should be "The Gone Dollars." Yet the performance was an excellent one. We remember gratefully Kate Stokes in a dance introduced in order to draw larger audiences.

Paul Dukas has visited London to conduct at a concert of the New Queen's Hall orchestra his "Pell" and "Sorcerer's Apprentice."

Lord Berners has written the music for a new ballet, produced by Diaghilev. The scenario is by Sacheverell Sitwell and the title is "The Triumphs of Neptune." "This will treat old-English themes, combining something of the Chap-book in designs and of the Diddiesque sea ballad in the music, with, of course, the typical Berners touches, though it is a serious work."

Hindimith's new opera, "Cardillac," was produced at Dresden on Oct. 30.

Erlo Korngold's new opera, "Das Wander der Hellane," will be produced at Hamburg next March. The Philharmonic Society of Boston announces its incidental music to "Much Ado About Nothing" for performance next Sunday.

By a mistake, it was said in The Sunday Herald that Richard Burgin, the concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, would give a recital on Thursday evening, Dec. 9. On that night he will be the soloist at the concert of the Harvard Glee Club in Symphony hall.

It was said that the cinema would kill the theatre. That could never happen. The cinema is mechanical, and will in time be perfected. The stage will never be perfected. It is too personal; and in that lies its overwhelming charm.—Gladys Cooper.

PAUL DOGUEREAU

Paul Doguereau, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall:

Sonatas, G minor, D major, D major, Scarlatti; Etudes Symphoniques, Schumann; Impromptu, F sharp major, Nocturne, G major, Studies, Op. 10, No. 10, Op. 25, No. 1, Op. 25, No. 11, Chopin; Bruyere, General Lavine, La terrasse des audiences du clair de lune, Homage a Pickwick, Canope, Feux d'artifice, Debussy.

Mr. Doguereau, a very young pianist, comes to this country with some sort of a reputation as a Debussy specialist; Mme. Debussy, it would seem, has taken pains to give him her views as to how her husband's music should be played. Such being the case, Mr. Doguereau showed poor judgment in delaying his Debussy group—six preludes, no less, and all, at that, out of the second book—till after he had played a reasonably long program of music which, if one may judge from the performance, interests him less vitally than does the music Debussy wrote. A specialist should always get to his specialty soon.

Mr. Doguereau is undoubtedly a young man of great talent. The theme of Schumann's studies he set forth impressively, though it can't be denied that he dropped some of its accents about too carelessly, and, by its slowness, in-

flated it almost to the bursting point. Much of the first variation he played interestingly, with here and there a chord crisply released. In the Chopin A flat study he showed a pretty touch, a certain grace; elsewhere, now and again, he sounded a passage that rang true and musical, as is the second Chopin study.

For the most part, though, if the truth must be told, Mr. Doguereau played like a highly talented young amateur with much before him to learn. To list his shortcomings would serve no purpose; they were obvious enough last night to anybody who knows how Scarlatti should be played, or Schumann's symphonic studies, or most of the Chopin.

Perhaps Mr. Doguereau, because of nervousness, failed to do himself justice last night. Perhaps his friends have shown unwise dispatch in pushing him, not yet technically or musically prepared, on to the concert stage. His talent surely is worth further study.

A large audience heard Mr. Doguereau last night. R. R. G.

Hester Nichols and Albert Hunter Play in Jordan

By PHILIP HALE

Hester Nichols and Albert Hunter gave a concert of music for two pianos yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program read as follows: Sinding, Variations, op. 2. Arensky, waltz and Nocturne from 3d Suite op. 23, and Polonaise from 1st Suite op. 15. Grieg, Romanze, op. 51. Moskowski, Scherzetto. Saint-Saens, Danse Macabre. Albeniz, Tango in D. Grainger, Shepherd's Hey.

Concerts of this nature are by no means uncommon in Boston. Nearly 40 years ago two amiably disposed gentlemen from Cincinnati, Messrs. Doerner and Andres, played two pianos at the same time. There were the Suro sisters, who, we hear, are still at it. Rose Laura and Otilie. There were Messrs. Randolph and Hutcheson, who gave concerts and 16 years ago played Mozart's Concerto in E-flat for two pianos at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The remarkable ability of Messrs. Maler and Pattison in this field of musical activity is known to all.

The program of Miss Nichols and Mr. Hunter was not the hackneyed one that is often presented on these joyous or sad occasions; joyous or sad as the case may be. Some of the pieces had been played here before, for we have not mentioned all the pianists who, two by two, emerging from the music, have performed in more or less blessed unity; but this program was sufficiently contrasted and there were some interesting pieces.

Of course the first requisite in these concerts is precision, but there is a cold, steeley precision that is exasperating. Then comes a sense of proportion, from the desire not to shine individually, but for the one to respect the other, and for the two to respect the composer. Fully as important is a display of musical taste, of compelling expression in the performance.

There is beauty as well as strength in Sinding's Variations; the selections from Arensky's Suites are salon music of the better class; that is, the Waltz and Nocturne; the Polonaise is poor stuff; it is a pleasure to hear the Danse Macabre in any form; but Grieg's Romanze! A romance in 17 or 18 volumes; or the title might be "Griegiana," or "The Grieg Anthology."

Miss Nichols and Mr. Hunter are capable pianists; technically well equipped; with a command of many nuances and a sense of color; rhythmically and aesthetically bound together. They played yesterday to a discouragingly small audience. Perhaps realizing this when they came out on the platform, they abused at times the damper pedal in Sinding's variations, a fault not so noticeable later in the afternoon.

Apropos of Queen Marie's visit to Chicago, the Tribune of that city published the following poem in its "A Line of Type or Two" column. We suspect Mr. Richard H. Little of the authorship:

LET'S ALL BEHAVE

Remember, friends, there is today
A Queen within our walls;
Be careful what you do and say,
Cut out unseemly brows.

You bear runners we implore
Oh, do be nice and sweet;
We know you will not stop your war,
But fight in some side street.

And burglars, you who work at nights,
Your greedy natures quell;
And even though you have your rights
Lay off the Queen's hotel.

Now, daylight bandits—a word with you,
Don't fill us full of shame,
By stealing from the railroad tracks,
The Queen's own special train.

Today let's don't be rude or mean,
There's naught could be absurd;
Let's keep our faces bright and clean,
And boys—now, please—no murder.

ARTFUL ADVERTISING

As the World Wags:

The controversy over Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes's "Genesis of the Great War" ought to tickle both the author and the publisher. It recalls a story of Longfellow. When "Hilawatha" appeared, it was violently abused by the press. Some of the reviews were so extreme that the publisher was indignant. He brought a bunch of them to the poet, exclaiming, "My dear Longfellow, this is really shameful. It ought not to be allowed!"

Longfellow remained calm. He asked, "How is the book selling?"

"Oh, splendidly. None of your former works ever had such a sale."

"Then," said Longfellow, with a twinkle in his eye, "suppose we let these people keep on advertising it."

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.
Dorchester.

Some newspapers, as the National Intelligencer of Washington, D. C., accused Longfellow of having "lifted" the "entire form, spirit, and many of the most striking incidents" of the Kalevala, the national epic of the Finns. This charge was answered by writers in the United States and in Europe. Good old Dr. Allibone of Philadelphia contributed an unconsciously humorous note. "There have, indeed, we are sorry to say, been many parodies of 'Hilawatha.' We have no patience with a burlesque imitation of an earnest original." He also spoke of the "baleful effects" of "the potent example" of the capital parody in Punch.

The latest and best parody we know is "Hilawatha's Photographing" by Charles L. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll"). Hilawatha photographs a family, parents and children.

"First the Governor, the Father:
He suggested velvet curtains
Looped about a massy pillar;
And the corner of a table,
Of a rosewood dining table.
He would hold a scroll of something,
Hold it firmly in his left hand;
He would keep his right hand buried
(Like Napoleon) in his waistcoat;
He would contemplate the distance
With a look of pensive meaning,
As of ducks that die in tempest.
Grand heroic was the notion;
Yet the picture failed entirely:
Failed, because he moved a little,
Moved, because he couldn't help it."

After the mother and her son "the Stuning-Cantab" had sat came the turn of the eldest daughter.
"She suggested very little;
Only asked if he would take her
With her look of 'passive beauty'—
Her idea of passive beauty
Was a squinting of the left eye,
Was a drooping of the right eye,
Was a smile that went up side ways
To the corner of the nostrils."

Parodies—why Homer and Virgil have been burlesqued, and at times in a coarse, indecent manner. Pope parodied Chaucer and Spencer. And so down the ages. Charles H. Webb (John Paul) wrote his "Liffeth Lank" after "Griffith Gaunt." Beecher's "Norwood" was turned into "Gnaw-wood." Poe's "Raven" has been parodied ad nauseam. There are volumes of parodies. The latest perhaps is "A Century of Parody and Imitation," edited by Walter Jerrold and R. M. Leonard. We have not mentioned the "Rejected Addresses," by Horatio and James Smith, the "Warreniana," in which leading British poets were supposed to sing the praises of Warren's Blacking; the "Bon Gualtier" ballads, Aytoun's "Firmilian," a burlesque of Alexander Smith's "Life Drama." The excellent parodies of Walt Whitman in Vanity Fair (1860-61). The "Echo Club," by Bayard Taylor; Swinburne's parodies of his own sonorous verse; the burlesque novels of Thackeray, and the condensed novels of Bret Harte—there is an endless list. Operas have been parodied, as "Cavalleria Rusticana." To parody is to compliment.—Ed.

J. M. S. of Andover writes to us: Will you kindly tell me who wrote the song, "I didn't raise my boy to go to Harvard?"

ECONOMIC DISTRESS

As the World Wags:

The trouble with the textile situation in New England is two-fold: Taxes and skirts. They are both too high.

H. W. ABEOT.

As the World Wags:

If you have been haunted, as I have been, by our fellow-contributor, Mr. Quincy Kilby's poem about the books we used to read, "And Seven More Redskins Bit the Dust," you will rejoice to find it on pages 191-193 of Robert Frothingham's newest anthology, "Songs of Adventure," just published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

LOUELLA D. EVERETT.

As the World Wags:

When Lord Cornwallis surrendered we are told that British regiment bands in sheer despair played "The World Turned Upside Down." So when I read that "London demands jazz, knocking high-brow revue into a cocked hat," I felt a like sort of despair, although there is no ground for any despair, seeing what we have already survived. WILLIAM E. WRIGHT.

As the World Wags:

I notice in the account of the Hall case that William Garvin, a detective "grinningly" admitted that he was widely known as "Greasy Vest." Do you suppose his pleasure and pride were based on the size of the spots or the number of them? I regret that the newspaper account was not more specific, in that it failed to say whether streaks or spots predominated. J. WESLEY O'NEIL.

As the World Wags:

I read in The Herald of Nov. 9 an article about Italy's meagre part in the Seven Weeks' War of 1866, written by somebody who seems to be ignorant in the matter. Italy is not celebrating the anniversary of this war, as your correspondent implied. Italy is merely commemorating the deed that her armies achieved in June 1913 at the Piave.

In reply to the criticism of Italy's share in the war, what does your correspondent think of the American revolution in which our patriots were able to vanquish the British at Yorktown only after being reinforced by the French, and at Saratoga where a Pole named Kosciuszko laid out the breastworks and helped to direct the attack?

Because a nation wins a war through the help of an ally, it by no means takes away her credit, especially when a nation is struggling for the cause of freedom, as Italy was in 1866 and as America was in 1776. E. O. Williamstown.

We have had our spell of Indian summer, for this short season comes in November, as Mr. Warner pointed out in a letter some weeks ago; not in October. There is usually some warm weather in Sweden about All Saints day; this weather is known there as All Saints' rest. In Shakespeare's "Henry IV," act 1, scene 2, mention is made of the All Hallow'n summer.

Our readers are no doubt familiar with Thomas Hood's poetical description of this month beginning:

"No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon,"
and ending:
"No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—
November."

But "Lucio," the poet laureate of the Manchester Guardian, has also freed his mind about the month. He apologizes for the number of times that he has complained in prose and in verse about the onset of the English winter.

"It isn't very courageous, is it?" How much better to swallow yet another cough capsule, blow one's nose heartily, throw out one's chest manfully and announce, 'I do care a dab what beoble say—this kind of weather suds be dowed to the growld.' Let us be British for a change—let us have a song which for once shall send the jolly little red corpuscles valiantly on their way to do battle with influenza germs and other filter-passing viruses:

Hooray, hooray for winter!
Hooray for rain and sleet,
The blasts that pierce and splinter,
The frosts that freeze the feet!
Oh, let us go in training
For joyous mists and fogs
And days when it is raining
Ten thousand cats and dogs.

Let maidens sigh and simper
For August or July,
Let craven weaklings whimper
For weather that is dry!
Cry "Shame!" upon the growler
Who shrinks from winter's cup—
The worse the day, and fouler,
The more it bucks one up!

Eyetallians and Frenchies
Their azure coast may prize,
But the Briton never blanches
Beneath his sterner skies.
Aye, let us all remember
What made us what we are
Is a good old damp December
Abounding in catarrh.

"And then, all together in a last
and an absolute ecstasy of enjoyment:

O bracing winds and bitter,
O shrewd and searching air!
O draughts that raise the sinner
From out his fire-die chair!
O freezing-points and zeros!
O snow! O slush! O hail!
This IS a land for heroes
With a weather scheme to scale!

don't think I can say any more.
And if I don't feel better for
it would be as well to see a doctor

Patrick Campbell is again with
to act in the theatre. She brings
her a play entitled, "The Adven-
turous Age." H-m-m! Mrs. Patrick
Campbell is now in her 62d year. May
her adventure be successful!

Dispatch from Berlin: "Art exhibits
veal retreat from expressionism." One
could think from this that the grand
d conservative in the arts, Mr. Wil-
helm Hohenzollern, were again ruling
artists, composers and hewers of
statue in his kingdom.

Mr. Cobb Hall proposes the name of
The Whiskers of Kewanee, Ill., for ad-
mission to our Hall of Fame's Annex
Deserving Women. She bobs hair.

MARINUS SUFFERS MARTYRDOM

the World Wags:

Ten Eyck is a religious man in his
day, but does not to the kerke go him-
self. Yet he sees to it that his children
to the Sunday school. So that when
little Marinus was 8, he began to Sun-
day school to go.

"It is not the Calvin kerke," Ten Eyck
would say "but the boy will take no
harm for that. Too young is he yet for
dogma."

Last Sunday, when Adrian and I to
the Ten Eycks' were to dinner, little
Marinus' home came from the Sunday
school.

"And what did you learn at the Sun-
day school today, Marinus?" asks Ten
Eyck over the dinner table.

"The teacher told us how the Master
changed the water into grape juice,"
said Marinus.

"Grape juice?" said Ten Eyck. "Do
not you mistake, Marinus? Think
again."

"No, the teacher said grape juice,"
said Marinus.

"Do not so disgrace me before my
company," said Ten Eyck. "One more
chance I give you."

"Was it not wine, Marinus? asks
vrouw Ten Eyck, knowing what was
coming."

"No, grape juice," said little Marinus.

"Maybe it was ginger beer or sarsa-
parilla," said Ten Eyck, reaching for the
strap.

"No, the teacher said grape juice,"
said little Marinus.

So little Marinus got soundly thrashed
for not paying attention in Sunday
school. DEI LOTSE.

FOR "LABORERS" ONLY?

A World Wags:

"TOBAAS SPORTS FOR WORKERS

"Laboring Man's Recreation Should Be Music, Says A. F. L. Man"

What is a "Tobaas"? And why am
I led to suppose that "Tobaas" or
"Tobaas" indicate a trend towards
music for a workingman's recreation?
Identically, I didn't think that the
workingman had any recreations. I
always took it for granted that he was
too busy having his face ground by
the wheel to dream of such things.

This "Tobaas" business looks sus-
picious to me. I seem to sense the
unconscious approach of another law
prohibiting something or other, maybe the
wearing of false teeth, say perhaps only
upper or lower set, but never the two
together. Another law wouldn't be
ruled in this law-ridden land; nobody
remembers a fraction of them; the noble
art of hold-up men recognizes none at
all so what matter? This "Tobaas"
may be commanding the workingman to
sport, willy nilly; or not to sport, or
to substitute music for sports, or vice
versa—but why "Tobaas"? If Tobaas
is going to benefit the workingman, why
shouldn't we poor wretches who work
with our brains profit by Tobaas also?
This mystery is sinister. It is some-
thing like having to shove our clock
forward because somebody wants to get
up an hour earlier, which he could do
without bothering others. M.

SIXTH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The sixth concert of the Boston Sym-
phony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky
conductor, took place yesterday after-
noon in Symphony hall. The program
was as follows: Tansman, "The Dance
of the Sorcerer" from the ballet "The
Garden of Paradise"; Krassa, March
and Pastorale from a symphony in three

move-ments; Walton, Overture
orchestra; and Walton, Overture
"Portsmouth Point," Beethoven sym-
phony, No. 5.

The music by Tansman and Krassa
was heard for the first time in Boston,
the music by Weber and Walton for
the first time in this country, as was
Krassa's Pastorale.

Mr. Koussevitzky heard these pieces at
the festival of the International Society
for New Music held at Zurich last
summer. He regarded them as the
most important of the many then per-
formed. Krassa and Weber, what must
the others have been!

Whether it was prudent to put the
four new works in succession on one
program is a subject for academic dis-
cussion. As for ourselves, we believe
that one unfamiliar piece is enough for
one concert; we also believe that if the
music is of any worth there should be
a repetition of it at the following con-
cert. Mr. Koussevitzky did well, how-
ever, in allowing us to hear this new
music; in letting us know what com-
posers of various countries are doing;
in driving from a rut good Bostonians
who have complacently stood in it,
suspicious of the present-day workers
in the musical vineyard, confident that
the wine coming from it would be
muddy, or too heavy, or even poisonous.
As a disturber of our fozzled smug-
ness, Mr. Koussevitzky, a true musical
benefactor, has worked a miracle. That
some are shocked, and perhaps espec-
ially disturbed because he has given
genuine interest to music by Beethoven
and Brahms which had long been per-
formed here in a perfunctory, dry-as-
dust, taken-for-granted manner—this
works for musical righteousness. Let
them rave! The great public hears Mr.
Koussevitzky gladly.

Of the pieces performed yesterday,
Walton's overture has the most vitality,
in spite of its generally thick instru-
mentation. After all, this thickness may
be in keeping with the subject. The
music was suggested by Rowlandson's
print, "Portsmouth Point," published
over a century ago. This print pictures
the bustling scene on the quay previous
to the victualling and manning of the
warships. There are drunken sailors;
there are women also overcome by
strong waters. There are sentimental
and genteel farewells. Mr. Walton's
music is typically English in its sturd-
iness. Hearing it one thinks of roast
beef and ale, hearts of oak, the Union
Jack, England expects every man to
do her duty, Dibdin's set songs, Black-
eyed Susan, Peter Simple. There is no
tender episode suggested by the officer
farewelling his wife or light o' love.
It's all hurrah, boys, Britannia rules
the waves, one more glass before we go.
Tansman's "Dance of the Sorceress"
is from his ballet "The Garden of Para-
dise," based on one of Hans Christian
Andersen's stories. How is a "sorceress"
introduced? Reading the tale in a Ger-
man translation, we came across a good,
kind fairy; but no witch that thought
of raising the din that Tansman made,
or dancing so convulsively and delir-
iously. Seeing the action in the ballet, one
might find this music appropriate, or
one, lost in feeling, would only be con-
scious of infernal golings-on in the or-
chestral pit.

We were disappointed in Hans Krassa's
music for a small orchestra. A hearer

might have been pardoned for asking:
"Which is the pastorale? which is the
march?" Not that we expected a tum,
tum, tumity-tum march, or one even in
the 3-4 time made effective by one or
two German writers for the piano; but
thin is the partition that divides
Krassa's two movements. A Pastorale is
usually associated with sheep, flute
notes, an oboe piping, bewitching shep-
herdresses with short skirts and gar-
landed hats—peaceful, even bleating
music, but Mr. Krassa's Pastoral Muse
must have been impressed and haunted
at a zoo by the feeding of the carnivora.

The pieces of Weber, scored in a cur-
ious manner, are the shortest known to
us: Impressionistic bits; dabs of pale
colors; experimental expressing of the
inaudible. In a way they are interest-
ing; just as it would be interesting to
hear the music played in compliment to
the Princes of the North visiting the
court of Herod in Jules Laforgue's
"Salome."

"On a lively and fatalistic mode, an
orchestra of ivory instruments improv-
vised a little unanimous overture."

To sum up: Walton's Overture was
meaty and spontaneous; the hearty
guffaw of an Englishman seeing an
amusing yet stirring scene. Tansman,
Krassa and Weber were as men con-
demned to hard labor and working out
their punishment.

It is needless to say that the new
music was played brilliantly and with ex-
quisite delicacy, according to the com-
posers' demands. Then came one of the
most insuring performances of the Fifth
Symphony that we have ever heard. One
might justly have put on the title page
this line under "Beethoven: Symphony
No. 5"—"First time in Boston."

Mme. Frieda Hempel, who will sing in Symphony hall this afternoon,
has chosen three unfamiliar operatic arias, going from Handel's "Flori-
dante," over 200 years old, to Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," re-
cently produced. Mme. Durastanti sang in "Floridante." Handel brought
her from the Dresden Theatre for his London season of 1720. She must
have been a good deal of a woman as well as singer, for the King of Eng-
land was pleased to stand godfather to her daughter, and the Princess and
Lady Bruce were godmothers. The Marquis Visconti represented the King
and Lady Litchfield the princess on that joyous occasion. It was not said
at the time whether Mr. Durastanti was in London. It is to be noted that
in 1721 it was not thought necessary to "Senora" a singer. The Evening
Post, mentioning the christening, spoke of "a daughter of Mrs. Dura-
stanti"; just plain "Mrs."

Handel was evidently pleased with her, for he interpolated a Siciliana
for her, "Dolce mia speranza." When Margherita left the English stage
the great Mr. Alexander Pope, at the request of the Earl of Peterborough,
put some words together "in haste" for her to sing. They ended:

"But let old charmers yield to new.
Happy soil, adieu, adieu."

This modest farewell is surely without example on the operatic stage.
Mr. Julian Marshall was probably not mistaken when he wrote, yet cau-
tiously: "She seems to have been an estimable and faithful woman"; but
no one seems to know what became of her after she left England, nor
where and when she died.

Mme. Hempel's third aria is from St. Saens's "Ascanio" (1896), in
which Emma Eames took the lyric part of Ascanio, while Mmes. Adini
and Bosman and our old friends, Plancon and Lassalle, were in the cast.
As for Mme. Hempel herself, the excellent singer, she was born at Leipsic
on June 26, 1885. She first studied the piano in Leipsic and Berlin; she
took singing lessons of Mme. Nicklass-Kempner; her debut was in August,
1905, at Berlin, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." She was at the Court
Opera, Schwerin, for two years; a member of the Royal Opera Company,
Berlin (1907-1912), and in 1912 she came to the Metropolitan Opera House.

She sang here first in opera at the Boston Opera House Jan. 20, 1913,
in "The Barber of Seville." She was heard here in the same year as
Violetta and as Olympia; in concert for the first time on Nov. 9 of that
year with an orchestra led by Otto Urack. In 1914 she was heard at
the Boston Opera House as Eva and Rosina and in 1916, with the Metro-
politan Company, as a memorable Princess in "Der Rosenkavalier." She
has often sung here since in concert. Her only appearance at a concert
of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was on Nov. 24, 1922.

The Boston Philharmonic Orchestra will play music written by Erich
Korngold for Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing." Mr. William J.
Henderson heard a performance of this comedy with Korngold's music
at Munich in the summer of 1921 and wrote savagely about the manner
in which the play was misconceived and acted. "There was no elegance,
no restraint, no romantic clash of spirited wit and unwilling love." He
said of the music that there were "dissonances a-plenty." Possibly the
performance was a poor one, for the music has been praised in other
quarters.

"Much Ado About Nothing" has not tempted composers, as have
other plays by Shakespeare. Incidental music was written by Edward
German for George Alexander's production at the St. James Theatre, Lon-
don, in 1898; Frederick Ecke for Augustin Daly's production in New York
(1896), or rather he selected and arranged from various sources.

There have been many settings of the song "Sigh no more, ladi's,
sigh no more," solos by Arne, Christopher Smith, Linley, Sullivan, Stan-
islaus, Barker, Fox ("very pretty song if well sung"—G. B. Shaw), Ethel
Harraden, Cole. There have been glees and at least one duet. Arne,
Chilco and Linley wrote music for "Pardon, Goddess of the Night."

There have been three operas based on the play; in two of them
Shakespeare's text was curiously mangled and distorted. Berlioz wrote
his "Beatrice et Benedict" for Baden-Baden, where it was produced suc-
cessfully in 1862. Produced at Weimar in 1863, later at Carlsruhe, it did
not reach Paris until 1890.

Blau mangled the play, and Paul Puget wrote the music for the opera
entitled "Beaucoup de bruit pour rien," produced in Paris in 1890. Clem-
ent took the part of Benedict. The title, "Much Noise About Nothing,"
was unfortunate, for the critics said the title characterized the music.

Julian Sturgis tried his hand at a libretto and Villiers Stanford wrote
the music. Their "Much About Nothing" was produced at Covent Gar-
den in 1901. The singers, Suzanne Adams, Marie Brema, John Coates,
Plancon, Bispham, Putnam Griswold and Blass, were well known here.
Bispham, who took the part of Benedict, says in his "Quaker Singer's
Recollections," that the opera was beautiful, though the London news-
papers would not have it. Marie Brema was the Beatrice. It was in 1901
that Bispham sang for the first time in London negro melodies arranged
by Burleigh, "which I consider to be as legitimate examples of folk songs
as those of Germany, England and Ireland with which they were grouped."

"The Cradle Snatchers," by Russell G. Medc
will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorro
was produced at Atlantic City on Aug. 3, 1925, t
Norma Mit
When the farce
were taken

by Mary Boland, Edna May Oliver and Margaret Dale; the "Cake Eaters," by Raymond Hackett, Humphrey Bogart and Raymond Guion. The farce arrived at the Music Box, New York, on Sept. 7, 1925. Three wives, considering themselves neglected by their husbands, decide each one of them to take to herself a "gigolo" or "cake eater." To quote Mr. Woolcott: "These somewhat apprehensive mercenaries are needy lads with lots of vitality, and their hopeful employers expect at least to derive the benefit of stirring up a dormant interest in the bosoms of their respective husbands." The play seems to answer the characterization often printed on the playbills of the old Boston Museum: "A roaring farce."

"Laff That Off," a comedy by Don Mullaly, to be seen at the Plymouth tomorrow night, has also been long in coming here. It was produced at Atlantic City in June, 1925, when Shirley Booth played the street girl; Thomas W. Ross, the bachelor Morse, with Allan Bunce as Leo Mitchell. The comedy went to Chicago. It came to Wallacks, New York, on Nov. 2 of last year. It was said there that the simple and sentimental story of a rescued girl and her platonic companionship with three young bachelors was sprinkled with "gags, nifties, wise cracks and little sobby bits throughout the piece." There is an old Irishman who cadges drinks; our well-tried friend, the Irish landlady; the scullery-slavey, who tries to correct her atrocious speech. The acting of Miss Booth, Mr. Ross, Mr. Bunce, and Pauline Drake, as the slavey, was warmly praised in New York.

So the Play Jury in New York has decided that "The Captive" be allowed to continue at the Empire Theatre. Three women on the jury apparently did not think that this English version of "La Prisoniere" is "objectionable from a point of view of public morals." It is agreed that the subject, which is a very old one, going back to the case of Sappho, who no doubt was maligned by rival poets, is in this instance treated discreetly. It has inspired poems by Baudelaire, Swinburne, Verlaine. Gautier introduced a pleasing episode in "Mademoiselle de Maupin." A good many years ago a curious novel, "Mademoiselle Giraud, Ma Femme," by Belot, made a sensation for a time. We believe a play was derived from it. Then there is "Fragoletta," a strange romance by Henri de Latouche, which was published as early as 1829. Swinburne took the title of one of his "Poems and Ballads" from it. There is a little French play, "Lawn Tennis," with a tragic ending. The subject is treated humorously in at least two stories in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," but one must go to the translations by Burton, Payne and Mardrus to find them.

P. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Frieda Hempel, soprano. See special notice.

Mechanics building, 3:15 P. M. Boston Philharmonic orchestra. Mme. Leginska, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Pompeo's Symphony band. Giovanni Pompeo, conductor. Ida Verbini, soprano. Master Robert Pompeo, pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 9 P. M. Raquel Meller, Spanish singer. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, matinee and evening. Raquel Meller.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Apollo Club, first concert of the 56th season. Frank H. Luker, guest conductor; Lambert Murphy, tenor. Part songs: Foote, Bedouin Song; Dvorak-Smith, Songs my Mother taught me; Leoncavallo, Gentle Friend Pierrot; Massenet, Come, dear Love; R. L. Baldwin, Hymn before Action; Luker, Sailor's Polka; Chudleigh-Candish, Who Sails with Drake; W. Reddick, arrangement of Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Clay-Woodruff, I'll sing thee songs of Araby (tenor solo by Mr. Murphy); Cesar Franck, Psalm 150. Mr. Murphy's songs will be as follows: Gretchen, Over the Steppes; Rachmaninoff, In the Silent Night; Sachnowski, The Clock; Fourdrain, Chevauchee Cosaque; Crouch, Kathleen Mayvourneen; Old Irish, Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded; Cadman, A Song of You; Campbell-Tipton, Crying of Water; Cecil Burleigh, Awake it is the Day.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. William Gerrard Collins, baritone; Margaret Kent Hubbard, accompanist. Loud, The Sea Gypsy and the Airman's Creed; F. Bridge, Go not Happy Day and Love went a-riding; Rosa, Star vicino al bell' idolo; Brogi, Visione Veneziana; Liszt, Oh! Quand Je dors; Bemberg, Il Neige; Brahms, in Waldeinsamkeit; Henschel, Morgan-Hymne; Schubert, Du bist die Ruh; Grieg, Ein Traun; Schaefer, Would God I were the tender Apple Blossom; Fox, The Foggy Dew; Hughes, The Bard of Armagh and A Ballynure Ballad.

NAPLES TOPIC

The subject of Mr. Newman's Travel talk in Symphony hall last night was "Naples and Its Riviera." There is an old saying "See Naples and die." Some visitors saw Naples and did die, so unsanitary was the city. Mr. Newman said that while Mussolini had put an end to the extortionate porters and the pestering beggars, the city was still dirty. Perhaps that accounts for the lightheartedness, the smiling happiness of the Neapolitans.

Mr. Newman had many interesting things to say and a great variety of unusually beautiful views to show, besides the pictures that gave one an idea of the street life in Naples, the streets of shops, the quarters of the pitifully poor, and the markets frequented by the poor and the well-to-do. Nature, as he said, has made Naples, on account of its location, the most beautiful city in the world. Though Vesuvius may grumble and belch forth ashes from its new cone of a crater, the Neapolitan looks on the mountain as his friend, one of the chief ornaments of the city so dear to him.

Among the most striking pictures were those of Vesuvius, uneasy and in action. Views that showed how Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed, the pictures of the gardens and statuary at Caserta; of Monte Casino, of the Gulf of Naples, and of all the country

along the Mediterranean, the villas, the Sorento, and finally Capri, where the Emperor Tiberius spent his vacation in horrid orgies, were fine examples of photography. At the end were unusually successful views of the Blue Grotto.

Even the printed argument of this Traveltalk did not prepare one for the wealth of information and the fascination of the pictures. To many of us Caserta was unknown even by name. That Virgil is supposed to have been buried near Naples was not news to some, who remembered that for centuries he was regarded as a magician rather than a poet by the descendants of the Romans. The Tarantella was danced for the benefit of far away Bostonians, but the dancers were not bitten by the traditional spider. Calabrians were seen in their native costumes, also with their bagpipes, the minstrels who gave to Handel the suggestion of his pastorelle in the "Messiah." Caserta brought back the memory of the dashing Murat who foolishly accepted a kingdom. Did classical scholars in the audience seeing an old castle, think of Cicero and Brutus meeting there for the last time?

But let no one think that Mr. Newman was aggressively historical or pedantic. His talk, while it was instructive, was entertaining throughout, a pleasing comment on the pictures of buildings, statuary, flowers, seascapes and landscapes, spaghetti, coral in the manufacturing, and volcanoes, active and extinct. The Traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon. Next week "Rome with Ostia, Frascati and Tivoli."

P. H.

MISS BETTY GRAY

Betty Gray, contralto, excellently accompanied by Inez Day, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

Di tanti palpiti, Rossini; Tu Fai La Superbetta, Fesch; O Salutaris Hostia, Rossini; Die Lorelei, Liszt; Adieu, forets, Tchaikovsky; Les Cigales, Chabrier; La Flute de Pan, Debussy; Chanson des Noisettes, Dupont; Penses Automne, Massenet; Hills, La Forge; Lilacs, Rachmaninoff; Cradle Song, Tchaikovsky; Kingcups and Daisies, Aylward; The Sea, Grant-Schaefer.

Miss Gray, if one may draw conclusions from her performance last night, is extremely partial to that sort of light tone that sounds—not to indulge in technical terms—as though it was made by the lips alone, tone that fits very well such songs as those of Debussy and Chabrier. Since, as well as this suitable tone, Miss Gray has the temperament to fit these songs, an aptitude for singularly graceful phrasing, and enunciation remarkably clear in French, she sang them delightfully, and Massenet's song only a trifle less well.

But surely, Miss Gray shows lack of judgment when she limits herself so rigorously to this tone without color or force. Even for the foundation of song many listeners might hold it too unsubstantial; rarely to build upon it, even in an air demanding grandeur, like Rossini's "O Salutaris," can only make for monotony.

The curious factor in the case is that Miss Gray, if so she chooses, can deepen this airy tone with very good success: she did so once in a while, especially in the latter part of her program, and the result brought both beauty and relief. It can only be that Miss Gray, afraid of tones that sometimes grow harsh, takes too constant refuge in a form of voice production that at all events obviates that risk.

But she pays a penalty for not achieving security against that danger as, of course, she could. Miss Gray, with her lovely voice, her smooth, even scale, her neat enunciation and her sound musicianship, ought not to narrow the field of her best successes to songs of coquetry and archness. Those were what her audience last night liked best.

R. R. G.

PHILHARMONIC

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Philharmonic orchestra, Ethel Leginska, conductor, gave its third concert yesterday afternoon in Mechanics hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Academic Overture. Mendelssohn, Capriccio Brillante op. 22 for piano and orchestra (Justin Sandridge, pianist). Korngold, Suite from the Incidental Music to "Much Ado About Nothing." (First performance here in orchestral form). Rimsky-Korsakov, Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade." There was a very large and greatly pleased audience.

Erich Korngold was regarded as a musical phenomenon, for he composed at an early age like a grown person, better than some much older. His fame was spread by his father, who, being the music critic of a newspaper, showed him more than customary parental devotion; he boomed the boy in print; he was his passionate press agent. A Sinfonietta by Erich has been performed at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra; one of his operas, "The Dead City," with his libretto based on Rodenbach's strange novel, has been heard in New York. Whether, Erich, the man, has fulfilled the promise given by Erich, the boy, is answered "Yes" and "No" in his own country and in other lands. The prevailing opinion is that in his later years he has settled down and is a jog-trot composer.

This Suite from his incidental music

for Shakespeare's play is entertaining, pleasant to hear without the thought of the stage production. The lively, joyous overture is in true comedy spirit, tuneful, not too sugary in its quieter lyric moments, ingeniously orchestrated. The second movement, said to be for Hero's talk with a maid, is naturally more sentimental; an agreeable, spontaneous flow. The "March of the Watchmen," with reference to Dogberry and Verges, bears the indication "In the tempo of a grotesque funeral march." It is grotesque enough, not so funny as to make one laugh right out even in meeting. It would no doubt be more effective in the play-house. Then follows a pretty tune for violoncello, taken up later by the strings, and for an end-

ing there is a rousing hornpipe suggested by Benedick's final remark. While the Suite is in no way old-fashioned music in the derogatory sense, it is not an example of the extreme modern school. One can not understand how certain critics, hearing the performance in the theatre, found the music full of aggressive dissonances, crude and inapt; that is, if they heard these selections played with reasonable skill by an adequate orchestra.

Yesterday, Mme. Leginska conducted this and other pieces with marked enthusiasm and enjoyment. The orchestra, well under control, gave a very creditable performance.

Mr. Sandridge played that old stock Conservatory Exhibition piece Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brillante. Mendelssohn wrote it in Paris and London. It was just completed when he performed it at Mori's concert in London in May, 1832. This Mori was a violinist, also a publisher of music. The Capriccio is characteristically Mendelssohnian; a short introduction, suave, saying little, but saying it in the politest way imaginable; then the fast movement, glitter and dash, superficial but always the music of a "perfect gentleman." Mr. Sandridge gave an excellent interpretation, displaying not only well-developed technical proficiency, but a musical touch and taste in phrasing. He was loudly and deservedly applauded.

The program stated that for the concert next Sunday afternoon, all the men of the orchestra "with a desire to express their great appreciation of the endeavors of Ethel Leginska in their behalf, have volunteered their services, including all of the rehearsals." For this concert the program will be as follows: Weber, Overture to "Der Freischutz"; Mozart, Concerto, A major, for piano and orchestra (played and conducted by Mme. Leginska; Liszt, "The Preludes"; Leginska, Funeral March from "Quatre Sujets Barbares" (first time in Boston); Tchaikovsky, March Slav.

One of the men railing against women in that pleasing comedy, "This Woman Business," acted in capital fashion at the Wilbur Theatre, quoted Schopenhauer in his tirade against the sweet sex, as Sir Thomas Browne characterized it in a whimsical passage wherein he would seem to be their enemy. What if the dramatist had made use of that merry satire, "The Fifteen Joys of Marriage," attributed to Antoine de la Sale, who was born late in the 14th century? This volume and "Sappho, the Poems and Fragments," the Greek text with an English translation, notes, glossary and an interesting introduction by C. R. Haines, are the latest additions to the Broadway Translations published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

The study of misogyny throughout the ages takes one from the Book of Genesis to the present day. We know of at least one anthology published within recent years in which are gleefully collected disagreeable and bitter sayings against women. There was peculiarly a savage anti-feminism in the middle ages. An examination of the Courts of Love, the tournaments, the poems of troubadours, leads one to doubt whether the age of chivalry was really favorable to women of either high or low degree. Mr. Richard Adlington, who has translated La Sale's satire in a lively manner, says in his introduction, valuable for its study of society in the middle ages, that except in rare cases women were "certainly looked upon as inferiors and dependants and were often very brutally treated. The attitude of Petrarch to Kate was probably the rule rather than the exception, and determined spirits like the wife of Bath were not common. It is not surprising that nunneries were popular." Mr. Adlington might have alluded to a surprising statement in Faurel's "History of Provencal Poetry," to the effect it was only after marriage that women were treated so contemptuously, for the belief was popular, as shown by these poets, that love and marriage were incompatible. One of the articles in the codes of the old Courts of Love, and the decision of the Countess of Champagne in one of these courts, give the proof. Mr. Adlington's introduction is as entertaining as La Sale's satire, and this is saying much.

For the translation he improvised a sort of archaic English, something between Chaucer and the earliest English translator; but not in a way to be irritatingly obscure. "I have used no word which is not familiar to everybody and have avoided transparent archaism."

voices such as 'wood' for 'mad', 'brent' for 'burnt', 'except' for 'named', and the like." Thus he renders a passage from a Sale's prologue: "I am advised that in marriage are 15 ceremonies, according to what I have seen or heard from those who well know it and those that are married hold them for joys, delights and felicities and deem that no other joys are to be compared with them; but on every right understanding these 15 joys of marriage are, in my censure, the greatest torments, dolours, griefs and the 15 greatest woes in this world, and no other tortures, without breaking of limbs, continue you so long. . . . Nathless, I am comforted by one thing, for they that are married esteem the said pains and torments as joys and comforts, and are hardened and accustomed thereto, even as an ass to bear burdens, and they seem to rejoice thereat, and therefore 'tis to be doubted whether their sufferings have any merit. Wherefore I have taken pleasure, as I watched them in the trap where they are enclosed, in writing these 15 joys of marriage to console them; thereby wasting my pains, mine ink and my paper."

The satirical rogue shows in dialogue and description how worthy men, young or old, suffer from a wife's extravagance, her desire to gad abroad, her capriciousness as she is about to bear a child; on brats howling at night, a burden support; from a wife of nobler lineage than that of her husband, or one that will meddle with his business; from one that is slyly or brazenly unfaithful; from wife's relations. If she dies, the poor, simple, lonely man weds a shrewish, hangeable widow, or one too young for him. Gossips "jape and leer at the odd man," no matter how the wife misleads him.

This joyous book, full of shrewd sayings and amusing dialogues, should find a ready sale among all men. Bachelors may bless their lot; husbands may find consolation, or their eyes may be opened. Will any woman give the book to her husband for a Christmas present? Wives may find pleasure in the reading, if their husbands are not to their taste.

Are the poems, or rather the fragments of Sappho's poems translatable? We doubt it. Take the most famous one, "That man seems to me peer of gods, who sits in thy presence." Catullus probably came nearest to the original Greek. The version by Ambrose Phillips is in English the most familiar: "Blest as the immortal gods is he." Others have tried their hand, and Tennyson and Swinburne were influenced. Is Mr. Haines more successful than his predecessors?

"Like to the gods I deem his blest. Who face to face with thee, thy great sits welcome with ears rapt to hear Thy voice so sweet, so near."

But this is not Sappho's "hears close to him thy sweet speech and lovely laughter."

Or take: "The moon has set, and the Pleiades; it is midnight, the time is going by, and I sleep alone," which Mr. Haines thinks may be based on a folk song.

He translates: "The Moon and Pleiades have set, Midnight is nigh, The time is passing, passing, yet Alone I die." No, this is Mr. Haines, not Sappho.

But this volume is a sumptuous one, fuller in text than Henry Thornton Wharton's "Sappho," enriched by 20 plates, with a chapter on the rhythms and metres, with a vocabulary, glossary, index of names and bibliography. There is a long and learned introduction, in which the life of Sappho and her environment are minutely studied. The Phaon legend, "It is nothing better than a fable"—is discussed, and Mr. Haines comes gallantly to the defence of Sappho's character. Some of his reasoning is naive, as when he points out that there is not an "objectionable" word in all the extant fragments; that she wrote hymns to the chaste goddesses of marriage. Mr. Haines follows Welcker of Goettingen who in 1816 wrote a little book of 150 pages entitled, "Sappho Freed from a Prevailing Opinion," but he says nothing about the articles by Bayle Rowbotham, and Col. William Mure.

Mr. Haines' labors, however, are to be respected by classical scholars. He shows erudition and enthusiasm in his treatment of the poet and the woman: "the little woman with black hair, and Alcaeus" quoted by Rowbotham, "says that she had a beautiful smile."

FRIEDA HEMPEL

Frieda Hempel offered a singularly attractive program yesterday afternoon, at her Symphony hall concert, as well as a wealth of good singing.

She began her proceedings with an aria from Bach's "Wedding Cantata," with an obbligato for two flutes played by Ewald Haun and Gaston Bladet. At once she set her standard, and a lofty one it was, for legato singing of extraordinary smoothness, for tone that was sweet indeed, and for a beauty of phrasing not many singers can rival and none can surpass.

This Bach aria Miss Hempel followed with one from Handel's "Floridante," to which she brought all the vitality to bear—and also the rhythm and the tonal color by which she expresses this vitality—that makes her singing of folk songs, and genuinely great songs, too, so engrossing.

She went on with Schubert's "Auf dem Wasser zu singen," and Schumann's "Du bist wie eine Blume"; when has the latter song had place on a Boston program? Brahms' "Schwesterlein" Miss Hempel has sung here before, but surely not with so deep a pathos. And then the tone she found for Franz's "Er ist gekommen!"

Miss Hempel began her French group with an almost unaccompanied song from Saint-Saens's "Ascanio," an attractive trifle well suited to the display of the singer's splendor of tone. For Hahn's "Fetes Galantes" and Chabrier's "L'Alcazar" she had tone at hand quite different in color, though equally excellent in quality; nobody, McCormack excepted, fits tone to spirit and word like Miss Hempel. In this group she also sang an excerpt from Ravel's recent "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," measures pleasantly flowing and graceful, free, for once, of the mockery the composer seems often to fancy. Miss Hempel sang this melody so beautifully, why will she not next let us hear the brilliant passage in which Ravel's "Fire" addresses the child in the opera?

Miss Hempel closed her concert, officially, with four songs of the 17th century—not that, arranged as they were, they all sounded so ancient—"Summer Is a Cumen In," "The Blackbird"—delightfully sung—"So Sweet Is She" and "Alleluia." But, of course, "Alleluia" did not really end the concert. The audience clamored for more and more till Miss Hempel had fully doubled her program in length.

No wonder. Her voice at its best is amazingly beautiful. Her technique, on the whole, stands superior to that of almost any singer of today. Her musicianship is second to none. And her vitality, and her keen insight into a song's meaning, be the song comic or tragic, a masterpiece or a trifle, these great qualities are beyond compare. Mr. Haun, by some brilliant flute playing, added to the pleasure of the afternoon. Frank Bibb accompanied admirably.

R. R. G.

POMPEO SYMPHONY

Pompeo's symphony band, Giovanni Pompeo, conductor, gave a concert last night in Symphony hall. The program contained six operatic overtures and selections, a march by Mr. Pompeo himself, the largo from Dvorak's "New World" symphony, and a symphony in C minor, for the first time in America, by J. Foroni. This symphony came unfortunately late in the evening, as well as two arias sung by Ida Verblin, "Un bel di" from "Madama Butterfly" and "A fors' e lui" from "La Traviata."

One soloist, however, did appear at a comfortable hour, namely, Robert Pompo, a boy of 8 years, who played a Mozart piano sonata so extremely well that the audience wanted three pieces more. He has an astonishing technique for a boy so young, for his scales run not only swift, but clean; his tone is musical, and his rhythm on the whole sound and firm. Though none of his offerings last night demanded deep musical feeling, the boy played so tastefully what he did play that his genuinely musical nature seems beyond question, for even the most judicious teaching cannot make bricks without straw.

As for the band itself, Mr. Pompo showed himself a leader able to get what he wants from his men. Above all he appeared to glory in rhythm well defined, and in an overwhelming volume of tone, especially when a climax came in question. At the crescendo Rossini made popular, Mr. Pompo proved himself a marvellous hand. Luckily, his players have ample skill to do his bidding.

The audience, of excellent size, showed strong enthusiasm.

We quoted recently disparagement of November by a poet or two, but November has had her admirers among the dwellers on the slopes if not on the summit of Parnassus. Let us hear from Nora Hopper, who is probably ranked by lovers of the sublime among the minor poets. She shows more fancy and imagination, at times a wilder strain and a more individual tenderness and pathos, than are to be found among the noisier and more verbose strummers of the lyre.

NOVEMBER

Few love me and but few I love,
Yet I am fair;
Turquoise my broad skies bend above,
In rose and opal fair to see
My sunsets die in freezing air.

I hush the birds, and last year's nest
I fill a-brim with frosty rain.
I make upon the window pane
A wonder of white tracery.
The stream is dumb at my behest.

I am the bringer of the snow;
I lay the old year's splendor low.
Yet none of them
Whose feet I clog forget that I
Bring Advent nigh,
And the dear Babe of Bethlehem.

Applicants for our Hall of Fame are thick on the steps of the imposing building.

Marie Poland Fish of the bureau of fisheries brings credentials from A. M. M. G. B. nominees:

Mr. George Stonecypher, who is erecting an history building in Tucson, Ari., for the archaeological department.

William Wingblade of Waterbury, Ct., for the aviation corps.

L. Middleditch of New York, as ultimate middle-of-the-roader.

H. D. Worst, Sunday school superintendent, for the What's in a Name section.

F. A. Hellebush of Cincinnati, as a reminder of the old proverb "Good wine needs no bush."

LATEST IN LIPSTICKS

As the World Wags:

Overheard on the bridge in the Public Garden:

"Say, Tim, them bright red blis on the black swans 'n the yellor ones on the white swans aint nateral. They're painted, aint they?"

"Sure, they're painted," sez Tim.

ISIS KATE.

"THIS WOMAN BUSINESS"

(From the Greenfield Recorder)

FOR SALE—53 Little boy hens for roast; hen for your Thanksgiving. W. S. Andrews, East Colrain.

GOOD BELLYTIMBER

As the World Wags:

We had a delightful home in the old Cosmos Club, San Francisco. The membership comprised army and navy officers, captains of transpacific passenger liners, world travelers in general and a few professional men.

Our Chinese chef had served time on an American battleship. Could this boy cook? My mouth waters even now. Picture a dinner for a dollar, and remember it could not be surpassed in Paris.

And the wine cellar contained racks of bottles of everything from a modest Burgundy at 20 cents the pint to the most aristocratic of imported champagnes at \$3.25 a quart. But Chauche & Bon, a little French firm, had a winery not far from San Francisco, and made a sound wine that only cost \$1 a bottle, and was quite as good as the imported brands, being fermented in the bottle, and was not the usual atrocious domestic mixture of the inferior carbonated Rhine wine type. A glass of Chauche would hiss and bubble with the best, and provided a goodly sip between bites of pompano en-papillote, broiled dungeness crab, or even a thick steak right off the charcoal grill (business of emotion at the remembrance). And outside the window was a large courtyard with several cords of empty bottles neatly stacked against the fence—a splendid sight. What fun went 'round those tables every evening!

And the charming breakfast room, with a canary bird singing in the bay window. Entering the door we were confronted with a table laden with heaping mounds of large golden oranges, bowls of giant prunes, or ripe figs, all "on the house," free, compliments of the club. You took a plate, an orange, a dish of prunes, or figs and cream, walked to a cozy table in the bay window, and Admiral Farenholt, Admiral Kemp, Gen. Greeley, Capt. Zeeder or some other member looked up from his newspaper and growled a friendly good morning, while you ordered a newspaper, some genuine French rolls, a pot of coffee, and, while awaiting these, you ate the fruit.

After the meal was over, you signed a chit for 25 cents, and left the club for your daily work, feeling like a fighting cock. Wow! Never again.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

BED TIME STORIES

Fer Grown Up Guys

KNOT HOLE DIXON

By SNOWSHOE AL

Knot Hole Dixon has bin Streater's foremost Big Galm hunter sinse tha days wen Sitting Bull wuz nocked frum a standing position. He wud sooner hunt than eat. If Knot Hole ever woke up an' found that his house wuz full uv lions an' tigers he wud run an' lock tha doors so they koodn't git out again, after wch he wud have a dam good time with 'em. He kialsms tuh have bin tha first man in this locality tuh diskover that rabbits wuz good tuh eat. He also kialsms tuh be tha only guy in existence wot ever fired 4 shots at a rabbit an' killed 3 pheasants insted. Knot Hole wuz eating rabbits fer 15 years before he diskovered that if yuh cooked them they tasted better. Not long ago, Jimmy Hodgkins wen hunting with Knot Hole. Knot Hole wuz carrying his trusty old single-barrel slaughtering iron. Jimmy had jst invested a munth's pay in a Remington pump-gun, wun uv them modern murdering-machines wch holds six cartidges in its magazine. Knot Hole kalm home carrying 2 rabbits. Hodgkins kalm home carrying 10 rabbits, 2 pheasants, 6 pldgeons, a rooster, 2 small pigs, sumwun else's bird-dog, 2 prairie chickens an' 3 ford coupes. Tha 3 ford coupes were still living, but were badly wounded. Jimmy kood fire six shots wile Knot Hole wuz reloading. As they passed Fred Volkman's place, George Gorbet stuck his mug out tha door an' sez, "How kum, Knot Hole, how kum?" Sez Knot Hole, "I wuz using a shotgun; this gink has got wun uv them dam slide trombones!"

THE FORCE OF UNDERSTATEMENT

(From the Society of Colonial Wars)

Col. Coolidge was a widower. He is survived by one son, Calvin Coolidge, of Washington, D. C.

The original manuscript of Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," given by him to be sold for the benefit of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, London, brought 325 guineas. Barrie sent a letter with the manuscript, in which he said:

"Should this manuscript find a purchaser, please break the information to him that soon after 'The Old Lady Shows Her Medals' was written my right hand (probably horrified at sight of my calligraphy) gave out, and I have ever since had to write with my left, to the joy of all my correspondents. Indeed, you had better present this note to him, to show him that in one way I write better now than I write worse. He will wish that my right hand had given out sooner."

"The Cradle Snatchers"

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Cradle Snatchers," a farcical comedy in three acts by Russell G. Medcraft and Norma Mitchell. Produced at Atlantic City on August 3, 1925, when the roles of the three women were taken by Mary Boland, Edna May Oliver and Margaret Dale; the "cake-eaters" were played by Raymond Hackett, Humphrey Bogart and Raymond Gulon. Produced by Sam H. Harris with Hassard Short.

The cast last night was as follows:
Susan Martin.....Blanche Ring
Ethel Drake.....Maude Eburne
Kitty Ladd.....Teress Maxwell Conover
Anne Hall.....Marguerite McNulty
Elinor.....Mary O'Neil
Francine.....Zelma Tiden
Jackie.....Irene Blare
Henry Winton.....Joseph McCallion
George Martin.....C. Russell Sage
Roy Ladd.....M. Tello Webb
Howard Drake.....V. L. Granville
Jose Vallejo.....Elliot Roth
Oscar Nordham.....Bruce Evans
Paul.....Edward W. Cutler

"Cradle Snatchers" might be characterized as "a screaming farce," for an audience that completely filled the theatre screamed with laughter. That women alone in years, whether wives or spinsters, often court the society of youths, sometimes calling their emotion maternal, as happened to Jean Jacques Rousseau, more often moved by the philanthropic wish to form a young man's character and keep him out of mischief, is an interesting sociological fact that has inspired novelists, satirists, playwrights and moralists for hundreds of years. The subject has been treated savagely, as by Juvenal, ironically by many, tragically by some, for when the woman is undeniably an old woman, her affection and care have been brought to dust and ashes by the youngster forsaking her for one nearer his own age, blessed by the gods with youth and beauty.

The authors of "Cradle Snatchers" have treated this old subject farcically, yet at the end Susan reads the three husbands a moral lesson, which if heeded by them and by their compan-

is in the audience would be salutary and make for domestic righteousness and happiness.

Three husbands leave their wives, ostensibly to go duck-shooting. Left alone, the wives consider themselves neglected and tell anecdotes disparaging the men. They accuse these husbands not only of neglect, of coldness; they charge them with taking flappers to restaurants and dance halls. One of them has formed a plan for bringing her husband back to her. It is by making him jealous. She has hired a college boy to flirt with her, to be seen in public with her so that gossip will arise. For his services she pays him \$2000 for six months, \$2000 besides the incidental expenses, for beausing her about. Kitty advises Susan and Ethel to do the same. Susan is on fire at the mere idea. Ethel, older, less giddy, is finally persuaded. Kitty's Henry brings in his playmates, Jose, the Spaniard (born in Brooklyn) who has been selling his blood for \$25 a quart but is still passionately romantic, and Oscar, known familiarly as the big Swede.

They all go to Kitty's summer home on Long Island, a favorite place for dramatists to picture the extraordinary golings-on of leaders in society, skippy women, prominent lawyers and brokers. And what does not go on at Kitty's! Susan throws herself at Jose—she has often thought she was Spanish—Ethel, at first rebuffs Oscar's crude advances, in fact, throws him about in a wrestling match, but eventually softens; Kitty behaves with more reserve. But Jose, a rising young osteopath, treats them all so vigorously that they are in a disheveled state when the husbands suddenly entering see a tableau like unto the famous painting of the Roman Decadence.

The husbands rage and will hear no explanation. They lie nobly in their own defense. Unfortunately three flappers enter and in shockingly familiar language ask the husbands why they left them outside in the motor car. Then it is the turn of the wives, who gaily leave with their young men for a dance hall; perhaps for a night, perhaps for a week, perhaps forever.

This farce, with its dialogue, often witty, often enlivened by broad lines and insinuations, is undeniably funny, and it is played with amazing spirit. There is only one spot where action flags and the dialogue droops—the long scene where Henry explains to Jose and Oscar what is expected of them.

Miss Ring was as effervescent as a bottle of ginger pop, bubbling over with

humor, not fearing to force the note, wooing her Spaniard with a delirious and delightful fervor, radiantly good humored, yet dignified in her stern speech at the end to her erring husband. Miss Eburne, in a whimsical part, played with finesse as well as in a farcical spirit, so that more than once her Ethel became the leading part. Mr. McCaillon made Henry a real and likeable youth. The roles of Jose and Oscar, more extravagant, were well portrayed by Messrs. Roth and Evans. The husbands, minor characters in this instance, did their little in an adequate manner. "Cradle Snatchers" will undoubtedly have a prosperous run at the Hollis, though "uplifters" of the drama may shake their heads. The great majority of people go to the theatre to be amused. "Cradle Snatchers" will amuse them.

"LAFF THAT OFF"

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Laff That Off," a comedy in three acts by Don Mullally, produced by Earl Carroll. First played in Atlantic City, June 12, 1925. Beginning Nov. 3 of the same year, ran for a year at Wallack's Theatre, New York. The cast:

Robert Elton Morse, "Remorse," Larry Oliver
Arthur Lindau, "Norval," Norval Keedwell
Mrs. Connelly, "Hattie," Hattie Foley
Leo Mitchell, "William," William Garcan
Emily, "Monopus," Pauline Drake
Peggy Bryant, "Marion," Marion Wells
Mike Connelly, "Jack," Jack Mathews

Instead of jumping into the cold river to end it all, Peggy, nice but broke, tentatively accosted Arthur on the street. He discovers, however, that she is a nice girl, and adopts her as his sister. So, instead of settling her wandering feet upon the crimson primrose path, she becomes the little daughter of the regiment. That is to say, she accepts the invitation of three young bachelors whose motto is "one for all and all for one" to live with them in their apartment and sweep the floor, wash the dishes and boil the spaghetti. They make her a member of "the gang" with a jolly ceremony, and drink her health at centre stage. Then she declares she will be a mother to them, and forthwith adopts them all. There is also a frequently exasperated landlady, with a fiery temper but a heart of true gold. And there is a plaintive and worshipping Cinderella, the little scrub girl who doesn't know where she came from or how old she is. A third-act dress slipper awaits her.

But about the title. The thing that every one has to "laff off" comes at the end of the second act, when two of the boys are about to go away to war. Then Peggy raids the old tobacco can on the top shelf, extracts the boys' savings and disappears, leaving a note which carefully explains the fact that she needed the money.

Arthur and Leo succeed marvellously in laffing it off, and call for a toast to their continued faith in her. But the fellow they call "Remorse," who apparently cannot forgive trifling errors, declaims as he raises his glass, "To the only skirt who ever trimmed me when I was sober." This "Remorse," by the way, is a vaudevillian, and to him the authors have appropriately given the bulk of the wise-cracking laugh lines.

Given the ingenious in the den of bachelors, the play progresses along familiar lines, with all three men falling in love with her, two more or less openly, while Leo, whom she really loves, hardly dares hope that she may favor his suit. The boys get out of the trenches in time for Christmas eve at the old apartment, and then things happen. Peggy returns with the borrowed money and gifts galore—she has become a movie star. And Emmy the scrub girl has put in her time while Art was away learning correct diction and studying books of etiquette. They pair off. A great light dawns on Leo, and he and Peggy score the caress of betrothal, while Morse, the life of the party, exhibits a snapshot of his French bride. H. F. M.

RAQUEL MELLER

Raquel Meller, the Spanish singer from Paris, appeared last night in Symphony hall before a very large audience. Supported by a competent small orchestra, well directed by Charles T. Prince, Miss Meller sang, as apparently is her wont, 12 songs. The bearing of the audience at the end suggested that she would have, at the least of it, to make the dozen a baker's; nobody stirred.

Miss Meller's ways and manners have been written about in full; everybody knows what she does, and how. It was her voice that astonished one person who had not heard her before, for, not only superior to that of the usual singer of her type, it is an exceedingly pretty voice, and very well used indeed. Miss Meller's enunciation, in fact, is so near perfection that it is worth going far to hear.

But distinct enunciation in Spanish, and, no doubt, fine diction, are of little use to most of us in Boston. If the texts of her songs were printed in literal translation, it would help a listener to listen intelligently. Or if Miss Meller were the kind to rub in her effects with a heavy hand, one would know better what all was about.

But last night she did nothing of the kind, especially in the early part of the evening. She made, of course, the motions suggestive of coquetry, both city and country, and of pathos. They were not many, though, or strongly marked. It is through her song, the guess is safe, that Miss Meller achieves her effects, for those who can understand the words.

Presently Miss Meller must have noted that words not understood were not fully serving her purpose. So she danced. Her grace and charm, her rhythm, her characterization—heightened, at last, a little, as it needed to be, for us—brought her hearty applause; these virtues everybody could appreciate, with no foreign tongue to bar the way.

In a later song Miss Meller had wise recourse to a bit of a dance, again with happy results.

Less convincing in serious vein than in light, Miss Meller finally struck a deep note that told, when she impersonated the unhappy girl of the streets. This surely was her finest effort of the regular program.

The occasion, with what it represents, was amazing. One woman can fill vast halls the country over, at very high prices, while she sings, to people who cannot understand a word she says, songs that absolutely depend for their sense on the words and the way she sings them. Behold the power of charm! Miss Meller has much of it. R. R. G.

DUNNINGER AMAZES KEITH'S AUDIENCE

Dunninger, telepathist and mind reader extraordinary holds the centre of the stage at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week with a demonstration of occult wonder working that keeps his audience spellbound from start to finish and wins their keen favor, as evidenced by as hearty applause as is ever vouchsafed a performer of the vaudeville stage.

Naturally at the outset the audience is skeptical toward telepathy and the powers claimed by Dunninger, but hardly has this worker of mental magic begun to startle them with his series of mind-reading feats before they are ready to concede that he is no ordinary trickster playing on the credulity of

his audience. And long before the end of the performance, every man and woman in the audience, excluding those few who do not want to be convinced, has given up trying to explain the feats of telepathy and finds himself marveling at the genuinely remarkable ability of this man.

Telephone numbers, the whereabouts of friends, trade names, places, and even endearing sentiments are all plucked from the minds of persons in the audience and readily voiced by Dunninger.

Another feature of the program is found in the "Four Karry's," startlingly clever contortionists, who put themselves in all sorts of hitherto unheard of positions and shapes. Then there is "The Birdseed Couple," Davis and Darnell, who favor with a humorous skit.

Bobbie Folsom provides good entertainment with a singing and monologue number, and Edith Clasper, with a team of four, presents a clever dancing act entitled "Smuggled Goods." The Four Mortons also with warm favor with an amusing sketch. To complete a well balanced bill, there are Charles Derickson, tenor, accompanied by Burton Brown at the piano, a whimsical acrobatic act by Boy and Boyer, and "Ora," in some clever gymnastics. The program includes the usual Aesop's Fables and Pathe News.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Adelyn Bushnell and the Castle Square players in "Stolen Fruit," a play in three acts, by Dario Niccodemi. Adapted by Gladys Unger. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Marie Millais, Adelyn Bushnell
Mlle. Foulard, Gene Cleveland
Ballou, George Farnen
Principal, Josephine Fox
Count Philippe de Verdols, Jerry Bradford
Pierrette, Harold Chase
Guidot, Kenneth Lane
Jacqueline Manovard, Jack Marvin
Annette, Lillian Whitehead
School Children, Adelaide Von Dohlan, Mary Lavis, Lois Morris, Margaret Domeick

This play, in the original, should prove mighty interesting reading. Witnessing the performance last evening one felt that Miss Unger toned it down in the adaptation—particularly the savage attack of the mayor on the betrayer of Marie; that Marie herself might have been plainer in her confession to the mayor; and that the mayor himself might have been bolder, more direct, in the advances he himself made.

The first act drags. Mlle. Foulard and Ballou, the choreman, are brought in for comic relief. The latter, happily, did not overdo the part. The second act is the best, for here is the opportunity for Marie to ease her heavy heart. The dialogue, as we have said, is interesting for the most part, often direct, broad. There could be more action without hurting the play.

Marie has been betrayed and there has been a child. Manovard deserts her and Marie is forced to make her own way as a teacher in the provinces. She mourns her child and wanders about looking over every fresh grave. The gossips are busy and she is pointed out to the mayor. The latter enters her apartment and there is a neat exchange of words, the mayor making advances and the girl keeping him in his place. The mayor becomes interested and with the aid of Guidot he traces Manovard. Marie's child is one of her pupils. Which one? Manovard is put to severe catechism by the mayor and finally breaks down. The child is named. Marie finds her first comfort, holding her child to her breast. And then there is the mayor waiting.

The performance was unusually brisk and moved smoothly. Incidentally it was the first appearance of Miss Bushnell, who made many friends here during her connection with the Boston Stock Company. Last evening there was a large audience. The actress was called on to say something, after the many floral tributes were passed over the footlights.

Miss Bushnell was excellent in the role of Marie. Heavy hearted, she developed a steady crescendo to a stirring climax in the second act. The part called for one of emotional abilities. This she did not interpret as hysteria.

Mr. Bradford was hardly less interesting as the mayor. Handsome, youthful, tactful, his lambasting of the sophisticated, Manovard, pleased his audience. But if he would only slow down, what added pleasure his performance would give. Others there who gave pleasure, not forgetting the cat of Josephine Fox, a pest that might well take her place as a female Polonius. T. A. R.

CONTINUING PLAYS

"LADY FAIR," operetta by Sigmund Romberg with Vivienne Segal, Eddie Buzzell, Robert Halliday, Glen Dale and others. Last week.

SHUBERT—"Lady Fair," operetta with music by Sigmund Romberg, with Vivienne Segal, Robert Halliday, Eddie Buzzell, Glen Dale and others. Last week.

MAJESTIC—"Artists and Models," Paris edition, with Phil Baker and the Gertrude Hoffmann girls. Last week.

COPLEY—"No. 17," mystery comedy by J. Jefferson Farjeon. Third week. Thanksgiving matinee at 3 P. M.

NEW PARK—"Love-in-a-Mist," comedy, with Madge Kennedy and Sydney Blackmer. Last week.

TREMONT—"Beau Geste," film version of Percival Wren's story with Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, Ralph Forbes, Alice Joyce, Mary Brian and others. Fourth week.

WILBUR—"This Woman Business," comedy by Benn Levy with O. P. Heggie, Edward Rigby, Genevieve Tobin and others. Last two weeks.

COLONIAL—"Don Juan," film starring John Barrymore with Vitaphone prelude. Fourth week.

We regret to announce the death of a valued contributor to this column. Her verses have given pleasure to many. Clarissa Brooks Tufts Jenks (Mrs. Clayton L. Jenks) known to readers of magazines and newspapers as "Clarissa Brooks," died at the St. Joseph Sanatorium, Albuquerque, N. M., on Oct. 19, after an illness of 10 years. Her home was in Worcester.

"Life to her," writes one that knew her well, "was a romance, whether seen in the helplessness and inscrutable wisdom of the babe, or found in the eagerness of children to explore more widely, or in the blind faith and affection of the colle. It was of such that she wrote. So often she chose a simple or common thing and made it beautiful with sentiment. Her first published poem was about casement windows, and this, printed originally in the New York Evening Post, was selected by Christopher Morley for reprinting in the Bowling Green Anthology, his choice of the best poem that had appeared in his column. The encouragement which he, as well as other writers of note, gave her at first, served to cultivate confidence in her talent, which she viewed all too modestly."

She was born at Atchison, Kansas, in 1880, where she attended Midland College. Her family moved to Washington, D. C. There she resumed her studies at Columbian College, now George Washington University, and was graduated in 1900 with the degree of A. B.

"Having been frail in physique from early girlhood, she hoped to help others as she had been helped by osteopathy, a new science then, and so chose that field of endeavor, oblivious to the gibes which often greeted a woman doctor in those days. She studied first in Philadelphia and then went to the American School of Osteopathy, the parent school at Kirksville, Mo., where she was graduated in 1904. Returning to Washington, she practised her profession for several years, and made a large circle of friends through her unselfish devotion to her patients. Her most noticeable characteristic was her love for people. On her death-bed, she tried repeatedly to cheer her fellow-sufferers at the Sanatorium and felt it a sore trial that she could not help more. She liked to mingle with people of all races, as found in the diplomatic corps, and she numbered many a friend from the far corners of the earth.

In 1908 she married Clayton C. Jenks, an assistant examiner in the United States patent office. They moved in 1914 to Rochester, N. Y., and in 1917 to Worcester, where she lived until a few months before her death, except for a year spent at Dobbs Ferry.

"It was only during the last few years that she felt free to cultivate her long-stifled talent and devote her spare time and energy to writing. Even then, her verse was secondary to domestic affairs, and it reflected her life in dealing largely with children and home, bearing always a cheerful message to the home builders. The verses were written mainly during an enforced period of rest from physical labor, and although her outlook was long limited to four walls and a beloved tree or a bit of sky, her verse always had wide vision and carried a message of optimism.

"The following poem, entitled 'Surrender,' published in Good Housekeeping October, 1923, is one of her best:

SURRENDER

Years gone by I had a crystal vase
Slender and richly rare, to me 'twas
very fair.
And when you came, I set it back a
space
Thinking, "His touch would crush my
slender vase,
Its grace I cannot spare."

And now your little son has crushed the
vase—
Miracle of the years—one of his Umpid
tears
More precious is than all its crystal
grace.

In years gone by I had a youthful heart
Careless and gayly free, and dear it
was to me,
And when you came, I gave it but in
part
Thinking, "He wants to cage my gay,
wild heart
That's always been so free."

And now your little son has grasped my
heart
Close in his small, warm hands—bound
in eternal bands,
And I would not withhold its smallest
part.

Our correspondent has mentioned
"Casement Windows" chosen by Christo-
pher Morley for his Bowling Green
Anthology. We do not rank it among
the most characteristic or the best of
her verses, but our readers may con-
firm Mr. Morley's opinion.

CASEMENT WINDOWS

A casement window's a magic thing.
Old romances about it cling—
And if you look out on your garden
too,
Add moonlight and see what it does to
you

Abelard, Villon and Romeo,
Poets and lovers of long ago,
Lifted their plea to a casement high,
Gayly determined to love or die.

When I lean out from my casement
white
O'er my garden sweet in the bright
moonlight
Great lovers are there mid the blossoms
sweet
And I'm Heloise, Marie, or Juliet.

A casement window's a magic thing,
Opening wide with impetuous fling;
Whoever did anything sweetly rash
After prudently lifting a window sash?

Clarissa Brooke's verses were pub-
lished in the New York Evening Post,
the New York Sun, the New York Eve-
ning Telegram, the Boston Herald, and
in many magazines of poetry and of fic-
tion.

LET'S GO A-SOJERING

As the World Wags:
Apropos of Dr. Marsh's report, this
is a report verbatim of a conversation
I had with a student at Boston Uni-
versity last winter
"And how is military training at B.
U.?"

"Say, it makes me sick."
"I suppose no one is taking it now
that it's elective."
"Elective? I'll say it is. They've
made the Physical Education alterna-
tive so blankety-blank stiff that no-
body can afford the time for it. Elec-
tive! Say, the dean is right under the
thumb of that major."

I explained that the dean couldn't
help himself; that if military training,
required or elective, was undertaken
by any institution of learning, the
president was under signed contract to
the government to say or do nothing
in criticism of the war department.
And that doubtless tied the dean's
hands, too.
M. B. W.

ACCOMMODATING

As the World Wags:
The tourist rushed into the country
store: "I wanna quart of oil, some gas,
a couple spark plugs, a timer, a five
gallon kerosene can and four pie tins."
"All righty," replied the enterprising
clerk; "an' you kin assemble 'er in the
back room if ya wanta." ORACLE.

APOLLO CLUB OPENS ITS 56TH SEASON

The opening concert of the 56th
season of the Apollo Club took place
last night in Jordan hall. As Mr.
Mollenhauer has been granted a
year's leave of absence, Mr. Luker,
is one of several guest conductors
during Mr. Mollenhauer's vacation,
led the club last evening. He has
been for some years the Apollo
Club's pianist. Lambert Murphy,
senior, was the soloist.
The part songs were as follows:
Footie, Bedouin Song; Dvorak-Smith,

Songs: My Mother, aught Me, La nea
vallo, Gentle Friend Pierrot; Massenet,
Come, Dear Love; Ralph L. Baldwin,
Hymn Before Action; Luker, Sailor's
Polka; Chudleigh-Candlish, Who Sails
with Drake; William Reddick's arrange-
ment of Swing Low, Sweet Chariot;
Claw-Woodruff, I'll Sing Thee Songs of
Araby (tenor solo by Mr. Murphy);
Cesar Franck, Psalm 150.

Mr. Murphy's selections were: Gret-
chaninov, Over the Steppes; Rachma-
ninoff, In the Silent Night; Sachnowski,
The Clock; Fourdrain, Chevauchee Co-
saque; Crouch, Kathleen Mavourneen;
old Irish, Has Sorrow Thy Young Days
Shaded; Cadman, Song of You; Camp-
bell-Tipton, Crying of Water; Cecil
Burleigh, Awake It Is the Day.

We are under the impression that the
last performance in this city of Franck's
Psalm was at the concert of the Boston
Symphony orchestra late in 1918, "cel-
ebrating the close of the year of vic-
tory," when Mr. Rabaud conducted. The
psalm was composed in 1887 for the In-
stitut des Aveugles. For some reason
or other, the Psalm was not published
until six years after Franck's death.
The Cecilia Society sang it several
times, but with organ. Franck wrote
much for the church but the composi-
tions were mostly pious pot-boilers. His
spiritual aspirations were better ex-
pressed by his symphony, chamber mu-
sic and chorales for the organ.

The performance last evening had a
certain monotony. The first group
of songs by Mr. Murphy were too much of
the same type, although he had oppor-
tunity to show a bit more spirit with
Fourdrain's Chevauchee Cosaque. The
audience evinced enormous enthusiasm
over this piece, and Mr. Murphy fa-
vored them with an encore, another of
Rachmaninoff's songs, much in the
same vein as the first three.

Though there are no concerts for the
remainder of the week one may never-
theless consider murderers in the musi-
cal life. The chief of them was no
doubt Carlo Gesualdo, a composer of
madrigals, also Prince of Venosa.
Strange to say, the older writers of
musical encyclopaedias speak of Carlo's
music but not of his other and more
important deeds. Even Fells is dumb.

"Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa,
Musician and Murderer," is the title of
a book by Cecil Gray and Philip Hesel-
tine; the book is published by Lincoln
MacVeagh, the Dial Press, New York.
Mr. Gray, a London music critic, has
written that outspoken and entertaining
"Contemporary Music". Mr. Heseltine
is known as "Peter Warlock" by his
compositions and has written a life of
Debussy. In the present volume Mr.
Gray discusses with zest Carlo, the
murderer; Mr. Heseltine weighs in his
nicely adjusted balance, Carlo the com-
poser. The book contains eight illus-
trations and many musical measures in
notation. There is a bibliographical
appendix.

Mr. Gray gives a vivid account of
Carlo's life, reproducing the early de-
scriptions of the murder; he also, taking
his text from De Quincey's admirable
essay, examines the details of the mur-
der with a view of determining whether
it was worthy of taking rank as a fine
artistic achievement.

Readers of Rousseau's "Confessions"
remember with what pomp of diction
that self-torturer introduces Mme. de
Warens, his protector and mistress.
Note Mr. Gray's opening sentence:

"His most illustrious and serene High-
ness, Don Carlo, third Prince of Venosa,
eighth Count of Consa, fifteenth Lord
Gesualdo, Marquis of Laino, Rotondo
and S. Stefano, Duke of Caggiano, Lord
of Frigento, Acquaputida, Paterno, S.
Manco, Boneto, Luceria, S. Lupolo, etc.,
was descended from one of the oldest
and noblest families in the kingdom of
the Two Sicilies."

This sentence should be prefaced by
drum rolls and trumpet fanfares. It
suggests proud and glorifying music,
such as De Quincey demanded for the
magnificent line in the Book of Daniel.
"Belshazzar the King made a great
feast to a thousand of his Lords and
drank wine before the thousand."

But let us hasten to the murder.

Carlo, close on 30, married in 1586 his
first cousin, Donna Maria d'Avalos, a
woman of surpassing beauty. She was
only 21 years old, but she had already
been married twice. "The marriage ap-
pears to have been extremely happy for
some three or four years—which seems
about as long as Donna Maria could
endure a husband—and a son, Don Em-
manuel, was born to them."

Mr. Gray's sources of information are

a chronicle of the time and the in-
formation presa da a Gran Corte della
Vicaria."

The chronicler begins his story in a
pleasingly hifalutin manner.

"The enemy of the human race, un-
able to endure the spectacle of such
great love and happiness, such con-
formity of tastes and desires in two
married people, awakened in the bosom
of Donna Maria impure desires."

She cast her eyes on Fabrizio Carafa,
third Duke of Aneria, reputed to be the
handsomest and most accomplished
nobleman of Naples; in face and man-
ners an Adonis, in bearing and valor a
Mars. The intimacy of the lovers—this
is described in luscious detail by the
old chronicler—soon awakened gossip.
Relatives warned the couple. Fabrizio
himself would have put an end to it all,
but the princess addressed him pas-
sionately, saying, "If I die with you I
shall nevermore be separated from you,
but if you go away from me I shall die
apart from all that my heart holds dear,
which is yourself. . . . You had no
right to love me, nor I to love you, if
we were capable of entertaining such
base and cowardly thoughts."

Carlo, now alert, had all the locks of
the doors in the palace secretly removed
or damaged; then he set out as if he
would go a-hunting, but he went into
his wife's chamber at midnight, with
armed men, and "slew with innumera-
ble dagger thrusts the sleepers before
they had time to waken." He ordered
the corpses to be dragged from the
room and exposed. "All the city flocked
to see the pitiful sight." The testimony
taken in court is here given at length,
and it is "mighty interesting reading,"
to borrow one of Horace Greeley's fa-
vorite editorial phrases.

This tragic tale was told also by
Brantome, and many years afterwards
by Anatole France (in "Le Puits de
Sainte Claire") but in an imaginative
way, while Brantome, though more or
less inaccurate in details, stuck much
closer to the facts. Poets of the time,
as Tasso, "burst out into a simultaneous
howl of anguish over the fate of the
two unfortunate lovers."

Carlo killed his second child, suspect-
ing the parentage, by putting it in its
cradle and suspending it by means of
silk ropes to the four corners of the
ceiling in the castle-hall. He command-
ed the cradle to be subjected to "vio-
lent undulatory movements" until the
infant, not able to draw breath, ren-
dered up its innocent soul to God."

In later years, remorseful, he built an
expiatory monastery at Gesualdo. It still
exists. He married in 1594 Donna
Eleonora d'Este, who "seems to have
been a very virtuous lady, however for
there is no record of his having killed
her. She survived him many years,
and it is just possible that she murdered
him." But his princely house became
extinct; and in his lifetime misfortune
on misfortune overtook this "most sin-
gular and delectable gentleman."
Pray for his soul!

And then Mr. Gray in a delightfully
semi-serious, semi-ironical manner, dis-
cusses for ten pages the question
whether the character of slayer and
slain, the cause and the manner of
execution would answer De Quincey's
requirements for a truly artistic mur-
der.

Mr. Heseltine thinks highly of Carlo's
madrigals; believes that they were far
ahead in boldness of musical thought
and treatment of the contemporary
works of this class. Musicians will be
interested in Mr. Heseltine's views and
in the quoted passages. The laymen
will read with exceeding joy Mr. Gray's
story of Carlo's life and bolder deeds.

It may here be said that certain En-
glish reviewers do not think that Carlo
Gesualdo was greatly in advance of his
time.

Wm. Gerard Collins Pleases

William Gerard Collins, baritone, sang
this program last night in Jordan hall:
The Sea Gypsy, The Airman's Creed,
Loud; Go Not Happy Day, Love Went
A-Riding, Bridge; Star vicino al bell'
Idolo, Rosa; Visione Veneziana, Brogi;
Oh! Quand ja dors, Liszt; Il Neige,
Bemberg; In Waldeseinsamkeit, Brahms;
Morgen-Hymne, Henschel; Du bist die
Ruh, Schubert; Ein Traum, Grieg;
Would God I Were the Tender Apple
Blissom, arranged by Schaefer; The
Foggy Dew, Fox; The Bard of Armagh,
A Ballynure Ballad, Hughes.

Mr. Collins, if one may hazard a
guess, is a student of singing who
thinks it wise to submit his present at-

tainments to the test of an appearance
in public. With the result he may
surely feel pleased; a large audience
heard him with very evident pleasure.

If the above guess is correct, Mr. Col-
lins's performance last night does not
call for critical comment. It should be
said, however, that the young man has
much in his favor. He is clearly of a
musical nature, and, what is more un-
usual, he gives every indication of musi-
cianship; he can sing in time and can
turn a phrase with grace. He has a
voice of excellent quality, especially in
the upper medium range where it
sounds most like a tenor.

Already he has acquired a mezza voce
that at its best is extremely good. To
bring full-bodied tones up to that same
degree of excellence, he has still much
work to do; no doubt he is quite con-
scious of that fact. When presently he
has achieved a freer delivery of full
tone, Mr. Collins will probably make
bold to sing in a warmer style of in-
terpretation than perhaps he thinks,
in his present state of voice develop-
ment, would be altogether prudent.

With a fine voice in his favor, musi-
cianship, and an agreeable presence and
personality, Mr. Collins ought to become
a concert singer of ability.

Margaret Kent Hubbard showed abil-
ity as accompanist, though once or twice
she gave a little too much tone for the
good of Mr. Collins's lower register.
R. A. G.

Opinions and beliefs prevailing in our
little village of the sixties.

The eating of tomatoes, raw or cooked,
brings on cancer.

In cold weather men and boys should
wear heavy red flannel underclothes
with a chest protector made of flannel
and buckskin.

Carrots, large or small, are fit food
only for cattle and rabbits.

Only members of a church can go to
heaven.

What is now known as appendicitis is
contracted by exposure to a draught
when sleeping.

The best oysters come in little kogs.

All gamblers wear a broadcloth coat,
and sport a huge diamond shirt pin and
a weed on a light colored top hat.

English walnuts and butternuts lead
to serious stomachic disturbances.

All negro minstrels, circus folk and
light-rope walkers are grossly immoral.

Boys will come to a bad end, who do
not sing cheerfully and with conviction:

"The Sunday school, that blessed place,
O I would rather stay
Within its walls, a child of grace,
Than spend my hours in play."

There is little difference between
those in prison and those outside.—The
Governor of Armley Jail.

I am rather hazy as to what consti-
tutes a career as distinguished from an
ordinary profession.—Sheila Kaye-
Smith.

"O" LONG

As the World Wags:

For the sake of "Modern Education"
and because I have recently returned
from the Hawaiian Islands, I venture
to send this version for the second
stanza of P. S. G.'s enlightening poem
about cross-word puzzles:

A cow turns out to be a "daunt"
(Thought 'twas a "moo" ho! ho!)
Those birds that fair Hawaii haunt
Are classified as oo.

An "o" is always long in Hawaiian,
and as every vowel is sounded, no mat-
ter how many times repeated, you will
see that "oo" is a two-syllable word.

Yours for correctness on all occa-
sions (as "Letitia" would say),
C. J. A.

LONG WORDS

M. writes in the Observer (London)
that the Finnish language can easily
compete with the Madagascar language
in the use of long words. "Such a
well-known phrase as 'Heartiest con-
gratulations on your birthday' runs
in Finnish: 'Sydammellisimmat on-
nentoivotuksetemme syntymäpäivänne.'
Among mythological names I may men-
tion Wainamoinen, Lemminkainen,
Kaarakoski, and among modern names
Tuovilanlahti, Soisalonsoinen, Karja-
lanhelmo."

As the World Wags:

The following notice, neatly framed,
hangs in the main dining room of a first-
class hotel in Boston:

"Soon as fire is discovered call Boston
fire department by breaking the glass
and pressing button. Then notify hotel
office so that they can tell the firemen
where to go."
SPARK.

MEN WOT HISTERY HAVE OVER-LOOKED

By Snowshoe Al.

Tha Yukon Kid wuz wun uv tha tuffest buzzards wot ever dug fer gold with his finger nails. Meny a time he slapped a Polar bear in the faze fer growlin' at him. Tha temperature didn't bother him a dam bit, in fact, wun January mornin' about 5 o'clock I met him walkin' down tha Dawson trail in his night gown, lookin' fer a nise shady plase tuh sleep.

Wun day he walked Intuh a doctor's office an' sez, 'Doc, I've had a nasty hed-ache fer 3 munths strait, in fact I aint slept atall fer tha last 2 munths, so I thought I better kum an' see yuh before tha dam thing get serious.'

Tha doc slips him a fizikal examinashun an' dam neer faints. 'Lissen,' sez tha doc wen he recovered his breth, 'are yew awarl uv tha fact that yer hart has stopped beeting, an' that frum all indikations it aint bin beeting fer at least 2 munths?'

'Wot wood yew recommend fer a good tonic, Doc?' sez Yukon, lighlin' his pipe.

'I kant recommend nuthing,' trembles tha Doc.

'Aint that hell?' snorts Yukon. 'That's wot I git fer shootin' myself so often jist tuh amuse tha neighbors' kids!'

HOW'S THIS, FRIEDA?

As the World Wags:

Says M. M. J. in the Evening Transcript, speaking of Frieda Hempel, who sang here last Sunday: "Her toes are inclined to sharpness on occasion." Well, thank goodness, Frieda was never a kicker. F. B. M.

Brookline.

Mr. W. F. Gridley writes: "No doubt M. M. J. will find out that Frieda's 'toes' are sharp, if she sees this critique."

ADD "FAMOUS OPTIMISTS"

As the World Wags:

I met Mamie Kelley coming along Boylston street with a neat little package under her arm. I said: "Mamie, where are you going?" Mamie replied: "I'll tell you. Two years ago some one gave Ray (the husband) a necktie for Christmas, and I'm taking it back to see if they'll give me a pair of gloves for myself for it." I ask you: Is she an optimist? JAZBO.

As the World Wags:

"Whaffur!" said little Trudie when they told her to come out while she was swimming the channel. "Whaffur," they are saying in Rumania when the Queen said they needed her back there at once. R. H. L.

FOR OUR HALL OF FAME

(From the American Medical Directory)
Dr. Adorable y S. Mateo, Benedicto, Gapan, P. I.

Dr. A. E. Alkenhead, Canada.
Dr. N. F. Kelly Ake, Pennsylvania.
Dr. Severe Frost.

ADD "DREAM POETRY"

TO SNOWSHOE AL
(Via As the World Wags.)

Dear Snowshoe Al,
A madrigal

I'd write to you.

To try to tell I like you well

My Muse I woo.

I've missed your tales, loud are my walls!

I've searched each day

For your odd name. To keep your fame

Write right away.

Though you're no saint, I love your quaint

Philosophy;

And ev'ry bit of your neat wit

Sounds good to me.

Through life's mad dance, can I perchance

Be your soul mate?

What better pal for Snowshoe Al

Than

ISIS KATE!

the obituary, "a paper of great influence." He served that journal as music critic, also as night editor. "Only when the years brought deafness did he retire from the work which he loved and return to spend his remaining years in his old home. Mr. Backus was not well known to the younger generation, as he was of a retiring disposition, and went out but little." He was found dead in his bed on Sunday morning, Nov. 14. He was 82 years of age. His younger brother, Eben Y., was for many years on the stage.

DOMESTIC

I think that I could cherish a little household god

Made from the mud of meadows,

Scooped where cattle's feet had trod.

You know, just a small god, with a beard like wheat

And an humbleness about him

That comes from feeling cattle's feet.

Such a god would grow upon the chimney's dust.

And he wouldn't munch nuts, nor wear

Away too quickly last year's crust.

And such a god would know the value of the spring.

He wouldn't have me kneading bread

While I was riding a robin's wing.

Of a morning we could talk, god and I,

And I'd be in the sun,

But it would almost pass him by.

I guess I should neglect him, and the sun would, too,

But I might be a good wife,

With such a god to see me through.

BARBARA HUNT.

VARIA

As the World Wags:

The woman pays, but some man usually earns it for her. If we don't razz this younger generation, how will it be able to criticise the next generation? You can't have many brains and be continually laughing your head off. A bachelor is a man who has made up his mind that he can't make up his mind. Modesty is in inverse proportion to the amount of silk in the stockings. A crowded street car puts a man and woman on equal standing—in fact, the woman has more opportunity than the man to develop her footing. Smoking may or may not be detrimental, but it certainly increases the lung capacity of nonsmokers who object to it. To forge right ahead with grim purpose is a sign you have grit and real pluck; but PLEASE use a little discretion when you're driving a seven-ton truck. AIRRIZ GHARTARZHON.

G. P. asks if "easy" can be used properly as an adverb. It has been so used in the English language since 1400! Shakespeare: "As easy might I from myself depart." Spenser: "Three miles it might be easy heard." Steele: "Fit as easy as any piece of work." Keats: "The bolts full easy slide." "Easy ahead," steam at a moderate pace. "Easy all," stop rowing. "Easy!" move gently.

ADD "UNNATURAL HISTORY"

As the World Wags:

I have a cat with a remarkable appetite for cheese. Everytime cheese is placed on the table Tabby sits and begs for some. Inquiring into the cause of this extraordinary taste I discovered that the cat ate the cheese and then went to a mouse hole in the woodwork and blew her breath heavily into it, enticing the mice to come out.

STEPHEN THE PATIFINDER.

CONDENSED LABOR

As the World Wags:

Henry Ford says he finds that his employes do as much work in five days as they used to in six. Further compression might confirm my suspicion that the average workman spends about one-third of his time loafing on the job. G. A. E.

What creates a best-seller is entirely beyond me.—Mr. JOHN LONG.

MIKE'S SONNET

As the World Wags:

In an issue of The Herald in reply to Miss Angie C. Chapin's request for the translation of Michael Angelo's sonnet that begins, "The might of one fair face sublimely my love," Miss Everett gives the translator as Hartley Coleridge and quotes the translation from "For Thee Alone: Poems of Love," selected by Grace Hartshorne (Boston, 1899).

In a "Library of Poetry and Song," by William Cullen Bryant, the same translation is given as the work of J. E. Taylor. Griffin's "Cyclopaedia of Biography" (London, 1854), gives Taylor's "Michelangelo Considered as a Philosophic Poet" as a reference book on this side of the artist's nature. It is probably from this work that Bryant selected the "Might of One Fair Face" and "If It Be True That Any Beauteous Thing" for his anthology. The translation of the former is exactly the same

Mr. Henry O. Osgood has written a volume of 258 large octavo pages entitled "So This Is Jazz." The volume with portraits of Messrs. Whiteman, Handy, Confrey, Grofe, Gershwyn, Berlin, Lewis, Lopez, Bernie, Jones, and a picture of Whiteman's 1926 concert orchestra; with many measures in musical notation; with an exhaustive index of names and subjects; with an index of popular music titles mentioned is published by Little, Brown & Co.

We doubt if there is anything more to be said at present about jazz, its origin, its development, its characteristics, its present status among serious musicians, and its possible future than what Mr. Osgood has said in this singularly entertaining, instructive and judicial volume. He is, first of all, a musician; he has been diligent in research and, having marshaled his facts he presents them in an enticing manner; he has the saving sense of humor.

Mr. Osgood first became acquainted with jazz seven or eight years ago when he happened to hear Ted Lewis and his orchestra: four men besides himself and his clarinet—"a piano player, a cornetist, a trombonist and the drums and traps man, who had less drums than his brother of today, but more traps, such as frying pans, rattles, tin cans, cowbells and whistles, plain and fancy, including a siren." Mr. Osgood's description of the performance is amusing. Would that there were space to quote it at length. We must make room for one passage:

"Ted Lewis, in mildewed evening clothes, stood front centre against the background of his fellow-bandits, a battered top hat cocked on one side of his head, in his hands and on his lips that instrument which in the hands of an unscrupulous performer, is the most ruthless of all—a clarinet. And Lewis was not only unscrupulous and ruthless, he was absolutely pitiless."

Three or four years later Mr. Osgood heard a jazz band in Chicago. A fiddle, two saxophones, a cornet, a trombone, a banjo, a piano and one set of drums and traps made music, "languishing, crooning music, rude neither in sound nor tempo," music with ear-tickling melody and ingenious decorations. Mr. Osgood was converted. "From that moment I have scorned the man who scorns jazz—not that I am inclined to exaggerate its importance in the scheme of music as a whole, but ask merely that what it has done shall be recognized at its true worth."

What is the origin of the word itself? Dictionaries define the word, but are uncertain as to where it came from. Lafcadio Hearn found it in the creole patois and idiom of New Orleans; it had been taken by creoles from the negroes; it meant "to speed things up," and was "applied to music of a rudimentary syncopated type." Walter Kingsley in 1917 thought the word came from Africa. Was it frequently heard on the Barbary coast; was it known to the southern negro for years? "Jim" Europe, who was killed here in Mechanics hall, thought the term "jazz" originated with a band of four pieces in New Orleans about 1903, "Razz's band" which consisted of a baritone horn, a trombone, a cornet and an instrument made out of the chinaberry tree. And so on and so on. Many ingenious explanations are quoted and discussed. Mr. Osgood ends this chapter with his own definition: "Jazz (orig. Africa) v. to enliven; pop. to pep up; adj. jazzy, applied to manners, morals, and especially music; n. jazz, pepped up music—or pepped up most anything else."

Now there is no tune which refuses to be jazzed. Virgil Thompson wonders why a theme from Franck's Symphony has not been jazzed; the syncopation is there; all it needs is the addition of "the heavy bum-bum of the fox-trot beat." Mr. Osgood would not agree with Mr. Newman in his recent tirade. "It is all a question of taste—what the thief does with the idea he steals, not the stealing of it." Here examples of sinful and honorable jazzing are given, Mr. Osgood treats this matter, with pleasing irreverence.

He finds May Irwin's song "Bully" to be the first tune that would "unhesitatingly be classed as jazz," tune and words. (Is not "Trarathan," the composer's name, a misprint for "Trevathan" or "Travethan"?) But as he says it would be impossible to name the first jazz song Jazz music, preceded by rag-time, was probably first known in New Orleans, though the term "jazz band" was not invented till 1915, perhaps by Bert Kelly of Chicago. New York did not know jazz music until it was an old story to other cities.

Several columns might be devoted to a careful review of Mr. Osgood's researches, discoveries, analyses, opinions, merry quips and shrewd remarks. There is a chapter on vocal jazz and jazz vocalists with a passing tribute to Florence Mills singing Eubie Blake's "I'm Just Wild About Harry." "One great negro jazz singer went with the death of Bert Williams." Eva Gauthier made the mistake of singing jazz songs "straight"—it is like drawing a comic strip in the style of a pre-Raphaelite. A chapter on "Sperichils" follows, with an inquiry into the origin of the tunes. Chapter VII is entitled "The Blooey Blues," "that vague class of negro songs" introduced, i. e., reduced to manuscript and launched in polite musical circles by W. C. Handy, a negro bandmaster and orchestra leader. Why "blues" when the music is joyous? Mr. Handy gives the reason: "Rastus owes his rent. He is going to be ejected tomorrow if he does not pay. He has part of the money. He tries in vain to get the rest. Defying his fate, he goes to a party—dances joyously, spends generously, camouflaging

by his heavy heart. That's why the blues are joyous. It is the best form in which the proscribed artist can find expression." The book contains many musical illustrations.

They are next invited to consider piano jazz, with a sketch of Zez Concho who invented the piano idiom for jazz. Specialists, the lowest paid of the Metropolitan orchestras, receive \$125 or \$150 a week; good soloists \$500 or more. "A man like Gorman in a display orchestra will run as high as \$400, but there aren't many men like Gorman."

The chapters on the jazz orchestra and the anatomy of jazz orchestras should be of especial interest to composers; also the many pages on George Gershwin, "The White Hope," with Mr. Osgood's painstaking analysis of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue": "with those first pages Gershwin produced something really new in music, to do which even to the lot of exceedingly few composers in the long list." There is a careful study of Gershwin's piano concerto brought out by Walter H. Page in 1925, when the composer played the piano part—"for the first time, because no one else could." In these analyses, fully illustrated with musical notation, Mr. Osgood's excellent qualities as a musician are apparent.

As he is not given to extravagance or paradox in his judgments, his belief that this piano concerto is "one of the most important contributions to American musical literature ever made" is entitled to

the same space is naturally, inevitably given to Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. How many know that he was at the age of seventeen first violayer in the Denver Symphony orchestra, later the viola of the San Francisco string quartet in San Francisco, and a member of the San Francisco Symphony orchestra, from which he resigned, for in those days every musician had to work outside to make a living. "I know the value of a moving picture concern," says Mr. Osgood, "who, educated to be a virtuoso, gave up the concertmaster's position in an established orchestra the day he realized that the triangle player received the same union wage as he did."

The adventures of Whiteman before he met his "angel," John Hernandez, in Los Angeles and the subsequent development and fame of Whiteman's orchestra are sympathetically described, and at length. Was Mr. Lawrence Sanders right in attributing to Mr. Whiteman "an inferiority complex"? "Whiteman" was still nettled—and still is I believe—because some critics would not see eye to eye with him and admit that jazz is as respectable as he thinks it is.

He chapters on Ferdie Grofe, "jazz colorist," Irving Berlin; the latter devoted to Ted Lewis, Vincent Lopez, Ben Bernie, Isham Jones, have more than conventional biographical interest.

But will jazz become "a school in serious music, an acknowledged influence in the music of the world?"

P. H.

Miss Gervett gives, so I shall not copy it again, but perhaps Miss Chapin would like to have the latter also, which is as follows.

If it be true that any beautiful thing

raises the pure and just desire of man

to turn earth to God, the eternal fount

of all,

such I believe my love; for as in her

is a fair in which I all besides forget,

to view the gentle work of her Creator,

have I no care for any other thing,

but this I love. Nor is it marvelous

how the effect is not of my own power,

the soul doth, by nature tempted

forth,

drawn through the eyes,

to gaze on the eyes which it resembles

in all.

Love

to the end, and honors in admiring,

or who admires the Maker needs must

love his work." JEAN GORELY.

OUR OLD FRIEND DARIUS

The record, up to that the Persian King Darius, the first of that name, also known as Darius the Great, boasted in his epitaph that he had been a great drinker. "I could drink much wine and merry I might well." This led the celebrated Mr. B. to remark: "One cannot deny that, speaking physically, this quality in which Darius gloried is a good one, for it is a force, a power, resulting from a robust constitution; but otherwise it is a quality that almost always brings on moral disorders, and I do not see why any one should make more of this a filthy than of the ability to eat a great deal, and it is certain that one holds great eaters in dislike."

Let us not forget one of the witty and agreeable sayings of Demosthenes, probably made when he had no pebbles in his mouth. Plutarch records it. Here is Mr. Thomas North's translation:

"Wherefore when they did highly praise Philip, and said that he was a well spoken Prince, a fayer man, and would drinke freely, and be pleasant in company; Demosthenes smiled at it, and turned all those things to the worst, saying that those qualities were nothing commendable nor meete for a king. For the first was a qualittle meete for a pleader, the second for a woman, and the thirde for a sponge."

LEGINSKA CHARMS

Miss Leginska, at the fourth Philharmonic Orchestra concert, held yesterday afternoon in Mechanics hall, appeared as pianist, conductor, composer. It was as pianist she, to use the good old-fashioned Irish term, "took the bell," when she played, and conducted Mozart's A Major Piano Concerto.

Since Miss Leginska is not one of those mistaken souls who hold Mozart to have been a piping Stephen grown elegant at court, it was a treat to hear her play this music as it was surely meant to be played—with life and warmth, that is to say, and sentiment. But, if you please, Miss Leginska, because she felt the music's force, did not sacrifice one jot or tittle of its sprightly grace. Unerringly she found, and held fast to, the golden mean.

Well Miss Leginska knows the significance of "andante"; her slow movement, therefore, did not stand still. Because the finale is marked presto, Miss Leginska did not rush it till she, her players and her hearers were all three out of breath; she let its rhythm be felt. Charming too, and free of harshness, she made the accompaniment sound. Miss Leginska knows the way with Mozart.

Of a richly catholic nature she must be, to admire both Mozart and Gauguin! The latter's paintings of Tahitian life, it seems, inspired Miss Leginska to a suite called "Quatre Sujets Barbares," for full orchestra including piano. One of these "sujets," a funeral march, she played yesterday. Indeed, she played it twice—a wise proceeding, for one hearing is not sufficient for the understanding of music so odd.

Admirers of Gauguin's pictures will undoubtedly like Miss Leginska's music. The barbaric note—more people probably would think it grotesque—she has found in an undertone of growls apparently from the tuba, heightened at the end by a curious sound like tapping and scratching on wood. Her melodies—real melodies, reasonably suggestive of mourning, and not aggressively native—she has given to instruments of sombre tone, like the English horn, the saxophone, and the oboe. However little one may like the piece, one must congratulate Miss Leginska on her success in doing well what she wanted to do.

She began yesterday's program with a carefully thought out and well executed performance of the "Frelschuetz" overture. If it lacked the vitality that have made some of Miss Leginska's interpretations so absorbing, nobody is to blame; a musician is no machine. Liszt's "Les Preludes" missed its full effect, for want of that opulence of color that alone can make it glow, and of the bulk of sound to make its climax tell. Miss Leginska planned to end the concert with Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slave."

Miss Leginska cordially thanked her players for giving their services yesterday. She will put off further concerts till after the holidays, the next being Jan. 23, in the Boston Opera House. The audience was very large.

R. R. G.

Stuart Mason Conducts Interesting Program

The seventh season of the People's Symphony orchestra began yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, Stuart Mason conducting. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Fidelio"; Donizetti, aria, "O mio Fernando," from "La Favorita"; Satie, "Trois Petites Pieces Montees"; three songs with piano; Tchaikowsky, Symphony in F minor No. 4.

Mr. Mason and his men were greeted with long-continued applause by a large, enthusiastic audience. The few late arrivals and early departures further testified to the genuine interest which prevailed, as did the plaudits evoked by each number.

For this concert Mr. Mason chose the self-torturing Slav, Tchaikowsky, as revealed in his fourth symphony. Of the great composers perhaps not one excels Tchaikowsky in the ability to make an effect—indeed, sometimes a tremendous emotional upheaval—with more slender or more doubtful musical material. And the sickle manifestation of this ability! What auditor has not at times listened apathetically to the "Pathetic" symphony, only to be fiercely moved by it again—and withal astonished by his own former lack of response!

The fourth symphony is no less a marvel. We have "fate"; depression and hopeless despair; a grave and noble waltz, banished by the "fate" motif, to make up the first movement. In the Canzona, songful passages for solo woodwind, the eloquent flow of the

strings—their pauses on the woodwind chords—give an almost unbroken mood of self-indulgent melancholy. Then a pizzicato scherzo, with singular use of isolated wood and brass choirs; and the finale with its petulant repetitions and its stridence. Sufficient that between the fate-symbolic introduction of the echoing horns and the drunken frenzy of the finale we have a human document not easily forgotten or lightly cast aside.

Mr. Mason responded to these moods, and with him, orchestra and audience. A conductor whose individuality and

sound musicianship never could allow display or exaggeration, he was rewarded with success in this symphony, for what could have been worse than the exaggeration of an exaggeration?

The familiar "Fidelio" overture and a novelty, with the Donizetti aria for variety, made up the first part of the program. In his little pieces after Rabelais, Satie the Satirist presents Gargantua in most refined miniature. No bombast for a swollen orchestra, but fine imaginative humor.

It was regrettable that the soloist, Dorothy George, was indisposed and unable to give the songs with piano. Her aria was well chosen and well applauded.

W. A. C.

MME. EVANTI

Mme. Lillian Evanti, soprano, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at the Copley Theatre. Her program was as follows: Song of Spring, Handel; Qual farfalletto amante, Scarlatti; Alleluja, Mozart; Celebrated Theme with Variations, Proch; Lento, Cyril Scott; Japanese Etude, Poldini, Miss Mason; O Cease Thy Singing, Maiden Fair, Raehmaninoff; Flocca La Ueve, Pietro Cimara; Me Company Along, Hageman; Were You There (spiritual), H. T. Burleigh; De ol' Ark's a Moverin', Gulon; By and By, H. T. Burleigh; Grand Air from La Traviata, Verdi.

The choice of the Copley Theatre for Mme. Evanti's concert was a fortunate one for, despite the fact that she possesses a beautiful voice, it has not an undue amount of depth or power. In a larger hall her tones would have been lost.

The first three songs on the program more or less served the purpose of allowing her listeners to appreciate the fact that her training has been wide and varied. They rather played the part of vocal gymnastics and we were left feeling that here was a lovely woman with a voice not particularly fitted for the singing of such works as Mozart's "Alleluja." Her range was wide. Her tones, though once or twice untrue, were clear. Her enunciation was admirably distinct.

As the program continued with the negro spirituals and the less ostentatious numbers, our impression was strengthened that in these songs Mme. Evanti finds her forte. She was very evidently more at ease when singing the haunting spirituals and Flocca La Ueve, tinged as they are with minor, than she was during Handel's "Song of Spring."

For the grand air from "La Traviata," Madame Evanti wore a 19th century gown which did much to set off her beauty and charm of personality. The scene gave her an opportunity to display her dramatic and vocal abilities together. It was in this aria that she very noticeably wavered from the pitch

and verged on a harshness of tone. Her closing note, however, was always true.

The most poignant of her encores was "Home Sweet Home." She lent something of a true pathos to the singing of this song. Her song to Radcliffe College, and Irving Berlin's "Always" were pleasantly done.

The accompanist, Miss Mason, deserves a word of mention and praise. She was on the program with ease and confidence, and her accompaniment, while she remained in the background, never once drawing undue attention to herself because of over-loud playing.

The audience was deplorably small, but genuinely enthusiastic. F. B. B.

POSTPONE RECITAL OF TITO SCHIPA, TENOR

Throat Trouble Forces Noted Singer to Cancel Concert

At Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, where Tito Schipa, tenor, was scheduled to sing, thousands of persons met with disappointment. The recital was announced indefinitely postponed.

The word "postponed" was in large letters across the outdoor placards advertising the concert, and in the lobby for several hours there was a constant ebb and flow of humanity to whom the management made personal announcement of the news and arranged for the refund of money. The house would have been almost sold out.

Mr. Schipa was in Boston. He had arrived at his hotel on Saturday in good faith to fill the engagement. On Sun-

day morning, he discovered that his voice had taken on an alarming hoarse quality, and sent for a physician, on whose advice the recital was cancelled. A new date for the concert could not be set yesterday. Both Mr. Schlapa, through his manager, and the Symphony hall management expressed deep regret at the unfortunate turn of events.

'TOMMY' CHEERS

By PHILIP HALE

New Park Theatre: First performance in Boston of "Tommy," a comedy in three acts by Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson. Produced as "Tommy Helps Himself" at Skowhegan, Me., in August, 1926, by the Lakewood Stock Company. Albert Hackett took the male leading role. Produced by George C. Tyler as "Tommy" at Atlantic City on Nov. 22, 1926. The cast last night was as follows:

Willie Wilson.....	George Walcott
Marie Wilson.....	Florence Walcott
Bernard.....	Alan Bunce
Marie Thurbur.....	Peg Entwistle
Mrs. Thurbur.....	Maidel Turner
Mr. Thurbur.....	Lloyd Neal
David Tuttle.....	Sidney Toler
Edna Wilson.....	Ben Johnson
Tommy Mills.....	William Janney

"Tommy" is a very amusing comedy, the more amusing because it is human. Perhaps occasionally there are farcical moments, but they, too, are human; for grown persons, especially parents, when they wax angry and rage at their children are farcical beings who must excite the laughter of inhabitants of the air who from time to time are curious about the behavior of those on this lower plane.

Marie, young but with a will of her own, is pursued by Bernard and Tommy. The latter is petted by the Thurburs, Marie's parents, for he stoops, fetches and carries for them, gives them presents. It's dear Tommy from morning till night. Then, he has prospects; he will inherit his uncle's bank. Papa Thurbur smokes Tommy's cigars; Mama eats his marshmallows—her teeth are not so securely fastened that she can enjoy butterscotch. Father wishes to sell some lots to the school committee. Tommy also has two lots for sale.

Bernard is in the motor car business. This prejudices Thurbur against him, for he is in the harness industry, but Uncle David favors Bernard, for he is sick of hearing the nauseating praise of Tommy. Marie does not easily make a choice. Now she favors one, now the other. Uncle David is a political boss in the district; he likes to pull wires, and he pulls them for Marie's good, first for Bernard, later for Tommy. He tells Bernard that he has not paid enough attention to the old folks. He tells

Tommy, he has been too attentive to the parents and has not made Marie think she is the only one worthy of his consideration. If, he says, Tommy would only behave in so rude a manner at home, then Marie would take his part. Thus he plays one suitor against the other to his own personal satisfaction, even giving up reading the life of Abraham Lincoln, to impart his amiably sly advice.

Tommy becomes persona non grata, and when it comes out that he had sold his lots to the committee, the Thurburs are through with him. Tommy denies the sale. He is not believed. Marie cannot endure a liar; but Tommy does not lie; Uncle David managed the sale, while Thurbur's lots are sold at a higher price to a manufacturing company. When Tommy, in despair, comes in soused, and declares that he does not believe Marie would lie; that he would not believe it if she confessed it, Marie's heart turns towards him. At the end Uncle David, an ingenious, a magnificent liar, gives his version of the way the lots were sold.

This slight sketch gives only a faint idea of the many details in dialogue and in stage business that made the spectator feel he is an intruder on domestic privacy; that kept the large audience last night in continuously hearty and honest laughter. We have all known these people; even the judge, anxious about his reformation, is as a personal friend. There are digs at political methods, but they are all good humored. And it is a pleasure to note that the dramatists do not set off epigrams as fire crackers; the funny speeches, the quips, the sharp answers, all come naturally from the characters. Thus do they think; thus would they act; thus would they talk.

The company is excellent throughout, so excellent that one should not particularize in praise. It is not easy to think of others in the respective parts.

DOTAGE

(By Wilfrid Gibson)

The sword outwears the sheath—
So end the god-loved lucky lives.
The tragedy is when the flawed blade snaps.
And yet the sheath survives.

Mr. Ernest Weekley in his "Words Ancient and Modern," a truly romantic book, telling the story of the "jumper," recalled Du Maurier's drawing in Punch some time in the early 80s in which a husband is apparently treating his wife roughly, but the mild man is only assisting her to divest herself of her jersey.

"Feminine costume has in modern times shown a tendency to appropriate some of the less ceremonial garments belonging to the inferior sex." Thus the jersey, so called because it was originally knitted on the sheepless island of Jersey, was taken by women from the footballer, who had taken it from the fisherman. Women took the blouse, the upper garment of a French workman; much earlier the petticoat, which in the middle ages was a little coat, a kind of waistcoat worn by men under the doublet or armor.

And now women have taken to themselves the jumper, which has long been a kind of heavy jersey worn by sailors, gold diggers (male, not female) and explorers. Seamen elaborated the word "jump," a short coat of the 17th century; also the name of a kind of bodice. "Jump" came from the earlier "Jup," the French "jupe" (skirt). "Jupe" may have been brought to France by Crusaders who knew the Arab cotton "jubah."

(Mr. Weekley might here have quoted from Doughty's "Arabia Deserta": "The Sherif was clad in the citizen-wise of the Ottoman towns, in a long blue jubba of pale woollen cloth.")

Let women ponder this saying of Mr. Weekley's: "Every garment so far mentioned represents a conquest rent by the female from the male. No lady wore 'knickers' in the 19th century, or, if she did, the Oxford dictionary has modestly refrained from putting the fact on record. Like the proverbial criminal, woman began by robbing the mediaeval warrior of his equipment, and has ended by appropriating the most essential garment of the defenseless urchin."

CHRIST IN WOOLWORTH'S

I did not think to find You there—
Crucifixes, large and small,
Sixpence and threepence, on a tray,
Among the artificial pearls,
Paste rings, tin watches, beads of glass.
It seemed so strange to find You there,
Fingered by people coarse and crass,
Who had no reverence at all.
Yet—what is it that You would say?
"For these I hang upon My Cross,
For these the agony and loss,
Though heedlessly they pass Me by."
Dear Lord, forgive such fools as I,
Who thought it strange to find You there
When You are with us everywhere.

TERESA HOOLEY.

GOOD OLD LINES

(The Russell Brothers)

"Maggie, did you give the goldfish fresh water?"
"No, they ain't drank up all I give them yesterday."

Want for yesterday column

MARIA KURENKO

Maria Kurenko, who will sing in Symphony hall tonight, is already favorably known to many Bostonians, who have heard her by means of the radio. She sang in Symphony hall early in January of this year, when voice and art were both greatly admired.

Her press agent tells the world that she is small, vivacious and with a "turbulent temperament." Nevertheless, she is well worth hearing. It may be remembered that coming from Russia a little over a year ago, she made her debut in this country at Los Angeles as Glida in "Rigoletto." She gave a recital there; then came to New York, where she sang in Carnegie hall. Born at Tomsk, Siberia, she went as a child with her family to Moscow, and there entered the Moscow Conservatory to study singing with Mazetti; at the same time she was graduated from the law school of the University of Moscow. She made her operatic debut about seven years ago at Kharkov. She was for several seasons at the Grand Opera House in Moscow. She has sung in many cities of the United States during the present year.

Louis Cornell, the pianist who will be with her tonight, gave a recital here on Dec. 6, 1915, and one in the following season.

MODERNIZED MYTHOLOGY

Oedipus An' Tha Sphinx

By SNOWSHOE AL

Wunce upon a time a kink named Oedipus wuz walkin' thru tha Egyptian Desert, an' he stopped tuh look at tha Sphinx. In them days tha Sphinx wuz alive. Oedipus giv' her tha wunce-over, an' wuz highly amused at her girlish form, so he busted out laffin'.

"Yer a hot sketch," sez he.

"Tew better gaze intuh a mirror," sez tha Sphinx, gittin' kinda warm under tha collar; "people hoo live in glass houses shooldn't talk a bath in tha day time, so talk a inventory uv yer own fizikal defects before yuh toss any more hilarity tuh tha 4 winds. Furthermore," sez her, "wen anybuddy kums travellin' across this sand-pasture I ask him a riddle, an' if he kan't gimme tha kerrect answer he gits nocked fer a dirge."

"Riddle?" snorts Oedipus. "Don't be so old fashioned. D'yuh wanta heer a snappy storrie wch I jst picked up in a hotel lobby? I'll tell it tuh yuh if yuh promise not tuh git sore."

"Never mind tha snap-story," sez tha Sphinx, "answer this riddle kerrect, er yew are all thru hangin' around tha hotel lobbies. Here goes: Wot is it wot walks on 4 legs in tha morning, 2 legs at noon an' 3 legs in tha evening?"

"Two sailors on shore leave," answers Oedipus; "in tha mornin' they walk on 4 legs; by noon wun uv them is so drunk that tha uther wun has tuh carry him, an' in tha evenin' they re-tuhn tuh tha ship on 3 legs because wun uv them lost his wooden leg in a crap game. How's that, sister?"

It wuz tha rong answer, but tha Sphinx got so dam mad that she turned intuh stone before she koud sock him. Then Oedipus maid a terribl' mistalk. He went back tuh town an' bragged about wot had happened. Tha people wuz so grateful that they grabbed Oedipus an' married him tuh tha queen. Oedipus spent tha rest uv his life regretting that tha Sandstone Flapper didn't git at least wun good sock at him before she pulled tha economical stunt uv bekunning her own tomb-stone.

As the World Wags:

To the following stanza appearing in your column recently—

"I want to hear the one I love,
Insist in his blunt way,
'Give me your hand, I've bought the ring,
I'll marry you today;'
Let me add this epilogue:

And here's to men whose ways are blunt,
Who marry on the run,
Who use the rough-and-ready stuff
To win their only one.

Let them retain their caveman style,
The source of former thrills,
'Give me your hand, I need that band,
To pay our grocery bills."

W. C. A.

MARIA KURENKO IS

Maria Kurenko, soprano, accompanied by Granville English and Louis Cornell, pianist, gave a concert last night in Symphony hall. Mme. Kurenko planned this program: "Purcell's 'Lotti', Pastorello, Pergolesi; Air de Venus, Lully; 'Qui la voce,' Bellini; 'Dumka Parase' from 'Sorotchinskaja Yarmome,' Mussorgsky; Soldier's Wife, Rachmaninoff; In the Spring, Rimsky-Korsakoff; Grief, Chopin; Peace my heart, Hadley; Pastoral, Carey-Wilson; the Lass with the Delicate Air, Arne; Figlio dormi, Sadler; Tarantella veneziana, Sadler; Il Barco, Arditi.

Mr. Cornell played this program: Prelude Op. 11 No. 1, Hucheson; Scherzo Op. 16 No. 2, d'Albert; Intermezzo op. 118 No. 6, Brahms; Scherzo Op. 39, Chopin; Hommage a S. Pieckwick, Esq., Debussy; Pavana (Pour une Infante Defunte), Ravel; Ricordanza, Liszt; Paraphrase on Tchaikowsky's "Flower Waltz," Granger.

Something less than a year ago Mme. Kurenko made a strong impression by the lovely quality of her voice, the fineness of her vocal art, her unusual depth of insight into the meaning of a song. This impression she did not strengthen last night.

She may have been merely not in the vein; even in those songs of her first two groups that she sang best she failed to send their significance home as she would have done at her earlier appearance. Perhaps it was fatigue that added an edge to too many of her tones.

Or it may be that Mme. Kurenko, from a wish to increase the volume of her voice, has changed her way of singing. If so, she is no wise woman. For, last night, she often emitted her loud tones with the help of a jerk that did their quality no good. She seems, furthermore, to have become unduly fond of what some call the "emiling" posi-

tion, often it served her well, especially in some of the florid passages of Bellini's air.

This is too bad. Mme. Kurenko, when at her best last night, sang with tone very beautiful, and withal very musically. She shows poor judgment when, for the sake of high notes and loudness, she allows herself to deliver sounds by no means as good as her best.

It was not an evening of beautiful sound, since Mr. Cornell chose to play with tone hard and harsh. It is not just to make comment on his performance of his first set of pieces, he was so manifestly out of kilter. Later he may have felt more happily disposed.

R. P. G.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—

Adelyn Bushnell and the Castle Square players in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," by George Abbott and John V. Weaver, a play in three acts. First performance in Boston. Cast:

Ma Woodruff.....	Josephine Fox
Pa Woodruff.....	George Farren
Kenyon.....	Jack Marvin
Jim Somers.....	Hamilton Christy
Bill Billingsley.....	Jerry Bradford
Janie Walsh.....	Betty Emore
Mamie Walsh.....	Adelyn Bushnell
Mias Streeter.....	Peggy Shanor
Mr. McConigle.....	John T. McNary
Mr. Alken.....	Philip Stanley

The old story of the plain sister and the beautiful sister and again the unimpressive exterior of the first covers "the heart of gold" and the lovely face of the latter covers nothing but vanity. The same debonaire radio-loving fascinator charms them both, the plain one first. When he falls victim to the charms of the blonde Janie, Mamie, the plain member of the family, whose type represents that specie that is commonly supposed to have been left in boiling water for over 20 minutes, decides the best thing to do with men is "Love 'em and leave 'em."

Ginsburg's department store serves as a pivot for the plot of the play to swing on. A real get-together uplift for the "maw-rall" of the store provides the hooks for the amusing, quite human characters that make up the cast from the piccolo-trombone combination to the haughty treasurer lady who thinks their employer might object to the winner of a store bathing beauty contest being identified as "Miss Ginsburg."

The trouble all starts when Janie, who admits she's beautiful and has stolen Mr. Billingsby from Mamie, misuses the funds from the amateur show and loses them. Mamie comes to her rescue by gambling with the gambler while the audience cranes its necks to see each roll of the dice. The last scene rollicks on and rollicks off again leaving everyone happy and the audience hilarious.

Enthusiasm is a noticeable virtue of the Castle Square players. Another very good trait is their marked success in not at any moment allowing their eyes to glance even slightly towards the audience. Miss Bushnell does a heart-felt characterization of Mamie, the sales-lady. Betty Emore as Janie makes herself a very convincing doll-faced lurer of men. Jack Marvin is an amusing Kenyon and George Farren does his part as the race-track betting, dice throwing, card playing Pa Woodruff with considerable comedy. Peggy Shanor made her first appearance with the stock company last night.

The very large audience roared with laughter and applauded generously. Apparently the company have made a definite place for themselves in the program of the Boston theatregoer.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Song of the Flame."

Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein. Music by Herbert Stothart and George Gershwin. The cast:

Kronastina.....	Edmund Fitzpatrick
Anluta.....	Testa Kostka
Grusha.....	Betty Byron
Nicholas.....	Shay Camp
Boris.....	Bernard Gorney
Nadya.....	Alice Weaver
Natasha.....	Phoebe Brune
Volodya.....	Guy Robertson
A Dancer.....	Leonard St. Leo
Oleg.....	Silvia H. Gibson
Alexis.....	Richard Arxley
An Avenger.....	Henry Clay

Once again within a few weeks the Shubert Theatre houses a musical comedy which can lay claim to the possession of real music and genuine plot. The story concerns a peasant girl who desires to lead her communistic friends to power. She has no hatred in her heart for royalty as such, but her followers misconstrue her purpose and try to gain their ends through revolution. Of course, she falls in love with the prince and about her love and identity the plot winds and unwinds to a happy ending.

The opening scene of the play is in the form of a prologue—a protest of the Russian peasants against their lot. Their upraised hands are all that can be seen. The rest is shrouded in darkness. Their expressive fingers and their beautiful voices serve as a most unus-

...to arrive beginning The ...
...struck at the start of the perform-
...was maintained almost entirely
...the hour.
...everything else was the
...Art Choir. Though their sing-
...came near the end of the program,
...enthusiastic reception made it
...necessary for them to sing again and
...again. It is long since Boston has
...heard such music—included in a com-
...edy. All the native harmony of Russian
...folk songs was given the audience.
...The cast is one of happy choice and
...pleasant memories for Bostonians for
...we recall Tessa Kosta of the clear
...soprano and Guy Robertson of "Rose
...Marie" fame. Especially well remem-
...bered is Phoebe Bruno who brought so
...much intelligence to her part in "Rose
...Marie." In this play she dances with all
...her former astounding agility and ease.
...The character comedy part, played by
...Bernard Gorcy as Boris deserves
...special mention.
...The spirit of the play depended a
...great deal on the music. From the pro-
...test with which it opened, it moved di-
...rectly into the stirring "Song of the
...Flame," which struck the spirited note
...which it was to follow throughout. The
...Cossack Love Song was pleasantly
...Russian in its plaint.
...Altogether "The Song of the Flame,"
...extremely satisfying. F. B. B.

THEODORE ROBERTS HEADS KEITH BILL

Theodore Roberts stepped out of the
...tures and into vaudeville at Keith's
...st night, with all his character man-
...nerisms and all his familiar "business."
...Assisted by Hardee Kirkland he ap-
...peared in William C. DeMille's sketch,
..."The Man Higher Up," a tense melo-
...dramatic piece which depicts the ven-
...geance of a mind specialist upon the
...political boss who, many years before,
...had betrayed the girl he loved.
...Roberts managed it well, in spite of
...the fact that he had to hobble about
...the stage with the aid of a crutch and
...cane and Mr. Kirkland gave him good
...support in bringing it up to a tragic
...and telling climax. Mr. Roberts in-
...cluded in a long curtain speech in which
...advised young people to keep away
...from Hollywood and the "cruel game"
...of the pictures. He was enthusiastically
...received.
...Another popular act on last night's
...bill was that of the Armat brothers in
...an irrepressible bit of clowning. Scidom is
...ever pantomime seen and their
...distressing specialty convulsed the house.
...Marie Marion, teamed with Nelson B.
...Cofford, was a scream in "Just Dumb,"
...and the Lorraine elsters, with Roy Shel-
...an and Billy Taylor, not to speak of a
...triple of pianos, made their usual sing-
...and dancing hit.
...In Harm and Inez, the dizzy roller
...skaters, Harm and Nee, with a collec-
...tion of songs of the barber-shop vari-
...ety; Steppe & Knowles in a "nut" de-
...bate; Steve Freda and his guitar, with
...Johnny Palace and their rollicking
..."H-a-kallop" song; and Martin and
...Artin, gymnasts and contortionists,
...joined to provide a varied evening's en-
...ertainment. J. E. P.

We boys shouted on "Speaking day"
...our little village, "The Boy Stood on
...a Burning Deck," "We call me chief,"
...blaze with your scented colonnades,"
...in Linden when the sun was low,"
...elder boy who thought he could re-
...duce Yankee dialect and firmly be-
...lieved that he was a born humorist,
...sed to recite the Deacon's "One-Hoss
...hay." We other boys made it a point
...to assume a mournful look, while he
...bought and gestured. There was a
...candor of Henry Clay, who in "Cath-
...erine's Defiance," when he came to the
...line "He dares not touch a hair of
...attitude," pulled a long look that hung
...over his noble brow. This same boy,
...parrelling with a classmate, refused
...a fight with fists, saying that in the
...south gentlemen disputed with knives,
...and he drew from a sheath a wicked
...looking tool of destruction.
...Why are we thus garrulous about
...past years? Is it a symptom of senility?
...Perhaps, but we read in a London news-
...paper about the wedding of Mary Forbes
...Cleonor de Casablanca, a descendant
...of the father of the boy who stood on
...the burning deck, young Giacomo
...de Casablanca. His father was
...captain of the French man-of-war
..."Orient" at Aboukir. Mrs. Romans
...sang the praise of Giacomo; so did the
...French poets, Lebrun and Chénier, but
...was the boy to be so commended? His
...behavior is now reproached as "an
...unintelligent adherence to routine."

MIXED DRINKS, OR, PORTRAIT OF A LADY

"(Dresser hats, gloves, stockings and even
...shoes, in kid or satin, are to be seen in the
...new wine shades of deepish red, ranging in
...their tints from 'Dort' to 'Bordaux.'")
...Fashion note)
Her eyes were like sherry, rich, luscious
...and brown;
Her hair was a wonderful hock;
Her laughter was like a champagne of
...renown,
Which challenged the depths of her
...frock;
For that was a Margaux, an excellent
...wine
(Or was it a Vougeot or Beaune?)—
No matter—the general effect was
...divine,
With a cachet—or cru—or its own.
Her chapeau was Chamberlin, soothing
...and bland;
Her shoes were of Chateau Lafitte;
And the glove that caressed a most
...elegant hand
Was as ancient a port as you'll meet;
Tokay was the sheen of her ankle and
...shin
(There, too, was the wine that is red);
Enraptured and enraptured I drank it all
...in—
Can you wonder she went to my
...head?
—Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.

We felt like putting a mourning band
...on sleeves of coat and overcoat reading
...the dispatch from Havana: "Facundo
...Bacardi is dead at the age of eighty-
...four." What a long and useful life, a
...life devoted to the comfort and con-
...solation of the "complaining millions of
...mankind." And to think that he began his
...benevolent work at his distillery with
...only a "burro, a pack saddle, two kegs
...of molasses, and a wash boiler." He
...loved this country and its inhabitants,
...for after Prohibition he came here to
...buy bottles, "because his Cuban rivals
...could not meet his demand."
..."Facundo" meaning well-spoken, elo-
...quent. His rum spoke for him; it made
...others eloquent.

As the World Wags:
"Recently I heard an — organ built
...15 years ago and it was as fine as the
...day it was installed."
This reminds me of the commendation
...Carl Zerrahn once gave a singer-to-will:
"When you are better known, you will
...have all the success you deserve."
Full River. J. D. D. COMEY.

As the World Wags:
This happened last summer out West.
We were visiting a small town and
...hopped a stage, bounded by two sorry-
...looking nags, in order to get back. As
...we finally pulled in at the end of the
...journey I offered the driver a dollar
...bill. The driver looked at the buck,
...gazed mournfully at the team, and said,
..."Well, which horse do you want?"
EDDY.

Lines on Reading a Recent NEWS ITEM

(For As the World Wags)
A goshawk who landed in Worcester
...Was taking a bite of a rooster.
When a boy said "quit!"
He replied "Not a bit,
I shall finish my meal when I choose
...ter." JOSCELYN

A great many people have brains far
...too big for their needs.—Dr. Bernard
Hollander.

The curse of our age is that we are
...provided with white bread.—Sir W.
Arbuthnot Lane.

As the World Wags:
May I propose for the Hall of Fame
...Mr. I. Babel, tailor? He presses my
...trousers.
Incidentally, one of our freshmen,
...writing of the agriculture of Idaho, said
...that "they raise pairs in Twin Falls."
Why not? EASTERN ISAC.

HISTORY AS KNOWN TO THE FRENCH

A French newspaper last month, dis-
...cussing learnedly about tobacco, said
...the blessed (or noxious) weed was in-
...troduced into England by the "Cheva-
...lier Raghliff" in the time of James I.
Because the tobacco which he intro-
...duced tempted the people to waste their
...time in smoking instead of working.
Parliament put him on trial for his life.

ADD "CANARY LORE"

As the World Wags:
Sixteen years and seven months is no
...venerable age for a canary (Richard
Cheney). We have one born on July 2,
1912, therefore he is 14 years and nearly
...five months old. We took him from the
...cage when he was a youngster and
...named him "Buster" because he was
...the boss of the roost. He was a lively
...youngster; he sang all day long. Grad-
...ually he lost his sight and for two years
...has been totally blind. To watch him
...in his cage you would hardly believe it.
He finds his seed, his water, his sugar,
...cattle fish and lettuce, which he has
...every day, jumps up on his perches, and
...does about the same things a normal
...bird does.
He has his bath every day; if the

...shines his bathtub is put on the
...floor, filled with cold water from the
...faucet; he is gently guided to his tub,
...he jumps in and—"O splash!"—how the
...water flies! When his bath is finished,
...he jumps upon the edge of his tub,
...roaches out his neck until he is given
...his bath towel, then he wipes himself
...dry and is put back in his cage. He
...has a hempsed morning and night; he
...seems to sense when you approach his
...cage, for he keeps reaching through
...the bars, until he finds the feed. His
...song is hushed, probably forever. We
...shall give him our tenderest care until
...the end. A. B. C.

HOW'S THIS, WATSON?

As the World Wags:
Good old Doc Evans says that peaches
...are not fattening. But
"Browning says in his affidavits that
...when he married 'Peaches' she had one
...good dress, no luxuries and lived frugally."
He continues: "Her mother
...urged marriage. I never proposed. I
...never used force with her. I didn't eat
...alarm clocks off in her ears." He cites
...that after marriage her weight in-
...creased from 125 pounds to 165 pounds,
...due to luxurious living." H. G. C.

SYMPHONY OPENS TUESDAY CONCERTS

With a program representative of the
...best in German orchestral literature,
...the Boston Symphony Orchestra began
...yesterday the series of five Tuesday af-
...ternoon concerts in Symphony hall.
Serge Koussevitzky led the band through
...Beethoven's overture "Leonore" No. 3,
...Op. 72 the Prelude and "Love-Death"
...from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde";
...Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's
...Misadventure" after the Old-Fashioned,
...English Manner" to Brahms' Symphony
...No. 4 in E minor Op. 98.
Alas, that poor Mozart died too young,
...and the immortal J. Sebastian Bach,
...first and greatest of the "three B's"
...died too early to be admitted to yester-
...day's company, where the other
...two "B's"—Beethoven and Brahms—and
...the two Richards—Wagner and Strauss
...were gloriously represented.

The reception accorded the dynamic
..."Leonore" overture, which epitomizes
...Beethoven's only opera, "Fidelio,"
...sounded the keynote of the concert. The
...interpretation merited the enthusiasm
...of the most music-sated soul; how
...much greater the response, then, from
...an audience drawn partly and perhaps
...largely, from the overflow of the regu-
...lar subscription concerts. Moreover,
...after hearing some of the ultra-mod-
...ernists and their unflaggingly zealous
...use of the all too definite-pitched per-
...cussion—one apparently does not or-
...chestrate today without the piano,
...Glockenspiel, xylophone, bells in all
...registers, an dthe honey-dripping celesta
...—even the sturdiest senses may well
...waver, and see nothing, emptiness in
...the obsolescent Beethoven and the re-
...strained, many-voiced Brahms.

The Prelude and "Love-Death"
...Tristan and Isolde stand before us,
...trembling with passion, loving as no
...others in fable have loved. In every
...audience listening to these "slow and lan-
...guishing" measures, there must always
...be some who for the first time are
...shaken by Tristan's longing, perhaps
...weep with Isolde's transfigured grief.
To them, and to many more, the quiet
...beginning and merry pranks of "Till
...Eulenspiegel" were doubtless welcome,
...as the scherzo after a beautiful slow
...movement. And what a scherzo Richard
...the Second has written us! Satire, broad
...jokes, pleasant dallies, guffaws, and
...at last, the catastrophe of condemna-
...tion and death. The performance showed
...what a glorious instrument the orchestra
...is, what a superlative composer for that
...instrument Strauss—and what a splen-
...did effect can come of a brilliant work
...read by such a master as Serge Kous-
...sevitzky.

It may be that human tympani can
...be tampered with too much, and
...Brahms' seem dull after the ear-shat-
...terling cacophony of young con-posers'
...growing pains. Yesterday after the
...comparative quiet of Strauss's Opus 22,
...the last orchestral score of Brahms'
...rich life work sounded as it seldom
...can. The first soft theme and the sharp-
...ly contrasting Valkyr-suggestive figure
...in triplets; the haunting, vague tonal-
...ity of the andante; the joyous allegro
...leading to the monumental passacaglia
...of the finale. Surely the conductor de-
...serves great praise, for the task of keep-
...ing the development of this last move-
...ment from falling at times into anti-
...climax is most difficult, and it is given
...to few to succeed therein.

The sincerely enthusiastic audience
...filled the auditorium. Perhaps the
...alarm of lagging subscription encour-
...aged some of the timid to enter the
...circle of the fortunate. W. A. C.

HELENE DIEDRICHS

Helene Diedrichs, pianist, played this
...program last night in Jordan hall:
Sonata, F minor, Beethoven; Noct-
...turn, "May Night in the Ukraine"; Go-
...pak, Lullaby, Bax; Prelude, Choral and
...Fugue, Franck; Etude B flat minor, op.
4, Szymanowski; Ballad, F minor, Cho-
...pin.

Since she was making her first public
...appearance in Boston, Miss Diedrichs
...might to her advantage have laid out a
...program more engaging. The great Bee-
...thoven sonata, to state an opinion blunt-
...ly, had best be left to very great play-
...ers. Indeed, those who rejoice in both a
...virtuoso's technique and in glowing ar-
...dor of temperament. In 25 years not
...many pianists have proved themselves
...fit to deal with Franck's grand work.
To place these two exacting pieces on a
...single program was not wise planning.
Miss Diedrichs did not help the situa-
...tion by her choice of contrasting mate-
...rial. Those Bax pieces, while no doubt
...attractive to those who know them
...well, at a first hearing sound at their
...best merely pretty, at their worst very
...dull. Miss Diedrichs could have set
...herself an easier task.

In her performance last night she dis-
...tinguished herself chiefly by the con-
...stant fineness of her tone; not one
...harsh note did she strike. In other re-
...spects she did not show herself an
...artist of notable qualities. Though in
...the course of every piece she played
...extremely well, it is not possible to re-
...call any one movement—in the earlier
...part of the program—that stood apart.
The beautiful tone, though, must not be
...forgotten; rarely does the piano sound
...so well today, where noise is the fash-
...ion.

Miss Diedrichs had an excellent audi-
...ence. R. R. G.

RUTH DRAPER

After hearing about Miss Ruth Draper
...these several years, it was an expe-
...rience, indeed, at last to hear her
...herself—she appeared yesterday after-
...noon at the Wilbur Theatre before a
...large and well entertained company.

She has kept her note book close at
...hand; about that there can be no doubt.
That woman who, in "Doctors," mixed
...medical theory and scandal in a glori-
...ous melange—she purported to be a
...westerner, but it must be that Miss
...Draper felt a disguising geographical
...feature needful. For the woman lives
...here in town on—but it would not
...do to name the street. Miss Draper
...must have studied that type of woman
...as an entomologist would study a bug,
...as a palaeontologist would study a fossil
...relic. And with what cunning and
...she has used caricature to set off her
...observations. A master, in very truth.

In her exhibition of the Italian les-
...son, Miss Draper resorted to broader
...caricature; it has, no doubt, grown so
...with time. As much may be suspected
...of the French dressmakers. In her
...sketches of "Three Breakfasts" Miss
...Draper made her points with a heavier
...hand than is usually attributed to her.
For all her drollery while she dis-
...played her garden, any person of expe-
...rience in that situation must feel
...disposed to challenge, for once, the
...truth of Miss Draper's observation,
...was ever a garden visitor content to
...look and listen. Not a bit of it. A
...garden visitor is a man's reminder
...of bigger and better gardens—and so
...even Miss Draper's notable English
...woman could force him to keep his
...recollections to himself.

Miss Draper also gave a picture of
...Christmas eve in London and she
...closed her performance with "In a
...Church in Florence," which people say
...is best of all. If the funny part of it
...is better than the woman discoursing
...of doctors it must be funny indeed.
R. R. G.

Clara Rabinovitch Meets Warm Welcome on Her Return

By PHILIP HALE

Clara Rabinovitch, pianist, gave a
...recital in Jordan hall yesterday after-
...noon. The large audience applauded
...her with genuine enthusiasm. The
...program read as follows: Respighi,
...Siciliana (16th century); Couperin, Le
...Baviolet Flottant; Rameau, Le Rappel
...des Oiseaux and La Poule; Schumann,
...Des Abends, Aufschwung, in der Nacht,
...Traumee-Wirren; Chopin, Sonata, B flat
...minor; Ravel, Ondine; Bartok, Danses
...Roumaines; Samuel Gardner, Splashes
...of Color (No. 1); Infanta, El Vito.

When Miss Rabinovitch played here
...for the first time, she gave great
...pleasure and at once stood among the
...pianists worth hearing. (They are not
...so many, nor should a great name, nor
...should a "European reputation" dazzle

is in ready acceptance). It was not mere matter of technical proficiency; it was not even the revelation of desirable qualities, as a beautiful touch, rhythmic sense, a command of nuances, musical and rhetorical phrasing. Miss Rabinovitch possessed these qualities. What was of more importance was the individuality of her interpretations. She played as she felt in her brains and soul the music of the different composers; she met them and heard them in her own poetic spirit. If a pianist does not express something indefinable behind the notes, so that the hearer is conscious only of music and takes no thought of performer, the labor, however skillfully accomplished, is in vain.

Returning from Europe, where her abilities and her compelling charm were quickly recognized at her recitals, Miss Rabinovitch yesterday confirmed and enlarged the good opinion provoked by her earlier recital. Her program was varied; it contained music that was good to hear. Respighi took an old Italian melody, one that recalled Hazlitt's remark about a melody of Mozart's: that it seemed to come from the air and then returned there. This Siciliana was embroidered by Respighi, not too elaborately. One was spared the conventional, cut-and-dried variations that often end with a thunderous and incongruous fugue. How delightful the music by Couperin and Rameau! One need not go so far as Mme. Landowska in extolling it at the

expense of modern piano pieces. Debussy and Ravel have written in the 18th century spirit but in a modern idiom that the old clavinists might use if they were now on the earth. Then came a group of Schumann's intimate confessions, fantastical dreams, caprices of imagination. Yet, had he known that swimming the English Channel would be only an outdoor sport of women young and mature, he might not have said that he thought of the Hellespont with Hero and Leander when he wrote "In der Nacht." In the performance of this group there was fire that was not a hasty flash of stubble; there was emotion, not labored sentimentalism. And Chopin's sonata, which is often maltreated by pianists who wish to "make an impression," who have been told that they play "with great expression," was for once not hackneyed. While there was no too palpable attempt to be original, Miss Rabinovitch gave a memorable performance by reason of its dramatic force, its reserve in woe, its hopelessness after the storm and stress. Seldom has the sinister quality of the last movement been more shrewdly suggested. One charm of her playing is the absence of any evidence that there has been painful and anxious preparation. One hears as if the music were the improvisation of the composer.

It was stated last week that Mr. Cortot would play at the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening a concerto in E flat major by Mozart and Cesar Franck's Symphonie variations. The purely orchestral pieces were to be Bach's Brandenburg concerto for violin solo, two flutes and strings and Debussy's "Iberia." This program gave promise of a delightful concert.

For some reason Mr. Cortot was unwilling to play the piano in the pieces by Mozart and Franck. He insisted on Beethoven's concerto No. 5, the so-called "Emperor" concerto. This upset the appreciator.

As the program now stands, it reads: Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore" No. 3 (Not for the first time in Boston), Beethoven, piano concerto No. 5 (It has been played 17 times at the concerts of this orchestra in Boston); and Ravel's arrangement of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." At the time of our writing no change has been announced. Beethoven, Beethoven, toujours Beethoven. Yet there have been other composers. A little more Mozart, a little more Haydn would be welcome.

For the program of next week the announcement was made that Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture, the 7th symphony in one movement by Sibelius, and Stravinsky's Suite from "The Fire-Bird" would be performed. C. P. E. Bach's Concerto in D major, edited by Steinberg, has been substituted for Elgar's overture.

While we are talking about symphony programs, let us add that Monsieur Milhaud is about to descend upon us bringing one of his sheaves with him. This being interpreted means that his "Carnival d'Aix," a Fantasy for piano and orchestra, will be performed. It is taken from his ballet "Salade."

For the Young People's concerts on the 8th and 9th this program has been

arranged. Smetana overture to "The Sold Bride"; Haydn, Two Movements from the "Surprise" symphony; Grieg, Suite No. 1 from the music for "Peer Gynt"; Debussy, In a Boat and Procession; Liadov, the Music Box; Chabrier, "Espana." A good program for mature and elderly persons as well as for interesting and presumably promising youngsters.

The pension fund concert will take place on Sunday, Dec. 26.

This evening a soprano who, "for family reasons" wishes to be known as Vraie Diva, will sing in Symphony hall. Having lived the greater part of her life in Europe and having sung there, she is well recommended.

This afternoon at the Wilbur Theatre Ruth Draper will give the second of her entertainments.

Saturday afternoon George Perkins Raymond in Jordan hall will sing for the first time in Boston. He is a tenor. He will lift up his voice in songs by Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Wolf, Strauss; also by American composers; will add for good measure an aria from "Der Freischutz."

There is a wide choice for those who attend Sunday concerts. Josef Hofmann will play the piano in Symphony hall. At night Ruth Posselt will play the violin in that hall.

The People's Symphony orchestra will play in Jordan hall at 3:30 P. M. Pauline Danforth, the soloist, will play Rachmaninoff's concerto in F sharp minor. It was written when Rachmaninoff was a pupil of Tanelev and Arensky at the Moscow Conservatory, and it is dedicated to Alexander Siloti, Rachmaninoff's cousin. The late Carlo Buonamici played it here at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1904. Martinus Sieveking played it at Washington, D. C., in 1900. Rachmaninoff has revised this concerto, which is op. 1. Stuart Mason will conduct.

The Boston Flute Players' Club will give its first concert of the season at the Boston Art Club at 3:30. The program is an interesting one.

Messrs. Johnson and Gordon will present a program of "spirituals" at the Copley Theatre in the evening.

The Detroit Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gabrilowitsch conductor, will give a concert in Symphony hall next Monday night: Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore" No. 3; Schumann, Symphony No. 4; Bossi, Five Movements from "Intermezzi Goldoni"; Caussou, "Viviane"; Rimsky-Korsakov, Caprice on Spanish Airs. This will be Mr. Gabrilowitsch's first appearance here as a conductor.

The Porte St. Martin Theatre company of Paris announces eight performances at the Boston Opera House next week: Monday and Saturday evenings, "Madame Sans Gene"; Tuesday evening, "La Flambee"; Wednesday matinee, "L'Algon"; evening, "La Tendresse"; Thursday evening and Saturday matinee, "Cyrano de Bergerac"; Friday evening, "La Maitre de Forges."

Germaine Dermoz and Pierre Magnier are the leading woman and man. According to the books, M. Magnier was born at Paris in 1869. A pupil of Got, he took a first prize for tragedy at the Conservatory in 1894, making his debut at the Odeon in that year. In 1896 he joined the company of the Vaudeville, where he played in "Zaza" and "Sapho." At the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt he "created" in 1899 the part of Laertes when the Divine Sarah played Hamlet in Morand and Schwob's version of the tragedy, and Le Talleur in "L'Algon." At the Porte Saint-Martin (1900) he played Lantier in "L'Assommoir."

"L'Algon" is familiar to theatregoers. First of all and incomparable, Sarah Bernhardt; then Maude Adams was put into the part by Charles Frohman, though she was physically unfitted. "Le Maitre de Forges" is also familiar. The last Cyrano seen here was Walter Hampden's. The story of "Madame Sans Gene," play (also opera), is familiar. It has been called a "historic vaudeville." When it was produced in 1893 in Paris, Jules Lemaitre questioned whether Lefebvre's wife, though once a washerwoman, would in the course of 20 years as the wife of a marshal-duke, be so awkward and ill-bred. When the play was first brought out in this country (New York, 1895) Kathryn Kidder played Madame Sans Gene; Augustus Cook, Napoleon; the late James K. Hackett, Neipperg. Afterward came Mme. Rejane, Anna Braga (in German), Ada Rehan, Ellen Terry and others.

"La Flambee," by Henry Kistemaeckers, was produced at the Porte-Saint-Martin on Dec. 7, 1911. M. Magnier then took the part of Marcol; Marthe Brandes, Monique Felt. The play was widely discussed. Thirty performances that year were followed by 243 in 1912. An English version by Peter Le Marchant, entitled "The Turning Point,"

was seen in London in 1912 (George Alexander and Ethel Irving as Felt and Monique Felt; Godfrey Tearle as Marcol). It's a story of love, espionage and patriotism. Charles Frohman called the play, "The Spy," at the Empire, New York, Jan. 13, 1913, with Edith Wynne Matthison as Monique; Julian L'Estrange as Marcol; Cecil Keightley, Felt.

"La Tendresse," by Henry Bataille, was produced at the Vaudeville, Paris, on Feb. 24, 1921. M. Huguenet and Yvonne de Bray were the leading comedians. This play tells of a dramatist—he's a member of the Academy—and his mistress, who sincerely loves him but cannot be faithful to him, so warm was her "temperament."

The Hall-Mills trial differs from some other trials in this respect: the question of innocence or guilt has not set old friends a-quarrelling; it has not divided households, as happened in the Beecher-Tilton trial and that of Miss Lizzie Borden. In the Beecher-Tilton case even the newspapers took sides: the New York Sun and Puck were against Beecher, the Tribune fought valiantly for him. Puck's cartoons, drawn by Keppler, picturing Beecher leaving for Salt Lake City on hearing of Brigham Young's death; Mrs. Tilton as Goethe's Gretchen, were not so bitter as certain editorials in reputable newspapers. Men and women naturally amiable and tolerant were violent in assertion and argument.

Or take the Dreyfus case that shook all France. According to some, Zola redeemed himself as the author of "Nana" by his courageous letter, "J'accuse." According to others, he insulted the army, and therefore his country. That Anatole France's belief in the innocence of Dreyfus and his writings in behalf of him were never forgiven by some was shown by articles and pamphlets published soon after his death.

It is probable that there will be for some time arguments concerning Mrs. Gibson's testimony, as there was in the Beecher trial after it was over as to the credibility of Mr. Moulton and his wife, witnesses for Tilton.

AN OLD, OLD STORY

Once there was a lady
With pointed finger tips.
Once there was one . . . may he . . .
Who sailed away in ships;
Who sailed across the water
To a towered Trojan town,
And left her little daughter
In Sparta all alone;
Who sailed across the water
With earrings in her ears,
And left her little daughter
For years and years and years.

QUEEN OF THE SUBURBS.

It was Swinburne who said of the Musset-George Sand liaison: "Alfred was a terrible flirt and George did not behave as a perfect gentleman."

As the World Wags:

I wish to offer, through your column, my sincere apology to Richard Cheney, the canary. I wrote, "Sixteen years and seven months is a venerable age for a canary," and behold, when printed, it read, "no venerable age." I respect age, even that of a canary. A. B. C.

There is no more dangerous will-o'-the-wisp that a man can chase than consistency.—Sir Austen Chamberlain.

Compare Walt Whitman's defiant assertion:

"Do I contradict myself?
Very well, then, I contradict myself.
(I am large, I contain multitudes)."

OLD V. YOUNG

As the World Wags:

It was after Satie's "Trois Petites Pieces Montees" in Mr. Stuart Mason's first People's Sunday concert, when, in the row behind me, a rather lively controversy developed.

"How did you like it, Daddy?" asked the bright little girl of about 13, "aux cheveux de lin."

"I don't like it at all; them pieces are too damned deep for me. I like music with some expression in it, as they play in the 'Pops.' I like some pieces of Wag—Wag—Wagner, or whatever they call it."

"Oh, but I like it! We like it! Don't we, Charlie?"

"I like it, dandy," replied the obedient little brother.

"I don't," almost shouted the disgusted pater familias, continuously repeating his refrain: "It's too damned deep for me!"

And so they kept on, senza fine. Will the two generations—old and young—ever agree in this world of ours? I'm much afraid "them" arguments will never stop.

Boston. EUGENE GRUENBERG.

VARIA

As the World Wags:

The first hundred biscuits are the hardest. If you haven't a newspaper or a girl of your own, don't gawk at the one the other fellow has. When you've made your bed, lie in it—don't try to lie out of it. Justice is rarely blind when aviators, who are rapidly conquering the air, are frequently killed while saxophone players, who never will conquer it, go unharmed. After the thrill of the first few engagements wears off, there's nothing for the debutante to do but to marry some one. Producers have finally succeeded in eliminating the flicker from motion pictures and are already well on their way toward removing the plots. There are always two ways to talk a traffic officer out of giving you a ticket: The right way and the way you tried it. It may be that love makes her blink her big eyes and touch them as if she would weep; yes, maybe it's love when she dreamily sighs—and maybe she's falling asleep.

ABERZ GHARTARZHON.

SOUND ADVICE

As the World Wags:

(From the London Chronicle. Reprinted in the Annual Register of 1759, pp. 424-6.)

"ON BOARDING SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS"

"French and dancing is also to be taught at these schools . . . as to the last . . . I shall only mention . . . that it would be of much more consequence that they should be well instructed how to wash the floor than how to dance upon it. They should be well instructed in all kinds of plain work, reading, writing, accounts, pastry, pickling, preserving, and other branches of cookery; he taught to weave and wash lace and other linen. Thus instructed, they may be a great comfort and assistance to their parents and husbands; they are sure to be respected as useful members of society; whereas young ladies are the most useless of all God's creatures . . ."

VEE DEE.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

As the World Wags:

The beautiful old custom of singing Christmas carols is being revived—it is a wonderful thing. I well remember the last time I sang carols—Christmas eve—the snow swirled gently through the air, dropping softly to the ground like a shimmering veil; faintly, from the distance, came the sounds of Christmas chimes, rising on the air and falling like a benediction on the peaceful village—the Christmas spirit filled the night; as I sang, my voice rising in youthful ecstasy above the rest, a kindly old gentleman raised his window and listened in rapt silence; there was an expression of kindly benevolence in his eyes, when—ah, never will I forget that silver-haired old gentleman—the dirty bum poured a bucket of icy water down my neck.

HERBLOCK.

A Bishop would be more angry if you told him he was not a gentleman than if you told him he was not a Christian—Dean Inge.

My desire is to write a great and beautiful book—and instead I have become the beloved author of a feminine tea-party kind of audience, the mild and low-spirited people who would like to think the world a finer place than they have any reason for doing—A. C. Benson's Diary.

At 20 we want the world. At 30 we want a quiet corner in it. At 40—we'll tell you some time—when I've found out.—Miss Storm Jameson.

The Saturday Review of Literature criticizing a romance published at Vienna in which Marco Polo figures, begins by saying "Marco Polo, if we are not mistaken, has not been chosen before as a hero of fiction." Has the reviewer never read Don Quixote's "Messrs Marco Polo," a delightful romance published only five years ago?

The life of the Venetian is as romantic as any novel in which he sees the "gorgeous East" with its "barbaric pearl and gold." Travelers tell strange tales. They are often accused of lying; at least of exaggeration. Only within recent years has Herodotus been vindicated, though he had the caution when narrating the apparently incredible to say "I was told." Marco Polo did not escape calumny, for a long time he was classed with Baron Munchausen and Sir John Mandeville; but Col. Yule and others after him have shown that Marco was a shrewd observer and when mistaken not a wilful liar, who wishes on his return to make his fellow countrymen sit up and rub their eyes in wonder.

An excellent edition of "The Travels of Marco Polo" with an introduction by John Masfield; with drawings in pen and ink, also photographic plates, a map, and an index, is published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. Contrary to experience, one should read Mr. Masfield's preface before joining Marco on his journey. "It is only this wonderful traveler," says Mr. Masfield, "who sees a wonder, and only five travelers in this world's history have seen wonders. The others have seen birds and beasts, rivers and wastes, the earth and the (local) fulness thereof. The five travelers are Herodotus, Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar, and Marco Polo himself. The wonder of Marco Polo is this—that he created Asia for the European mind."

One may wish that when Marco described Aden he had noted with Lewis Werthmannus (1503) that the inhabitants "exercise of bying and selling begynneth the seconde houre of the night, by reason of extreme heate in this day tyme." He did say of Ormuz that during the summer, the people left the city on account of the excessive heat, and retired to huts over the water, where there was a land-wind so hot as to make sweat and to bring death by suffocation. (Sir Richard F. Burton speaks of the suffering occasioned by this land-wind.) When this wind blew, the people like cattle in a pasture, to use Robert, the older, Burton's phrase, they immersed themselves to the chin in water. Did the Venetians smile at this "yarn" of Marco's? Other travelers in the 17th and 18th centuries told the same story.

Marco saw the East when it was an unknown, mysterious land, a land "full of splendor and terrors." Yet this land did not at all frighten him, did not dazzle his eyes until he could no more see clearly. Even the magnificent Kublai-Kaan was to him a man, though lord of lords, one to be described in sonorous speech. Was he greater, was he a more superb personage than Marco himself? We do not know. Perhaps Kublai was Marco's creation. Mr. Masfield probably thinks so. "It makes us proud and reverent of this poetic gift, to reflect that this king, 'the lord of lords,' ruler of so many cities, so many gardens, so many fishpools, would be but a name, an image covered by the sands, had he not welcomed two dusty travelers, who came to him one morning from out of the unknown, after long wandering over the world."

Nothing escaped Marco's attention. Did he speak of the peculiar right exercised by the King of Ziambi with respect to women, he found the women of Tachan "the most beautiful in the world," thus forgetting the luxurious Venetians. If in the Kue-lin-fu he was told that there were domestic fowls which had no feathers but skins clothed with black hair, which laid eggs and were good to eat—"such a sight must be extraordinary"—he found there that the women were very handsome. In Balashan he was struck by the peculiar dress of the nobler dames who gathered a hundred or less ells of fine cotton cloth in order to increase the apparent size of their hips; those being accounted the most handsome who are the most bulky in that part. No, nothing escaped Marco.

There are many notes printed at the bottom of the pages; notes that are helpful, not that there to show the translator's erudition. By the way, the translator's name is not here given. We suppose he is the one mentioned in the Everyman edition of this travels. An excellent book for a Christmas present, even to him or her who "already has a book." Not every one can afford to purchase Col. Yule's sumptuous version.

And with Marco Polo one might give another publication of Dutton & Company's, Benvenuto Cellini's Life of Himself, translated by Anne Macdonnell, with Henry Wilson's introduction, nearly 30 drawings in pen and ink by Adrian de Frison, many contemporary portraits, with notes and an index. One thought that Symonds's translation, which succeeded those by Nugent and Roscoe, would serve for all time. Miss Macdonnell pays him full tribute, but believes that his Cellini is Cellini with an added quality, "which makes the autobiography shine as it hardly does in the Italian, and which at times rather disguises the cruder idiom of the original." Yet Miss Macdonnell shrinks, as did Symonds, from translating literally the vile epithet thrown at Benvenuto by Bandinello. "You beastly evil liver" is a weak, meaningless rendering of the Italian.

As for the book itself in her version, frank for the most part, as if Benvenuto, genius and souldier, a braggart and superstitious, killing a man and then for his skill in dispatching

him thanking God, it is one of the great self-portraits. Put it on the shelf with congenial neighbors. Let Casanova, Herbert of Cheshire, Rousseau, Jostis the Italian and swap stories. No wonder that Benvenuto has swaggered and created masterpieces on the stage in drama and in opera. Yet no one has ventured to put him there as he was according to his own account. Was he a bit of a liar? That would make him the more entertaining a companion; yet if one looked incredulous, a rapier or dagger might convince of truthfulness.

SYMPHONY HALL

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky had arranged a pleasing program for the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra that took place in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon; a concerto for solo violin, two flutes and strings by Bach; Debussy's "Iberia." Mr. Cortot was to play a piano concerto in E flat by Mozart and Cesar Franck's Symphonic Variations. The two concertos were little known to the Symphony audiences; probably not known at all. Mr. Cortot and Mr. Koussevitzky would no doubt have given a delightful performance of the music by Mozart and Franck; for Mr. Cortot is a master pianist; whether he devotes his great talent to ancient or modern composers, and Mozart has had no finer, more sympathetic interpreter in Boston than Mr. Koussevitzky.

For some reason or other Mr. Cortot changed his mind. (He had played the Variations at a concert seven years ago.) He chose Beethoven's Concerto No. 5, entitled by some one "The Emperor." This necessitated a change throughout the program, which yesterday was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Leonore" No. 3 and Piano Concerto, No. 5; Ravel's orchestral transcription of Moussorgsky's piano suite "Pictures at an Exhibition."

Some of us were disappointed by the change. There is always the laudable curiosity to become acquainted with unfamiliar works. No matter how brilliant the performances of the overtures and "The Emperor," two symphonies and an overture by Beethoven had already been played in the course of six concerts. It is eminently fitting that the centenary exercises in commemoration of Beethoven's death should be held here next year. It has been announced that there would be a "Beethoven week" at the end of this season (Beethoven died in March). Why anticipate? Why not wait for the Beethoven gorge? Years ago old Moritz Hauptmann, who certainly was never accused of being a radical, protested vigorously against frequent performances of Beethoven's music. He argued against over-familiarity. There would be a loss of respect. The majesty and power of the greater works would soon not be appreciated. As dwellers among high mountains wonder at the enthusiasm of pilgrims coming from afar. The performance of a symphony or overture by Beethoven should be a sacred rite, as for a solemn festival.

Yet this all seems ungracious in view of yesterday's performance by the pianist and the orchestra. There was a marvelously dramatic interpretation of the overture, which is a drama in itself, an eloquent epitome of the opera for which it was composed. This music should be played in an intensively dramatic spirit, not in the perfunctory manner dear to certain conductors, whose respect for Beethoven is, after all, obsequiousness. The interpretation, yesterday was so vital, so convincing in the expression of anxiety, hope, relief, the ecstasy of passionate and triumphant love; the orchestra responded so to the poetic, one may say, epic wishes of the conductor; that the old became new and again one realized the greatness of the composer.

One cannot be so enthusiastic over the concerto itself, even when it is played by Mr. Cortot. There are noble pages, also moments of tenderness in the first movement; there is a majestic compelling sweep. In the second movement there is simplicity, serenity of contemplation, Buddhistic music of singular detachment, found only in certain measures of Beethoven and Handel; but the finale with the endless repetitions of a kangaroo theme leads one to long for the end. Mr. Cortot, it is true, gave a memorable performance; rich in color, poetic when there was occasion; there was a wealth of ravishing nuances; imposing strength did not sink into coarseness; rhythm, phrasing—nothing was lacking. Pianist and conductor were mutually inspired. Par noble

ly 70's would be this incident. A story of the orchestra was shown in a transcription by Ravel. A may well be asked, how would Moussorgsky stand today were it not for his revisors and transcribers? Suppose that Rimsky-Korsakov, other Russians and Ravel had not interested themselves in his music? Would not his name be preserved chiefly, if not only, by his songs?

It has been said that he influenced strongly Claude Debussy. We fail to find this influence. Debussy was more influenced by gypsy music heard in Russia, still more by Oriental music, especially that of the Javanese he heard at a Paris exhibition. Would not Moussorgsky wonder at Ravel's ingenious orchestration of his piano pieces, and say: 'It's all very dazzling, but I prefer my own thoughts expressed in my own way, though you may call it crude?' And so in this instance, with the exception of a few movements, the glory is Ravel's.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: C. P. E. Bach's Concerto for orchestra, D major, arranged by Steinberg; Sibelius, Symphony No. 7 in one movement, op. 105. Stravinsky Suite from "The Fire-Bird."

NEWMAN LECTURE

Mr. Newman talked last night in Symphony hall about Florence, Assisi, Siena, Perugia and showed many fine photographs of civic buildings, public squares, crowds, cathedrals, the life of the people. They were all interesting but the most remarkable from the standpoint of art were those of the paintings in the Pitti and the Uffizi collections. Those of the latter were photographed directly from the paintings, cinematographed for the first time. Mr. Newman obtained permission to do this only through the kindness of Mussolini. The paintings were in their frames; great labor had been spent on the photography and reproducing the color effects.

The audience with Mr. Newman as a guide made its way from Rome, first to Viterbo, that old Etruscan city. No one seeing its streets and buildings would have it modern. There were interesting pictures of Orvieto and its wonderful cathedral, but there was no mention of that city's delicious wine. Perugia was even more interesting, with its romantic situation, its Etruscan tombs discovered only in comparatively recent years. One missed the sight of the celebrated oxen. Assisi is indelibly associated with St. Francis, but without the thought of this holy man there is much of interest for the traveler. Siena, famous for its cathedral, was last night the scene of that curious horse race, the Palio, with the flag waving and the entrance of the horses into church to be blessed. After a glimpse of the sinister castles of San Gimignano, the audience saw the strange group of buildings in Pisa, and at Prato, the showing of the girdle of the Blessed Virgin to the people from a balcony.

There were impressive pictures, before Florence was reached, of the enormous crowd that welcomed Mussolini on the occasion of the dedication of an old pulpit that had been restored.

In Florence the audience visited not only the famous galleries, gazed on the Arno, the public buildings, the Loggia of the Lances, the beautiful court of the Bargello, the cell of Savonarola, the Refractory school where orphans are cared for, Santa Croce with its tombs of illustrious men, the Boboli Gardens, and inspected carefully the Cathedral. Not was Fiesoli overlooked.

Mr. Newman had much of a historical and biographical nature to impart to his hearers, in his own agreeable manner, not in a didactic, pedagogic way; for there is nothing of the school-master or of the professional guide in his nature.

This talk will be repeated this afternoon. For next week, which will bring the last talk of the series, the subject is a fascinating one: "Venice and the Italian Lakes."

TENOR FAINTS ON JORDAN HALL STAGE

G. P. Raymond, Carried off, Returns and Finishes Program

George Perkins Raymond, tenor, sang these songs yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall to delightful accompaniments by Cellus Dougherty.

An ein Vellchen, O Heblliche Wangen, Auf dem Kirchhofe, Botschaft, Brahms; Das Wirtshaus, Ganymed, Schubert; Mondnacht, Schumann. Aria from Der Freischutz, Weber; Der Tambour,

Anakreons Grab, F. Sch. Sch. 11. Shepherd's Song, W. Watts; Sea Fever Ireland; Green River, Serenade, Carpenter.

Mr. Raymond proved his possession yesterday of two admirable qualities—musicality and grit. By his excellent program he showed the first, only a thoroughly musical man would have chosen to sing so many fine songs. And he sang them musically.

His courage he proved even more markedly by boarding the stage after he had been carried from it in a faint, and going on with his program as composedly as though nothing at all had happened. Surely few singers could have done so bravely.

Since the conditions under which Mr. Raymond was singing yesterday were so untoward, of course it is only fair to reserve comment on his voice and powers of song till some more favorable occasion.

R. R. G.

FLUTE PLAYERS' CLUB

The Boston Flute Players' Club, Georges Laurent, musical director, will give its 33d concert at the Boston Art Club, 150 Newbury street, Dartmouth street entrance this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Messrs. Elcus, violin; Lefranc, viola; Libovici, violin; Zighera, cello; Laurent, flute; Hamelin, clarinet; Santoma, piano; Sam C. Charles, piano; Josephine Bradley, soprano. The program will be as follows:

First piano quartet in C Minor, Op. 15, by Schubert. Suite—flute and piano Helman. Dedicated to G. Laurent. The composer, pianist—First time. Groves. L'Ombre des Arbres. Debussy. L'Invitation au Voyage. De Falla. Serenade. Songs for soprano—Mr. Charles, pianist. Mozart. Clarinet quartet in A

CHICAGO OPERA

The Chicago Opera Company will be heard in the following operas when their Boston season opens, Jan. 31, at the Boston Opera House:

FIRST WEEK
Monday, Jan. 31, Aida, Verdi
Tuesday, Feb. 1, Resurrection, Alfano
Wednesday, Feb. 2, Mat. Faust, Gounod
Evening, The Jew of the Madonna, Wolf-Ferrari
Thursday, Feb. 3, Cenerentola, Donizetti
(The Jew)
Friday, Feb. 4, Tristan und Isolde, Gluck
Saturday, Feb. 5, Mat. Pelleas et Melisande, Debussy
Evening, Lucia di Lammermoor, Donizetti

SECOND WEEK
Monday, Feb. 7, Boris Godunoff, Moussorgsky
Tuesday, Feb. 8, Daughter of the Regiment, Donizetti
Wednesday, Feb. 9, Mat. Carmen, Bizet
Evening, Rigoletto, Verdi
Thursday, Feb. 10, Don Giovanni, Mozart
Friday, Feb. 11, Judith, Honegger
Saturday, Feb. 12, Mat. La Boheme, Puccini
Evening, Il Trovatore, Verdi

HOFMANN, PIANIST,

At Symphony hall yesterday afternoon Josef Hofmann, pianist, gave a recital, with the following program:

Préludium and Fugue in E minor, Mendelssohn; Sonata in E flat, op. 13 (Pathétique), Beethoven; Sonata No. 4 in F-sharp major, Scriabin; Nocturne in F-sharp minor, Mazurka in C major and Andante Splanato e Grands Polos, Chopin; "The Old Scissor Grinder," Behnd; three Chinese pieces: "Filtration in a Chinese Garden," "A Shanghai Tragedy," "Rush Hour in Hong Kong," Chasins; Islamey (Oriental Fantasy), Balakirev.

And more, for this, the printed and official version of the program, was generously augmented with encores before each intermission.

There seems to be something about a stormy day that lends inspiration to artists. Maybe it comes from the audience, for with a thick carpet of snow already on the ground, and a high wind carrying downward countless more small, extremely businesslike flakes, it is reasonable to suppose that those who do venture out bring to the hall a minimum of indifference and lethargy. Maybe it is mere coincidence, but certainly it is that during the severest storms of the last few winters there were given in this city some of the superb performances of the season.

So yesterday, Mr. Hofmann's Pegasus, never in our memory, was a more fiery steed. It showed its mettle with the first rippling phrases of the Mendelssohn

prelude, and flinched not once in its course during the afternoon.

Mr. Hofmann has been master of his instrument always, but there have been times when the hearer was made too forcibly aware of its presence. Yesterday there was just tone in its manifest beauties, as the creative power of the composer arranged it, and the imagination of Mr. Hofmann gave it existence. In the quieter moods the pianist was more poetic than usual, and in brilliant and robust passages there was more romance, less austerity. It was truly one of the occasions when Mr. Hofmann played as a god.

About three-fourths of the seats in the hall were occupied, and few there were who left before the attendant forced the wings of the piano, at the end of two hours.

Mr. Joseph H. Wheeler has sent two old playbills to us: one of the Continental Theatre, May 4, 1866, "Don Caesar de Bazan," with Lucile Western, Don Caesar; George Metkiff, Don Jose; D. R. Allen, King Charles; W. J. Le Moyne, Marquis; Susan Flood, Lazarillo; Mrs. D. R. Allen, Maritana. And "Lucretia Borgia the Italian Poisoner"; Miss Western, Lucretia; Barton Hill, Genaro; George Metkiff, Duke Alfonso; D. R. Allen, Maffio Orsini. They gave good measure in the old days.

The other bill is of the Howard Athenaeum, July 4, 1880. This bill is interesting, as "vaudeville" is having a centennial celebration, which will begin this week when "B. F. Keith's in Boston and every Keith-Albee theatre in the United States will celebrate 'All Nationality Week.' This will be the first of several 'weeks' during the celebration."

According to newspaper advertisements of 1826, theatre-goers found pleasure in performing dogs, horses and other animals, tight-rope walkers, singers, burlesques, etc. Before that year entertainments of this nature pleased. In 1785 John Durang danced at the John Street Theatre in New York, "the first American who attained distinction as such." A hornpipe or a song was often on a theatre bill as an interlude between two comedies or dramas.

Variety theatres have long been known in this country. Strange to say the word "variety," used to designate music hall or theatrical entertainments of a mixed character (songs, dances, impersonations, etc.) also persons connected with them, does not appear to have been used in England before 1886, the date given by the Oxford Dictionary in a quotation from the Referee, which spoke of Cassell's as "the biggest variety company ever seen at the East end of London." Chambers Journal in 1891: "Music halls, or, to give them the more recent and appropriate term, variety shows, are quite modern institutions."

"Vaudeville" was not synonymous with "variety." The former word, meaning at first a light popular song, commonly of a satirical or topical nature, sung on or off the stage, was afterwards applied to "a play or stage, performance of a light and amusing character interspersed with songs."

The Howard bill mentioned above gives one a fair idea of a variety show as it was known in the eighties. There was first a comedy or farce, "Little Sins and Pretty Sinners," with Ninon Duclos as the leading woman. She also took the part of Dandino in the burlesque, "Cinderella," which ended the entertainment. Who was Miss Duclos? Does any one remember her? Between the two plays, Kitty McDermott danced her challenge jig and her "own original reel"; she also sang and recited. "Mark Sullivan in his Irish songs, sayings and dances, also in his impersonations of celebrated artists." The Olympia quartet, Mack, Sullivan, Keough and Andrews, was heard "in original negro hymns, as sung by them only." Lula Newton had with her a "repertoire of charming songs"; Foster & Hughes danced in an eccentric and grotesque manner; there was a short farce; the ninth item on the bill was an "Overture" by the orchestra. Let us not forget Prof. Muller with "his Barnyard Imitations of the Horse, Cow, Pig, Hen, etc., in which he stands without a rival."

A correspondent writes to The Herald: "Within the memory of present-day vaudeville fans there has been an impressive parade of temporary favorites in vaudeville. There are still many enthusiasts who can hark back a half-century and recall with delight the greatest clog dancer of them all, Barney Fagan. His popularity brought into vogue a crowd of clog dancers. Not the least of these were Howley and Doyle and the first Pat Rooney. These dancers have some worthy successors today, quite in contrast to the fire-dancers, or worse, the fire-eaters, two rather extraordinary types of entertainers who were popular once, but who are now relegated to limbo."

"The monologuists were developed by vaudeville. Many can remember John Fuller Golden, Blackface Billy Van, Charlie Case, Stuart Barns and Walter Kelly. Once it was the protean act which held first place in the hearts of vaudeville lovers. The Rathskeller act came roaring out of the West some 25 years ago. Jugglers, sharpshooters, the late Annie Oakley being the most famous acrobats (ground and lofty, if you please), illusionists, the immortal Florodora Sextet and others. It is hard to speak of illusionists without recalling Houdini, mystifier par excellence, who died recently. He earned the reputation of being the greatest showman of them all."

"Of course, Boston has a legitimate pride in the great development of variety, for among the names of those who have made 'vode' what it is today the name of B. F. Keith stands out. It was he, right in Boston, who with E. F. Albee, brought vaudeville to its present high pinnacle. But even he could hardly have realized what a lusty infant he was fathering. Today vaudeville caters to millions a week. It is a world of its own. The finest theatres in the land are vaudeville theatres and some of the greatest actors and actresses on the stage today were brought out by vaudeville."

On the Howard bill quoted above appears the name of Burt Haverly. Mr. Wheeler writes: "Haverly was a classmate at the Bigelow school, South Boston. He and Frank Daniels made their first appearance together at a benefit for the late Charles Willard, another classmate."

Haverly's real name was George Burton Oliver. He was born at Saccarappa, Me., in 1853; he died at San Francisco in 1908. It was in Boston that he began with a negro minstrel company headed by Andy Leavitt. His great song was "And His Feet Hung Out the Door." In 1881 he went to San Francisco. As a "white-face" comedian he was seen in the "City Directory" and with Laura Biggar in "A Trip to Chinatown."

Our correspondent writing about variety shows might have added

that B. F. Keith always insisted on cleanliness in the theatre on and off the stage. In this respect he followed the example of Tony Pastor of blessed memory. When Tony bought from Richard M. Hooley the theatre in New York to which he gave his name in 1865, he arranged a first-class variety performance, "one to which ladies might go with their families"—husbands included?—"which omitted the smoking and drinking features of the other variety houses." And what a row of comedians, dancers was under his management! We still hear Jenny Engel singing her "Flags of All Nations" to tumultuous applause; we still see Tony with his topper inciting the boys in the gallery to join in the chorus of the "Coal Mine" song. What became of Mlle. Irina the dancer, and the Gorenflo Sisters, Sig. Buens Core, the Fire King; not to mention Sig. Jose Bastiglioni, the contortionist; the troupe of Bedouin Arabs, Senorita Lopez and her infant gymnasts, Jenny Benson "clog dancer from the Dublin theatres," Marcelus Szollory—and many others, who gave pleasure at "Tony Pastor's Opera House" in the sixties?

Nikolai Orloff, pianist, who will give a recital in Jordan hall, next Tuesday evening, was born in Jeletz, Russia, in 1892. After receiving his first instruction in pianoforte playing from his mother, he entered the Moscow Conservatory of Music, and studied under Profs. Kipp and Ignoumoff. He was graduated from the Conservatorium in 1910, with all the honors. During the next three years he continued his studies by himself; unwilling to begin his concert tours until he felt that his art had fully matured, until he could satisfy his own artistic conscience.

In 1912, Mr. Orloff began to give concerts in Russia, with constantly increasing success. In the years 1916 to 1921 he regularly gave 10 to 14 recitals in Moscow every year. Since 1922 he has been touring the continent. He was specially engaged for the orchestral concerts in Edinburgh and Glasgow a year ago. His London recitals were most successful. His playing in New York has also excited enthusiasm.

Alfred Blumen, pianist, will play in Jordan hall next Thursday evening. Born in Vienna, he made his debut when he was 10 years old, playing with orchestra under Nadbal; at 12 he appeared with Paul Bender. He attended the public school, high school, and studied law for two years at the Vienna University. In addition to his studies with Sauer he studied composition and harmony at the Vienna Conservatory. He began his concert career again when he was 17, which the great war interrupted. He entered into service as first lieutenant in the artillery.

After the war his first appearance was as soloist with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Then followed his appearances with the Vienna Philharmonic, Vienna Concertverein, Dresden Philharmonic, Munich Concertverein, Gewandhaus Orchestra; at Rome, Stockholm. He has given recitals in nearly all of the cities in Austria, Switzerland, Rumania, Italy, the Scandinavian countries, Hungary, Czechoslovakia. He was the soloist with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Strauss in a long tour in Mexico (1926). An American concert tour is now arranging for next season.

P. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Josef Hofmann, pianist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor; Pauline Danforth, pianist. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 150 Newbury street, 3:30 P. M. Boston Flute Players Club, Georges Laurent, musical director. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Ruth Posselt, violinist. See special notice.

Copley Theatre, 8:15 P. M. J. Rosamond Johnson, pianist, and Taylor Gordon, tenor. "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel," "Gimme Yo' Han," "My Way's Cloudy," "Walk Together Children," "De Band o' Gideon," "Mos' Done Toinin' Here," "Do Don't Touch—A My Garment," "God's a-Gwintet to Trouble de Water," "I Want to Die Easy When I Die," "My Lord Jus' Like John," "Roll de Old Chariot Along," "Deep River," "When I Fall on My Knees," "Oh, My Good Lord, Show Me de Way," "I Heard de Preachin' of de Word o' God," "Witness."

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Detroit Symphony orchestra, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Nikolai Orloff, pianist. First time in Boston. Scarlatti, Capriccio; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques; Brahms, Rhapsody, B minor; Schubert-Liszt, Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel; Chopin, Etude in F major, Nocturne in C sharp minor, Two Preludes, Tarantella; Medtner, Maerchen, F minor; Stimmungsbild, A major; Balakirev, Islamey.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Allan Farnham, violinist; Richard Malaby, accompanist. Nardini, Concerto; Mendelssohn, Concerto; Spalding, Prelude; Mozart-Kreisler, Rondo; Bloch, Melodie; Sarasate, Spanish Dance Zapateado.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Harvard Glee Club (Dr. Archibald T. Davison, conductor) and Harold Bauer, pianist. See special notice. Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Alfred Blumen, pianist. The program will comprise Franck's Prelude, Chorale and Fugue, pieces by Chopin and a sonata by Karol Rathaus, to be played for the first time. Rathaus, born at Vienna in 1895 is a pupil of Franz Schreker. He has written a Serenade for clarinet, strings and piano; Variations and Fugue on a theme of Regner's for piano, and smaller piano pieces.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Harriet Eells, mezzo-soprano; Ethel Cave-Cole, pianist. Brahms, Vorschneller Schwur, in Waldensamkeit, Das Maedchen; Wolf, Lebe Wohl. Auf dem gruenen Balcon; Strauss, Die Gondole; Mein Herz ist stumm, Herr Lens; G. Faure, Solr; Hahn, Rondel; Caplet, Foret; Ravel, Quel galant, Chansons des greilleuses des Lantiques, Tout gall; Gretchaninov, Homeland mine; Tchaikovsky, At the Window; Michael Head, The Piper; Purcell, Passing By; Haydn, The Mermaid's Song.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

Ruth Posselt Shows Feeling and Technique

Ruth Pierce Posselt, violinist, brought this program last night to Symphony Hall, and an excellent accompanist, too, Gladys Posselt.

Chaconne, Vltal; Concerto, D major, (Cadenza by Em. Ondricek); Paganini; Serenade Melancholique, Tschalkowsky; What the Swallows Told, Burleigh; D'un Matin de Printemps, Boulanger; Silhouette, Dvorak-Em. Ondricek; Scherzo-Tarentelle, Wienlawski.

Miss Ruth Posselt, now 14 years old, has not played publicly in Boston since her appearance in 1923, when she made

a highly favorable impression. That impression she deepened last night.

She must surely have developed an exceedingly able technique—though only experts have a right to discuss that point—since she can play with security, good tone and unusually pure intonation passages commonly reputedly vastly difficult. But technique alone is not good for much—as witness the throng of technically proficient pianists and violinists whom nobody will pay five cents to listen to. Miss Posselt, fortunately for her, has more to do with than technique.

She has, in truth, the one quality without which a performer may as well hang up the fiddle and the bow—musical feeling so deep that she can make her audience feel what she feels. People listened to her last night attentively, eager to hear what she would do. Miss Posselt is sure of her public.

Since, furthermore, she feels her music aright, she may well count on winning a public worth having. Young

as he is at night he played the best of Villa's Chaconne nobly, its emptiest variations she made at least sound agreeable; at the end she reached a climax of genuine ardor. She made the most of what music there is in the Paganini concerto, singing the melodies with beautiful tone, turning the phrases with taste. The cadenza she made sound brilliant.

In Tchaikovsky's piece, Miss Posselt found melancholy without being mauln—no slight feat. For the little piece that followed she had at hand the fitting light tone, the deftness, the rhythm that makes them worthwhile. To repeat, in short, she feels her music rightly.

So Miss Posselt ought to make her way, being blessed with a strong musical nature, with a temperament that has vitality, and with charm. Beyond a doubt she has been well taught. But what can a teacher do without an able pupil? Lucky it is when the right teacher and pupil meet. R. R. G.

People's Symphony Orchestra Has Fine Program

For the second concert of the People's Symphony orchestra, given yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, Mr. Mason arranged a program that made evident his customary good judgment. He began it with an overture that had at least the merit of not being played to death, Mendelssohn's "The Fair Melusina." Then, reasonably secure against the disturbance of latecomers but still early in the day, he proceeded to the symphony, Beethoven's second, in D major. After a pause he went on with Rachmaninov's piano concerto in F sharp minor (Pauline Danforth), and closed the concert with a bright overture always pleasant to hear but not a misfortune to miss, Thomas's "Mignon."

Something brand new would, of course, have been desirable. But, where rehearsals are not too plenty, is it practicable to prepare every week a piece of that modern music which exacts a deal of hard study to make it march at all?

The symphony "marched" at all. Mr. Mason has a way with Beethoven that seems to many people right. He avoids the rigidity and dryness that have marred the readings of certain older conductors, he does not, in an excess of zeal, make the mistake of trying to heighten the effect of Beethoven's music by means of devices that are better suited to Liszt or Strauss. Beethoven's rhythm, as an instance, he does not wrench out of shape. A melody he ventures to let sing its own way, without rubbing its beauty in.

Admirably yesterday, from its simplicity, Mr. Mason made the transition from the opening adagio to the allegro. Mr. Mason, in short, while recognizing in Beethoven a great romantic, goes a long step beyond, for, musician of the taste that he is, he recognizes as well that Beethoven was a romantic in his own way, not in that of his successors.

The concert also Mr. Mason made go well, so brilliantly indeed that Miss Danforth sometimes found herself in the "hade—a not unnatural happening in that type of concerto where the pianist, instead of co-operating with the orchestra, must needs run a tilt with it. Only virtuosos of dazzling power, in a tune so ill-matched, can hope to hold his own.

Miss Danforth played extremely well, especially the quieter episodes—in the accompaniment to the violins' melody in the andante she did exquisite work—with musical intelligence all the time and with good tone. She was warmly applauded.

The orchestra played well, above all the symphony. Its tone was so good that the most part that a question comes to mind is it necessary, in a hall like Jordan hall, to play even fortissimo passages with all force available? But it is it would seem, could be brought about by gentler means, to the benefit of sonority. Harsh tone, to state it soundly, was a defect in yesterday's performance. Surely it can be done away with, when the hall's acoustics are more accurately gauged.

R. R. G.

Beware of the man that detains you on a windy corner, pumps your arm and assures you that you are looking well. A. C. Benson, meeting Henry James, politely said: "You look well," to which James replied: "I look, my dear Arthur, I admit. I look—but at that point I can accompany you no further. It's a look, I allow."

CONTRASTS

(For As the World Wags.)

The business office of Wilberforce Squee is the model of up-to-date efficiency; to see his fine system is really worth while; it is certainly run in the modernest style. It has files horizontal and vertical, too, indexed and cross-indexed, shiny and

new; Noiseless typewriters, etc. For adding, subtracting, multiplying, dividing, 2 Vol. seems

That the business office of Wilberforce Squee is surely a model of efficiencies.

The business office of Osgood McNaw is the funniest office that ever you saw. He has no idea what efficiency means; He doesn't possess any modern machines;

His files are the vintage of nineteen ought-two— They don't look as pretty as Mr. Squee's do;

His typewriters sound like a bunch of tin cans; His book-keeper adds and subtracts with her hands.

Yes, truly, the office of Osgood McNaw is the dizziest office that ever you saw.

And now, with sad tears in my eyes, I relate

The awful mean trick executed by fate; The business done by friend Wilberforce Squee Is so small that it seems quite pathetic to me;

While that ancient old office of Osgood McNaw Is the busiest office that ever I saw. WARREN BRADBURY JENNINGS.

TEACHER AND BOY

We read in the London Chronicle the story of a bright-eyed boy who was brought before the head master of the school for using "bad words." The boy was so small that the head master was curious as to the extent of the boy's vocabulary. He asked him to repeat what he had said. For a minute the offender hung his head in silence, then muttered: "I don't like to say it again, sir, but if you say some swear words I'll tell you what you come to it."

In New York last week Miss Miriam Marmelin danced for, as she would prefer to say—introduced "The Ship" to the first movement of Cesar Franck's symphony. Some seasons ago a fair nymph in London danced a "philosophical" pas seul to music by Franck, but the reviewers did not state what school of philosophy she interpreted by her giddings, cavortings, pirouettes. We are fortunately not left in ignorance of Miss Marmelin's terpsichorean, pictorial, descriptive, seascape scheme. "The elusive, subtle use of the body in this work, the suggestion of wave, sail and wind in costume, movement and music, was indefinitely graceful and effective." For good sea themes it would seem hard to surpass Franck's music.

The next time Franck's symphony is played in Symphony hall, Miss Marmelin should be engaged to "illustrate," "interpret" the first movement. The space on the platform would necessarily be somewhat limited, but as there would be an "elusive, subtle use of the body" and nothing has been said about her "spinning the top" or a toe-run from one end of the stage to the other, there would be room enough.

It will be remembered that Ravel's orchestral transcription of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" was performed last week at the Symphony concerts. What a pity that Victor Hartmann's pictures which inspired Moussorgsky to composition could not have been shown, one by one, on a screen above the orchestra, as the orchestra was playing.

As the World Wags:

"The German actor is returning to Europe to get his third wife and first baby to take to Hollywood. His second wife, he says, is Emil Janning's third wife."

Card index salesman, please note. FRANCOIS.

ADD "WASHINGTONIANA"

As the World Wags:

The country school teacher was giving his class of bright farm boys their daily dozen in United States history: "On the one hand," explained that erudite gentleman, pointing with his right, "we have Cornwallis, the rat; on the other," augmenting the power of analysis with his left, "we have the trap set by Washington! Now can any one in the class tell me what remains between the two?" And the smartest boy in the township piped: "Yes, sir! A piece uv cheese!" ORACLE.

SOCIETY ITEM

At the last official ball at Angora, some high-stepping, nose-tilted dames refused to dance with young men in the army. They complained to Mustapha Kemal Pasha. He sent word to the recalcitrant women that he would not permit the refusal. Fifteen minutes later "the dancing was at its height."

This recalls the old and pleasing story that we first heard at Phillips Academy, Exeter. (An anthology of the anecdotes and Limericks there current

In the early 70's would be a pleasing volume.) Yes, this incident at Angora recalls the story of the sulky little girl at the party who would not dance with Johnny Sprague; her stern mother's answer to the girl's excuse.

Music in this country has become a usings, and is being run more and more according to business considerations. The professional, having to think of his present and his future, must maintain extent pitch sentiment at the window. Briefly, he is for music art in so far as it is economically safe to be for it.—Pierre V. Key in the Musical Digest.

There are many women more qualified to adorn the Episcopal Bench than those who occupy it.—Dean Inge.

The idea that the mother has any serious duty in life apart from her children never occurs to the average married woman.—Lady Rhodenda.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE SENTIMENTAL ANT

A sentimental ant fell in love with an elephant. Every day she watched for his coming along the jungle path that led by her ant-hill. Laboriously she dragged straws and sand-grains from the path, that it might be smooth for the feet of her beloved. But always he passed—unaware. Knowing his fondness for peanuts, she climbed a tall peanut tree, and, cutting off a luscious specimen from the topmost bough, she descended and with great effort rolled it to the path. Presently the elephant came along and seized the peanut, to which clung the little ant, hoping for at least a "Thank you, ma'am." But her bashful wriggling tickled the elephant's nose and he gave a big sneeze, which blew the poor little ant a long ways from there. And she had to walk back home!

IRVING JR.

E. S. G. asks us to recommend a book that will aid him in writing "sinewy, straightforward English." I have read "Gulliver's Travels" and Cobbett's excellent advice to a young man. What else would you advise?

Capt. Alexander Smith's "Complete History of the Lives and Robberies of the Most Notorious Highwaymen" for Captain's use of the noble English language, and incidentally the moral lessons.

Turn to the life of Roderick Audrey, who was hanged a little "after he was turned the teens." He stuttered much. Making a rude speech to a cook-maid as he was carrying off plate out of the kitchen window she said "Av you young impudent rogue, I'll warrant I shall see you hanged." Now listen to Smith:

"But whether she did or not I can't tell; however, if she did not, a great many hundreds did for her. And they must needs say that he went very decent to the gallows, being in a white waistcoat, clean napkin, white gloves and an orange in one hand though no Book in t'other, though a great many who could read no more than he when they went to be hanged would have a Book to seem either learned or devout."

Turn to the life of Amey Price, "a shoplift," hanged in 1718-19, aged 32.

"But being a most profligate, wicked woman, she died very resolute, as making herself drunk the morning she was to die, and was not sober when she came to the place of execution."

There was Macartney, a murderer, highwayman and housebreaker, an illegitimate son of Major General Macartney. The child was given to "a poor laboring man in the neighborhood to take this brungin as his own. When he grew up in years, and understanding by his foster-father who were his right parents, pride inspired him to scorn to live any longer in a poor little cabin, where potatoes without butter and bonny-clabber was the chiefest of his diet."

There was Moll Cutpurse, pickpocket and highwayman. "A very tomrig or rampscuttle, she was, and delighted and sported only in boys' play and pastime, not minding or companying with the girls." Her uncle "trepanned" her on board a merchant ship bound for New England; but she could swim, so she jumped overboard.

"Trepanned." In these degenerate days we associate this verb with the operation of sawing through with a trepan, as a bone of the skull; but the verb "trepan," meaning to entrap, ensnare, beguile, lure, also to cheat, swindle, though probably at first slang of thieves and rogues, was in common use for two centuries. Walton and Sir Walter Scott employed it; so did Cotton Mather, De foe and the solemn Hallam.

Let us add that to show Moll Cutpurse's sturdy health our Capt. Smith, naming trash that she would not eat, included oatmeal.

What a Christmas present this quarto Longfellow, By Heret G

of one hundred pages will be to a bright-eyed boy, especially if he looks forward to going into commercial business! Here is a textbook for Harvard's business college.

As the World Wags:

"Oswald," says the perferesser, "please open the window; that's a dear." "Nope," I says. "I ain't no janitor." "Do you think I should have to do it?" says the prof. "Why not?" says I. "Yer gettin a salary." "Ah, yes," he sadly sighs, "but not a janitor's salary."—Oswald of Wesleyan.

As the World Wags:

Maybe trombone blowers are unpopular because they have no sax appeal.

HERBIE FAT

Woes of a Loud Playgöer (The Observer)

"The young man had a joke whenever the white horses of Rosmersholm were mentioned, he countered with a sally about 'White Horse Whiskey.' In a whisper loud enough to include his neighbors in the rows both in front and behind him."

MODERNIZED MYTHOLOGY

Hercules Meets Atlas (By Snowshoe Al.)

This hombre Hercules wuz wun uv tha strongest bozos wot ever learned tuh eet with a fork. Tex Rickard is still wallin' because he koodn't arrange a title bout between him an' Samson. I wud have bet on Hercules anyhow, because he wuz a pritty smart egg, an' he wud have probibly cut Samson's hair off rite away an' then socked him. Wun day Hercules wuz walkin' thru Afrika lookin' fer Atlas. He found him. Atlas wuz holdin' tha world on his shoulders.

"I serpose," sez Atlas, "that yew are here tuh inkwile wot caused tha silte earthquake last nite, so I'll tell yuh. I sneezed an' near lost my hold on this thing."

"Listen," sez Hercules, "wair kin I locate tha 3 Golden Apples? I promised tuh git them fer a frend uv mine."

"Aw," sez Atlas, "talk yer frend a bunch uv bananas er a sack uv kokonuts er sumthin' else wich is plentiful, an' let it go at that." This got Hercules peeved, so he demanded tha location uv tha highly polished Winesaps. "Very well," sez Atlas, "go 3 miles north; then east till yuh kum tuh a skool house; then talk tha detour—"

"Lay off tha vaudeville," sez Herc.

"I can't remember directions!"

"Here," sez Atlas, "yew hold this baby an' I'll git them myself!" So Herc took tha world on his shoulders wile Atlas went after tha 18 karat cider-berries.

"Hey," howls Herc, "this thing is kold!"

"Moove it around a little," sez Atlas, as he beet it, "yew've probibly got Greenland restin' against yer back."

Three hours later, Atlas returned with tha apples, so Herc handed him tha world again.

"Lissen," sez Herc, "wille yew wuz gone, 2 guys slipped an' fell offa Europe. Shall I pick 'em up an' toss 'em back on again?"

"Wot part uv Europe?" sez Atlas.

"Russia," sez Hercules.

"Oh, Russians," sez Atlas, "let 'em go tuh hell."

AN OBVIOUS BARGAIN

WANTED—Ancient golf clubs of guaranteed authenticity. Flint, 14, Place Vendôme, Paris.

—"The Times."

I have an ancient mashie with a wriggle in its shaft,

And the club is one I'm quite prepared to sell—

Though eccentric it's authentic, once a credit to the craft

Though it hasn't borne its years so very well;

In my locker I've a shocker of a brassie all asquint

I have putters which have plainly gone to pot;

Now I wonder should I blunder if I wrote to Monsieur Flint

And inquired if he would like to buy the lot?

But these are ancient weapons which it seems absurd to keep,

Clubs which long since did their bit and had their day;

Disregarded and discarded they are going pretty cheap—

But what about the ones with which I play?

Well, not steeper but much cheaper, I should often, sans regret,

Price the bag, the clubs, the whole infernal stock—

Playing badly, I would gladly hand to Monsieur Flint the set

If he cared to buy the outfit for a book.

—Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.

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Porte Saint Martin Company Makes Its Appearance in Boston

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House: Porte Saint Martin company, Paris. "Madame Sans-Gene," comedy in four acts by Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau. Produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, on Oct. 27, 1893. Catherine, Mme. Rejane; Napoleon, Duquesne; Lefebvre, Candé.

The cast last night was as follows:
Catherine.....Mme. Gina Niclos
La Reine Caroline.....Mme. Yvette Gilbert
La Princesse Elise.....Mme. Blanche Altem
Napoleon.....M. Pierre Magnier
Fouche.....M. Victor Perny
Neipperg.....M. Pierre Almette
Lefebvre.....M. Jean Duval
Neipperg.....M. Pierre Almette
Despreaux.....M. De Tramont

The story of the washerwoman, who became the Duchess of Dantzig and still kept the manners of her early years as far as lack of ceremony and frankness of speech were concerned is familiar to all. Sardou was not the first, not the last, to put her on the stage, but his portrayal of her is the most interesting and the most amusing. Jules Lemaitre reproached him for the farcical scenes in the second act; the annoying dress and the dancing lesson; her awkwardness and gutter speech when she was trying to be hospitable to Napoleon's sisters. He argued that she must have picked up a smattering at least of drawing-room deportment and language; that she could not have been so vulgar. Yet many of us have known women who, brought up even in humbler and rougher surroundings, having by marriage won riches and position, have not been able to conceal their origin; have spoken ungrammatically, indulged in grotesque "malaproprois"; have not even learned to be at ease.

Nevertheless the first and the third acts are the best, though the farcical moments of the second are the ones that give the greatest pleasure to the public. Sardou in the first and third acts is for once very human. How delightful the scenes between Lefebvre and Catherine, the earlier one, and the one in which he tells her of the Emperor's order for him to divorce her! Equally delightful is the long scene between her and the Emperor. Then there is the row of Napoleon with his sisters, their squabbling, their washing of family dirty linen—there is no longer any thought of royal pomp or dignity. Sardou shows us the Emperor at his favorite trick, he pinches Catherine's ear and only desists in his attentions when, having allowed him to kiss the wound

received as a vivandiere, she tells him she has no other wound.

The company that came from Paris by way of Canada is an excellent one, not one with one or two brilliant stars—though Mme. Niclos, and Messrs. Magnier, Duval and Perny are admirable comedians—but a company conspicuous for the quality of the ensemble. Each one played as if it were the first night of a new play, not one in which through long familiarity there was evidence of the perfunctory, mannered performance that comes from frequent repetitions. Mme. Niclos did not soften the frankness of Catherine's speech; she was not ashamed to be farcical, according to tradition; she was effective in her answer to the royal visitors; the whole scene with Napoleon was played with a finesse that was not too artificial. In the scenes with Lefebvre, lover and later husband, she was the honest, warm hearted, rough and ready woman of the people.

M. Magnier, an actor of long experience, succeeded in making one believe that Napoleon in behavior was probably not unlike his impersonator on the stage. Of the others, it may be said that they represented Sardou's men and women as a historian of the period might describe them. The costumes and the stage settings contributed to the illusion.

There should have been a larger audience. Tonight the play will be Kleat-enacker's "La Flambee."

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Queen High," a musical comedy in three acts, based on the farce, "A Pair of Sixes." Book by Laurence Schwab and B. G. DeSylva. Musical numbers staged by Sammy Lee. The company carried its own orchestra. William Loraine conducted. The cast:

T. Boggs Johns.....Frank Crumit
George Nettleton.....John E. Hazard
Richard Johns.....Joseph Weststaff
Timmy.....Edwin Michaels
Vanderholt.....Jack Leslie
Maggie Nettleton.....Mildred Brown
Mrs. Nellie Nettleton.....Julia Sanderson
Florence Cole.....Nina Olivette
Misses.....Lucille Moore
Patricia.....Jocelyn Lyle
Litty.....

If there is one feature of this performance that has slightly the edge, it is the dancing numbers, the groupings,

the maneuvering the hand of Mr. Sammy. Mr. Lee has not only imagination, but blessed with initiative. He will not be said, at least in this instance, that he would have recourse to turning a barrel upside down. And he dressed them up, too, and the enjoyment was not a whit marred.

Musical farce would be a better way of putting it. For farce it was, played zestfully, speedily, snappily. The dialogue is in the vernacular of the sophisticated, often funny, now and again direct, rather than beating around a bush.

For the music it is often again that the ensemble dance numbers lay claim to the arresting moments of the performance. It is true, nevertheless, that "Don't Forget," charms in its lazy rhythm; that the pleasing beat of "Cross Your Heart," which for motif and reprise served to commendable purpose; yet the latter is so obviously a bit of music editing that we wonder what Mr. Crumit must think when less than a season ago he himself crooned its mother song in Mr. Frazee's "best bet."

But let it be said that, leaning on "A Pair of Sixes" there is at least something of an entertaining plot. Nettleton and Johns are partners in a novelty business—garters. Right here there is unending fuel for the sophisticates. They quarrel continually. Something must be done. They call in their lawyer, for they would dissolve partnership. The lawyer's task is not an easy one; his presence makes no difference; the quarrel goes on. A poker hand is suggested as the solution. Nettleton draws a pair of sixes, the picture of abject despair. Johns, gloriously radiant, draws for a flush; the first four cards are in sequence; the fifth, alas! Queen high. The despairing Nettleton wins. The loser is to become butler for the winner, is to obey the most menial of commands. Johns commences his servitude; but he had lost sight of his sweetheart, to whom he is engaged. The slave, a repulsive creature, takes a "ship" to Johns, who resents her. Johns's sweetheart arrives at Nettleton's. Consternation. Explanation. Nettleton is weakening. He is distracted from overwork. Johns commences to be agreeable. His sweetheart declares the contract. There was no contract because of the illegality of cards. It is to be presumed that Nettleton and Johns got in harness once more.

A lingering bit of the performance was the Polly of Mildred Brown. She was good to look at, she was fleet of foot, and danced with a certain buoyancy. Mr. Crumit crooned away as was his want in his vaudeville days, setting aside the ukelele for mandolin. Mr. Hazzard as Nettleton brought fresh flavors of an older school of farce. It is not necessary for Mr. Hazzard to talk to be eloquent. Let the younger farceurs look to him! Miss Sanderson affected the stride of a flamingo fledgling, and looked pretty. For all this performance there was no singer of note, none emerging above the "pretty" variety. Yet "Queen High" has its points, perhaps the way is clear for a full house!

T. A. R.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows," by Sir James M. Barrie. Produced by William A. Brady in association with Lee Shubert, by special arrangement with Charles Frohman, Inc. The cast:

John Shand.....Kenneth MacKenna
Alice Wylie.....Edward H. Loeffler
David Wylie.....Eugene Weber
James Wylie.....John Robb
Maggie Wylie.....Helen Hayes
Mr. Venables.....Lumsden Hare
Comtesse de a Brice.....Selene Johnston
Lady Sybil Lazenby.....Gwyn Stratford
Maid.....Dora Miesbauer
Butler.....Alfred Pinner
First elector.....A. O. Hulan
Second elector.....John Taylor
Third elector.....George A. Ward

Fresh from their New York triumph Miss Hayes and her associates came to the Plymouth last night for the beginning of their tour with Barrie's famous comedy. The original cast of the New York production happily prevails. Nothing is lacking. Barrie is projected from behind the footlights, and the spirit of heart-warming, enlightened, and mildly mischievous sentiment steals gently out and captures every hearer. The play is good for the holiday season and for every other season.

Which is perhaps another way of saying that Miss Hayes has created a Maggie who must long remain in the memories of those privileged to observe her artistry. A frail and adorable creature of delightfully naive whimsicalities, a suppliant, worshipful curve of a girl bowing to the masterful edicts of her "strong man," a steel-willed woman of resources so strong that she can defeat her matrimonial adversary without hurting him—all these are the Maggie of Miss Hayes. With smooth, flawless grace she displays the many sparkling facets of Barrie's gem of idealized womanhood with understanding so comprehensive that one must forget there was a stone-cutter.

Mr. MacKenna's John Shand was a character also exceptionally well conceived and executed. From the time when he is discovered in the Wylie's library, a "burglar of knowledge,"

circumstances which are easily convincing. The coarse-mannered youth, who may have grown in strength and wisdom, he may have achieved fame and position, still Mr. MacKenna makes him bow with pretentious awkwardness, and slaughter, albeit in somewhat milder fashion, the conventions of his new position.

The rest of the cast support the principals ably. The three brothers of Maggie are amusingly acted. Voices are raised at times too high for the small house in which they are now playing—doubtless they will be modulated as the players become accustomed to their new surroundings. Miss Johnston as the countess is well cast and gives an admirable performance, as does Mr. Hare in the role of the effete Mr. Venables. The Boston engagement is limited to two weeks.

H. F. M.

E. E. Clive and the Copley players in "Tons of Money," a farce in three acts by Will Evans and Valentine. Ran in London for two whole seasons; first time in Boston:

Sprules.....C. Wordley Hulst
Simpson.....Millicent Hallett
Benita Mullett.....Elspeth Duncanson
Louise Allington.....Nan Marriott Watson
Aubrey Allington.....E. E. Clive
Ailes.....Richard Whorf
James Chesterman, Jr.....Edmund George
Ian Everard.....May Edles
Henry.....Norman Cannon
A visitor.....Alan Mowbray

This is a farce with the amusing situations that much mixed identities provide. Too many reappearances of too many "dead" heirs, tangled up with unexpected widows, completely and hilariously befuddle an already befuddled situation. "Tons of Money" descending successively to various heirs, cause the fall of various heirs successively.

The Allingtons, harried by bill collectors, writ distributors, and sheriffs, are lifted to the heights of song and thanksgiving by thousands of pounds being left them in a will. The will provides that at the decease of Allington the money shall go to George Maitland, who is known to have been shot to death in Mexico. Reasoning that their debts equal the amount of their fortune, the brilliant feminine mind of Mrs. Allington figures that her husband must "die," and reappear as his cousin George. He "dies" in a terrific explosion that rocks the audience from its seats. That moment begins a confusion of George Maitlands plus entanglements that causes roars of laughter.

E. E. Clive, who begins as Aubrey Allington, dies a thousand deaths, more or less, and walks the earth again in sackcloth and ashes, sail-cloth and rudder, collar and vestments. The audience enters completely into the spirit of the play, which is pronouncedly English in its humor, and the players also are having a jolly good time. Clive skips from the "silly awes" Allington through the paces of his various impersonations merrily. The performance is distinctly "Clive and company." The play itself was a success in London, but strangely enough American producers hesitated to put it on the boards. Puns, slapstick, and neat turning phrases provide devices for getting laughs. The Copley audience is devoted to a group of players who are usually engaged in the serious business of the theatre, and a bit of relaxation awakens a response. The players laugh and the audience howls with glee, while the fate of a Mexican fortune is banded about to the fatal end. A thoroughly enjoyable play, thoroughly well played, and well worth seeing.

R. S. B.

CASTLE SQUARE—"The Family Upstairs," a comedy of American life in three acts by Harry Delf, first time in Boston. The cast:

Joe Heller.....George Farren
Emma Heller.....Josephine Fox
Louise Heller.....Adelyn Bushnell
Willie Heller.....Hamilton Christy
Annabelle.....Betty Umore
Charles Grant.....Jerry Bradford
Mrs. Grant.....Joan Gilbert
Miss Callahan.....Peggy Shanor

The great game of bluff which takes the title of "The Family Upstairs" was presented by the Castle Square Players at the Castle Square Theatre last night and was received most enthusiastically by the audience. "The Family Upstairs" is the work of Harry Delf.

It tells the story of the Heller family of which there is the father, a street car inspector who earns a weekly salary of \$40 and who is a typical American father of the middle station of life; Mother Heller, a drudge-worn woman whose aspirations to rise socially get her into any amount of amusing (and pathetic) situations by her great passion for bluffing; Louise, the daughter who wants to marry but is handicapped by her mother's vivid desire that she marry someone who is above her present station of life; Willie, who should be out looking for a job but who wants to become a politician; and Annabelle, the flapper sister, whose piano lessons are the source of innumerable laughs.

Adelyn Bushnell played the role of Louise and, with her ever winning personality, realized the most possible from this character. Jerry Bradford, the leading man, who played the part of Charles Grant, showed his fine versatility as an actor. The rest of the cast, which included Betty Umore, Peggy Shanor, Josephine Fox, Hamilton Christy, George Farren and Joan Gilbert, received their share of applause and it was well merited.

JANE COWL HEADS BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

This is All-Nationality week at

Keith's. Those of many nationalities have their places on the bill, but the pinnacle perhaps of American histrionism is represented by one of its foremost actresses—Jane Cowl. She appears in a melodrama of her own composition.

Her sketch concerns one Jerry Cadman and his execution. In most pieces of this kind, the actress generally has the stage all set for her entrance. All explanations leading up to the crisis have been made for her. In "The Clock" Miss Cowl plunges with her audience immediately into the crisis minus preliminaries. She carries all the acting on her own shoulders, and though occasionally we have the feeling that she has too much to tell in the time, she does an excellent piece of restrained emotional acting. The sketch itself is of secondary importance, although it is interesting to contrast it with former plays of Miss Cowl's authorship. This is genuine melodrama concerned with the desire of a senator's wife to save her erstwhile lover, falsely accused of murder. She alone can save him and she makes the decision to risk everything in order to do so. Miss Cowl has the opportunity of portraying the mental anguish which precedes this resolve and the reaction which follows it. As always, she never forfeits her poise, no matter what torment of spirit she is depicting.

Opening the bill is Wilfrid Du Boise, called "Jongleur Distingue," and exceedingly worthy the name. He combines a pleasant sense of humor with an entirely original ability to juggle anything from a tennis ball, perched precariously on the end of his nose, to a glass of what we are supposed to believe is the pre-Volstead stuff hanging off the edge of a billiard triangle. A true sense of rhythm is one of his happy possessions and it never fails him throughout his juggling.

The act entitled "The World's Greatest," contains a clever bit of burlesque on the acrobatic act as it is never done. Henry Regal is the perpetrator of most of the fun in this act, although he receives able assistance from O. Henry. Throughout the act they cracked typically English jokes, if you know what kind those are! They also did some very praiseworthy acrobatic stunts.

Gaston and Andree, assisted by Maura Shanley and Edna McKay, represent France in a most artistic and skillful exhibition of real dancing. Mlle. Andree proved herself graceful and rhythmic to her very finger tips. In her leaps across the stage into her partner's arms, landing as she did always in difficult positions, she was admirable. In all her kaleidoscopic poses she was sure of herself.

Rounding out the bill were the Stuart girls in songs, Earl Faber and Margie McIntyre with his "bananaded" rendering of the "Prisoner's Song," Clara Barry and Orval Whiteleg in horse play with Miss Barry as Miss America, including Canada, Ed and Tom Hickey, "Two Elegant Gentlemen" and Cannon and Lee cyclers.

F. B. B.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch Leads Fine Organization

The Detroit Symphony orchestra, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, conductor, appeared last night in Symphony hall, before a very fine audience of fair size. They played the overture to Leonore No. 3, Schumann's D minor symphony, five "Intermezzi Goldoni" for strings, by Bossi, Chausson's "Viviane" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol."

Let those who revel in drawing comparisons analyze, if they will, the respective merits of the various choirs heard last night and those of other visiting orchestras. Whatever these may be, the fact seems plain enough that the Detroit players constitute an orchestra of very high rank, a body of musicians capable of carrying out their conductor's every wish—and their conductor is highly exacting. So let us speak of Mr. Gabrilowitsch.

He is a man, so much comes out clear at even a single hearing, who values euphony, who, like those people in "Sandra Belloni," gives deep thought to the finest shades. He prefers the mell-

of the... to the... must... if they are... His strings he likes to keep... their resonance. Harsh tone, in brief, and coarse, he will not put up with for an instant—unless, perhaps, emotional expression should demand it, which it did not last night.

He does not need to. He can make his orchestra give him as big a tone as a reasonable being could ask—and still keep quality. Last night he got from it, indeed, singularly beautiful tone, vibrant and alive in the lovely pianissimo at the beginning of the overture's allegro, sonorous at the symphony's close, with the utmost nicety of gradations between these extremes. An occasional want of elasticity in tutti passages seemed the only real defect.

This same sensitivity to fine shades Mr. Gabrilowitsch showed in his use of tonal color, in his faultless shaping of phrases, in the subtleties and pure taste with which he varied his rhythms. Knowing well, too, what style demands, he did not treat Leonore and Viviane alike.

Leonore, in truth, he might have let live a life of warmer ardor; "Eldorado," after all, is stirring drama, not a mere poetic fancy. And in Schumann's symphony, superbly played at the opening, exquisite throughout, Mr. Gabrilowitsch might have let romance go its fervent way more freely. He seemed most at home in the languors and delicate lights and shades of Chausson's charming poem, of which he gave a genuinely poetic performance.

Rossini's little pieces Mr. Gabrilowitsch made both brilliant and charming. The Russian Capriccio came too late for working people to hear. Let us hope this fine orchestra will visit us soon.
R. R. G.

PIANIST ORLOFF

By PHILIP HALE

In Jordan hall, last night, Nikolai Orloff, pianist, played for the first time in Boston. His program read as follows: Scarlatti, Capriccio; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques; Brahms, Rhapsody, B minor; Schubert-Liszt, Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel; Chopin, Etude, F major; Nocturne; Two Preludes: Tarentelle, Medner; Maerchen, F minor, and Stimmung, A major, Balakirev, Islamey.

The praise of Mr. Orloff preceded his arrival. In many instances this sounding of the trumpet brings disappointment to those who have quickened their steps to the concert room. Was it not Artemus Ward who said that he had the gift of oratory, but when he came to speak he found he hadn't it with him? And so a pianist whose prowess has been celebrated in European cities, or even in New York, coming to Boston may find that he left his abilities at the Grand Central station.

Fortunately this was not the case with Mr. Orloff. He easily and modestly showed last night that he is a pianist of a high order. Not merely one with a well rounded and difficulties-defying technique; not only one with a pronounced sense of rhythm, a command of dynamic gradations, the phrasing of a musician, but what is more important, one possessed of poetic feeling, imagination in interpretation.

His program was not unusual. It is true that Liszt's transcription of Schubert's song is seldom heard here, nor is Chopin's Tarentelle a war-horse ridden to death by local and visiting pianists; indeed, it might be asked if it is worth playing except as a show-piece, for though Schumann was fascinated by it, others have found it more French than Italian. Chopin wished to write for once in the manner of Rossini, but Rossini did this sort of thing much better. As for Medner, a Russian Brahms, his music has been made known to us by Rachmaninoff and others.

Mr. Blom says of Scarlatti's pieces that they should be played at such a rate of speed that only the greatest pianists should attempt them. There was more than speed in Mr. Orloff's performance. There was musical appreciation of the charming contents. The noble Rhapsody of Brahms, with its fury, its lyric and tender episodes, became a little drama, as Mr. Orloff played it; an individual not a stereotyped, too reverential performance. For some play music by Brahms as if they had attended a "preparatory lecture" with prayer before the Sunday communion. With what exquisite delicacy Mr. Orloff played the accompaniment to Schubert's song, and how beautiful in its pathos was the song as he sang it! The pieces by Chopin were neither sentimentalized nor played with that dislocation of rhythm that many believe to be "tempo rubato" (we are speaking of the Nocturne and Preludes).

Then there was the eloquence performance of Schumann's Etudes, too often chosen as a task to save the self-

respect a pianist who in his play would gladly be playing something else. No, Mr. Orloff did not disappoint expectation. He leaves this country next month, but he will return for the season of '27-'28. The audience last night was large and enthusiastic.

FRENCH PLAYERS IN 'LA FLAMBEE'

Boston Opera House—Players from the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, Paris, in "La Flambee," drama in three acts by Henry Klestermackers. The cast:

Colonel Felt	Pierre Magnier
Beaucourt	Jean Galand
Monseigneur Jussey	Jean Duval
Comte de Mauret	D'Arcy Brissac
Procureur	Pierre Almette
Baron Stetin	Victor Perny
Glogau	De Tramont
Le Maire	Denison
Justin	Brulley
Le Juge	Desaut
Monique	Mme. Germaine Dermoz
Baronne Stetin	Gina Nicot
Therese Deputau	Camille Licenes
Annette	Blanche Alter

This play made a stir in Paris some 15 years ago. Small wonder. Its author, Klestermackers, a Belgian-born citizen of France, was amazingly apt at making theatrical use of a state of mind pervading the air of the time. Spies, for instance; it seems there was much talk of them in the Paris of that period; a spy would surely seize attention. The army in France, of course, is always much to the fore, so let the hero be its mouthpiece, a soldier. To represent the government, a "deputy" would do, and a bishop might properly represent the church and its views on divorce.

Since French people, truly patriotic, are less reticent than we in their expression of patriotism, these persons could with propriety, and to the sure success of Mr. Klestermackers's play, allude early and often to "la patrie." For good measure the author had only to devise a plot involving the love triangle and melodrama in plenty—behold a play bound to please.

The wonder is it pleased English people too, who could scarcely feel vital interest in French views of church, state and the military. Played by George Alexander, nevertheless it did please. It must have been the acting; the story itself could never have stirred Anglo-Saxons.

Now could it? The story of a soldier

who, for love of his wife, borrowed great sums of money to give her luxury and establish for her a high place in the world—the while he repelled her by his display of force and soldierly arrogance to the degree that she was all for divorcing him and marrying the deputy.

To cut a long—very long—story short, the soldier owes the spy much money. The spy, in place of impossible payment, suggested a plan of a certain French fortification. The soldier choked him to death. This event brought about a reconciliation with his wife, who discovered that she had never ceased to love him. Between them they contrived to cloak the murder in mystery.

But the deputy was not deceived. He swore he would denounce the assassin. But presently he came to see the facts in their true light, and so, for the good of "la patrie," which could not lose the services of so eminent a soldier, he said a word in the right quarter—and the murder remained a mystery.

Very good acting helped the play last night, for the people on the stage all knew their business, and so could give an air of verisimilitude to matter mighty weak. Mme. Dermoz and Mr. Magnier played their big scene with genuine skill and with every appearance of conviction. But they could not convince many persons that what that man and woman did was real.
R. R. G.

HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB SEASON OPENS

First Showing of "The Orange Comedy" Given

The first showing of the fall production of the Harvard University Dramatic Club, the climax of many months of arduous preparation, was at Brattle hall, Cambridge, last night. This, the 37th production of that organization, is perhaps what might be called an extravaganza, written by Gilbert Seldes, Harvard, '14, by name, "The Orange Comedy." It is based, according to a note on the title-page, on a scenario by Count Carlo Gozzi, describing the production of his play, "The Love of Three Oranges," in Venice, 1751.

There are excellently achieved scenes and costumes. There is a wealth of splendid amateur talent of each sex. There are clever scenes, which, taken

by themselves, are amusing and entertaining, but the unbridled, discordant tumult over all made the fifth row a dangerous place for one's ear-drums.

In spite of the mad moments of pointless leaping and shoutings, repeated with all the dismal regularity of a tire chain banging the mud guard of a fiver, the play is not hopeless. The opus may conceivably be redeemed by cutting out the racket, playing up a few good numbers, and casting the rest into the limbo.

Some excellent work is achieved by the cast in their individual assignments—in fact, few are badly lacking. R. H. Jones, '30, is to be commended for his faultless bearing and excellent diction, and Mary Sands's negro maid was well handled. G. B. Bingham, '28, gallantly shouldered the herculean role of Harlequin. All labored well, and did their parts with a spirit and technique worthy of a better cause.
H. F. M.

In the account of Claude Monet's pictures brought to Boston and now owned here, no mention was made of J. Foxcroft Cole, the artist who was the first Bostonian to appreciate the genius of Monet. He showed this appreciation in a practical way by bringing over pictures for his own enjoyment and for the pleasure of collectors in this city.

One of the most interesting chapters in "Figures of the Past," a new edition of the Leaves of Old Journals, kept by Josiah Quincy (Harvard 1821), now edited with notes and introduction by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, illustrated with old prints and photographs, is the account of Quincy's journey to Washington with Judge Story 100 years ago. Stages then ran between New York and this city. They left Boston at 3 A. M., and at 2 o'clock a man was sent round to the houses of those who were booked for a passage. His instructions were to knock, pull the bell, shout and disturb the neighborhood as much as possible, in order that the person who was to take the stage might be up and dressed when it reached his door.

Quincy does not say whether these intrepid passengers ate a late supper, one to stand by them till a noon dinner the next day, or ate an early breakfast. If they ate breakfast between 2 and 3 A. M., what was the nature of it? Chops, beefsteak, liver perhaps, ham, hot rolls, flapjacks, a bit of fish, sausages? What domestic servant would leave her bed at that ungodly hour to cook a hot breakfast? Or did the passenger take only a cup of coffee, possibly a glass of rum—there were once good old days and nights in Boston—and either munch a couple of ham sandwiches, or in the haste of dressing, stuff them in his coat pocket?

These cock-crow passengers spent the first night at Ashford, Ct. They did not arrive there till late in the evening. Where did they partake of the noon meal? "Another day, and we reached New Haven, where we passed the night. The early hours of Sunday that we were allowed in this city I spent in visiting the churches." There is only one mention of food on the way. "Leaving New Haven at 10 in the morning, we reached Stamford about dark. The day following we drove into the great city in time for a late dinner. It seemed quite incredible! We had left Boston early Friday morning, had driven all the way, and here we were, Monday evening, actually dining in New York."

We are told that Quincy and Story discussed poetry, novels, the mentality and natural capabilities of women. Alas, we are not informed about the nature of the early breakfast, if there was one, nor what was eaten on the way.

Sir Charles Vaughan, who kept a journal of a journey from Washington to Niagara Falls along the Erie canal, and back by way of New England, in 1826—he was British minister to the United States—was careful to make notes about his food and drink. (Mr. Samuel Eliot Morison read an interesting paper about Vaughan's "Viatum" before the Massachusetts Historical Society last June.) On a steamboat leaving Baltimore, for breakfast there were beefsteaks, sausages, cutlets, etc., tea, coffee. Champagne was \$2 a bottle; Madeira, \$3. On another steamboat the 2 o'clock dinner consisted of soup, roast meats, fowls, sausages, tarts and rice puddings. The steward supplied porter and wines. On the steamboat Constitution, from New York to Albany, at dinner, roast and boiled meats, vegetables, puddings and pies were served, "with brandy and gin upon the table to mix with iced water." At the Auburn state prison, the breakfast was nearly a quart of milk and bread; dinner, bread and meat invariably, 12 ounces of bread a day; for supper, "the flour of Indian corn made into a paste." "The punishment they undergo does not furnish an example to deter desperate men from committing crimes."

"The canal of Erie was principally dug by Irishmen. My informant regretted that the contractors employed them, but they worked for so much less than Americans that it was advantageous to employ them. I understand that they earned 8 and ten dollars per month, with their food. Great complaints were made of their drunken habits, which were encouraged by the contractors, who have a profit upon the sale of whiskey to their workmen."

One of the many interesting chapters in the Quincy Journal is his visit to John Randolph and his evident admiration of the man. In this chapter is a paragraph that bears on present day extravagance: "Leur luxe est affreux," shuddered Talleyrand, in reference to the taste of that generation of our countrymen with which he was acquainted. He would have had no occasion to use a less vigorous adjective in contemplating the pompe funebre of an American senator in the year 1828."

Mr. Howe is to be thanked for his editing this new edition of a journal in which every page is readable. One wishes that his modesty had not prevented him from more frequent annotations.

As the World Wags:

A senator from New England, never mind just whom, will not touch coffee for breakfast, for fear, it is said, that it will keep him awake during the day.
R. M. W.

VARIA

As the World Wags:

Don't count your chickens until you get their telephone numbers. The only reason "tomorrow never comes" is because yesterday never gets more than one day away. Can any man ever understand a woman? No; hasn't some one said that half the world doesn't know how the other half loves—or was it "lives"? Well, either way. Some people object to piano solos because they don't like music; others object to them because they do. Most of these so-called high-fliers foot their bills as if they had fallen arches. Usually the girl who uses "kiss proof" wouldn't, if she'd think twice. I want real stuff for my furnace when I pay an honest toll: "Dust thou art to dust returnest" was not spoken of the coal.
AHRIZ GHARTARZHON.

ANOTHER METHUSELAH

As the World Wags:

The following facts may be of interest to your correspondent of Nov. 16, writing of a venerable canary of 18 years and 7 months:

Fritz, a canary of unusual intelligence and rare beauty of plumage, came to me as a birthday gift, Nov. 16, 1907, the year our house was built. The dealer told me he was a March bird. In April, 1926, his joyous life of 19 years came to a close, after but two days of actual illness, though he had been blind and somewhat lame for three years. Nevertheless, he had been happy and active, singing to the last. All through March he seemed to have renewed his youth, eagerly coming from his cage to eat from a wide-mouthed bottle or to warm his feet in the palm of my hand. Gay and affectionate and a remarkable singer, he was the object of more than ordinary interest and love.
Lynn. Mrs. J. W. APPLEBEE.

Dr. Christopher Wren, the father of the famous architect, made marginal notes on Sir Thomas Browne's writings. Believing in astrology and the importance of dreams, he told of his son, taken sick in Paris with "a pain in his reins," who "dreamt that he was in a place where palm trees grew (supposed Egypt) and that a woman in a roman-tick habit reached him dates. The next day he sent for dates, which cured him of the pain."

This sounds as if it were taken from a story of Algernon Blackwood.

The program of the Symphony concerts this week comprises C. P. E. Bach's concerto in D major, arranged by Steinberg, Sibelius's seventh symphony (first time in Boston); the suite from Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" and "Finlandia," by Sibelius.

The Harvard Glee Club, assisted by Harold Bauer, pianist, will give a concert in Symphony hall tonight, and Alfred Blumen, pianist, will play in Jordan hall, introducing a sonata by Karol Rathaus. Mr. Blumen, born in Vienna, studied in that city. He has played with leading orchestras in Europe and went with Richard Strauss to Mexico.

Harriet Eells will sing in Jordan hall on Saturday afternoon. Her program is attractive.

John McCormack will sing in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon. The People's Symphony orchestra, Stuart

Mason, conductor, will give its third afternoon concert in Jordan hall.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, will give a concert next Monday evening in Symphony hall. Beethoven, Symphony No. 5; Berlioz, overture, "The Roman Carnival." Nadia Reisenberg, a Russian pianist of high reputation, will play Liszt's second concerto.

THE CAUSE OF THE TRAGEDY

(From Pickup)

Jones—That new fellow on the third floor boasts that he has kissed every woman in this flat except one.

Mrs. Jones—I'll bet that's that stuck-up Mrs. Murphy upstairs.

A NOTE ON THE CHESHIRE CHEESE

We received the following letter from Mr. Ben Johnson, the excellent actor now playing in "Tommy" at the New Park Theatre:

As the World Wags:

Referring to a letter published in The Herald of Dec. 7, which speaks of the Cheshire Cheese Tavern in London, I can only say, "O rare Ben Jonson! What crimes and beefsteak pies and dictionaries are committed in thy name!"

For, of course, the Cheshire Cheese was non-existent in the Shakespeare-Jonson-Marlowe-Green period.

For the seventh million time I am called upon to cry it in the streets that it was good old Samuel Johnson whose burly form is reputed (although the fact is ignored by Boswell), to have darkened the doors of the C. C. I have seen his chair there—stowed away in a shabby lumber room upstairs; and a tablet marks the place where he sat—the very corner. The parrot is dead now. He used to cry "Drinks for the waiters!" and pulled innumerable corks: John Bull, the famous headwaiter, recently died. Little is left to attract one to the C. C. except the excellent food and ale and the tradition that Dr. Johnson sat and talked in that corner. A tablet shows that Dickens loved that corner, too, and often sat there.

The huge chair in which Dr. Johnson is supposed to have sat took up too much space, for Cook's tourists haunt the place downstairs.

Is it wise ever to revisit any place of former happiness—to relight a cigar—to try to bring to life a buried affection? Still I hope to go back. For I shall view it still as an outsider, impersonally. To live there—oh! how ghastly must the tourist-attracting machinery become to the present owners and the crew of waiters! A barmoid on a hot July day said to me: "It's all right, sir, for a visitor, but to work here is hell."

BEN JOHNSON.

Mr. A. Edward Newton is known far and wide as a walking dictionary of Johnsoniana. In "The Ghosts of Gough Square," a chapter in "The Greatest Book in the World," he writes: "The Cheshire Cheese, that famous eating-place which became firmly identified with Dr. Johnson after his death." And in the topographical introduction to Mr. Newton's play, "Dr. Johnson," one finds this note about the Cheshire Cheese: "The legend which associates this tavern with the great Lexicographer is a triumph of advertising, for there is no single contemporary reference connecting Johnson with it. It is, however, quite possible that he may have frequented it, as it was on his side of Fleet street, which, as an old man, he disliked to cross"—Ed.

SOCIETY NOTE

(Mendota, Ill., Reporter)

"One of our prominent young ladies met with an accident one evening last week. She rushed out of the La Mollie Bank and the lobby door was closed which they are not in the habit of closing in hot weather. In her hurry she hit the plate glass with her nose and broke it all to pieces. The janitor said he scooped it up and it filled a bushel basket."

Cyrano de Bergerac's nose was as nothing in comparison. It would certainly not have filled over a peck measure, if it had been sliced by an insulting rival.

THE SERVANT QUESTION

As the World Wags:

Knowing that you have shown an interest in household affairs, I make and to write to you about a matter of great importance. And, first of all, I wish to thank Jane W. Eldridge for her answer to the article by Christine Lovette on "Why Domestic Servants are Scarce," which appeared in The Herald of Nov. 30, and add a few protests and remarks of my own to her admirable words, on the other side of the question.

There is no stigma on domestic service in these days, and most sensible women consider it a far higher and more important work, demanding much skill and judgment, than standing

behind a counter in shops, or working at a machine in factories.

Household work is at the very base of home life, which is of the utmost importance to the health, comfort and good bringing up of families; and good family life is more important than anything else to the development and destiny of nations. Family life, in the United States is seriously menaced, and even deteriorating, at present, owing to high rents and the great expense of household service; for many people of moderate means are forced to live in small flats with little or no service, depending upon delicatessen shops and cafeterias for cooked foods, instead of having the wholesome home table of former days.

I hear that employment bureaus are crowded with those who cannot find places paying high wages; for such places are becoming fewer in number.

Many excellent household workers, instead of being ashamed of their calling, are proud of the fact that they have lived for years in the same family; and often they are generously remembered in the wills of their employers in gratitude for faithful work.

They have all the comforts and luxuries of these families—the best of expensive food, well-furnished rooms and bathrooms, which would cost them at least \$15 to \$20 a week, if not more, in boarding houses of the same grade. All these things are given to them free, and their high wages can be saved or used as they wish.

Yet, in general, they are the most spoiled and irresponsible class of people in this country. They are treated with kindest consideration and have plenty of free time added to all their other prerogatives. In spite of these desirable conditions they are often ungrateful and

sometimes insulting to their employers, unappreciative of all their benefits and blessings. Naturally the restrictions on immigration have lessened competition and reduced the number of such workers, thus raising wages to a preposterous degree.

The income of an average maid receiving \$12 to \$15 a week—and including the prices for board and room in a high-grade boarding house—is in truth at least \$1300 to \$1500 a year.

Miss Lovett's article was obviously exaggerated and far from the facts in household work.

MARIAN WESTCOTT.

'LA TENDRESSE'

Boston Opera House—Porte St. Martin Theatre company in "La Tendresse," play in three acts by Henry Bataille. The cast:

Barnac..... M. Pierre Magnier
Sergius..... M. Pierre Almette
Genius..... M. Victor Perry
M. De Cabriac..... M. Jean Duval
Cte. De Jalligny-Nemours..... M. Galand
Legardier..... M. D'Arly-Brissac
Carlos-Jarry..... M. De Tramont
Julien D'Alincourt..... M. Clavaud
Guéfin..... M. Denison
Aubin..... M. Bruley

Martha Deliere..... Mmes. Germaine Dermoz
Mlle. Brunetti..... M. Gina Niclos
Miss..... Person
Mlle. Elgraine..... Camille Linceny
Mabella..... Mlle. Denais
La Gouvernante..... Blanche Altem

This curious play, first produced in Paris five years ago, deals with the love affairs of one Bernac, a playwright of the highest distinction, and also of 60 years, and his mistress, Martha, 30 years his junior. Their love is genuine. But, nevertheless, times come when Martha, her great love notwithstanding, cannot restrain impulses which lead her to pass up affairs with men who are young. This unpleasant theme, be it said by the way, is not treated frivolously; the case was very grave.

To go on with the story: When a gossiping friend hints at Martha's bad faith, this distinguished man goes out of town for the day, summons on false errands two men whom he suspects, and arranges a hiding place for two young women stenographers to report what they might hear. They hear enough to prove the woman's lack of faith.

With the nicest refinement of cruelty he makes his accusation. The facts Martha cannot deny. In spite of them, though, she swears to her love; those aberrations, she explains with sobs of grief and shame, are quite beyond her control. Promising reform, she urges a continuance of their relations.

The famous playwright cannot agree to that. He sobs in his turn, chokes her, knocks her about and shakes her, and in the end would have forgiven her if neighbors had not come in to hold his hand. He orders her out of the house.

After two years of a life sorely empty, he summons Martha back, to do her an act of kindness. She still loves him and venerates him, though she has not cast off the lover who made the trouble. After many words—and no little action—he suggests that she shall continue her life with her young lover, but shall come to him often to brighten his dull days—no love, be it understood, but "tenderness." Martha agrees, and the

action ends accordingly, at which point to the stage directions, as the playwright in sobs over the handkerchief she has left behind her.

The play is clumsy; to set the situation and these two characters forth needs many scenes and personages, a very many words. The theme is not pleasant. The man's behavior, to us, is incomprehensible. But none the less it is engrossing, for it shows every evidence of sincerity and sympathy, and in Martha, Bataille has drawn a character with true insight and the finest skill.

Mme. Dermoz played the role admirably, with much charm in the lighter moments, with power in the stronger. Her exit when driven out was deeply moving. Technically, M. Magnier gave an equally good performance. No doubt its characterization equalled its technique; of that point not everybody could judge competently. The smaller roles were done with varying degrees of excellence.

R. R. G.

"L'AIGLON" PLEASES

Rostand Drama Given at Opera House Matinee

Boston Opera House: Porte St. Martin Company, Paris, L'Aiglon, drama in six acts, verse, by Edmond Rostand. Produced at Sarah Bernhardt theatre, Paris, March 15, 1900; Duc de Reichstadt, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt; Seraphin Flambeau, M. Coquelin.

The chief parts yesterday afternoon were played by the following:

Le Duc de Reichstadt..... Mlle. Antoinette Gironx
Seraphin Flambeau..... M. Pierre Magnier
Marie-Louise..... Mmes. Germaine Dermoz
Metternich..... M. Jean Galland
L'Empereur Franz..... M. Jean Duval
Marmont..... M. Denison
Prokesch..... M. Pierre Almette
Gentz..... M. D'Arly-Brissac
Tiburse..... M. Clavaud
L'Attaché Français..... M. A. Delaet
Hartmann..... M. Cornet
Le Tailleur..... M. Villa
Comtesse Camerata..... Mlle. Blanche Altem
L'Archiduchesse..... Mmes. Gina Niclos
Fanny Essler..... Mlle. d'Herblay
Therese..... Mmes. Camille Linceny
Scarampi..... Mmes. Person

Any tremendous enthusiasm for this play must be based on two things; an insatiable liking for rhetoric per se, even to the extent of six acts of Alexandrines; and a liking for, or at least no active aversion to, the spectacle of a woman playing a man's part. For L'Aiglon is a six-act drama in which the part of the Duc de Reichstadt was created by the Divine Sarah and which French tradition has forced unfortunate mortal ladies to struggle with ever since.

The drama itself is the story of the unfortunate youth who was hailed at birth as King of Rome; shifted off to

Austria and the care of his mother, Marie-Louise, and the sly Metternich; liked to think of himself as Napoleon II, but pitifully died at the age of 21, partly from consumption and partly from a broken heart occasioned by the realization that he was not the man he longed to be, as Napoleon the Great's son. It involves a cast of over a hundred as originally produced and about four and a half hours to play. Judicious, almost ruthless, cutting brought the playing time down to slightly over three hours yesterday. Said cutting made the action at times a little difficult to follow, but it was done in such a way as to leave all the great speeches intact, and more than once a particularly inspired declamation on Napoleon made the audience burst into spontaneous applause.

Yesterday afternoon Mlle. Antoinette Gironx did her best with the part of L'Aiglon and her effort was most creditable. But it was always obviously an effort. At the beginning she was so anxious to belle her feminine contours and persuade us that she was a boy, that she gave a performance that had quite enough power for a portrayal of Napoleon I, rather than his son who died within two years from consumption. She was at her best in the scene with the tailor, well played by M. Villa, and in the second act when she described herself (or rather himself), as un prisonnier-mais.

As Seraphin Flambeau, the old grognard, M. Pierre Magnier gave a performance of true brilliance, with just the right combination of comedy and emotion for the role. His is an engaging stage presence and he continually gets the utmost out of his lines by means of a voice with innumerable inflections aided by a most impressive pair of hands. His delivery of the speech in which he flabbergasted the perfidious Marmont with a spirited recital of what he did in the Napoleonic campaigns made this reviewer impatient for his interpretation of Cyrano de Bergerac tonight.

Also worthy of particular notice was the Metternich of M. Jean Galland. Sinister and crafty, he spoke the verses in his part in a way which continually gave the impression of subtle strength, and certain disaster for anyone who opposed him. Mme. Gina Niclos was appealing as l'Archiduchesse, and Mmes

Dermoz and Linceny, and Mlle. Altem and d'Herblay all gave competent performances.

For a matinee, the audience was quite large, in fact, ample to fill comfortably an ordinary sized theatre. It is to be hoped that even more turn out for M. Magnier's Cyrano, which as intimated above, may be regarded as safe to recommend in advance.

O. G. T.

Richard Burgin Conducts Symphony Orchestra

At Symphony hall yesterday afternoon the Boston Symphony orchestra gave its first young people's concert, conducted by Richard Burgin, ordinarily concert-master of the orchestra. The program: Smetana: overture to "The Sold Bride"; Haydn: two movements from the Symphony in G major, "The Surprise" (a, Andante; b, finale: Allegro di molto); Grieg: Suite No. 1 from "Peer Gynt" (a, Morning Mood; b, Anitra's Dance; c, In the Troll King's Grotto); Debussy: from the "Little Suite" (a, In a Boat; b, Procession); Ljadov: The Music Box; Chabrier: rhapsody "España."

The hall was filled. The listeners ranged in age from five to 20. To be sure, many of them were there by force of parental or scholastic "musts," and some of the younger ones were accompanied by teachers, but the program once started, signs of half-hearted attention were not much in evidence. On the contrary, understanding of the music and the appreciation of the orchestra's playing was expressed in no uncertain terms, and must have been a real satisfaction to Mr. Burgin. As one small boy expressed it, listening from his seat in the balcony, "that applause sounds like very heavy rain against the house."

In a way this audience was ideal. It brought to the conductor not only attentiveness and enthusiasm, but obviously a knowledge of the music. These young people showed familiarity with those passages of the symphony which gave it its title; they became enthusiastic over the "Peer Gynt" suite—indeed, so tumultuous was the applause after "In the Troll King's Grotto" that it seemed the piece would have to be repeated; they gave respectful but cooler approval of the Debussy pieces; and Ljadov's "Music Box" had to be played twice. The little boy who sat near us made sure of the words "music box" on the program, for he allowed "that" does sound just like the one we had before it got lost or something."

Altogether the program proved a delightful one to the children. Mr. Burgin's conducting of it was admirable. Granted he had a wonderful instrument in the orchestra, and the pieces played were the simpler ones of the repertory, yet the phrasing, the handling of nuances, the building of climaxes as he did these things yesterday were not mere routine. Perhaps in Symphony hall yesterday sat the future audience before the future conductor.

The program will be repeated at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and there will be a second pair of concerts in January.

H. L.

ALLAN FARNHAM

The second violin recital by Allan Farnham was given in Jordan hall last evening. The program included Pietro Nardini and Mendelssohn concertos, prelude by Spaulding, Spanish dance by Glanados, arranged by Kreisler, a melody by Bloch and Tapateado, a Spanish dance by Sarasate.

The first number, a concerto by Nardini, was perhaps not very fortunately chosen. There was very little to inspire the violinist, less for the audience.

Through the whole work, there was coldness, enhanced by some nervousness. In the Mendelssohn, Mr. Farnham dealt with music of a different sort. The first moment presents some pretty technical problems, happily solved, to be sure, but only by such attention that the fire and life of the "appassionato" was lost. In the andante and finale there was fine perception, no less clarity of intonation, and a genuine feeling.

But in the last group—Spaulding, a piece arranged by Kreisler, Bloch and Sarasate—came the best indications of Mr. Farnham's oncoming talent. Of his

beautiful tone, of his sensibility, of his fine feeling for the poetry of music, here were ample instances, and signs of much improvement to come. Having conquered technical matters, the next step—that of making the audience unconscious of them—is still to be taken.

The audience was very large and greeted Mr. Farnham enthusiastically.

The slow movements and quiet, sustained pieces, evoked much applause, the encores after the Sarasate Spanish

Dance held nearly the whole audience in grateful, well-rewarded attention.

W. A. C.

We learn from the *Exeter News-Letter* of Dec. 3, praising Julius Durleskalkvich, violinist, who gave a recital at Hampton, that there are "two predominant factors that make this violinist such a genius. One is his memory, so he can visualize and retain the mental image of notes. He can readily play 185 classics with a moment's notice. The second is his rhythm. Nothing is more fatal to artistic effect of music than to have it machine-like. Mr. Durleskalkvich is endowed with a natural sense of rhythm that includes a contrasting of accelerando and ritardando as also a carefully managed tempo. He has developed this mental pendulum, swinging in his head, which steadies automatically all his music and yet so elastic to allow of incidental variation required for purposes of expression and emotion."

Mr. Durleskalkvich should be heard in Boston. We respectfully invite Mr. Durleskalkvich's attention to him, especially as "the celebrated living violinists say that they cannot do with a violin what Mr. Durleskalkvich cannot do," and "in regard to the sonata 'The Devil's Trill' no one in America can equal this artist's trill."

As the World Wags:

I have just found a gem: Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Starbrace" page 112. "The jovial amanuensis (?) and Vickie punctuated their pants with giggles." Wellesley Hills. E. R. H.

THAT "BURNING DECK"

As the World Wags:
How industrious the image-breakers are getting to be. Yesterday it was George Washington; today it is Casablanca. Tomorrow—who knows? We tremble to think what will happen to Calvin Coolidge in 1926. For today let us consider the case of young Giacomo Casablanca—in plain English, Jimmie Whitehouse. We in America have more than a poetical reason for interest in him. Long before he was born, his father, Louis Casablanca, was captain of one of the ships in the fleet which the Comte de Grasse brought to Yorktown to aid in hemming in Cornwallis. It is not at all unlikely that he met Washington during the rejoicings after the surrender of the British. Now, as to the "burning deck" incident. It may be that in her zeal to make a hero of the boy Mrs. Hemans stopped over, as poets sometimes will. But the critics seem to have been overcome by a censorious zeal of their own. They would have us believe that Casablanca was a dunderhead to refuse to budge from the burning deck when he ought to have known that his staying to obey an order was useless. If he had stayed for that reason they should consider his age—he was in his 10th year, hardly old enough to reflect what disobedience had done for Horatio Nelson, commander of the victorious English fleet. But the reports of the incident given by some of his shipmates who fled from the doomed ship put another color upon it. The death of the French admiral left Giacomo's father in command. He fell on the quarter deck of the Orient, the ship caught fire, and the signal was given, "Sauve qui peut." Giacomo refused to leave his dying father. He preferred to stay to comfort him; to die with him if it must be. Perhaps Casablanca was a fool to stick by his father, but, fool or not, there are some who will doff their hats to him; some who will maintain that as between Nelson and Casablanca at Aboukir the Englishman had nothing to teach the little French midshipman in the matter of heroism. W. E. K.

MODERNIZED MYTHOLOGY

Orpheus and Eurydice
By SNOWSHOE AL.

This bird Orpheus wuz the ukulele pest uv Mythology. Wen he wuz a kid his father gave him a sea-shell. Orpheus put strings akross it an' invented a instrument wch perduced the damdest noise in existance. He wuz also konvinced that he wuz a slnger uv merit. He used tuh talk his hip pocket hand-organ an' go out along the river bank an' play it, much tuh the disgust uv the fish. Then he wood bust loose with a vocal accompaniment, an' the kokonuts wood grit there teeth an' fall off the trees by the hundred. Then, tuh remove any doubt about him bein' a fool, Orpheus got married. He wuz so happy that he sat up all nite playin' on his 4 string Baby Grand. His wifo died the next mornin'. Her name wuz Eurydice. So Orpheus went tuh Hades tuh try an' bring her back. He wandered rite in an' started singin' an' playin'. Satan wuz seated at his desk checking over sum membership applica-

tions wen he herd the racket. He pressed a button, an' his chief fireman kalm in.

"Wot is that noise?" sez Satan, reel peeved.
"It's a gl' naffred Orpheus," sez the chief fireman; "he's playin' a insterment wich looks like a violin's pup."
"Wot's he cryin' about?" sez Satan.
"He ain't cryin'," sez the c. l., "he's singin'."

"Chase him out uv here," sez Satan; "with a voice like that, this plase is too good for him."
So Orpheus got run out uv the dump. As he went out he met a Scotchman going in tuh search for a lost golf ball.
"My wife is in there, an' they wont gimme her!" howled Orpheus.
"My wife's there too," sez the Scotchman, "an' they kin keep her. But if they dont kum akross with that ball, I'll nuss Hell all up."

ADD "LITERARY FORGERIES"

As the World Wags:
A case of libel has just been tried in London which involved the authenticity of a fairy play and a letter, both attributed to Oscar Wilde. A literary woman, now doing time for a different piece of knavery, got the good coin of distinguished publishers for the play, upon her representation that the play with its accompanying letter had been sent to her in 1894 by Wilde, a childhood friend. An authority on Wilde, Christopher Slater Millard, pronounced both play and letter to be forgeries.
What makes the case interesting—and enlivened the proceedings—were the colloquies between court and counsel, and the critical banter in which they indulged.

The judge himself read the play during the adjournment and told counsel for Mr. Millard that the play had color, was profuse in its richness, and that some of the sentences were most striking; and, as for the letter, some of the sentences in it might have come from other works of Wilde—taking for example the sentence, "I should like to see the play acted in your Garden House on some night when the sky is a sheet of violet and the stars like women's eyes. The judge said that the sentence was essentially like Wilde in instinct and color, and that the final phrase, "While I—who am bathing my brow in the perfume of water lilies—lay myself at the feet of you and yours"—that was typical of Oscar Wilde.

Then E. V. Lucas, who only needs to be named to be known, became a witness to the genuineness of the work, having read it for publication and also written an introductory note for it. Mr. Lucas had, however, incautiously out of court described the play as "tosh." And now opposing counsel for Mr. Millard sought to have Mr. Lucas say that the play was rubbish. But Mr. Lucas thought that it was merely not good. When further pressed he said that it was inferior. "Tosh," "inferior," "rubbish" all needed to be defined: "sentimental tosh" did not mean that the thing was bad, but exaggerated and too highly colored, so that literary men called it "tosh"; but it did not necessarily mean that it was rubbish, y'know (coming as the judge's contribution to the interesting discussion).

Mr. Millard's counsel was in no degree daunted by these obiter dicta, and answered that what was bad in a good writer might be copied by an imitator. That was a challenge to his lordship, who then asked counsel, "Would you undertake to prepare a passage by tomorrow which we could take to be an extract from Robert Louis Stevenson?" Counsel was wary, and declined an excursion so far afield. Instead, he said that he was capable of imitating the phrase, "I should like to see it acted in your Garden House on some night when the sky is a sheet of violet and the stars like women's eyes."

"Let us hear it," said his lordship. There was a burst of laughter when counsel promptly improvised: "I should like to see it acted on the Lido, where the stars are like diamonds in a sapphire sea."

The judge then faced round to the critic and inquired, "What do you think of that, Mr. Lucas?" And the laughter was renewed when Mr. Lucas said that it was not very good. This the improvisator claimed was praise, because his modest effort was not called "tosh."

Is there a court in this country, I wonder, in which judge and counsel could thus airily discuss Oscar Wilde?

It is a coincidence that today I read in a news scrapbook, out of a Cornhill shop, contemporary New York and Boston criticisms of Oscar Wilde when he was lecturing in these places. In Boston Wilde wiled and the Harvard students were well damned, the critic saying that the students only lacked asses ears. RALPH WARDLAW GLOAG.

CYRANO GIVEN AT

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Porte St. Martin company, Paris. "Cyrano de Bergerac," heroic comedy in five acts by Edmond Rostand. Produced at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, on Dec. 28, 1897: Cyrano, Coquelin; Christian, Volny; Roxane, Mme. Marie Legault. The leading roles last night were played by the following:

Cyrano de Bergerac	MM. Pierre Magnier
Christian de Neuville	Pierre Almette
De Guiche	Jean Gaillet
Ragueneau	D'Arly-Brissac
Carbon de Casteljaloux	Jean Duval
Lebreton	Victory Perny
Premier Cadet	Denison
Le Mousquetaire	Clayaud
Le Capucin	Guesdon
Jodelle	Cartreau
Cuigy	Garnier
Roxane	Mmes. Germaine Dermoz
Liselle	Gina Niclos
La Distributrice	Camille Liceney
La Duennne	Person
Sœur Marthe	Loisier
Sœur Claire	Norez

Few parts in any language give an actor more scope for more varied talents than that of Cyrano de Bergerac, and it must be said at the beginning of this review that few actors could improve on the performance of M. Pierre Magnier gave last night at the Boston Opera House. Lest we be accused of undue enthusiasm or of myopia, let it also go on record that several of the actors were ill-suited to their roles, the scenery shabby and long in being shifted, and the lighting incredibly bad.

But never mind all that. "Cyrano de Bergerac" is a story of universal appeal for, given an actor who can read the verse as M. Magnier did, every male listener at once imagines himself in the place of the dashing, noble and misunderstood Cyrano, and every lady is envious of Roxane, who inspires such words and deeds. Typically French from beginning to end, it is, nevertheless, international, for Cyrano, while a type that one never meets—not even in France—is the epitome of what not only romantic Frenchmen think of themselves as being.

The story is that of the penniless soldier of fortune who, in addition to his lack of finances, is further handicapped by a grotesque nose which he believes precludes any possibility of any woman loving him. But it does not prevent him falling in love with Roxane, the most beautiful girl in France. After a witty and daring display in a theatre her chaperon fills him with joy and hope by coming to arrange a rendezvous. But on the occasion of the meeting Roxane treats him like a brother and confides in him her love for the handsome Christian de Neuville, a new cadet in Cyrano's company. He takes the blow like the brave man he is, and promises his help and friendship to Christian. And, because of his world to Roxane, he even endures slighting references to his nose from the young man. When they are left alone Cyrano tells Christian of his brotherly love for Roxane and on hearing that the latter is tongue-tied in the presence of the fair ones, offers his assistance in his suit. As a starter he gives him a love letter he had already composed and tells him to present it as his own. With Cyrano's soul and Christian's handsome exterior working together the suit is successful—for Christian—and they are married on the eve of the departure of the company to war. Of course, Christian is killed, but Roxane never knows until years later that Cyrano's was the soul which she was really in love rather than with Christian's appearance. And when she does find out it is too late, for Cyrano is dying from a wound received in a dastardly ambush. The period is that of Richelieu in the middle sixteenth centuries.

Those who saw Mr. Hampden's performance will wonder if M. Magnier surpassed it. Suffice it to say that it is this reviewer's opinion that Rostand made no mistake to designate Magnier as Coquelin's successor in the role. He played the touching and pathetic scenes with a depth of feeling that was beautifully brought out by his expressive voice and clear enunciation. In the comic portions he exaggerated just enough, and in the battle scene he was sufficiently inspiring for anyone's taste.

Able support was rendered M. Magnier by M. Almette as Christian, who was handsome and clever enough to read his part so as to give an impression of gallant stupidity. Mme. Dermoz was a lovely Roxane, and acted with the combination of dignity and tenderness that the part requires. De Guiche was played sufficiently unpleasantly by

M. Galland, and M. d'Arly-Brissac was amusing as Ragueneau.

The audience received the performance with enthusiasm throughout, and five curtain calls were necessary at the close of the second act, and eight at the third. We hope that nobody who

missed last night's performance, and who understands sufficient French to appreciate beautiful verses well delivered, will fail to hear M. Magnier and his (in the main) excellent supporting players when "Cyrano de Bergerac" is repeated tomorrow afternoon. O. C. T.

HARVARD GLEE CLUB

The Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Archibald T. Davison, conductor, began its first concert last night in Symphony hall with a Latin hymn in memory of Marlon Dubois Seashore, a member of the club, who died in August, at the untimely age of 19 years.

The concert proper began with a dreary song by Vaughan Williams "Darest Thou Now, O Soul," music that, by unapt accentuation, did scant justice to the words, and that was relieved of its own drabness only by an excellently written accompaniment for organ (G. W. Woodworth). A Bach chorus followed it, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," with flute obbligato (George Laurent), most inspired efforts. Either it is not one of Bach's awkward music to play or Mr. Laurent had not his most beautiful tone at command. The first group closed with an impressive hymn by Vittoria, "O Vos Omnes."

Though the time had come for stirring or sprightly music of today or, at the least of it, of yesterday, Mr. Harold Bauer showed the poor judgment to perform for an intermezzo in Symphony Hall, Bach's suite in A minor and—the Moonlight Sonata! He chose to play most of this music, to make a bad matter worse, either so fast or so slow that there was no following him. What could he have had in mind? He was heartily applauded, by the way.

The Glee Club began their second group with an Elizabethan song by Weekes, "Hark All Ye Lovely Saints." Music of consequence came next, the opening chorus from Gluck's "Orpheus," with a tenor voice to utter Orpheus's wail. The change in timbre brought a sufficiently despairing effect, but was by no means the effect Gluck had in mind, who knew well when he wanted poignancy and when classic calm—and knew how to achieve them both.

A second chorus from the same opera answered better. Between the two Mr. Laurent played the flute solo in one of the ballets, and with it the accompaniment, or so it sounded, to one of the arias, this latter with the tone one expects from him. He also was cordially applauded.

After so much music of depression, Bantock's "Give a Rouse" held out promise of a change, but it proved to be music of rhythmic concets, void of force. The galloping accompaniment to Mabel W. Daniels's "The Ride" came like the sun after three days of gloomy weather. Miss Daniels, present in person, acknowledged the applause from her seat far back in the hall.

Mr. Bauer began the second part of the program with pieces by Schumann, Ravel and Chopin. The Glee Club sang a serenade by Borodine, by Elgar "Zut! Zut! Zut!" and the finale from "Die Meistersinger."

The chorus sang with the quality of tone no doubt agreeable to Dr. Davison, developed to an even higher degree than ever heretofore. The excellence of their technique they have also heightened, till the term "faultless" is the only one that fits. Their remarkable competence will perhaps presently lead to ardor.

R. R. G.

ALFRED BLUMEN

Last night Jordan hall—and Boston—heard Alfred Blumen for the first time. For his program he chose the Prelude, Chorale et Fugue of Cesar Franck, a new sonata (in C minor, Opus 2) by Karol Rathaus, and of Chopin, a Bolero, a Polish song, an Etude, a Prelude, a Valse, and the A-flat Polonaise.

They come, players, strummers, thumpers upon the piano; ever and forever do they come! And to some auditors, they must be all, all honorable men! Very many well-heralded performers prove to be merely strummers, some only thumpers. Mr. Blumen was not to be classified. Of his technical equipment, one can approve. Very able, he erred most often in choosing too high a point from which to take flight—there was too little scope for upward striving to a climax; too far to fall. Then, too, there are two ways in which to be dramatic in music: by purposive, sudden, dynamic changes, and by the unfolding of a germinating idea to the full glory of a finished structure. In the main, Mr. Blumen achieved neither. He could not quite convince that his sudden crashes has a purpose, and only in the Franck was a steady advance to a goal clearly evident.

The performance of the Franck was very clear; very finished. Mr. Blumen played with scholarly restraint and insight this heroic work, now becoming an old warhorse—which means it is played too often by other than the

atest pianists. The Rathaus sonata, presented for the first time in America, shows the composer escaped unscathed from his master—Schnecker—and his dire influence. Perhaps he has talent, and therefore does not write in the atonal idiom of Schoenberg, or clothe his melodies with fifths that they may not become tiresome too soon. There were hints of something not quite like student-work or "Kapellmeistermusik," especially in the first movement and in the lents. Before Rathaus has doubled his years—he is but 31—we may hear something of him.

The Chopin group had two bright moments—the beginning and end. Only a vast technique can encompass the polonaise, only a pianist naturally inclined to bold contrasts can deal with the first. In the Etude, however, the left hand did not sing, and in the Valse—one wondered how a Viennese could so brutally abuse a dance. Tempo rubato! Poor Chopin!

The audience was fair, and pleasantly impressed by Mr. Blumen's genial personality. There were very many encores at the end of the concert, and after the Rathaus sonata two very grateful pieces. W. A. C.

SYMPHONY IN EIGHTH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: C. P. E. Bach, Concerto D major arranged by Steinberg; Stravinsky, Suite from "The Firebird"; Sibelius, Symphony No. 7 in one movement (first time in Boston) and "Finlandia."

The symphony by Sibelius, published last year, was played in Philadelphia by the Philadelphia Orchestra on the third of last April. Sibelius is now 61 years old. Will he live to write his nine symphonies? For some composers wish to rival Beethoven in this respect, forgetting that he purposed to write a tenth, not remembering that among the ancients seven was a sacred number. Bruckner and Mahler wrote their nine; the latter indeed, left sketches for a tenth. Of composers living, Nicolas Miskowsky has written his eighth and he is only in his 45th year.

The question, after all, is whether Sibelius still has something to say in music. He could be content to rest his fame on earlier works than this symphony, works which show a strong, sometimes oppressing and depressing individuality. Perhaps his leading characteristic is a peculiar somberness. There are times when he has even seemed a "dismal Jemmy," but there was no denying his rugged strength, his disdain of cheap bids for immediate popularity.

Ingenious and imaginative critics have argued that Sibelius could not write otherwise because he has lived for the most of the time in Finland, and as a fervent patriot, has been influenced by the landscapes and the seascapes, the lowering sky, the blasted heaths, the forbidding wildness of the natural scenery, and by the thought of Russian domination. These critics have found in his music fierce winds, stormy billows, desolate stretches, the cries of sea birds, etc., etc. Travelers inform us that Finland is a delightful, hospitable land; that the landscape can smile; that winds and waves are no more furious than in our own country. Nor is it safe to say that a composer is inevitably influenced by his environment. We forget whether Buckle has anything to say about the influence of natural scenery and climate on composers. Tschalkowsky saw Italy and wrote an Italian caprice, but he took Russia with him and composed his caprice in Russian. The Spaniard will not have Bizet's "Carmen." Auber was a Parisian of the boulevards; he seldom went beyond them; he never visited Naples, yet in the market scene of "La Muette de Portici" he caught in a marvellous manner the Neapolitan spirit.

Nor is it prudent to assert that a composer is always influenced by his mood. Beethoven wrote one of his most joyous symphonies when he was in particularly doleful dumps.

In all probability Sibelius would have composed in the Sibelius manner had he lived in Rome, Paris, Chicago. His is too strong a nature to be easily affected by sky, climate, city. In this seventh symphony one does not find the freshness, the wild charm, the tragic and sinister darkness associated with

much of the music—it is somberly rather than spontaneously, nor do the themes have the former distinction and personal quality. The first section, as of a long lamentation increasing in sonority, is at first impressive, but the very persistence of the mood leads the hearer to long for a contrasting section or even a lyric episode. That the symphony is solidly constructed is beyond question. So solidly that one recalls the criticism of the confused young man in "Great Expectations," who when asked by an actor what he thought of his performance, said that it was "massive and concrete."

As for "Finlandia," suddenly added to the program, though it was composed before Finland lost her identity as a nation, and is of so patriotic a nature that the performance was for a time prohibited in Finland, the thematic material is wholly Sibelius's own, not derived from folk tunes, or national anthems. The dynamic force of the music excites stormy applause, as it did yesterday, but this symphonic poem, or what-you-will, is not to be ranked among the best works of the composer. The more advanced Stravinskians regret that their master wrote "The Firebird." It is too melodious, this music, too "obvious," they say. But it is eminently beautiful to the ear, fascinating even in the concert hall, without the sight of the situations and the dancing, without thought of the legend.

An interesting concert in which Mr. Koussevitzky and his players gave us of their best, which reminds one of the motto on bags of "Lone Jack" tobacco: "Or seek no farther; better can't be found." There will long be grateful remembrance of the manner in which Bach's concerto was performed, especially of the Andante, played with the genuine simplicity that is of the highest art. Steinberg published his arrangement 15 years ago, and Mr. Milhaud, the pianist of the next concert, brought it out in Philadelphia, when he, as guest, conducted the orchestra of that city in January, 1923.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise Schumann's Symphony, No. 1, B flat major; Milhaud's "Carnaval d'Aix," a fantasy for piano and orchestra, derived from his ballet "Salade"; Debussy's "Iberia."

NEWMAN IN LAST OF TRAVELTALKS

Mr. Newman, last night in Symphony, gave the last of his Traveltalks for the season in Boston. His subject was "Venice and the Italian Lakes." He has shown in this and in previous seasons many beautiful pictures, but it is doubtful whether any have equalled in beauty those on the screen last night, both still and motion views and scenes. The ordinary sights for the tourist in Venice are familiar even to the most experienced traveler. The Piazza San Marco, the famous cathedral, Rialto, the Palace of the Doges and other palaces, the Bridge of Sighs, etc., but Mr. Newman guided his audience along the smaller canals, showed the lace makers at work, the islands of Burano and Murano, the glass blowers.

There were many pictures of the gay life on The Lido, the pyjama costumes, the illuminated fountains, the mannequins from Paris displaying the latest summer styles, the dancing and the bathing. At Verona, Rosa Raisa and her husband, a better actor than singer, were with their dogs at their attractive villa. There was, of course, a pilgrimage to the tomb of Juliet—if she was ever buried there—the sarcophagus into which Americans throw their visiting cards—one can see them in the mind's eye doing this with a jaunty air and telling the folks at home about it on their return.

Then came a fascinating series: The famous lakes. First, Lake Garda, and here remarkable views of d'Annunzio's villa and the sight of the poet himself in various poses; with his horses, his dog, at work in his den. Mr. Newman was able to take these photographs only through the intervention of the poet's son. From the expression of d'Annunzio's face, Mr. Newman's departure was evidently welcome, for the poet leads a cloistered life and any caller is looked on by him as a personal foe.

Como, with its villas, its estates, gardens, with its enchanting scenes in all directions. We remembered the description given by Claude Melnotre in reply to "Prince, tell us of your palace on Lake Como." The description is in Bulwer's most florid manner, but Mr. Newman's photographs are more eloquent. It was not necessary for him to ask with Claude: "Dost like the picture?" The large and deeply interested audience applauded without the putting of the question. After Milan with its frosted cake cathedral and Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture was visited, came scenes around Lake Maggiore, Isola Bella, Locarno, Lake Orta, small but picturesque. At last, Genoa. "The superb," in gala dress for Mussolini was reviewing the Italian merchant fleet.

Hours can be spent pleasantly in reading Sigmund Spaeth's latest anthology published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. The title is "Read 'em and Weep: The Songs You Forgot to Remember." It is a large, handsomely printed volume with many illustrations, tunes in notation and an index of song-titles. Mr. Spaeth says in his modest preface that this book is not a scholarly work; its chief object is entertainment; the book is "intended for the reader quite as much as for the amateur performer, and the music may often be considered entirely negligible." We may add that Mr. Spaeth's remarks about the many songs are mighty interesting reading; he will pardon us for saying that he shows erudition in a pleasing manner.

He begins with "Yankee Doodle" and comes down to "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" and "The Curse of an Aching Heart." Giving the complete text of "Yankee Doodle," he refers to a book edited by H. K. Johnson, but, strange to say, does not allude to Mr. Sonneck's elaborate study published by the government at Washington.

When was that glorious song of a St. Louis tragedy written?

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers.

O my gawd how they did love,

They swore to be true to each other as the bright stars above.

He was her man, and he done her wrong.

Thomas Beer places the ballad as early as 1850; Emerson Hough dates it fully 10 years earlier. It has undoubtedly grown with the years, and there are variants. Mr. Spaeth says he approaches the ballad with fear and trembling. "Not that it is a forbidden subject (although we are inclined nowadays to limit the public discussion of such things to spectacular motion picture, usually with a Biblical title)." But every one has his own version of the ballad, "and there is nothing so rabid for righteousness, so bristling with self-defense, as the dyed-in-the-wool Frankie-and-Johnnie fan." Mr. Spaeth gives 27 verses and several variants, with instructive foot-notes.

Who wrote "The Boston Burglar"? M. J. Fitzpatrick?

"I was born in Boston, a city we all know well:

Brought up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll tell:

Brought up by honest parents, and raised most tenderly.

Till I became a sporting man, at the age of twenty-three.

Mr. Spaeth finds this ballad quite in the spirit of the later "Sammy" or "Samuel Hall" usually sung by those who have "an overwhelming desire to curse, without the courage to let it out."

Not "Sammy," not "Samuel," but Sam Hall. This terrible song was sung by W. G. Ross, a Scottish low comedian, in eider cellars of London. Mr. Spaeth will find a full account of Ross's make-up as a chimney sweep, in rags, a battered old hat on his head, a sooty face, and a filthy broken pipe in his mouth, in "The Days of Dickens," by Arthur L. Hayward. "Sam Hall" was the original of Pendennis's "Body Snatcher."

"My name it is Sam Hall, I'm a thief!

My name it is Sam Hall, I'm a thief!

My name it is Sam Hall,

And I've robbed both great and small.

And my greeting is to all,

Damn your eyes!"

Mr. Hayward gives six verses, but not this one in Mr. Spaeth's version:

"I saw Nellie in the crowd, in the crowd,

I saw Nellie in the crowd, an' I hollered—

—right out loud—

Say, Nellie, ain't yuh proud—

Damn your eyes!"

When was "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" first heard? Sung by circus clowns, "who went out of existence shortly after the middle of the 19th century?"

We possess a copy of the song, No. 39 in Hitchcock's "Half-Dime Series of Music for the Million," published in New York and Cincinnati in 1869. The publisher states that the song is "Arranged by 'Raymond.'" "Arranged"? And who was the accomplished 'Raymond'?

Benjamin W. Hitchcock's advertisement of this series deserves quotation: "Believing that whatever tends to amuse and instruct, to cultivate and develop the mind, or to elevate the character and diversify the nature of home enjoyments, is ever welcome to the American people—this series is respectfully presented."

It might be asked, when was the flying trapeze first a circus attraction?

As Mr. Spaeth discusses about 200 songs, one can only in writing about his anthology, turn the pages at random and be discontented with the space allotted him.

"In Fashionable Songs of the Fifties" one finds "Not for Joe," "Walking Down Broadway," "Croquet." Surely they were of a later date. We first saw croquet played in the sixties; the first handbook of the game, published in that decade and in the United States, was by Capt. Mayne Reid. The other songs, both of London origin, for "Broadway" was a substitution for American use—as "On the Beach at Long Branch" was originally "On the Beach at Brighton"—were of the sixties.

It has been said that every one should compile his own anthology of poetry or prose. So with songs. No doubt, Brown, Jones and Robinson will miss in Mr. Spaeth's collection some of their favorite ditties, but the treasure house is great, and he has chosen with a catholic taste. We are glad to find Tony Pastor's "Oh, Fred! Tell Them to Stop!"

"Oh, Fred, tell them to stop!"

That was the cry of Maria.

But the more she said 'Whoa,

They said 'Let it go!

And the swing went a little bit higher!"

If we miss "Gilligan's on the tear again," "Muldoon the Soda Man" played by bands at a great procession in New York in honor of Grover Cleveland, candidate for the presidency—"When MaJone's at the Back of the Bar," we again enjoy the words of "Down Went McGinty," "The Blo-

Almost Killed Him. "The Wolf Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." Mr. Spaeth's comments are as delightful as instructive. Would one sing "Oh, Fred! Tell Them to Stop?" Mr. Pastor always blared forth the word "Maria" in singing the chorals, and this is a necessary feature of the interpretation even today, with a falsetto quality, realistically feminine, in the phrase which gives the song the title.

But she left them all one evening, and their sad hearts knew the truth, then her father turned her picture to the wall."

"The same idea, on a broader scale," says Mr. Spaeth, "was used in harpenter's 'Louise' many years later, and proved just as effective in grand opera as in the more naive ballad style."

Does any one remember

"'Twas the picture of her father there among the men of crime,
Though now a man of honor, still this tells of other times.
Though he lives in style and splendor,
Worth a million now or more,
Still his picture's in the gallery,
Picture eighty-four."

and this is followed by that song of sociological interest, "The Band Played On."

Nor is "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl," sung by Marie Dressler, forgotten:

"Stand back, villain, go your way! here I will no longer stay,
Although you were a marquis or an earl;
You may tempt the upper classes with your villainous demitasses,
But Heaven will protect the working girl."

Would that there were space for "I Won't Let You Insult Her," "She More to Be Pitied Than Censured," "A Bird in a Gilded Cage," or a song by Charlie Case; for example, the one about the poor young man from the country who in the city was tempted "by demons" though "they are the best of clothes," to take a glass of beer.

When he sees what he had done he dashed the liquor to the floor and staggered through the door with delirium tremens; while in the grip of liquor he met a Salvation Army lassie, and cruelly he broke her tambourine.

He said "Heaven bless you!" and placed a mark upon his brow with a lick that she had learned before she was saved; and kind friends, take my advice and shun the fatal curse of drink, and don't go around breaking people's tambourines."

Case's account of the poor young girl who left her country home because the wolf was at the door and her father had fallen down and hurt

his knee. She also left her sweetheart Jack. When a man offered her a lift in a city street car she scorned him, for he wore a ring and she thought he might be a married man.

Then up came the conductor and said: 'I knew you would be true!' and tore off his false whiskers, and it was Jack! And that day she got a telegram saying that her father's knee was better, and an aunt had died and left her \$58,000.00."

Does one say: "Silly songs! Nonsensical songs?"

Mr. Spaeth is to be warmly thanked for collecting them.

"Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame."

P. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

TODAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. John McCormack, tenor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor. See special notice.

NDAY—Symphony hall. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor; Nadia Reisenberg, pianist. See special notice.

ESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Ethel Hutchinson, pianist; Nelly Brown, soprano; Richard Boardman, accompanist. Piano pieces: Chopin, Etude, op. 25, No. 11, Nocturne, C sharp minor, waltz, Eminov-Moussorgsky, Hopak, Ravel, Jeux d'eau Scriabin, Etude op. 2, No. 1. Griffes, Scherzo, Liszt, Sonetto 104 del Petrarca. Wagner-Liszt, march from "Tannhauser." Songs: Mozart, Voi che sapete. Galuppi, Quando si trovano le basse femmine (from "Il Mondo della luna.") Rachmaninoff, Songs of Grussia. Palmgren, Autumn and Midsummer Day's Dream. Rachmaninoff, The Storm. Vaughan Williams, Here on My Throne. Hugo Anson, Deux Images Akka from Haifa, and On the Shore. Martin Shaw, Old Christmas.

Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M. Kenneth Humes, pianist. Bach-Busoni, Chaconne. Brahms, Intermezzo, E flat minor, op. 118, No. 6; Ballade, D major, op. 9. Capriccio, C sharp minor, op. 76, No. 5. Chevallard, Theme and Variations, D major, op. 5. Chopin, Nocturne, op. 48, No. 2, Mazurka, op. 41, No. 4 Etude, E minor, op. 25, No. 5. Liszt, Ballade No. 1 D flat.

DNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Harry Delmore, tenor; Reginald Boardman, accompanist. Coleridge-Taylor, Onaway! Awake, Beloved! Buchardo, Les Roses de Noel. Hammond, Les Cydalises and Cancion Andaluza. Massenet, Air from "Werther." Brahms, Wie bist du meine Koenigin, and Botschaft. Schumann, Er ist's and Stille Thraenen. Burleigh, By the Pool at the Third Rosess. Josten, The Rose's Secret. Grieg, The Mountain Maid and Ragnhild. Burleigh, By an' By. Johnson, Stand Still, Jordan. Delmore-Storer, Ride Up in de Charlo tand I'm Goin' Home on de Mornin' Train.

URSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Irvin Schenkman, pianist. P. E. Bach, Rondo, B minor, Scarlatti, Sonata, A major. Couperin, Le Bavolet Flotant. Rameau, Gavotte, A minor. Brahms, Variations on a Theme of Handel's. Schumann, Carnival. Chopin, Nocturne, C sharp minor, Five Preludes, Mazurka, A minor, Scherzo, C sharp minor.

IDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the N. E. Conservatory Orchestra, Wallace Goodrich, conductor; Charles Bennett of the faculty, baritone; Norma J. Erdmann (class of 1921), soprano; Ora Larhard (class of 1916), violinist. Mendelssohn, Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Bennett, "The Lady of Shalott," cantata for female voices, soprano and baritone solos, and orchestra (Tennyson's poem), awarded the 1925 prize by the National Association of Music Clubs—first complete performance. Johann Strauss, waltz, Artist Life. Lalo, Intermezzo and Finale from the Concerto, D minor for cello and orchestra. Wagner, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," Act III; Introduction, Dance of the Apprentices, Entrance of the Mastersingers, Chorale of Greeting to Hans Sachs and Finale.

URDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

us Venice was visited, and there are no mosquitoes; other Italian towns and the lakes for once were without a plague of fleas.

The repetition of the Traveltalk this afternoon will bring the end to an unusually brilliant series. Mr. Newman has plans for next season that will surely be attractive. The new series will be eagerly anticipated.

HARRIET EELLS

Harriet Eells, soprano, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall to accompaniments by Ethel Cave Cole:

Vorschneller Schwur, In Waldeseinamkeit, Das Madchen, Brahms; Lebe

Wohl, Auf dem grünen Balcon, Wolff. Die Georgine, Mein Herz ist stumm, Herr Lenz, Strauss; Solr, Faure; Ronde, Hahn; Forest, Caplet; Quel galant! Chanson des cueilleuses des Lentisques, Tout gall Ravel; The Isle, Rachmaninov; At the Window, Tschalkowski; The Piper, Michael Head; Passing By, Purcell; The Mermald's Song, Haydn.

In her gallant attempt to find good songs that are not already sung out, Miss Eells had better luck yesterday than falls to everyone's lot. When she wandered afield with Brahms, indeed, she wasted her time; that first and third song of his are scarcely grateful. In the bypaths, too, with Strauss, she found no hidden treasures.

When, however, she came to Wolff, Miss Eells hit on three songs, including the added "Der Gaertner," which we seldom hear, lovely though they are—why, by the way, are men singers so unenterprising as to leave the balcony song and that of the gardener to the women folk? Surely they were meant for men. Miss Eells must also be thanked for bringing forward three of Ravel's Greek popular songs, including the best of the lot and that least sung, the one the lentist pickers sang.

By her performance as well as by her choice of songs Miss Eells showed herself a singer of genuine musical intelligence, though it cannot be said that she has yet acquired the art of establishing a mood for each song she sings. She uses her voice, a naturally good one in the medium register, with singularly varying technical skill. Strong tones, if they lie in a comfortable neighborhood, she can sustain sturdily; a passage all in light tones she can manage deftly. But to pass easily from a strong tone to a light or to reverse the process—the passage too often floors her, to the loss of all firmness of texture. Her enunciation, especially in English and German, Miss Eells has made very clear.

R. R. G.

The December number of Antiques contains a pleasingly illustrated article on mother-of-pearl card cases. The author, Alice Van Leer Carrick, quotes freely from Godey's Lady's Book, the prattle of many women when we were young. It seems that Louis Godey conducted a shopping service and asked his readers to purchase from him. In 1858 he offered a pearl card case for \$3, "a very superior article; you can have it made in 10 days." One "plain but beautifully varied engraving suitable for a bride, \$4." A "mourning" card case could be had for \$2; probably for those mourning in a slight degree. Some of the cases were engraved with scrolls and birds; others with a circle or diamond for a monogram.

In our little village of the 60's women who wished to be regarded as fashionable carried, not without ostentation, mother-of-pearl card cases. It was at a time when the bureau upper drawer of Mrs. Jones contained kid gloves in boxes with covers picturing a shimmering, coquettish French beauty; a painted fan displaying shepherds and their nymphs, happy peasants, or court ladies with powdered wigs and patches; on the bureau stood little bottles of cologne, of various liquid perfumes, with stoppers wrapped in white kid. This was the time when a widow entered the church on Sunday swathed in deepest, most solemn black, and during the sermon found consolation in nibbling caraway. Crepe was then spelled crape. By the way, is "Florida Water," once a substitute for cologne, still to be had?

DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

This reminds us of a note received from "Argon the Lazy."

"You may have heard, if you haven't you're going to, about the female who was a great lover of candy. So when the husband died and she went into mourning, she ate only licorice."

This goes with the story of the disconsolate widower who made a singular request in a drug store.

All the clothes actually necessary in good health are a loin-cloth and warm boots.—Dr. Leonard Hill.

Sunday is not the Sabbath, and is not in any way governed by the fourth commandment.—The Dean of Exeter.

THE MESA WIND BLOWS SOFT

The mesa wind blows soft tonight,
The western stars bend low,
Soft-shadowed in the firelight,
Old dreams, old visions go.

The mesa wind's a soft caress,
Cool fingers in my hair;
Soft whispers out of loneliness
That breathe a lonely prayer. . . .

O mesa wind go far to her
With kisses carried high,
And tell her mountain grasses stir,
And wait her passing by;

Go tell her that the mesa trail
Lies yellow in the sun,
And clouds, like dreams ride white
and trail—

Lost longings, one by one
COLORADO PETE.

They are debating at Princeton, N. J., the question, Is chess a sport; should the athletic association give the university's chess team money for traveling and other expenses?

Robert Burton, considering chess, many years ago, said that "chess play is a good and witty exercise of the mind for some kind of men, and fit for such melancholy, Rhasis holds, as are idle, and have extravagant impertinent thoughts, or troubled with cares, nothing better to distract their mind and alter their meditations. . . . It is a game too troublesome for some men's brains, too full of anxiety, all but as bad as study; besides it is a testy cholerick game and very offensive to him that loseth the mate. William the Conqueror, in his younger years, playing at chess with the Prince of France (Dauphine was not annexed to that crown in those days), losing a mate, knocked the chessboard about his pate, which was a cause afterward of much enmity between them."

And so it might be argued that chess is an athletic sport, to be classed with football.

Francis de la Mothe le Vayer, a man of profound learning, having considered laboriously the origin of chess—whether it was invented by the Moors, the philosopher Xerxes, the Persians, or Palamedes, to whose invention all games are attributed, was not inclined to characterize chess as a "vicious" game, though any game played with "the infamous purpose of drawing money by this means from the purse of one with whom one plays and putting it in his own purse, becomes condemnable." This sage old Frenchman regarded chess as a non-athletic amusement.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson—we have consulted his opinion—remarked, and curtly: "Chess is not a game at all. When I see two men playing it at the Porphyry, I see them self-sentenced to hard labor."

YE OLDE CHESHIRE CHEESE

As the World Wags:

There is "The Book of the Cheese," compiled by the late T. W. Reed, who, though admitting that there is a decided want of complete, or even semi-complete, details as to the early history of "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," says that the reader may remember that it was there that the rhyming dispute arose between Ben Jonson and poet Sylvester.

As the present building was erected in 1666, on ground cleared by the Great Fire, and Rare Ben died in 1637, the reader who can negotiate that hurdle should have little need for Pelmanism, and little difficulty, searching his memory further, in recollecting that Boadicea and the Venerable Bede were regular patrons of the house. F. B. M.

POOR DOLES

As the World Wags:

The Herald of Dec. 7th had the heading:

"SCHEME TO SHAVE

POOR DOLES SCORED"

That was all right. It was perfectly good as a heading. The trouble was that there wasn't any photograph of Doles. It was impossible to tell whether he ought to have been shaved and in what sense the word "scored" was intended to be taken. Does it mean that the shaving of Doles made a hit—scored with the general public or with his acquaintances—or that it was scored, that is to say reprehended by the public and his friends?

Then again there may have been two Doleses, or rather two Doles. It may have been another case of the Smith Brothers. The difficulty with that is that the two prominent Boston Doles, at least the two that I know, are both of them clean shaved already.

In either case what the paper ought to have done was to have a photograph of Doles or of the Doleses, or the Doles, showing whether it was a case of a Clemenceau moustache, of mid-Victorian or sky-terrier side whiskers, or of the plain American chin beard. Then the public might have been in some position to judge of the merits of the case, and whether the implied sympathy with Doles has been misplaced.

JOSCELYN

JOHN M'CORMACK

John McCormack, tenor, sang this program, with many additions, yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall:

O Sleep Why Dost Thou Leave Me?
Handel; Sentirsi il petto accendere,
Vinci; Malnach, Brahms; Der Jener
ling an der Quelle, Schubert; Little Star
So Bright. . . .

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Up into the hills, Hagemann. The Bard of Arragh. The Next Market Day, arranged by Hughes, Kathleen Mavourneen, O'Leary. A Poor Man's Garden. Komed. Russell; Just for Today, Ranch. E. Seaver; Thine Eyes Still Shined, Schneider.

Yesterday Mr. McCormack gave an exhibition of vocal skill more remarkable than even he himself often treats us to. Quite out of voice when the concert began, and perhaps not in the vein, by his judicious use of those head tones that are most dependably at command and which cost him least, Mr. McCormack soon had coaxed his voice into shape, till presently it sounded quite at its best. A singer less completely equipped with technical resources would not have overcome difficulties so successfully. It is to be hoped there were singing pupils in the throng, to learn the way of wisdom.

In the way of diction, too, they could learn a thing or two. For Mr. McCormack does not confine himself to uttering every word distinctly—the sole aim, apparently, of many a singer with a fine conceit of what he conceives to be diction. Not a bit of it. Mr. McCormack, it is safe to infer from his performance, first of all gets a firm grasp of the meaning of his song, and then proceeds sentence by sentence—not word by word—to make it clear to the people. So even yesterday, when often not in his happiest mood, he could make his songs tell; everybody knew, at all events, what they were about.

Still, as the Psalmist said, "when my heart is vexed, I will complain." Why will Mr. McCormack waste his incomparable art on songs too many of them mean? His theory is sound enough, that there are music lovers in hordes who can not appreciate Debussy and Brahms and their kinds. But between Debussy and —let us name no names, there is a wide choice of excellent songs which appeal to the musically high and low alike. Mr. McCormack might show more enterprise in finding such, to supplement his great songs and his Irish tunes.

While Mr. McCormack was resting, his accompanist, Edwin Schneider, played a group of Chopin pieces, also pieces by Sibelius, Palmeren and Debussy, in a manner evidently satisfactory to the audience, for they wanted more.

R. R. G.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony gave its third concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. The program comprised Mozart's Symphony in D major (Koechel No. 504), a Concerto in D minor by Vieuxtemps, "La Procession Nocturne" (symphonic poem after Lenau), by Henri Rabaud, and "Piet Hein," Rhapsody on a Dutch Folk Song, by Van Anrooij.

The large audience showed its appreciation of a truly fine concert by much applause, most marked after the symphony, when it was only silenced by Mr. Mason's making the orchestra rise, and after the concerto, when Mr. Farberman responded with two encores.

Beyond doubt, the People's Symphony is much improved this season. The brass and woodwind choirs have risen to a new steadiness and eloquence quite remarkable. This, coupled with the improved string sections, and the acoustics of Jordan hall in immensely better than any other auditorium the orchestra has ever had—has made possible performances more nearly ideal, for beauty of tone in solo and blending in full-orchestra passages greatly enhances the embodiment in tone of a poem such as Rabaud's "Procession," and the effect of Peter Van Anrooij's "Piet Hein." Credit for the finer blending must go to Mr. Mason; for the solo-passages to the players themselves, especially to Mr. MacKnight, the first flute.

Every performance of a Mozart symphony not one of the great three merely strengthens the conviction that there are three that stand head and shoulders above the rest. Although this symphony goes straight to the mark—though it has a remarkable chromatic andante—it leaves the impression that Haydn might almost have done it, and one of the surest marks of genius is that it never could have been anything else. Nevertheless, it deserves a hearing now and again, along with many other old works, and it is fortunate to

have Mr. Mason choose his programs so justly.

Mr. Farberman played a concerto—by Vieuxtemps—one of the best of what might be termed virtuoso-composer works. This work, but for its last movement, might well have been a first-class work, for it is very musical music until the scherzo, which is merely brilliant and difficult, and the finale, which is well-nigh cheap. It is a show-piece, pleasing to the performer and audience alike, and it offered the violin and full opportunities to make its ef-

As a tons de force—in response to repeated recalls and the plaudite of the enthusiastic listeners—Mr. Farberman played the prelude to Bach's sixth sonata for violin alone—played it at whirlwind speed, yet with every note clear and precise, every contrapuntal idea well brought out. Pity that Bach should suffer thus for a performer's ambition; that some hackneyed steed of Paganini's should not have enjoyed this mad gallop!

Rabaud wrote his "Procession Nocturne" at an early age. Inspired by Lenau's "Faust," he achieved an excellent work, very successfully sustaining a mood now gloomy, now enviously wondering, at last bitterly sad. The work of Van Anrooij was a jolly rhapsody on "Piet Hein," a Dutch folk song that celebrates the capture of a fleet of rich Spanish galleons by a sea-captain (Piet Hein) during The Netherlands' 80-year struggle for independence. Perhaps in this, more than anywhere else in the concert, the wood-wind and brass choirs proved their worth and marked a new departure in the rise of the People's Symphony.

There will be no concert next Sunday. On Dec. 26, Mr. Joseph Lautner will assist, and the program will traverse Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," Mozart's Serenade for two orchestras, Elliot Griffin's Ballade for Orchestra, "A Persian Fable" (first time), and Saint-Saens' "Suite Algerienne."

W. A. C.

In spite of the Committee on Spoken English we shall go on pronouncing "centenary" as if it were spelled "cen (figure 10) ary" and wild horses will not drag us to rhyme "missile" with "smile" or "doctrine" with "mine." As for "patriot," the wise men have long differed; the great majority have said "patriot," though our Webster in 1828 made "pat" rhyme with "bat." Nor, although our respect for women is boundless, do we accept "Eve-olution" for good old Darwin's "ev-olution." The English committee's decision concerning "patent" has been recognized and followed before the committee sat in judgment. We shall continue to say "vittles"—"a good meal of vittles." Samuel Butler spelled it so in "Hudibras," according to one writer; but not so in our edition (London, 1806) with the entertaining notes by Dr. Zachary Grey and pictures by Hogarth:

"For, as we said, he always chose
To carry vittles in his hose."

Did Grey "improve" Butler's spelling? That solemn prig, John Walker, an unconscious humorist, gave the pronunciation "vitti" in his "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary" (1791) with the following note:

"This corruption, like most others, has terminated in the generation of a new word; for no solemnity will allow of pronouncing this word as it is written. 'Vittles' appeared to Swift so contrary to the real sound, that in some of his manuscript remarks which I have seen, he spells the word 'vittles.' This compliance with sound, however, is full of mischief to language, and ought not to be indulged."

Another great authority, Artemus Ward, followed Swift's spelling. (See his essay, "The Shakers.")

"Just then the female in the meal-bag stuck her head into the room and staid that refreshments awaited the weary traveler, and I sed if it was vittles she ment the weary traveler was agreeable."

The late Dr. Frank Harris of Boston used to say: "I know that 'paresis' should be accented on the first syllable, but if I did not accent the second syllable my friends would say I was an ignorant fellow."

Not long ago we heard a would-be purist accent "angina" in "angina pectoris" on the first syllable, but the Latin dictionaries at hand accent the second.

That English names of persons and towns are often a stumbling block to foreigners (including Americans) is known to all. The Commonwealth of Dec. 8 published some verses, written by "The Librarian," to show the ridiculousness of English spelling or English pronunciation. Here are three of them:

"A sad sight is Christabel Cholmondeley, (Chumley)

Whose face is a long way off colmondeley;

Not only her nose
Is as red as a rose,

But her eyes squint and goggle most rolmondeley.

"When you're 'smart' like the Bellamy-Bohuns, (Boons)

And have crests on your forks and your spohuns,

You may eat with your knife,
Shoot bread pills at your wife,

And even take hat-pins to prohuns.

"On the whole, we like Ffolot Ffolkes, (Fokes)

But excuse him from telling us ffolkes;
He has now held the floor

For ten minutes or more,
And is reaching the point where he echolkes."

Who is "The Librarian"? His "Quiet Corner" in the Commonwealth is always readable, at times brilliant.

A PROBLEM IN MALT

As the World Wags:

I should like to submit the following problem to your readers. When I was in South America, the following incident occurred: The republic of Venezuela decreed that the Colombian dollar should henceforth be worth only 90 cents within the borders of Venezuela. The government of Colombia, displeased at this action, retaliated by declaring that the Venezuelan dollar should have the value of 90 cents in Colombia.

I happened to live in Venezuela, near the Colombian border. I walked over the line into Colombia, bought a glass of beer (price 10 cents), paid for it with a Colombian dollar and asked for a Venezuelan dollar as change. I then returned to Venezuela, where I gave my Venezuelan dollar in exchange for a glass of beer plus a Colombian dollar. I then had exactly as much money as I had started with, and had been given two glasses of beer for nothing.

The number of times I repeated this procedure is left to the reader's imagination. But the question I should like to have the reader decide for me is: Who paid for the beer?

CHAS. PONZI II.

VARIA

As the World Wags:

Laugh and the world laughs with you; smile and you're just a flirt. A parasite is one who refrains from calling his floor in an elevator in the hope that some one else will. Another way to keep from growing old: Ask automobile drivers to sign a petition for more fireplugs. The school of experience is largely coeducational. Clothes may make the man, but a woman must have a good figure to get into the social swim. If it really were so easy to roll off a log, we'd hear of more people doing it. Girls, when they went out to swim, once dressed like Mother Hubbard; now they have a bolder whim: They dress more like her cupboard.

MICHAEL IRELAND.

As the World Wags:

I asked my colored maid the other night if she were going out on her day off. She said: "No, indeed, no, ma'am. I gotta improve mah mind. I'm way behind on mah licker chore." "What reading have you to do?" I asked her. She pointed to a pile of newspapers. "All that there," she said, "I dun got to catch up on fo' murders."

QUERCUS ALBA.

While they are still asking whether Mars is inhabited, and Dr. Mansfield Robinson sent through the general post-office in London a wireless message to Mars: "Opesti Nipitia Secomba," at the rate of one shilling and six pence a word, let us not forget that Mme. Guzman of Pau, some 30 years ago, left the sum of 100,000 francs—now in the possession of the Institute of France—to anyone who could establish communication with Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, "with any planet but Mars." What was her grudge against Mars?

As the World Wags:

The dip made a clean getaway down the aisle of a department store on Washington street. "I've been robbed!" screamed the woman shopping, as she rushed up to the floor walker. "I'm very sorry, madam," replied the floor walker, "if you feel that way about it."

ORACLE.

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Don Juan," film starring John Barrymore, with Vitaphone prelude.

HOLLIS—"Cradle Snatchers," comedy featuring Blanche Ring.

MAJESTIC—"The Big Parade," film with John Gilbert, Renee Adoree and others.

PARK—"Tommy," comedy with Peg Entwistle, William Janney and others.

PLYMOUTH—"What Every Woman Knows," Barrie's comedy with Helen Hayes.

SHUBERT—"Song of the Flame," operetta, with Tessa Kosta, Guy Robertson and others.

TREMONT—"Beau Geste," film, with Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes, Neil Hamilton and others.

WILBUR—"Queen High," musical comedy, with Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit and others.

COPLEY—"Tons of Money," farce, with Mr. Olive's company.

MISS REISENBERG

There was a large and highly enthusiastic audience on hand last night to hear the second symphony concert of the Monday series. Mr. Koussevitzky had arranged for it an unusually attractive program, even though it had room for none of the new music which the Monday audiences would probably be glad to hear.

The program began with the Brahms E minor symphony, went on to Liszt's A major piano concerto (Nadia Reisenberg), and ended with Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture. What could, of the kind, have been better?

Since the symphony has been recently played here and discussed, added comment seems superfluous. Of the concerto, too, it is not easy to say new things, such as people today, like the Athenians of old, like to hear. It has enjoyed frequent performances in Boston, always with much abuse to follow, little by way of praise. Listeners who like it can never convince those who don't that it is more than music of gauds and tinsel, written for display—so why try? Some conductors, though, and pianists, find in it more than a means for exhibition.

Probably Mr. Koussevitzky does, although he did not see his way last night to all the swell and surge, the languor and the sombreness to which this ultra-romantic music can give voice. Nor did he choose to dash on the color so freely as Liszt's music will allow—he hardly could; he was supporting a very young pianist.

Miss Reisenberg has already a fine technique, with good tone in its favor and a considerable degree of brilliancy. Manifestly an excellent musician, she played the concerto extremely well, intelligently, and with notable security, finding her happiest moments when the music is most sonful or gentle. She lacks at present the virtuosic qualities needful for the usual dazzling type of performance; also the high degree of imagination by which a different sort of performance can be made both delightful and effective. Miss Reisenberg was cordially applauded.

R. R. G.

'GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE' AT CASTLE SQ. THEATRE

Players Score in Comedy by Hungarian Playwright

The Castle Square Players again scored last night, presenting "Grounds for Divorce," the humorous satire of marriage by Guy Bolton from the Hungarian of Ernest Vajda, at the Castle Square Theatre. The audience acclaimed Adelyn Bushnell and her associates with more than the usual demonstration at the end of each act. This is the piece that featured Ina Claire when it was last presented in Boston, and the Castle Square Players, with a smooth running organization, a big essential in the success of stock companies, were at their best.

Miss Bushnell played the role of the much neglected wife. She showed great versatility, and in several of the latest Parisian creations, she was the object of particular admiration. Mr. Bradford was also very good. The rest of the cast included Betty Umore, Peggy Shanor, George Farren, Josephine Fox, Jack Marvin and Hamilton Christy.

GRANT MITCHELL HEADS KEITH'S BILL

Appears in Sketch Entitled "Three Flights Up"

Grant Mitchell, who appeared in Boston earlier this season in the play, "One of the Family," returns this week to head the bill at Keith's in a sketch entitled "Three Flights Up." The sketch is one of those family mix-ups in which Mr. Mitchell is always at his best, and gives him an opportunity to make use of the little mannerisms and quick, pithy speeches which make him a popular actor.

He is assisted by William E. Barry, Helen Murdock and Dorothy Dogdon, all of whom make good foils for the Mitchell thrusts. Mr. Mitchell is equally effective as the harried husband whose wife's relatives make life more or less unbearable and, afterward, as the successful reformer (by methods of his own) of the worthless brother-in-law. The sketch was well received last night, as were other acts on the bill.

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KENNETH HUMES

By PHILIP HALE

Kenneth Humes, pianist, gave a recital last night in Steinert hall. His program read as follows: Rach-Busoni

Chaconne, D minor, Op. 118, No. 6, Ballade D major op. 10; Capriccio, C sharp minor op. 78 No. 5. Chevallard, Theme and Variations, D major, op. 5. Chopin, Nocturne op. 48, No. 2; Mazurka op. 41, No. 4, Etude, E minor, op. 25, No. 5. Liszt, Ballade, No. 1, D flat.

In our student years in Berlin there was a class of pianists characterized by admiring Germans as "formidable." This adjective, intended to be one of praise, was often applied to the misguided beings who would play three concertos with an orchestra in one evening or four or five sonatas by Beethoven in a thunderous manner.

Mr. Humes at a recital is a formidable pianist, for after Busoni's monstrous, outrageous transcription of Bach's Chaconne—O Bach, what crimes are committed in thy name!—he brought out three pieces by Johannes Brahms, and not Brahms at his best—and followed them by a performance of Chevallard's endless Variations.

Mr. Humes is evidently a serious-minded person, who has labored diligently to attain technical proficiency. He has acquired this in no mean degree; it would seem that he rejoices in displaying this proficiency; hence his choice of Busoni's transcription. (In a truly civilized community there would be a police regulation forbidding any one of Busoni's maltreatments of Bach to be performed within the city's limits.)

Having paid due tribute to Brahms by putting three of his compositions on the program, Mr. Humes again gave a technical exhibition with the aid of Chevallard's Variations in which the voice of Schumann is occasionally heard. Chevallard was an interesting orchestral conductor.

With Chopin came music that should have interested the hearer; and here Mr. Humes showed an often pleasing tonal quality and comparative lightness.

His mechanism is now so far advanced that he should give his days and nights to the study of interpretation; to the individual expression of music that is noble or sensuous, captivating by its grace or emotional nature. Old Mr. Turveydrop told his visitors at his son Prince's dancing academy that his aim was "to polish." It was not enough to execute the various terpsichorean steps, glidings and skippings with accuracy and force.

Ethel Hutchinson and Nelly Brown in Jordan Hall

Ethel Hutchinson, pianist, and Nelly Brown, soprano, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall. Miss Hutchinson played these pieces: Waltz, E minor, Chopin; Nocturne, C sharp minor, Etude—Opus 25, No. 11. Hopak, Moussorgsky; Jeux d'eau, Ravel; Etude—Opus 2, No. 1, Scriabine; Schero, Griffes; Sonnetto 104 del Petrarca, Liszt; March from Tannhauser, Wagner-Liszt.

Miss Brown sang: Vi che sapete, Mozart; Quando si trovano le basse femmine, Galuppi; Songs of Grusia, Rachmaninoff; Midsummer-day's Dream; Autumn, Palmgren; The Storm, Rachmaninoff; Here on My Throne, Vaughan Williams; Deux Images, Hugo Anson; Akka from Haila, On the Shore, Old Christmas, Martin Shaw.

These ladies showed good judgment

when they gave a concert together instead of one a piece. By joining their forces and letting the voice relieve the pianoforte, then turn and about, they secured a variety which neither performer could have contrived by herself, not to mention the fact that between them they drew a large audience to Jordan hall. A pity it is more young musicians will not follow their sensible plan.

In their choice of music they showed wisdom again, both having arranged a judicious combination of pieces familiar and of those quite the contrary. Of the two, to state it roundly, Miss Hutchinson had the better luck, since the scherzo of Griffes has pages in its course of fine imagination. Mr. Hugo Anson, it may be, is blessed with musical imagination as well, but what could he do with those verses by Kerpel? But, after all, nobody compelled him to make them into songs.

Miss Hutchinson played the scherzo charmingly, and so she did the Ravel water music, with tone both beautiful and varied. Miss Brown displayed a very pretty voice which gave every evidence of consistent training. Her words, especially when singing in the medium register, she enunciated with unusual distinctness. Reginald Boardman accompanied Miss Brown well.

R. R. Y.

In Capt. Alexander Smith's "Complete History of the Lives and Robberies of the Most Notorious Highwaymen"—a book that we strongly recommend to Sunday school librarians and teachers—a pleasant anecdote is told of Jack Collet, alias Cole, the son of a grocer, who, tired of apprenticeship to an upholsterer, took to the highway. "What is most remarkable of this unaccountable fellow, he used to rob people in the habit of a bishop, attended by four or five men in the quality of his servants, and was very famous for getting great prizes."

He once met the Duchess of Mazarin coming from Epsom Wells. He bade her "Delliver," but she, being of a bold spirit, told him she had about 100 guineas in her pocket, "which I am very loath to part with for nothing." She proposed that he should put up the same amount of gold and they should throw dice. She left her coach, he alighted from his horse, and to play they went. Collet had the luck of losing not only his gold, but also his canonical habit, which the duchess graciously offered him again. He refused the robe with a gallant speech. "And so the duchess and he parted very good friends."

Mr. Hayward, in a footnote, says that this duchess was Hortensia Mancini, "a beautiful adventuress whose profligacies had startled Europe. Having deserted her husband and disgraced herself in most European capitals, she came to England to enjoy the congenial atmosphere of Charles II's court."

This is an ungallant treatment of a radiantly beautiful woman. Jack Collet was more courteous. So is Cyril Hughes Hartmann, who, relating the adventures of Hortense, entitles his book "The Vagabond Duchess." His story is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The book contains 12 illustrations and an index. We hasten to say that he does not mention the meeting of Hortense with the highwayman, but Mr. Hartmann, already favorably known by his "La Belle Stuart" and "The Cavalier Spirit," tells his story in an engrossing manner.

Cardinal Mazarin had nieces, the daughters of his sister Jeronima and her husband, a Roman gentleman named Mancini, "whose sole claims to notice are that he dabbled in astrology and was the father of the Mancini sisters." All were famed for their beauty. Hortense was the loveliest. Her sisters had their adventures, which make agreeable reading; thus the young Louis XIV was seriously in love with Marie; she had great influence over him for good; the King would have married her, but the cardinal would not have it. He had brought to Paris the Mancini five sisters, and his nieces, the two fair Martinozzis, to further his ambitious plans, by wedding them brilliantly, but in the case of Marie, the cardinal wished Louis to marry the daughter of Philip the Fourth of Spain.

Mazarin has been accused of being a colossal grafter; he accumulated a vast fortune; but we think well of him for two reasons: he disliked answering letters, and encouraged the Italian opera and the ballet.

Was Hortense so beautiful? Her portraits and the testimony of all who saw her, answer "yes." She was a splendid, rather flamboyant creature, "one of those lofty Roman beauties," said a contemporary, "no way like our Baby-visaged, and Puppet-like Faces of France." Her hair was jet-black, naturally curly, her complexion, though dark, was magnificent, her mouth exquisitely shaped, her eyes had "the sweetness of the blue, the briskness of the gray, and above all, the fire of the black." So wrote Saint Real. D'Orlier described her dancing at a wedding. "Her skirt, which was all of Venice point without any slip, showed her leg up to her knee, and as it is a very fine one, it gave a great deal of pleasure to those who beheld it." As a young girl she had scandalized her governess by rouging her cheeks. She was then said to be bad-tempered.

There were suitors for several years. In 1661 she married Armand de la

Mellereye, who took the Cardinal's name and was known as Duc Mazarin. The Cardinal died a few days after the wedding. His end was hastened by the extravagance of Hortense and her sisters, who threw 300 pistoles out of a window to see grooms and lackeys in the courtyard scramble and fight for them.

Hortense at the Court of France, though not witty, had "a languishing and negligent air" which drew admirers, among them the King. Her husband was furiously jealous even if she spoke to a servant. One does not blame Hortense for finally leaving him. The account of his eccentricities would fill a column. He saw visions and would awaken his wife to tell her about them. He went about propounding a strange catachism of his own. He would have his servants draw lots for their places in his household "on the ground that God could decide better than either he or they for what tasks they were best fitted." He drove away those who would put out a fire, "ralling upon them for daring to oppose the will of God made manifest." The nudity of many statues in the Mazarin palace so shocked him that at night he entered the rooms and with a hammer made the statues more decent according to his diseased mind. Thus he did more than £400,000 worth of damage. Hortense was frivolous, tactless. "He was essentially monogamous by nature, while she was as essentially polyandrous."

After sojourns in convents, where she vexed the nuns, after various amorous affairs, in Italy, the South of France, Savoy, she arrived in England, as a reigning beauty, much to the disgust of the frail ladies of the Court. She had a pension from her husband; she quarrelled with the Duchess of Portsmouth and was at last reconciled with her; her behavior was watched and reported to Louis by Frenchmen in London; she had her lovers, and was recognized for a time as the favorite mistress of Charles II—but she could not be faithful to him. She had a wise counsellor and firm friend in the aged St. Evremont. Their friendship was curious, inexplicable.

Mazarin kept begging her to return. Charles tired of her or was disgusted by her faithlessness. Yet she was still beautiful. Though apparently penniless, for her allowance from Charles and others had stopped, she was still extravagant. For her banquets St. Evremont supplied the butter, and it was said that guests slipped money under their plates. To preserve her beauty she subjected herself to a stringent diet; it soured her temper. St. Evremont reproved her in tactful verse for drinking deeply of white wine, anis, absinthe and whiskey, "which last barbarian liquid was sent to her from Ireland by her friend, Lord Galway."

She died in 1693, having received the last rites of the church. Ninon de Lenelos wrote to St. Evremont: "Would to God the Duchess of Mazarin had been of our mind, for then she would have been alive still, but she would needs die the greatest beauty in the world." Hortense sleeps in the tomb of the great cardinal in the Church of the College des Quatre Nations in Paris; a rest

"which may have been more congenial to her in death than it had been in life."

An entertaining book about a singularly fascinating woman.

Mr. Basil Tozer went in London to set a war film, the Mons film:

"It seems extraordinary that in a film so excellent in many ways the mistake should have been made of making men throw up their arms when shot, as they do on the stage and in film plays, but never in real life—men shot dead or mortally wounded invariably collapse in a huddled heap. Also there is the incident of the dismounted boche, who is made to hold up his hands by one of our men, who not only takes his eyes off the boche, but turns his head away from him! Being only a few feet away, the boche would have been on him the instant he turned his head."

Theatre de la Porte St. Martin Com-
pany from Paris presents "Le Maître
De Forges." By Georges Ohnet. The
cast:

Philippe Derblay M. Pierre Magnier
De Bligny M. Jean Galland
Moulinet M. D'Arv Brisac
Octave M. P. Almette
Bachelin M. Perny
Le Baron M. Clavaud
Robert M. Denison
Jean M. Tramont
Le Prefet M. Bruler
Claire de Beaulieu Mme. Germaine Dermoz
Athenais Mme. Gena Nicolas
Suzanne Mme. Antoinette Giroux
La Marquise Mme. Person
Briette Mme. Delany

With the final warning knock—the French custom of assembling the audi-

ence—the curtain went up on the first act of the play which 40 years ago England found either profoundly interesting or equally disagreeable. The choice of the play was not perhaps so fortunate as the others have been. The costumes of another day seemed to detract somewhat from the interest in what the actors had to say. The story of the play, lest it be unfamiliar, can be summed up quickly. It is not really the plot which matters, for it often contains gaps and improbabilities. It concerns Claire de Beaulieu, who loves the Duc de Bligny. He has been attentive to her, but after some time letters from him cease to come by frequent post. Claire pines away. She does not know, as do her mother and brother, that the family fortune is lost and accordingly her dowry. As things progress we are not surprised to learn that the Duc is to marry the daughter of a chocolate maker—whose father is very bourgeois. Claire takes this news with apparent outward calmness and turns about to introduce the Duc—who has come to call and beg her pardon—to her fiancé, Philippe Derblay. Derblay, both surprised and pleased, carries through.

On the night of the wedding, however, he learns that Claire can not suffer his embraces. Overcome with grief and rage, his manner changes from one of deep love to one of cold hauteur. He promises Claire that they shall live as man and wife in name only. Her door closes upon his dejected soliloquy—"Ni repentir—ni pitié" and then anger rises as he says, "Je t'adore mais je te briserai." Thus through two acts with the following three taking the form of a study in emotions. We run the gamut from hate—brusque and impenetrable—to love which is wholly self-sacrificing. Claire grows to love Philippe, but he continues to speak to her in tones of crackling icicles. Until the crisis is reached when the wife of the Duc—a genuine cat, not satisfied with having gained a title and taken Claire's Duc away from her at the same time, begins to make evident effort to intrigue Philippe. Claire can endure no more and she drives Athenais from her home, but not until the Duc and Philippe have fixed upon the date for a duel. The duel brings Claire a wound when she steps between Philippe and the bullet of the Duc. The wound is not fatal and ultimate happiness is assured.

The honors are equally divided. The praise which has been meted out to the company is well deserved. Magnier is admirable in the way in which he uses his voice. All the shades of meaning are fully brought out, from his slightest intonations.

Mme. Dermoz does emotional bits better than she portrays natural, everyday actions. Although this part does not give her the opportunity which she had in "La Tendresse," she makes the most of her lines.

Mention should be made of the dainty, graceful and altogether delightful La Baronne, whose name unfortunately was omitted from the program. We should not forget the clever and sometimes pathetic comedy of Moulinet. The Duc, too, was the oily, insidious man he was supposed to be.

The acting of the entire company was so excellent that it detracted the attention from the inadequate scenery and properties.

We gathered from those around us that the pantomime was intelligible even to those who did not understand the language thoroughly. F. B. B.

The program of the Symphony concerts this week, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, comprises Schumann's Symphony No. 1; Milhaud's Suite, "The Carnival of Aix," and Ravel's "The Waltz." Milhaud's "Carnival" was written for the Philharmonic Society of New York, and played for the first time there last week under Mr. Menzberg's direction. The Suite of 12 movements, derived largely, if not wholly, from his ballet "Salade," produced in Paris by the Russian Ballet in May, 1924, bears titles, some of them taken from the characters in the old Italian comedy. "The Souvenir de Rio Tango," reminds one that in the late war Mr. Milhaud and Paul Claudel, now French ambassador at Washington, D. C., were attached to the French legation at Rio de Janeiro. In New York this Suite was characterized as fresh and joyous. Mr. Milhaud will play the piano part of the "Carnival."

The N. E. Conservatory orchestra, Wallace Goodrich, conductor, will give a concert in Jordan hall on Friday night (tomorrow). Mendelssohn, Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Charles Bennett, "The Lady of Shalott" (Tenyson), a cantata for female voices, soprano (Norma Jean Erdmann), by

one (the composer) and orchestra. Johann Strauss, Waltz, Artist Life; Lalo, two movements from the Concerto for cello and orchestra (Ora Larthard, violoncellist) and excerpts from Act III of "The Mastersingers."

For the Symphony concerts next week the program will comprise Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," Chadwick's "Tam O'Shanter" and one or two other pieces.

RICHEPIN

Jean Richepin is dead. Poet, dramatist, librettist, journalist, novelist, his early years as an author were stormy. For the publication of his "Chanson des Gueux" he was deprived of his civic rights, which were finally restored. This volume of poems (1876) was followed by other volumes that led conservative Frenchmen to look on him as a lost soul; "Les Caresses" (1877), "Les Blasphemes" (1884), were the cause of his not being decorated before 1909, when he was taken into the French Academy. His play, "Le Filibustier," became a libretto for Cesar Cui's opera; his "Chemineau," also turned into an opera, has been performed in the United States; he wrote the libretto for Massenet's "Le Mage." A few of his plays, translated into English, have been performed in this country. When he was young he was a turbulent person. His motto was President Buchanan's instruction to the collector of Toledo, if Artemus Ward is to be trusted: "Go in on your muscle." He won a certain fame by his "affair" with Sarah Bernhardt. He translated "Macbeth" in prose for her production of the tragedy at the Porte-Saint-Martin in 1884; but M. Marais played Macbeth to her Lady Macbeth, though Richepin once tried his fortune on the stage, not to his glory. In later years he settled down, married, lived a comparatively "sober and righteous life." It was something to have written "La Glu," "Braves Gens," "La Mer," "Mlarka" (an opera was based on it) and "Le Chemineau." Like Anatole France in "Craquebille," Richepin was a friend and defender of the underdog. Tarko Richepin is a composer, who has written incidental music for the stage and works for the grand concerts in Paris.

Miss Edith Abell, for many years a resident of Brookline and Boston, and well known here in musical circles, died in Philadelphia Dec. 12 in her 78th year. Prior to going to Philadelphia she lived for several years in Minneapolis. The burial was in Walnut Hill cemetery, Brookline. Miss Abell sang in Boston at concerts of the Handel and Haydn and other leading choral societies; also in concerts of a miscellaneous nature. Having studied in this country and abroad, she was, in her later years, esteemed as a teacher of singing; also as a good musician and a discriminating critic.

Baron Munchausen is the hero of a new opera by a European; Eugene Goossens and Charles Henry Maltzer are collaborating on a lyric drama with Francois Villon as the hero; the libretto was originally planned as a play for Richard Bennett, George Anthell and Ezra Pound in Paris have taken Villon for the hero of their opera. The Austrian Marco Frank has written an opera "In which for the first time jazz music will be introduced into serious opera by a European composer."

The Pierlan Sodality, conducted by Mme. Leginska, as guest, will give a concert in Brattle hall, Cambridge, tomorrow night, at 8:15 o'clock.

"FASHION" TONIGHT

Notes and Lines:

Your review of Sigmund Spaeth's anthology of songs tempts me to inform

you that, when the Cambridge Social Dramatic Club produced Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion," a couple of weeks ago, the following songs were used:

- *"Kitchie, Kitchie, Kimee-O."
- *"The Independent Farmer."
- *"Croquet."
- *"Come, Birdie, Come, and Live with me."
- *"Call Me Pet Names, Dearest."
- *"Walking Down Broadway."
- *"Not for Joe."
- *"Down by the Riverside."

*Regrettably lacking in Mr. Spaeth's book.

I am sure the yard-long program, of which I unfortunately have no specimen to enclose, would have aroused memories. There was "Mrs. Tiffany's drawing-room, furnished in the first style of modern elegance, with a view of the conservatory." (The playbill did not lay, however, that most of the first style, including plush chairs, was painted in the wings, nor that ancestral pictures were painted to hang on the backdrops at a hazardous angle.) A "full corps de ballet" danced the polka in second act, which was laid in the floor of the conservatory, including

a view of the battery from the grand ballroom." A "new dome and proscenium" was advertised, "with extended apron," also "new footlights and pictorial embellishments." And the act-drops, which naturally crashed and bounced, bore a picture of "Spring."

EDWARD P. GOODNOW.

"Fashion" is being repeated for the public this evening in Brattle hall at 8:15 o'clock.

Irvin Schenkman, pianist, will give a recital in Jordan hall this evening. He will play Schumann's "Carnival"; the Handel-Brahms Variations; eight pieces by Chopin, and music by C. P. E. Bach, Scarlatti, Couperin and Rameau. We are told that Mr. Schenkman's brother, Edgar, is a violinist, and Phoebe, a sister, is a pianist, so there are other musical families than Johnny Morgan's.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, will perform Handel's "Messiah" in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock, and next Monday at 8:15 P. M. The solo singers will be Gertrude Ehrhart, Grace Leslie, Joseph Lautner and Royal Dadmun.

The People's Symphony orchestra therefore will not give a concert next Sunday afternoon.

A correspondent calls our attention to these headlines in the Evening Transcript, as showing that the crime-wave has affected prominent composers. Cesar Franck and his wife are dead; but we believe that their son is still living. Will he take action?

CONCERT-CHRONICLE:

THE NOTABLE CROOKS:

FRANCK AND STRAUSS

A HIGH-TONED ENSEMBLE

(Rocky Mountain News)

The reason was that every member of the company was a lady and gentleman, intelligent, understanding the author's intentions when he fashioned the play, and capable of projecting that idea over the footlights.

Notes and Lines:

"American vaudeville is now celebrating its hundredth anniversary." Well, fancy that—then a lot of those jokes really can't be as old as they sound.

HERBLOCK

The Commonwealth of Dec. 15, contains an interesting article "Cesar Franck at the organ" by Ernest Brenneke, Jr.

HARRY DELMORE.

Harry Delmore, tenor, returned yesterday evening to Jordan hall for his second recital. The program: Onaway! Awake, Beloved! Coleridge-Taylor; Les Roses de Noel, Richards; Les Cydalises, Hammond; Nell, Fauve; Le Lied d'Ossian, from "Werther," Massenet; Wie Bist Du Meine Koenigin, and Bot-Thraenen, by Schumann; "By the Pool at the Third Rosses," Burleigh; "The Rose's Secret," Tosten; "The Mountain Maid" and "Ragnhild," by Grieg; By an' By, Burleigh; Is Massa Goin' to Sell Us Tomorrow? William Ames Fisher; "Ride Up in de Charlot," Delmore-Storer; O Lord, I Done Done, Edward Boatner.

Mr. Delmore proved to be not only a singer, but also a sincere artist. He had chosen a program well—perhaps a bit too seriously. Of each song he had the meaning well in mind, and offered his interpretation to the audience without exaggeration or striving for effect. It is significant that even the air from Massenet's "Werther" sounded anew as fresh, expressive music. It is a pity that more people could not have enjoyed Mr. Delmore's songs and his singing.

After Coleridge-Taylor's beautiful "Onaway! Awake, Beloved!" there were clouds of songs, in French and in German. In diction and expressive singing, the songs of Faure and Hammond pleased well, but in Brahms and Schumann there were moments when words sank into syllables, and tones roughened and changed timbre. Rarely, though, did the melodic line of a phrase suffer; always, surely, an oncoming musicianship grasped the mood of the song, and grasping, sustained it.

Then came a group of songs in English, in which every sentence, as well as every word was clearly enunciated. There was an admirable interpretation of Burleigh's "By the Pool at the Third Rosses," and fine treatment of two Grieg songs: "The Mountain Maid," and "Ragnhild." Perhaps the former is the real Grieg of poignant sadness, but "Ragnhild" is the Grieg of "Im Herbst" and the last movement

of the 'cello sonata.

Only in the negro spirituals, however, were Mr. Delmore's powers fully discovered, and here his self-concealing mastery must have touched every listener. After a spontaneous "Ride Up in de Charlot," the equally spontaneous applause was rewarded by a most spiritual "Steal Away."

One last remark we cannot deny ourselves: would that all singers of songs, scrapers of strings and—pianists!

could be cajoled, wheedled, or bullied into announcing their encores, as Mr. Delmore so graciously did. W. A. C.

Dec 17 1926

H. M. asks us: "Did you ever hear in New England or New York the epithet 'Lazy Lawrence' applied to a lazy fellow; not necessarily that unfortunate person known to men, women and children as the loafer of the village, but to anyone who was disinclined to do chores, go to the store for a salt cod-fish, shovel a path in the snow? What is the origin of the phrase?"

There were plenty of loafers in our village, but we never heard of "Lazy Lawrence"; nor have we ever heard the expression in any one of the New England states or in New York.

Yet the expression is an old one, though Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary" gives no illustrative quotation of a date earlier than 1870. Wright speaks of Lawrence (Laurence, Larence—there are other variants) as the genius of idleness, laziness, indolence, frequently in phrases "Lawrence has hold of one," "to have Lawrence on one's back." A Sussex man will say: "I ha'e got a touch o' ol' Lawrence to-dee." Lazy Lawrence's dog was so lazy that "he lled his head agin the wall to bark." Wright, giving the terms Lawrence-larry (laziness), Lawrence (lazy), Lawrence bids (used to a man when he is nodding, or just falling asleep), Lawrence bids high wages (to invite to idleness or to be lazy), says nothing about the origin or the age of the term.

"Lazy as Ludlam's (or David Laurence's) Dog," is found in Ray's "Proverbs" (1870), Cotton's "Scarronides" (1678). "'Tis a proverb, Ludlam's dog leaped his head against a wall when he went to bark."

Now, who was this Ludlam? A contributor to Hone's "Every-Day Book," writing in 1826, describes an alehouse in Sheffield, with the sign of the Royal Oak. There is a footnote: "In my boyish days, one Ludlam kept it. Was it he to whom belonged the dog which gave occasion to this proverbial saying, 'As idle as Ludlam's dog that lay down to bark'?"

Let us go back to lazy Lawrence. Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues" gives under "Lazy Lawrence" this quotation from Matthias Pridaux's "Easy and Compendious Introduction for Reading all Sorts of Histories" (2d ed. 1655): "St. Lawrence suffered martyrdom about the middle of the third century, 250 to 260 A. D. A traditional tale has been handed down from age to age that at his execution, he bore his torments without a writhe or groan, which caused some of those standing by to remark, 'How great must be his faith!' But his pagan executioner said, 'It is not his faith, but his idleness; he is too lazy to turn himself.'"

This story is told otherwise in De Voragine's "Golden Legend," first published about 1470. Declus said: "Bring hither a bed of iron that Laurence Contumax may lie thereon."

"And the ministers despoiled him, and laid him stretched out upon a gridiron of iron, and laid burning coals under, and held him with forks of iron. Then said Laurence to Valerianus: 'Learn, thou cursed wretch, that thy coals give to me refreshing of coldness. . . . And after this he said with a glad cheer unto Declus: 'Thou cursed wretch, thou hast roasted that one side, turn that other, and eat.'"

"Accuracy, accuracy," as the good Joseph Pulitzer used to shout to his hired men on the World.

Richard Ford, describing the Escorial, remarks: "Bigoted, indeed, was Philip when he could sacrifice an opportunity of building a perfect palace, to an idle legend of a gridiron; and poor Herrera" (the architect who finished the pile), "forced to lower his genius to a plan worthy of the Beefsteak Club or Cobbett's Register, was indeed the real martyr."

Has the Gridiron Club of Washington, D. C., a patron saint? It has its martyrs on their introduction. Why not Saint Lawrence for its saint?

We fear that Ludlum's dog was maligned. He has passed into the proverbial kingdom, though he has not been admitted with the dog of Tobit,

the dog of the Seven Sleepers, Balaam's ass and the camel that carried Mahomet when he fled to Mecca, to the Mahometan Paradise.

And now let us cry aloud with Walt Whitman:

"Great are the myths, I too delight in them;
Great are Adam and Eve, I too look back and accept them."

Lady Walpurga Paget urges parents to set "sculptural nurses" at work on the faces of children soon after birth, so that "baby defects" could be remedied and the whole human race in time made beautiful.

According to Victor Hugo the Comprachicos, a hideous and strange nomadic affliction, famous in the 17th century, bought little children, by ingenious surgery made them monsters and then sold them. "They took a face, and they made a snout. They bent down growth; they kneaded physiognomy. . . . If we may believe Jusens Carrick-Fergus, the inventor of this surgery was a monk named Avenmore, an Irish word that signifies great river."

Was Hugo the only one that consulted the opinion of "Carrick-Fergus"? Was Hugo the only one that ever read or even saw, the book written in Latin on this perverted surgery, by Dr. Conquest, "a member of the College in Amen street, and a sworn inspector of the chemists' shops in London"?

Gwynplaine in Hugo's romance, was one of the masterpieces of the Comprachicos's surgical art. Some foolish person asked not long ago, "Who reads Victor Hugo today?" Even in France it is the fashion for the young lions of literature to disparage him. Well, "The Man Who Laughs" is a fascinating yarn, stuffed with incredible statements. We read it and re-read it with the greatest pleasure, especially the pages about the prize fight, the mountebanks, and above all the description of the Duchess Joslane, which excited Swinburne to a frenzy of enthusiasm and an explosion of volcanic rhetoric.

As the World Wags:

"Yessir," said the Human Tank, "I heard so much about bootlegger hootch being bad and making people blind and nuts and dead and everything, that I bought one of those little contraptions for testing whiskey and gin to see if it's fit to drink. It's a little laboratory all in a small case with the various acids numbered so you can't go wrong. You see, you take some of the hootch in a test tube and put in three drops of No. 1. Then you sit around for five minutes and then you put in six drops of No. 2.

"Well, sir, when you finally get through, if the hootch is good to drink, it will be clear as water. If it turns a violet blue, then it's full of formaldehyde, wood alcohol, and things like that. First I tested some fine old King Bruce that the bootlegger said a friend of his had brought over from Scotland. It turned so violet blue I filled my fountain pen with it. Then I tested some 20-year-old Canadian rye that another bootlegger had brought down from Montreal in a suitcase. It turned blue, green, orange and purple, with lavender spots. Then I tested some fine old Gordon gin that slipped through the rum blockade down in New York only two weeks ago. It turned violet blue and shot off three flaming balls like a Roman candle."

"Well," said we, breathlessly, "what did you do with your bootleg likker then?"

"Nuthin'," said the Human Tank, "but I threw that damn testing outfit into the alley."

R. H. L.

IRVIN SCHENKMAN

Irvin Schenkman, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall: Prelude and Fugue, B flat minor, Bach; Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Handel, Brahms; Carnival Schumann; Nocturne, C sharp minor; three preludes, op. 28; Mazurka, A minor; Etude, op. 10, No. 4; Scherzo, C sharp minor, Chopin.

This was no wise program. Even if Mr. Schenkman were one of the very few pianists fit to stand up to the Brahms variations, he should not have ventured to attack them before he had got into fettle. Nor should he have been so imprudent as to follow up with a second long work like the Carnival; even though Mr. Schenkman were blessed with sufficient staying qualities, how about his audience? Something lighter would have answered better. Or a piece or two of the modern school would not have come amiss.

Mr. Schenkman began his concert with a charming performance of the Bach prelude—charming in a curiously individual way, a way of fine melodic line and of shading quite as fine, but without a tinge of color. There was sentiment in it, though, and excellent tone, of its clear cool kind.

Where this sensitiveness to melodic would do, in Schumann and in Brahms with the help of gentle sentiment, Mr. Schenkman played well; two or three baritones and a Schuman episode is two—say that called Chopin—he made sound satisfying.

But when he tried to rise he fell. Mr. Schenkman sank below his level. He lacks at present the technique, the tone, and it may be guessed rue feeling, for higher things. He is hythral besides, he lets get slack too often when he tries for variety.

Mr. Schenkman has much to learn before he may prudently venture to publish a program like that last night. He is playing it, nevertheless, left the impression behind it that he can make his deficiencies good any time he puts his mind to the task.

R. R. G.

SYMPHONY GIVES NINTH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the ninth concert

of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which took place in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, was as follows: Schumann, Symphony, B flat major, op. 1. Milhaud, "The Carnival of Aix," fantasy for piano and orchestra on the Ballet "Salade" (Mr. Milhaud, pianist). Ravel, "The Waltz." Schumann wished Taubert, the conductor, to infuse into his orchestra the performance of this symphony "a sort of longing for the spring," which, he said, he had chiefly in mind when he wrote the music. He admitted that his thoughts were fantastic and came to him after the work was finished. (He did not give the titles to the sections of "Carnival" for piano until the music was all written). His wife said that he called the symphony a "Spring" symphony. It is also reported that he first purposed to name the movement, Dawn of Spring, "Evening," "Joyful playing," "Full Spring." It is known that a poem by Boettger about spring was in his mind.

But the symphony finally appeared as a symphony in B flat major—this and nothing more; and for dwellers in New England, this is enough. Spring is down to us only through poets of more favored climes. It is not easy for us to be rapturous about this season of the year. Whittier, the New Englander, as a poet of nature, was happy when he wrote "Snowbound." In the concert hall this song exulting in the spring leave us cold; the more joyous the song, the more foreign it is to us. Surely no one thinks of skipping, merrily, nor is one inclined to join in the refrain, "Ea-la-la, Fa-la-la" of many ees and madrigals. So we doubt whether Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday urged his players to think of spring when they were playing. This did not event the performances from being a serious one, in headlong rush, in mutually animal spirit, in the beauty of the more intimate passages which are peculiarly Schumannian, in the finest use of proportion in dialogue and ensemble, in the pervading genial and poetic nature of the interpretation. And so whatever has been said in disparagement of Schumann's orchestration, there was no thought yesterday of crudeness or clumsiness; no one felt like repeating the well-worn saying that he wrote as for a piano. The usual thoughts of the composer were in the foreground; the symphony sounded far better than would appear from the cold and lifeless score, for the notes were vitalized and beautified by the aesthetic skill of the conductor and the technical proficiency of the players.

As we have said before, music is not music until it is performed, until it sounds. It is the task of the conductor to make it sound so that it stirs or moves the hearer. There should not be too rigid respect for the letter, for the spirit and cummin. Indications of tempo should be as signposts, pointing the general direction, but allowing the traveler to loiter or hasten on the way, so that he finds new beauty in a landscape, or gathers flowers here and there, or passes quickly over muddy or rocky stretches. Schumann is not a composer for a metronomic time-beat. Poet calls unto poet; the poet thus called upon must not be of the Queen Anne school.

Mr. Milhaud drew a Suite from his ballet "Salade," especially for his present tour. The Philharmonic Society of New York was the first to play the suite. The ballet itself was produced in Paris two years and a half ago. The ballet introduced characters from the old Italian Comedy, known to us by the drawings of Callot. Some of these characters give titles to movements in the Suite. There are 12 movements, some very short, none very long. The "Gangé" (Souvenir de Rio) reminds one that Mr. Milhaud and Paul Claudel, now French Ambassador to this country, were in 1917 and 1918 in the diplomatic corps at Rio.

Those who were acquainted with some of Mr. Milhaud's earlier works, feeling

yesterday the title "Salade," no doubt expected to find an undue use of vinegar with strange and unknown seasoning in the dressing, the "fatiguing" of this music. They were disappointed. There was little that was shocking to ultra-conservative ears, there was much to please, to amuse (in the better sense of that word). We are all to much inclined to be unduly serious at Symphony Concerts; to insist on only the noble and sublime. Sir Thomas Browne was not of that mind.

"For even that vulgar and tavern-music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of this first composer."

That the audience yesterday enjoyed the Suite was shown by the spontaneous applause at the end and the several calls for the composer-pianist. Three of the movements made an immediate direct appeal: Isabelle, Polka, Souvenir de Rio. There were interesting features in other movements.

It is extremely doubtful whether Ravel's "Waltz"—it has been put on the stage at Ghent—will stand among his better compositions. The mysterious opening, the muttered hints, the exposition with refined treatment of the chief theme are still fresh; the latter half seems long spun out; to use a homely phrase "fussed-up."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso, No. 6, G minor. Vaughan Williams, A Norfolk Rhapsody No. 1. Wagner, Prelude and Love Death ("Tristan and Isolde"). Rimsky-Korsakov, "Scheherazade."

Mr. Herkimer Johnson tells us that he has received a circular inviting him to look over a 10-volume set of Dr. Frank Crane's "Four-Minute Essays"; also a certificate "Good for 10 Days' Free Examination."

"I would not need so many days," said Mr. Johnson; "In fact, four minutes would be enough for the 10 volumes."

Mr. Johnson also said: "The report that I have expressed the wish to have the Encyclopaedia Britannica buried with me in my coffin is wholly unwarranted."

ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

As the World Wags:

In the crowded car the gentleman on the third strap from the door reeled so continuously over the knees of the man seated nearest to him that he got up and offered his seat with the neat remark, "Take my seat—I'm younger than you." It was some moments before the seat was accepted, and minutes before the straphanger was seated. Then he returned thanks. "You're a gentleman," said he, "a real gentleman—hic—in fact—the only gentleman in this—hic—car who knows what it is to be drunk."

L. D. C.

A daily paper should not be written by illiterates and half-wits.—Philip Guedalla.

Advertisement in the Marshalltown, Ia., Times-Republican:

"What could be a nicer Christmas present for mother and father than a new set of teeth?"

The choir will now sing that sweet hymn by the Rev. Mr. Fawcett:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our teeth in spousal love."

W. R. writes with reference to a review of "The Vagabond Duchess" that was published in this column:

"In an old book of my mother's dated by her '1849'—'The Works of L. L. Landon' and much adored by us as small girls, is a story 'Francesca Carrara,' which deals with Mazarin and the Mancinis."

Letitia Elizabeth Landon's novel "Francesca Carrara" was first published in three volumes in 1834. William Bates, writing the lives of the sisters in "The Maclellan Portrait Gallery," said of this novel and Miss Landon's "Ethel Churchill": "The fair authoress has shown under the characters of Guido and Walter Maynard, her admiration of genius, and the view which she took of its probable fate; under those of Francesca and Ethel, the sufferings which fall to the lot of high-minded and sensitive women."

Poor L. E. L. Cruelly slandered as a maiden, she died as Mrs. Maclean at Cape Coast Castle, and there were "dark hints of a treacherous page, a poisoned cup of coffee, and a native mistress," hints that were undoubtedly without foundation, most unjust to her husband, the Governor of Cape Coast Settlement.

The following "reminiscence": "From a Gentleman at the Keyhole," published in the Manchester Guardian, was, of course, suggested by the book of gossip that was recently withdrawn by the London publishers and eagerly procured in Boston:

"... And that reminds me of one of several merry evenings which I spent in Lord Salisbury's Old Compton street flat in the heart of Mayfair. Mr. Gladstone was there, and Alfred Milner, with a young friend of his called Wilkie Bard (who had been under the celeb-

rated Mr. Jowett with him at Balliol) Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Georges Clemenceau, a sprinkling of the younger Cecil, and a young protégé of my own from 'the good old F. O.' as the foreign office was always called in such company. It was just about the time of the Home Rule split of 1897, and talk began to run freely as the port was circulated with the soup.

"Le Duma est mort!" cried Clemenceau, suddenly; "Vive le Duma!"

"It was a tactless thing to have said in such company, but Salisbury, with his customary skill at once turned the chatter into safer channels. 'There's Willie Gladstone with an empty glass,' he said quickly; and then, turning to Lawson, 'Fill it up for him, Wilfrid—he's always better company when he's half-sozzled.'"

"Gladstone acknowledged the reproach with one of his happy quotations from Tertullian, but almost in the same moment the clear, precise voice of Milner was heard. 'Between you and I, my own view of Rodjestvenski's action at the Dogger bank—' he began.

"My word, you always were a one, Alf!" cried Salisbury, clapping him admiringly on the back. And so the possibility of an awkward incident was harmoniously averted."

Then comes the certificate of genuineness:

"This elevating and sustaining glimpse of high life has reached 'Miscellany' from a superannuated diplomat of many years' standing. We know his name, but are unfortunately under a vow more binding than the Hippocratic oath or the Roman confessional not to divulge it. Here, as ever, let 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' be the reader's unwritten law. All that can be said at present is that our contributor has five pages to himself in 'Who's Who,' a whole section in Debrett, several chapters in the Newgate Calendar, and a complete volume of finger prints at Vine street. And, of course, there is the artless candour and self-supporting conviction of the passage just printed. One cannot offer much more in the way of credentials, does one?"

ALMOST A SONNET

(For As the World Wags)

Childe Lizzie to the dark tower came,
No green light glowed, no scarlet flame;
Black was the night and fell the hour
A traffic cop stood beside the tower
Yet Lizzie never saw him there.
He screamed just once, but not a prayer;
For Lizzie rushed ahead pell mell
And in shorter time than it takes to tell
She scraped acquaintance with a truck
Which straight was forced to run amuck.
(Her actions caused an awful fuss)
The bus escaped by a flying start
But Lizzie died of a broken heart
Childe Lizzie to the dark tower came,
Now a pile of junk proclaims her fame.

ISIS KATE.

A drunkard of long standing has been reformed by an operation which removed a bone that pressed against the brain. The Detroit News also reports a number of cures effected by the removal of the brass rail that was pressing against the foot.—Kansas City Star.

"IS" AND "ARE"

As the World Wags:

It seems to me that there has been a great deal of unnecessary confusion about "is" and "are." It is really very simple. The two subjects of the verb are "two-thirds" and "one-half." To use the plural one must refer to at least a total of two. The subjects of the verb total only one and one-sixth.

How, then can the verb be plural?
A. H. H.

Women suffer nowadays from being discussed a great deal too much—Margaret Kennedy.

No newspaper would survive if it were not controversial.—Capt. Fraser, M. P.

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Mrs. Golightly has asked us to recommend some books for her grandchildren. The still charming Eustacia is a grandmother and can afford to boast of the fact. One of her grandchildren is not old enough to read, but she is eager to hear stories, and is already on familiar terms with Lewis Carroll's Alice and her surprising adventures. Allah be praised, these children are not sophisticated little wretches. They believe in Santa Claus, reindeer on the roof, for they do not live on the middle floor of a burgess warren.

Anyone who recommends anything to anybody is rash, unforseeing of consequent breakings of friendships and loss of respect and authority. We would turn to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, but his is a sad story—the children of Alice call Bartrum father." When we hung up a stocking and in the dim morning light

saw parcels on the soap-stone stove, we found a book or two. Perhaps it was "The Boys' Own Book"—telling of games, magic and magic lanterns, puzzles and what not—an English book. We have searched for a copy in Boston's shops, but found only an American reprint with blurred types. We remember a moral tale called "Dick and His Friend Fidos." Perhaps there was a set of the excellent Jacob Abbott's Rollo volumes, or the Franconia stories, or Marco Paul's adventures on the Erie canal, in the Springfield armory, at Boston and elsewhere. We read "Gulliver's Travels" and did not see the satire. We read the Arabian Nights in a translation from Galland's French (the thick book was without "anthropological" notes). Mayne Reid and Ballantyne came later; so did Oliver Optic and H. Alger, Jr. Our Young Folks and the Riverside Magazine. Little girls read the Prudy books and about Dottie Dimple. Then there were two enchanting tales by Christopher Pearse Cranch, "The Last of the Huggermuggers" and "Koboltoto."

Today we have given these titles to Mrs. Golightly and we do not think that she will hereafter greet us coolly. "Teddy Bear and Other Songs" from "When We Were Very Young," by A. R. Milne, is a handsome quarto with pretty tunes by H. Fraser-Simeon—the piano accompaniments are not always easy—witness the one for "Daffodownilly." Mr. Milne is always delightfully whimsical. He says that "the Four Friends," the elephant, lion, goat and snail, should not be sung too fast "because of the snail."

"Ernest was an elephant, a great big fellow,
Leonard was a lion with a six-foot tail,
George was a goat, and his beard was yellow,
And James was a very small snail.

"Leonard had a stall, and a great big strong one,
Ernest had a manger, and its walls were thick;
George found a pen, but I think it was the wrong one,
And James sat down on a brick."

Then they broke away. As for James, he "went a journey with the goat's new compass, and reached the end of his brick." There are charming illustrations by E. H. Shepard, as those showing Teddy Bear at the window, looking in the mirror, meeting the King of France; of Jonathan Jo, "with his mouth like an 'O,' and a wheelbarrow full of surprises"; of "James James Morison Morison Weatherby George Dupree, who took great care of his mother, tho' he was only three."

Does Mr. Gradgrind say, "What nonsense"? Let us answer with Sir Andrew Aguecheek: "Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done." As gracious fooling as that of the Clown when he spoke of "Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus."

This book is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., who also publish Mr. Milne's "Winnie-the-Pooh," with "decorations" by E. H. Shepard. This bear, "Winnie-the-Pooh" was comparatively brainless. When Piglet asked him what was the first thing he said to himself when he woke up in the morning, Pooh answered: "What's for breakfast? What do you say, Piglet?"

"I say, I wonder what's going to happen exciting today?"

Pooh nodded thoughtfully.

"It's the same thing," he said. Read the adventure of Piglet in the fifth chapter. Christopher Robin, the little boy, said carelessly to Piglet: "I saw a Heffalump today."

"What was it doing?" asked Piglet. "Just jumping along. I don't think it saw me."

"I saw one once," said Piglet. "At least, I think I did. Only perhaps it wasn't."

"So did I," said Pooh, wondering what a Heffalump was like.

"You don't often see them," said Christopher Robin carelessly.

"Not now," said Piglet.

"Not at this time of year," said Pooh. Piglet was disappointed when he did

meet what he thought was a Heffalump, but he and Pooh, when hunting, nearly caught a Woozle.

Next to Piglet's grand house in the middle of a beech tree was a piece of broken board which had "Treepassers W" on it. Piglet told Christopher this was his grandfather's name and had been in the family for a long time.

FACTS AND GOSSIP

From Boston to Budapest—"L'Affaire Gish" Amuses London

Miss Marion Talley refused to sing at New Rochelle, N. Y., on Dec. 14 because her full fee was not handed to her in advance of the concert. No one will now deny that Miss Talley is a full-fledged prima donna, a great artist.

The announcement was made that Mr. Chadwick's "Tam O' Shanter," would be performed at the Symphony concerts this week. Presto, change! As the program now stands it comprises Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scherzade" (which had also been announced), a Concerto Grosso by Handel, Norfolk Rhapsody No. 1 by Vaughan Williams and the Prelude and Love Death (the death of the Shouting Isolde) from "Tristan and Isolde."

Vaughan Williams must be fond of Norfolk, for he has rhapsodized over it and its folk tunes three times. Many will be disappointed by the withdrawal of Mr. Chadwick's Ballade. Although it is pleasingly and effectively a musical illustration of Tam's adventures on his ride; although it is one of Mr. Chadwick's most characteristic works, it has not been played at these Symphony concerts since 1916.

There might be a catalogue of famous rides in music: Liszt's "Mazepa," which one would gladly hear this season; some Englishman has put John Gilpin in a cantata; Schubert has immortalized the unhappy father and the frightened child of Goethe's poem; Olaf has ridden to music, so has Ichabod Crane. We believe that Dick Turpin and his mare "Black Bess" have not tempted composers, and not necessarily because the ride is only legendary. Turpin was born too late to figure in Capt. Alexander Smith's Valhalla of illustrious highwaymen.

We read that "America's new dance," the "Black Bottom," has succeeded the "Charleston" in London, where the steps are supposed to suggest "the movement of the negroes working in the heavy black soil of the Southern cotton fields, known locally as the 'black bottom.'" Englishmen liken this dance to a Lancashire clog dance, for there is the same tapping with the heels, while some exhibition 'black bottom' dancers even have the loose piece of tapping iron attached to the sole of their shoes like clog dancers. One advantage over the Charleston is that the new dance takes far less room, as all the movements are performed by the toes and heels without any leg-lifting. The continual stamping is very noisy, and meant to be noisy. Whether the dance will invade London ballrooms as it has those of New York is the question that is engaging the minds of dancing teachers at the present moment. Already one well-known restaurant includes an exhibition of the 'black bottom' among its cabaret turns.

We also read that an American "black bottom" expert has arrived in London.

Lancashire clogs. There is a vivid story of their use in brutal trampling on men in a free fight told by "Sir" George Sanger in his reminiscences of a wandering showman's days and circus life.

Why does the Handel and Haydn Society, sending out accounts of its origin and growth, ignore the fact that Reinhold Herman was the conductor of the society in 1888-9? One is led to believe that Mr. Mollenhauer was the immediate successor of Mr. Lang, but Mr. Reinhold preceded Mr. Mollenhauer and followed Mr. Zerrahn, who had returned as conductor for the season of 1897-8.

Herman, born in 1849, came to New York in the early 70's, where he taught singing and conducted the Liederkrantz. He afterwards went to Berlin, but only to sojourn in New York again. He composed five operas, orchestral pieces, songs and choruses. As a conductor of the Handel and Haydn he did not win enduring fame, nevertheless, he should not be ignored. During his short reign as the society's conductor, no unfamiliar oratorio or mass was produced. He and the society were satisfied with the "Messiah," "St. Paul" and "The Creation."

Gerard Hauptmann's new play, produced by Reinhart at Vienna Nov. 20, was announced for simultaneous performances in 17 German towns.

"The first act shows Dorothea, the daughter of a Pastor in a little German provincial town, learning to cook. The cook, Mario, exercises great influence over her, but he has a rival in the person of the savant, Herbert Pfannschmied. Dorothea succumbs to Mario, but loves Herbert. In the second act the Pastor threatens to show his daughter the door unless she will wed the cook. Then follows Dorothea's terrible struggle. Finally she goes to New York, where most of the chief figures in the play meet again. Dorothea attempts to free herself from Mario, but fails. After a series of adventures she returns broken-hearted to her native town. The Pastor is unable to bear his daughter's reproaches that he has ruined her life. In a moment when she is left by herself she commits suicide."

The Manchester (Eng.) Guardian does not consider with due seriousness the experiences of our heroes and heroines of the cinema when traveling in foreign lands.

In fact it treats with unbecoming levity, "L'Affaire Gish."

"First Citizen (wearing plainly cut suit of sackcloth freely sprinkled with ashes): This is a grave business about Miss Dorothy Gish. It seems that she was ordered out of Hyde Park while being photographed for a film there."

"Second Citizen (wringing his hands): Aye, marry, and the First Commissioner of Works, asked to explain this infamous affront, through the medium of a question put by one of his Majesty's faithful Commons, could only say that he knew nothing about the incident but that there was a general prohibition against the photographing of film plays in the Royal Parks."

First Citizen (bitterly): As if a wretched quibble of that kind would

save us from the merited reproach of the world! What could be royaler than a film star? If Miss Gish had any use for Hyde Park it should have been made over to her at once as a free gift.

Second Citizen (sadly): We knew better once. It was not thus that we received Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks; it was not thus that we ordered out the King's troops to escort an American film from Southampton; it was not thus that the royal infant Coogan was so nobly mobbed in our midst. We are losing reverence for the great, my friend. And when we have lost that we have lost everything.

"(Exeunt ambo, weeping bitterly, in order to sign a petition for the immediate cession of Hyde Park to Hollywood as the only possible way of smoothing over the gravest Anglo-American incident since the sailing of the Alabama.)"

T. P. L. asks: "What has become of Sergi Radamsky, the tenor who sang here some seasons ago?"

After he left Boston he sang in Italian opera houses for three years. He last we heard of him he was with the Manhattan Opera Company, which was giving performances in the middle West with the Pavley-ukrainisky Ballet. Mr. Adamsky's roles for the Manhattan's performances are Pinkerton, the Duke in "Rigoletto," Manrico and Yasui in "Aldo Brancchetti's "Nakimo San"; with Tamaki Miura as the heroine. The critics speak highly of him.

From the Mutual Burlesque:

"Poets, bards, painters and writers have rhymed, raved and sung eulogies about the silken sheen of a maiden's locks, the silvery glint upon the hoary head of motherhood, and the divine symbolism of purity, beauty and youth upon the flowing hair of budding womanhood; little wonder therefore that Carrie Finnell cherishes her crowning growth of burnished gold as the greatest asset she possesses, next to her finely chiseled pedal ex-ercises."

Kalman Vandro's new play, "Dr. Nikodemusz," produced at Budapest, has aroused unusual interest. The doctor, a young school teacher, helpless, a failure so far in life, is something of a mystic. "He wishes to be respected by his pupils, to receive a Christmas Eve invitation, to remain in his lodging, and to be looked on favorably by his landlady's daughter." He is disappointed in all these wishes. "The last straw is added by the frivolous flapper who, aided by a friend, deludes him into believing that she has conceived a passion for him, and giggles behind the door when he bashfully asks her mother for her hand in marriage." He resolves to kill himself and goes back to his village. Edith, an artist and former hospital nurse, calls on the landlady. She has never seen Nikodemusz, but, having talked with the landlady, she resolves to save him. The second act—it is in the village inn—is said to introduce wonderfully drawn characters of provincial life, chief among them the physician, savant and drunkard who talks to Nikodemusz of life and death and prepares a potion, which he assures him is poison. Edith comes in time and tells Nikodemusz she loves him. "Thereafter he attains to the full moral stature of a man, and is ready to face life and its little ironies with equanimity." The third act, leading up to the marriage of Nikodemusz, is practically superfluous.

P. H.

Mme. Schumann-Heink celebrated in New York last Tuesday her 60th anniversary, "midway in her anniversary tour of 20,000 miles which will bring her to Boston on March 20."

In joyous mood she said to "over 1000" guests at luncheon: "I am now old. Look at Lilli Lehmann, over 70 and still appearing at opera festivals." She also said that she hoped to appear as Erda and Fricka 10 or 20 years from now.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was born in 1861. Her first appearance in opera was as Azucena in "Il Trovatore" at Dresden in 1878. Her first appearance in the United States was as Ortrud at Chicago in 1898. And it was as Ortrud that she first sang in Boston with Mr. Grau's company at the Boston Theatre, March 27, 1899.

In this city she has appeared in opera as Ortrud, Fricka, Brangaene, Magdalene ("Die Meistersinger"), Mary ("Der Fliegende Holländer"), Fides, Erda, Azucena.

She has sung here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1900 to 1911 (including a Pension Fund concert) six times. She has sung with other societies, the Handel and Haydn, the Cecilia. She has sung in opera concerts at the Boston Theatre (Verdi's "Requiem" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater"). She has given many recitals.

And now she is in her 66th year, and will take part in the performance of the "Ring" cycle at the Metropolitan Opera House this season.

Gertrude Mara sang when she was 64 years old, but, living at Moscow in 1812, she lost all her possessions by the French invasion, and poverty compelled her to return to the concert stage when her voice had practically gone. At 54 her voice was fast failing. Mme. Schumann-Heink has been more fortunate, and the great public gladly hear this joyous, generous singer, now an American.

Perhaps the most noteworthy example of old age on the concert stage is that of a pianist, the Chevalier Anton de Kontzki, who left New York when he was in his 83d year for a concert tour in Australia, Japan, Siberia, Russia, and died at Cracow in 1899. Do any of the older concert-goers recall his performance of his roaring piece, "The Awakening of the Lion"?

Walter Damrosch, after long and honorable service, has resigned his position as conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra. For 42 years he has held that post, besides being active in the opera house. He has had ample financial backing for his orchestra; he has introduced many unfamiliar compositions, without regard to school or nationality.

Once when he was conducting a performance of "The Valkyrie" at the Boston Theatre, we heard the conversation of two strangers in the city. The husband was evidently bored stiff by the opera. The wife was a chatty person, conscious of her diamonds.

She: "Who's that man down there making motions with a stick?"

He: "Why, he's the conductor, Walter Damrosch."

She: "Is he a good conductor?"

He: (confidently): "Well, he ought to be; he's a son-in-law of James G. Blaine."

Walter wrote two operas. "The Scarlet Letter" was performed in New York for the first time anywhere. It was at the Boston Theatre on Nov. 10, 1896. Johanna Gadsby, Hester, Barron Berthold, Dimmersdale; Bispham, Chillingworth. Mr. Damrosch says in his entertaining "My Musical Life": "The music was, I think, well written and orchestrated, but so much of it had been conceived under the overwhelming influence of Wagner, that I am afraid Anton Seidl was right when, after doing the work in New York, he confided cynically to his friends that it was a 'New England Nibelung Trilogy.'"

We remember a charming chorus in the nature of a madrigal; we remember the atrocious English coming from the mouths of the Italian singers who took part in the performance.

Mr. Damrosch tells how Mrs. John L. Gardner, his "real and loyal friend and supporter," sent a huge laurel wreath to the stage for him, the wreath of which contained a large scarlet letter "A." "The reader may imagine what jokes were cracked at my expense about that very prominently displayed letter."

Bispham in his "Quaker Singer's Recollections" tells a different story: the wreath was presented to Damrosch at a supper party. "It is to be supposed that the artists were foreigners and did not in reality understand the meaning of the words they were singing in English, or they did not, with considerable ceremony and many complimentary speeches presented Mr. Damrosch with a large scarlet letter 'A' which they placed upon his breast." Bispham gives as his authority, Walter himself. The memory was at fault?

Mr. Damrosch's other opera, "Cyrano de Bergerac," with an excellent libretto by W. J. Henderson, was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, Feb. 27, 1913; Pasquale Amato, Cyrano; Frances Alda, Roxane. The opera has not been performed in Boston.

MUSIC, AND THE INFANT BREAST

(From the New York World)

My son, when yesterweek you wept
In your—to me—so sweet soprano,
Your mother stilled your cries and kept
You quiet with a player-piano;
And raptly dreamed of her ambition:
That you might be a great musician.
And when "Scheherazade" ceased,
You, with motion esoteric,
The volume of your voice increased
And rent the ether atmospheric.
(The instrument that stilled your squeak
I ought to add, was an Ampico).
Your mother through the future peers
And sees you a musician fellow,
And in a scanty score of years
Can hear you on the flute or 'cello.
My heart, though fond, beats only so-so
To think of you as virtuoso.
For in the forming years to come,
While yet your taste is embryonic,
I hear you beat the noisy drum;
I hear your practice saxophonic;
And see you, reft of all romancing,
Leading the band for night-club dancing.

We asked for information about Ninon Duclos, who in 1880 was a young woman at the old Howard.

The Editor of The Herald: In November, 1878, she was Lessee and Manageress of the Folly Theatre, West 12th street and Greenwich avenue, New York, and she produced her own "Musical Fairy Extravaganza" entitled "Little Bo-Peep." The program also included a regular vaudeville performance. In the company were the Martinettis, Jennie and Emmie Yeamans, Sidney Nelson and many others.

This theatre had formerly been known in 1875 as the Columbia Opera House; in 1876 as the American Alhambra, and in the earlier part of 1878 as the Vaudeville. (French's John B.) It eventually was turned into a stable.

She was a slight built woman, and one who would not be called handsome but rather plain possibly, bright-eyed and interesting.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

We are sorry to say that early in 1878 this theatre was raided by the police. Miss Duclos, according to the bill of "Little Bo-Peep," did not take part in this "fairy extravaganza."—Ed.

The Editor of The Herald:

The most infernal thing I have heard over the radio was a long and silly opus entitled "Der Kaiser," played by the Fifth Infantry Band of William, Cape Elizabeth. The announcer said that there was no reason why this selection should not be broadcasted, but I certainly can do deny that the fact that the Kaiser himself was born before the war is any excuse why he should "come back." Has the spirit of Hun- found a foothold in the United States army so far as to permit one to bands to blow a paean of praise to the greatest enemy of democracy the world ever produced?

G. A. E.

We are surprised that our friend in Portland calls Mr. William Hohenstein, "the Kaiser." Has the "spirit of Hunism" found so strong a foothold in Portland that G. A. E. is unconsciously influenced?—Ed.

The Editor of The Herald:

The following subtitle graced one of our so-called "dumb" moving pictures: "The Sunday papers were on the stands, thereby proving conclusively that the time was Saturday afternoon."

AN UNPREFERRED BRUNETTE.

P. H.

Christopher Robin said you couldn't be called Trespassers W., and Piglet said yes, you could, because his grandfather was and it was short for Trespassers Will, which was short for Trespassers William. And his grandfather had two names in case he lost one—Trespassers after an uncle, and William after Trespassers. There is a map, one of Mr. Shepard's happiest inventions, showing the Pooh Trap for Heffalumps; the place where the Woozle wasn't; the playground of rabbit's friends and "raletions."—Mrs. Golightly will make no mistake in giving this book to little Sybil and she will enjoy reading it aloud.

As Mrs. Golightly is a sensible woman, not afraid of the "yellow peril" or "The sweep of the Mongolian," she might give "Shen of the Sea," Chinese stories for children by Arthur Bowle.

Chrisman, illustrated with over 50 silhouettes by Else Hasselriis and published by the Dutton Company. Nor should Mrs. Golightly be deterred by the fact that Mr. Chrisman was awarded the John Newbery Medal for this book last October; the medal given by Mr. Melcher and awarded by the Children's Librarians' Section of the American Library Association. Mr. Chrisman was inspired to write these entertaining little tales by his friendship with a wise old Chinaman in Los Angeles. Here one learns how King Cheng Chang is remembered today, not by his roast duck which gained him the throne, but for his chop sticks; how Chuch Chun was the most contrary man that ever drew a full dozen breaths; how gunpowder was discovered by lazy Ah Fun; how our plates are only thin copies of Princess Chin Uor's mud pies; how Ching Cha was pleased when he heard Chi say: "It rains perfectly hard. There will be plenty of leisure in which to beat the children."

This book has already reached a fourth edition.

Handel and Haydn Society Give 153d Performance

The Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its 153d performance of the "Messiah" yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The assisting forces consisted of the Boston Festival orchestra (John W. Crowley, concert master); Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano; Grace Leslie, contralto; Joseph Lautner, tenor; Royal Dadmun, bass; Walter Smith, trumpeter, and Frank H. Luker, organist. The audience was large.

For two hours the performance went the usual present way of Handel and Haydn "Messiah" performances. The chorus, that is to say, showed once more, and in a marked degree, their power to sing with excellent tone, in tune, and with neatness of attack, coloratura, and release.

They could give Mr. Mollenhauer more if he wanted it, and no doubt would be glad to. But Mr. Mollenhauer has his own views about the "Messiah," views which he is not likely to change, so we must rest content with singing like the choruses yesterday, technically excellent. For the good voices, too, of the soloists, we must needs be grateful.

Some day, however, a conductor will come to the fore who will hold a different opinion of what can, and should, be made of the "Messiah." Probably he will prefer a small chorus. Feeling that Handel, though admittedly no Hugo Wolff, nevertheless knew the meaning of the words he set, he will study those words and see to it that his performance, by means of pace, inflection and color, makes their meaning clear, their sentiment compelling.

If he is wise, this conductor will remember that Handel, well used to singers of the finest skill, wrote music that took full advantage of all the vocal effects at the command of these same singers; he will demand of his forces, chorus and soloists alike, all that they can manage in the way of tonal color, shading and rhetorical emphasis—and that will be much, if only they are shown how. Of course he will give deep thought to the orchestra, to the extent, perhaps, of trying again Handel's own instrumentation.

A grand time this imaginative conductor would have of it. Why does not the New England Conservatory the experiment? With their vot.

and orchestra, they would have hardened traditions to be broken. Ready they have proved how ready they can deal with opera, why not try their hand at an oratorio? R. R. G.

"Daisies Won't Tell" Has Its First Boston Performance

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Daisies Won't Tell," a new melodrama in four episodes by Owen B. Winters and Leonard Cline. Produced by Edgar Selwyn and Sam H. Harris.

Shorty Townsend.....Tom Williams
Doc Clarke.....Herbert Yost
Buck, a bartender.....Adin Wilson
Muggs Cardiff.....Howard Lang
Tom Dubois.....George Baxter
Daisy Porter.....Pauline Lord
Ike Swopes.....Lew Welch
Mark Bloom.....Howard Hull Gibson
Violet Regan.....Charlotte Gerould
Fay.....Dorothy Day
Elsa Werimann.....Madeline King
Butch Porter.....Douglass Montgomery
Simeon Holzapfel.....Robert Thorne
Naomi Holzapfel.....Gertrude Hitz
Mrs. Holzapfel.....Harriett Ross
Bertha, a maid.....Frances Simpson
Reporter.....Roy Harrave
Photographer.....Clifton Self

Daisy Porter of Calais, O., had been seduced by Tom Dubois, who let her take a train without providing for her. On her way to a hospital she was befriended by Muggs Cardiff, a kind-hearted gambler of the Bret Harte species. There the child died, Daisy, weak, helpless, unable to find work, went the easiest way.

She left Calais in 1887; she returns in 1895, apparently prosperous, but as she says to the men in the back room of Shorty's saloon, "city broke," no longer unsophisticated, returning to ruin young Dubois. Before her entrance we met Shorty Muggs, the doctor, and Dubois. We at once knew from Dubois's swagger, arrogant talk and behavior at the poker game that he was the villain.

Daisy knows that the women of Calais, discussing her return, will not sing that charitable chorus: "She's more to be pitied than censured." She does not ask for pity, she defiantly opens what is euphemistically called by the dramatists a "rooming house." We meet there two of the "roomers" and their gentlemen friends, but there is no wild orgy; no popping of champagne corks, though one of the ladies timidly suggests that there is champagne in the house. Suddenly Dubois enters. He is again in trouble, and begs Daisy to shelter the victim, who dies then and there in an adjoining room. Daisy threatens Dubois with public exposure; asks \$50,000, but not for herself. He signs a check, which she tears up and insists on rearing the child as her own; on rearing him in the house that she had bought from Dubois through a third person, the house where Dubois had been born.

In 1917 this boy Butch is expelled from college. He is a cub, a graceless youth, spoiled by his mother, an impossible creature, yet adored by Daisy. He becomes engaged to Naomi, the daughter of a stiff-backed clergyman. The Rev. Mr. Holzapfel calls, when she is confiding in Daisy, and orders her home. This minister of the gospel explains why he will not allow the engagement, saying that Butch does not know his own father; that Daisy keeps a house into which no decent person should enter; and he calls her a name, a word of two syllables, that in the Old Testament is a monosyllable. Butch is naturally upset. Daisy finally tells him that Dubois was his father, but does not deny her motherhood. Butch, drafted for the war, had raged and threatened to run away; but now, so great is his bitterness that he rushes out, to sleep in the trenches in Flanders; to fight, probably to be shot.

In 1918 he has covered himself with glory. (He and Naomi had been married by a justice of the peace.) Butch has been promoted. Calais rings with praise of him. Daisy is herself a heroine in the eyes of the people. Mrs. Holzapfel calls and gushes over her. Daisy is requested to speak in behalf of a Liberty Loan. Then the news is broken to her after she and Naomi have been photographed for a newspaper: Butch has been killed. And not one comforting word had he sent since his departure to his supposed mother.

Here we have a melodrama that contains elements of popularity with audiences of today; a wronged woman who, returning, swears profusely; beer and whiskey served to poker players; scenes of pathos; stormy scenes between seducer and seduced; a gambler full of good advice; a tortured woman, tortured by a worthless boy to whom she has devoted herself, yet unwilling to admit that she is tortured. The play is in need of revision, especially in the last act, which might be rewritten to ad-

take although the dramatists have the courage to refrain from bringing back the soldier, decorated and joyous.

As for the character of the play and the nature of the situations and the dialogue, it is enough to say that the audience was evidently interested. After the third episode there were many curtain calls.

The company is a capable one. Miss Lord shone especially in her entrance scene, her first meeting with Dubols, and in the foolish excuses, prompted by her love, for Butch's outrageous behavior. It was a pity that her dialogue was often not faultless; that at times her sentences were unintelligible; that she stressed over-quietness of speech. Mr. Lang as Muggs, Mr. Montgomery as Butch and Mr. Yost as the doctor gave lifelike portrayals.

KEITH'S

Frank Fay, Broadway's favorite son, who made such a hit at Keith's that he was held over for an extra week last September, is back once more with material that is "louder and funnier" than ever. He has the same two woe-begotten-looking "plants" with him, and the little girl, "Patsy" Kelly, is also among those present. "My stock company," Fay calls them.

Other acts on the bill are: Vivian & Walters; Miss Bobby Adams; Johnny Dyer and Diana Lee in an act written by Frank Fay; Boyle and Della; Grette Ardine and John Tyrrell; Dave Seed and Ralph Austin; Ledova, dancer, formerly of the Music Box; and the usual news reels completed the bill.

They who make the least of death consider it as having a great resemblance to sleep; as if any one would choose to live 90 years on condition that, at the expiration of 60, he should sleep out the remainder. The very swine would not accept of life on those terms. —CICERO.

TRAM

G. L. D. wishes to know the origin of the word "tram," short for "tramcar."

"Tram" has many meanings. The earliest: each of the two shafts of a cart, wagon, hand or wheelbarrow. This word goes back to 1500 and is apparently the same as the Low German "traam," meaning the same as "tram." (In the plural it meant the two upright posts of a gallows; also a man's leg, particularly a wooden leg.) Then there is "tram," a miner's term for the vehicle for carrying coal or ore in a handbarrow or on a sledge.

"Tram," a track of wood, stone, or iron; a tramroad or tramway. The great Oxford dictionary says of this "crux": "If it was short for something like 'tram-track,' it might have arisen out of II" (the miner's term); "and if it was applied primarily to the wooden beams or 'rails' laid as wheel tracks, it might conceivably go back to the Lower German sense of 'Balk' or 'beam'; evidence is wanting. From II or III" (the miner's use, and the meaning, "track of wood," etc.) "used attributively came 'tram road' (in use in 1800) and the later 'tramway' (in use in 1825); also 'tram carriage' and the modern 'tramcar,' known in 1863 and 1875 respectively, and before 1880 shortened in popular English use to 'tram,' which thus by a circuitous course 'harks' back to a sense akin to branch II," the miner's use.

Compare Ernest Weekley's "Romance of Words":

"Tram" is persistently connected with a Mr. Outram, who flourished about 1800. This is another case of intelligent anticipation, for the word is found in 1555. It means log or beam, and was probably first applied to a log-road laid across bad ground, what is called in America a "corduroy" road."

J. C. E. writes: "I have been reading Louis Bertrand's 'La Vie Amoureuse de Louis XIV.' On page 72 it is stated that the king hardly loved any women besides his. So even in the days of the 'Roi Soleil' gentlemen preferred ladies."

As the World Wags:

I am what is termed an unassuming man. I go my way unmolested and alone. I love the peaceful life; the warm glow of satisfaction that engulfs me in my perpetual meditations is salutary to the mind. I have been thinking, of late, about revolving doors. Is it true that they turn in or out? KAS.

DUO FOR HORNS

As the World Wags

Hall, the ancient ones of Greece. For some time we've had a hunch that with two, at their dearest, went the wisest of the bunch. So, taught that sternest fate upon the celibate

Socrates, who had a wife. Was not happy in that state Ready to relinquish life. Thumbed his nose at adverse fate. Drank decoction of the bark. Which extinguished vital spark D. I. LEMMA.

KANSAS NOTES

Grandpa Nugent had his whiskers freeze on him during the cold snap last week.

Manager Al Pine of the opera house announces that he has secured the Swiss Bell Ringers for an early appearance.

The Stratford-on-Avon Shakspeare Club met with Mrs. George Blivens Tuesday afternoon. Roll call was answered with "my favorite mince pie recipe" and Mrs. Henry L. Green gave an interesting talk on the Grand Canon.

The Green Front Pharmacy has stocked a complete line of neckwear and automobile accessories for the holiday trade.

John Sullivan of Taub neighborhood has postponed his fall plowing, pending farm relief action by Congress.

j. p. h.

As the World Wags:

I have found how pedestrians may cross Tremont street with practically no injuries!

1. Stand behind tree and blow whistle; then dash out, crying: "Pulvertothe-curb! — wherethehell do ya think ya're going?!"

2. Stagger into street; drivers will immediately jam on brakes, jump out, and anxiously inquire, "Whereja gett?"

3. Remove clothes and dress dummy; throw dummy in street—cross unobserved while motorists rush upon it.

4. Wait for the green light. HERBLOCK.

CARELESS SURGERY

As the World Wags:

In Sunday Edition, Dec. 5, Boston Herald—Page 1, Section E.

INFORMATION BUREAU

"The cold weather, with snow, which has fallen over the northern parts of New England during the past week, have been welcomed by the hotel men, many of whom are remaining open for the winter sports."

The question of singular or plural for "have been welcomed" is more easily settled than "is" or "are" in the recent discussion. But I should be grateful for an explanation of how it is that many "hotel men . . . are remaining open."

M. G.

As the World Wags:

I have at hand a copy of "Hudibras" printed by Thomas Horne, London, in the year 1700. The lines containing the disputed word here read:

"For, as we said, He always chose To carry Vittle in his Hose,"

SATYROS

"IS"—"ARE"

As the World Wags:

The question is, is it not, is it "is," or is it not "is"? Some say the "is" is "are," and are they right? Do you suppose any judge would pass such a sentence? Certainly, if the Burlington pass it up now (and they should) posterity wouldn't have such a "rotten sentence, anyway" passed down. Some things are more important than an "is" as Johnny thought, when he was asked to correct the sentence, "The horse and cow is in the field." He hesitated not a moment in replying, "The cow and horse is in the field—ladies first, always."

ALFRED J. CARDALL, JR.

As the World Wags:

When a split arises in connection with the firms of such long standing as Smith Bros., of cough drop fame, it is news. The age of this firm is hard to estimate, but when I was a little boy the company's beard was well below the chin. Now the public is astounded, or should be, by the street car advertisement which depicts a man (it's Trade, I think), in B. V. D.'s shoveling snow. The caption reads: "It is just as silly to ever be without" S. B. cough drops. As you see a split exists and I expect any day now to see the business divided. I don't know for sure, but I imagine Trade will get the Cough, and Mark the Drop.

THOD.

East Watertown.

ASTLE SQUARE—"Madame X," revival of the famous melodrama with Adelyn Bushnell in the title role. The cast:

Rose	Josephine Fox
Doctor Cheneau	Harold Burnett
Floriot	Louis Leon Hall
Jacqueline	Adelyn Bushnell
Noel	Ralph Morhouse
Victor	Jack Marvin
Laroque	W. H. MacDowall
Perissard	Hamilton Christy
Merival	Peggy Sharor
Marie	Betty Munroe
Heleno	Jerry Bradford
Raymond Floriot	George Warren
Clerk of the court	C. Dixey
The Presiding Judge	Frankel Abbott
Fontaine	
Valmorin	

CONTINUING PLAYS

Copley—"Tons of Money," farce. Last week.

Colonial—"Don Juan," film starring John Barrymore with a Vitaphone prelude.

Hollis—"Cradle Snatchers," farce by Russell Medcraft and Norma Mitchell featuring Blanche Ring.

Majestic—"The Big Parade," return engagement of war film.

Park—"Tommy," comedy by Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson, with Peg Entwistle, William Janney, Sidney Toler and others.

Shubert—"Song of the Flame," operetta, with Tessa Kosta and Guy Robertson.

Tremont—"Beau Geste," film version of Percival Wren's story of the French Foreign Legion, with Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes, Neil Hamilton and others.

Wilbur—"Queen High," musical comedy version of "A Pair of Sixes," with Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit, John Hazzard and others.

Dec 27, 1926

The program of the Symphony concerts this week is as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso, No. 6, G minor (with a Musette for the third movement), composed in 1733, the year when Handel's "Saul," "Israel in Egypt," and the music to Dryden's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" were first performed. Handel composed 12 grand concertos for strings between Sept. 23 and Oct. 30, 1759; Vaughan Williams, A Norfolk Rhapsody No. 1; Wagner, Prelude and "Love Death" ("Tristan and Isolde"); Rimsky-Korsakov, "Scheherazade."

Vaughan Williams, a passionate lover of folk music, found songs and heard them sung at Kings Lynn, Norfolk, England. The tunes that particularly pleased him were "The Captain's Apprentice," "A Bold Young Sailor," "The Basket of Eggs," "On Board an '83," and "Ward, the Pirate." He purposed to write a folk symphony. The Rhapsody, to be played this week, was to be the first movement; the second Rhapsody was to be the slow movement with a middle section or episode in the nature of a Scherzo; the third Rhapsody would be the Finale.

Rhapsody No. 1, composed in 1905, was produced at a promenade concert, London, on Aug. 23, 1906; the second and third Rhapsodies at a Cardiff festival in 1907. Having heard these two, he discarded the third and was doubtful about the second.

The words of these Norfolk songs are naive for the most part, and entertaining. The crudest is "The Captain's Apprentice." Here is the first verse:

"One day this poor boy to me was bound apprentice. Because of his being fatherless, I took him out of St. James's work-house, His mother being in deep distress."

"The Basket of Eggs" seems to be more singable:

"Down in Sand Bank two sailors they were walking. Their pockets were both lined with gold.

And as together they were talking A fair maid there they did behold, With a little basket standing by her As she sat down to take her ease. To carry it for her one of them offered, Tho answer was 'Sir, if you please.'"

"Ward, the Pirate," is a very old naval ballad that tells of the excellent Ward engaging in battle with the Rainbow. Leaving victorious, he shouted to the English captain, to tell the King that if he ruled the land, he, Ward, ruled the sea. Here is the first verse:

"Come all you gallant seamen bold, all you that march to drum.

Let's go and look for Capt. Ward, far on the sea he roams.

He is the biggest robber that ever you did hear.

There's not been such a robber found for above this 100 year."

Was this Captain Ward the poor English sailor who went to Barbary, turned Mahometan, entered the service of the Moors, and became captain of a galley? He waxed very rich, and "lived like a Bashaw in Barbary."

There was another Ward, a pirate, who established himself on the Barbary coast. But are not these Wards, to whom Philip Gosse in his "The Pirates' Whose Who," gives all too short biographical sketches, one and the same?

Vaughan Williams has written other works based on folk tunes. Some time ago, speaking at a meeting of the English Folk Dance Society about the late Cecil Sharp, a furious collector of folk tunes and encourager of folk dances who once busied himself in this country and had friends in Boston, he said "that the musical consciousness which had developed in England and this country was real and growing; that folk song and dance are intimately bound up with it both as cause and effect; that when historians come to deal with this period they will put in the forefront not the names of composers or executants nor even of folksong collectors as such, but that of the man who believed in his heart that English have been, and are, and will be of a musical country, and gave his whole life unhesitatingly to the cause of making and keeping them so."

And not long ago Vaughan Williams said at a dinner of the Philharmonic Society in London, he had come to the conclusion that he did not like modern music. He was thus quoted in the N. Y. Times:

"Of course, he was an 'old fogey' and must frankly confess that it meant nothing at all to him. The question was whether it was the last kick of the dying horse or whether it represented a searching out by young blood in new directions, so that at last some one would find the right path along which all would follow in a great procession to the next great composer. The test of music was whether it had any human relationship, for music was essentially human. It belonged to the people and not to connoisseurs or patrons. The question where modern music was leading depended upon how far it appealed to the human in us. There was a tremendous movement in choral music in England at the present time. All the little towns were crying out for music which they could sing and understand, and they had to fall back upon Handel and Mendelssohn because theirs was music they could understand and grasp. Therefore it was the duty of modern composers to express their ideas in the clearest possible way, so that the largest number of people could understand it. We did not want music for the few. Most modern music was either much too difficult or written for a public which did not exist."

We are sorry that this man of indubitable talent spoke so foolishly about modern music, this composer of the "London" symphony, the Variations on a Theme of Thomas Tallis, "Wenlock Edge," which we have all heard with pleasure. (His "Pastoral" symphony has been performed by the N. E. Conservatory orchestra.)

Cecil Gray, amusing, often shrewd, often bitter in his "Contemporary Composers," hardly does Vaughan Williams justice: "He flounders about in the sea of his ideas like a vast and ungainly porpoise, with great puffing and blowing; yet, in the end, after tremendous efforts and an almost heroic tenacity, there emerges, dripping and exhausted from the struggle, a real and lovable personality, unassuming, modest, and almost apologetic."

The program of the Symphony concerts next week is announced: Roland Manuel, Three Sonatas of Scarlatti (orchestrated), and Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps." Mme. Wanda Landowska will play a Rondo by Mozart for "harp-sichord" and orchestra—which Rondo, oh, Mme. Wanda? there are several—and De Falla's Concerto for harpsichord, flute, oboe, clarinet, violin and violoncello.

There is a "popular" program for the Pension Fund concert, to be conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky, next Sunday afternoon. Rossini, overture to "William Tell"; Weber-Berlioz, "Invitation to the Dance"; Sibelius Valse "Triste"; Johann Strauss, waltz, "Valse of Spring"; Tchaikovsky, "Nutcracker" Suite and "1812" Overture (the last with an auxiliary brass band off stage).

The People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Mason conductor, will give a concert in Jordan Hall next Sunday afternoon. Joseph Lautner, tenor. Music by Gluck, Mozart, Elliot Griffin and Saint-Saens.

ENGAGED FOR 3 CONCERTS, SHE CHARGES

The Boston Symphony Orchestra defendant in a suit filed by Maria Valentova, who, from a bar room on Shawmut Avenue

And what a delightful life these invalids lead! They are always doctoring and increasing and complicating their disorders and always fancying they will be cured by some nostrum which somebody advises them to try; and the interesting thing is that they deem him their worst enemy who tells them the truth.—Plato (translated by C. S. J.).

Monday morning at 11 o'clock, at the First Baptist Church, in this city, Miss Rachael Daniel became the bride of Mrs. William Wendell Shope, of Weaverville. Dr. I. M. Mercer, pastor, performed the ceremony.

May I add an item of New England folklore to the array from Old England, which appeared in your column yesterday with reference to the tradition of "Lazy Lawrence"?

"The drone, a nuisance to the hive,
Stays, but can scarce be said to live;
And well the bees, those judges wise,
Plague, chase, and sting him, till he dies.
Lawrence, like him, tho' sav'd from
 hanging,

Now "Greenfield Hill" is provided with notes of explanation, and one of them, on line 63 of part VI, reads thus: "(Lawrence.) A proverbial name, in some parts of New England, for a lazy person."

As a Connecticut man, the great Timothy Dwight may be excused for his apparent ignorance of the Lawrences of Massachusetts.

M. H.

Maria Edgeworth included in her "Tales for the Young" one entitled, "Lazy Lawrence." In the same collection was a story about "Simple Susan," often quoted when my mother wished me to be more interested in household affairs.

IMOGENE S. SLADE.

I wanted tuh go tuh a vaudeville show, but Tha Blonde Flapper made me drag her over tuh a legit. "Remember," sez I, "if I don't like this play I'll git even with you—Santy Klaus won't kum tuh yer house!" Yew'll like it, alrite," sez she, "It's in 4 acts, an' they say it's reel exciting." "Nuthin' ever got me excited," sez I, "In fact, if I herd revolver shot on Tremont street, I woudn't bother tuh turn around an' look."

Well, the first thing I liked wuz tha
komplete absense uv any uv theez dam
Mammy songs. Yew know wot I
meen—"O, I wanta go back tuh
deer old Dixie tuh see my luvving
"Ma-a-a-a-mmy!" " Pritty soon I saw
tha there wuzn't gonna be any Charles-
ton er Black Bottom wrestling matches,
so I begun tuh feel better. About this
time I wakes up tuh tha fact tha sum-
buddy on tha dam stage wuz a reel
actor—I ain't mentioning no naims be-
cause he mit git sore as hell about the
publicity. An' I don't know a hulluva
lot about music, but I do know tha
wen he slings a song over tha footlites
at yuh, yuh KEEP IT. As I sed before,
I never git excited, but wen tha cur-
tain fell at tha end uv tha third act,
tha guy behind me sez, "sit down, yuh
dam fool, sit down!"

Tha only thing I regret about tha show is tha fact that I lost 2 months progress with Tha Blonde Flapper. She fell hard fer this here bloke. If yuh have any dirt on him, such as him being married er being sued fer divorce on account yu cruelty er sumthing like that, fer gawd's sake lemme know!

As the World Wags:
I said to my grandson aged six,
What will Santa Claus bring
When down the chimney his reindeers
come

With a merry ting-a-ling-ling?
The dear little chap he looked at me
And winked a saucy eye,
And solemnly said "Now don't you know
That there ain't no such a guy?"
IVA H. DREW.

Lady Robert Innes Ker, (Josie Collins, the actress) said in the bankruptcy court, London, that one reason for her insolvency was her extravagant generosity to friends, but she intended to pay her debts in full. Liabilities more than \$20,000; assets less than \$500.

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon. For the holidays Mr. Koussevitzky arranged an interesting and brilliant program.

First came Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 6. The solemn first movement, solemn but with Handel's peculiar tenderness, reminded the hearers that Christmas Eve should be something more than an excuse for eating and drinking, hysterical music and riotous jollity. The lively movements have a stirring virility. Those to whom the "Scotch snap" is a burning question, who trace this "snap" in music of every age and every school, rejoiced to find it in the Musette, a movement curiously named, for it is without the traditional form.

There was a passionately eloquent performance of the familiar excerpts from "Tristan and Isolde": a remarkably effective reading and playing of Rimsky - Korsakov's "Scheherazade," that gorgeous tonal picture, reproducing wild tales of Afrites and Jinns, one-eyed Kalanders and enchanting princesses, the sea of Sindbad with the magnetic mountain, the splendor of Bagdad under its great Caliph, the sensuality, the cruelty, the perfumes, the lust and the glamour of the Orient.

The second piece on the program was played here for the first time. It was well worth hearing. Vaughan Williams, a firm believer in folk-music as thematic material, although for his more important works he invented his own themes, heard over 20 years ago folk-songs in a Norfolk village that pleased him greatly, and inspired him to write three Norfolk Rhapsodies. The one performed yesterday was No. 1. The words of the songs used are delightfully naive; the tunes heard yesterday are for the most part pleasingly melancholy, with one that is rollicking and typically English in its straightforwardness. The introductory section is beautiful by reason of the theme announced in a beautiful manner both in tone and in expression by Mr. Lafrance, the leader of the viola section, and by the treatment of this theme, the charming and original orchestration. The lively section is wholly free from the coarseness that is too frequently found in music of English and other composers when they wish to be unmistakably gay. The close, too, is beautiful in its unexpected quietness. This Rhapsody would bear repetition at an early day. The Rhapsody is nearer in spirit to the same composer's "Wenlock Edge" than to his "London" Symphony.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Scarlatti, Three Pieces, arranged for orchestra by Roland-Manuel; de Falla, Concerto for Clavichord, flute, oboe, clarinet, violin (so the announcement states, but others say "viola") and violoncello; Mozart, Rondo (being the Finale of a piano concerto), for harpsichord and orchestra; Stravinsky, "The Rite of Spring." Wanda Landowska will be the soloist.

REPERTORY THEATRE—"A Kiss
for Cinderella," a fantastic comedy in
three acts, Sir James Barrie. The cast:
Our Policeman and the Prince. Guy Phillips
Man with a Board and the Lord Mayor,
William Mason
Man with a Coat and the King,
Mark Schweid
A Coster and Lord Times.... Ralph Roberts
The Censor..... Myra Nall
Ed. Bodie..... William Kershaw
Dandy..... William Faversham, Jr.
Cinderella..... Margaret Parsons
Mrs. Maloney and the Queen,
Asnes Elliot Scott
Faery Godmother..... Maracat McCarthy
Ed. Bodie..... Louise Hunsdon
Lady Charlotte Warrenton, as nurse,
Mercedes Ramnor

One might well fear that the mere translation of a play like "A Kiss for Cincereella" into such material fabric as flesh and blood, scenery and costumes and the palpable settings of the theatre, might immediately destroy its quality of dream-like unreality, break its gossamer illusion, spall its charm.

But the Repertory Theatre Company by the exercise of that genius which is derived from the taking of infinite pains, have accomplished, if not the impossible, at least the 99 per cent of excellent which was awarded Cinq Carrelas in the competition.

exactly, the spirit of Barrie's diaphanous fantasy. Here is a "dream play" that is not of this earth. It is a mixture of a fairy tale and the imaginings of a mind which has an astonishing power of projecting its fancies upon the plane of reality.

Its principal scene of the play is Cinderella's dream of the court ball, of her choice, from among the beauties seeking the prize, by the handsome but excessively bored Prince. It is a picture by the poor little Cockney walf, freezing in the snow in a dismal London street and it quite merited the applause it commanded. The King and The Queen in their remarkable "Court Card" costumes (there is more than a suggestion of Alice's Wonderland about it) escorted in their rocking chairs; The Lord Mayor, cracking his whip like the dimly remembered ringmaster at the Horse Show, as he put "The Beauts" through their paces; Lord Times, with a head covering which would have delighted our old friend The Mad Hatter; The Censor, with his deadly halbred; the penguin "Bishop"; the romping children in their Peter Pannish nightdresses and, of course, The Lord Mayor with his impossibly dignity; the lords and ladies and all the mad, whirligig of the ball made an unforgettable picture.

The other scenes, too, were in full keeping with the whole and maintained the Barrie spirit to the utmost.

And for the hero and heroine? Well, they made a not ably fine impression. Miss Parsons, possibly a thought too robust for the wispy sprite of Barrie's Cinderella, put real felling into her acting. She took the center of the stage by right of eminent domain in the ballroom scene in the army convalescent hospital at the end, was a pathetic and appealing figure.

Mr. Phillips has made a painstaking study of the speech and mannerisms of the London "bobbie," and in the part of "Our Policeman" was a handsome and "romantic" lad. His work steadily improved as the play went on.

As for the other characters they were admirably in keeping with the whole scheme, with a special word of commendation for the keen appreciativeness of William Mason as the first mayor.

"A Kiss for Cinderella" is a moving and beautiful thing. Laughter and tears are close together and, as a Christmas eve performance there could have been nothing more delightful.

George Bernard Shaw is in "bad odor" again because he has inveighed against Christmas, "an unbearable nuisance." For this he has been nicknamed "G. B. Scrooge." He might be likened to Sydney Smith's acquaintance who spoke disrespectfully of the equator.

Sercooge. The name, of course, brings at once the remembrance of "The Christmas Carol." Not long ago some Englishman wrote a disagreeable article about this book, protesting against Dickens' "materialistic" view of Christmas, as merely an excuse for indiscriminate, injudicious, extravagant generosity, and gorging and guzzling. This writer, a dyspeptic or a rigid vegetarian, could not bear the thought of Mrs. Cratchit plunging the carving into the breast of the goose: "When a long-expected gush of stuffing comes forth, one murmur of delight rolls all round the board." The thought of the youngest Cratchits "steeped in onion and the eyebrows" disgusts this tripe-visaged writer, nor could he brook even the mention of the pudding, hard and firm, like a speckled cake, and studded with Christmas holly stuck in the top.

One cannot imagine this kill
singing the joyous refrain with the
ditional vigorous stepping and sta
ing:

"Apple brandy, cinnamon, beer.
Christmas comes but once a year
"The Christmas Carol" is good re-
ading for any day, especially for fast-da-
E. P. Dutton & Co. have published
a charming edition of it with eight co-
lored illustrations and ten illustrations
in the text, all by C. E. Brock. These
illustrations are wholly in the spirit of
Dickens and the season, from the front-
ispiece portraying Mr. and Mrs. Pz-
zlwig dancing "Sir Roger de Coverley"
to the final one depicting old Scrooge in
the act of raising Bob's salary.

Mr. Brock has also illustrated in a delightful manner for this firm two books that have stood the test of time in spite of recent ill-advised critics who labor in picking flaws: Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." What a contrast are Mr. Brock's portraits of the vicar's family and friends, of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs to those by former illustrators—St. John and Rowlandson, Cruickshank and Murray! On our table is a little edition of Goldsmith's tale, published in Vienna in all places in 1798. The covers are black with lettering on the back in crooked

The Russian minister said that
 900,000 rubles had been offered by
 on the 15th of the month to remain
 Boston and thus to let other
 work that might have meant money
 for her.

Koussevitzky was quick to deny the singer's plaint. Major Thomas Walsh of the law firm, Walsh & Walsh is handling the singer's case.

"I was on June 19, 1926, that Mr. K. S. [redacted], who was then appointed conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, wrote to me a letter from Paris, booking me for the three concerts to sing 'Svadebka,' 'b. I. S. V. i. k. y.' for the latter part of the season of 1925-26 in Boston, Brooklyn and Philadelphia," [redacted] and Valutynova declared.

Kouzevitzky's there saw me
and advised me against
engagements anywhere
these three concerts would be

Two weeks I received from
Yakovlevsky the score of this
"Svadicha". I began work
on the score. "Svadicha", re-
lated with professional ac-
complishment to opera is very diffi-
cult to write. I began to coach
Mr. Perc, conductor of the
Grand Opera Company. I
Please turn to Page 3, Column 6.

to k about 20 lessons with him at
\$10 for each lesson,

"During that time I received a number of offers, among them an offer of a leading role with 'The Son of the Flame,' and another from Mr. Salama with the Public Credit for a vaudeville act.

"Having in mind this important hooking, I refused all other offers, my whole career in America and a road depending upon this.

"On Mar h 24, 1926, I received a letter from Mr. Koussevitzy in which he informed me that the concert would be postponed for the following season, 1926-1927. I wrote him on Oct. 22, 1926, from Cincinnati a registered letter for which I have the receipt, asking him when he would call for these concerts this season. I have failed to hear anything from him to now."

The following charming Christmas carol was written for The Herald by a gallant Frenchman, who, wounded in the great war, married an American and now lives with her at Amesbury. We regret that we cannot reproduce the accents of the French.

Noel, petit Noel,
 Dans chaque cheminee
 Ouverte sur le ciel,
 Jusqu'a la matinee
 Petits bas et chaussons
 De tous les poissons
 Tendent leur gueule sombre.
 Emplis bien chacun d'eux
 Jusqu'a ce qu'il déborde.
 Pour faire des heureux
 Ce qu'on demande accorde.
 A terre ou sur un lit
 Chaque grand ou petit
 A des rêves sans nombre.
 Aux parents trop gourmands
 Qui réclament la lune
 Responds en vrai normand
 Et n'en accorde aucune.
 Apporte aux malheureux
 Pensifs et desireux
 Le bonheur . . . ou son ombre.
 This may be . . .

This may be roughly translated or paraphrased in the English prose as follows:

"Christmas, little Christmas, in every chimney that looks up to the sky; till the early morning little socks and shoes of all the little rogues stretch open their husky mouths. They are all well filled, as to overflowing. What they have asked for has been granted to make them happy. On foot or in the bed, all, great and small, have their countless dreams. Answer to the greedy who ask for the moon give them nothing. Bring to the unfortunates who are pensive and longing, happiness, or at least its shadow."

From the Aurora (Ill.) Presbyterian.)
Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Kaser and their
house guests attended the opera, "Simp-
son and Delilah," at the Auditorium
Thanksgiving evening.

A man passing along the street over-
heard two boys talking behind him. One
said to the other, "Say, Pete, do you
believe there is a devil?"

[illegible]

Mr. Gave will produce a mystery play, entitled "The Ghost Train," by Arnold Ridley. It was brought out at the St. Martin's Theatre, London, on Nov. 23, 1925. Frederick T. Cooper took the part of Teddy Deaken, who had excellent reasons for being regarded as a silly ass. Mary Clare appeared distraught as Julia Price. Caleb Porter as the station master, Hodskin, frightened the waiting passengers by telling them the place was haunted.

When the play was produced at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, on Aug. 25, 1926—with a change of scene from Cornwall to Maine, not far from the Canadian frontier, and with another change "to suit American taste"—these roles were filled respectively by Eric Blore, Isobel Elsom and Walter Wilson.

The play had a long run in London. The performance on June 9, 1926, was the 252d. Gladys Ffolliott, who played the prim spinster, Miss Bourne, in that city, came to New York, engaged for the same part at the Eltinge, and was replaced in London by Sydney Fairbrother.

The railway passengers, obliged to wait in a dismal station on a Cornish line, are not cheered by the station master that dark and stormy night. He tells them the place has been haunted ever since a bad accident occurred there.

A phantom train rushes by at midnight. Dead men wave red lights. There are crazed engineers. The passengers, thus prepared for horrors, hear mysterious knockings; lights glimmer; doors open of themselves. One of the passengers tells the others that the ghost train is due that very night.

To tell what happened, to explain the mystery, would be unfair to those who delight in dramas that induce creeping of the flesh. It is said that the stage effects aid in raising goose flesh and are of an unusual, novel order.

There are two ghost-stories of railway life that haunt the memory. One is by Charles Dickens, and was told as one of the Mugby Junction tales. The other is by Marcel Schwob, "Le Train 081" in the collection of his remarkable stories entitled "Coeur Double," a volume dedicated to Robert Louis Stevenson and reviewed with warm appreciation by Anatole France. In the story by Dickens we still see the spectral engineer waving his arm.

In Schwob's story, a retired engineer tells of a ghost-train. He was the engineer of an express from Marseilles to Paris. His brother, an engineer of a French transport, having gone to China before 1860, remained there, married a Chinese woman and lived at Canten with his wife and little girl. About May, 1865, it was rumored that the cholera was ravaging the East; that it had reached Constantinople. There was alarm at Marseilles. If it broke out there, the engineer knew it would arrive at Paris by the express. At that time there was no way for a passenger to inform the conductor or engineer of sickness or an accident. "And I knew that if a passenger was seized with this Asiatic pest which kills in an hour, he would die without assistance, and I would take his blue corpse to the Lyons Station in Paris."

The cholera raged in Marseilles; the mortality was frightful. Travelers left a station, having been fumigated, with a mist of stinking vapor around their clothes. On Sept. 22, 1865, at night Schwob's engineer took his train 081 from the sorely afflicted city. The night was humid; the rain was warm. The night was black. The train was going at the rate of 15 miles an hour. At midnight the engineer and his fireman, Graslepoix, heard the whistle of a train on the other track. Now between Nuits and Dijon at that hour there was no other train going or coming.

Suddenly the train on the other track caught up and accompanied the express. "My hair stands up when I think of it."

This train was enveloped in a red mist. The brass shone brilliantly. There was no sound of steam. Two black men in the mist made motions on the platform; faced the engineer and his fireman and gestured. There was a white board with the figures 081. The carriages went far back in the darkness; all the windows were without light. One of the black men stooped to stoke the furnace. This man was the shadow of Graslepoix. The engineer raised his arm; the black man did the same. The two went back to the carriage A. A. F. 2551. The engineer found there was a man lying with a white cloth covering his face. A woman and a little girl wrapped in silk brocade with flowers lay almost lifeless on the cushions. "I saw the other man go and uncover the face. The chest was bare. Blue spots mottled his skin; his fingers were rigid, wrinkled; his nails were livid; around his eyes were blue circles. I saw all this in a glance; I also recognized that my brother was before me and that he had died of cholera." All this the engineer had felt and seen as it was enacted in the phantom train.

When he recovered consciousness he was at the Dijon station. Graslepoix assured him that he had not left the engine. "But I knew the contrary. I cried out: 'Run to A. A. F. 2551!' I dragged myself to it—and I saw my dead brother as I had seen him before." That morning, Sept. 23, the cholera broke out in Paris, on the arrival of the express from Marseilles.

"My brother's wife is Chinese; she is almond-eyed and yellow-skinned. It has not been easy for me to love her; a person of another race; that seems queer. But the little one is so like my brother. Now that I am old and the tremblings and shakings of engines have made me infirm, they live within me—and we live tranquilly, except that we remembered that terrible night of Sept. 22, 1865, when the blue cholera went from Marseilles to Paris by train 081."

There should be a little book about ghosts on the stage, from the days of the Greek dramatists to this "Ghost Train" by the presumably ingenious Mr. Ridley. The Elizabethans loved to see ghosts in performances of tragedy.

The three great ghosts are Hamlet's father, Banquo's and the one in "The Corsican Brothers." We prefer Hamlet's father to Banquo; the latter is an unpleasant apparition with his face smeared with blood and his finger pointed to it, to the extreme annoyance of Macbeth playing the host. Should Banquo's ghost appear also to the audience? Or should Macbeth be the only one to see him seated—a kill-joy at the feast?

Hamlet's father is a majestic, a superb figure, especially when he speaks in a sonorous, deep-down-within-the-cellar voice. Here is no opportunity for a squeaking tenor. The ghost should be careful in pronunciation. We once heard an actor, not at all majestic, complain of his brother for pouring into the porches of his ears that leprous distilment, "Juice of cussed hebenon in a file."

We have asked several times in years past who wrote the once famous "ghost-tune" in "The Corsican Brothers."

The old German dramatists were not afraid of ghosts. Does any one read today the burlesque, "The Rovers," by George Canning, George Ellis and John Hookham Frere? The song by Rogero about the "University of Gottingen—University of Gottingen"

is in some anthologies: Matilda's line is still quoted: "A sudden thought strikes me: let us swear an eternal friendship"; this to Cecilia whom she has just met at a Weimar tavern. In this burlesque of sentimental German plays, popular in England and in this country in the late years of the 18th and the early years of the 19th century, we find Matilda soliloquizing as she waits for dinner and her Casimere: "Dinner—it is taken away as soon as over, and we regret it not! It returns again with the return of appetite. The beef of tomorrow will succeed to the mutton of to-day, as the mutton of to-day succeeded to the veal of yesterday. But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another. How easily are our desires transferred from dish to dish! Love only, dear, delusive, delightful love, restrains our wandering appetites and confines them to a particular gratification!"

But let us get back to our ghosts. There is one in "The Rovers." The prologue is spoken in character. There is this stage direction at the end: "Flash of lightning. The ghost of Prologue's Grandmother by the father's side appears to soft music, in a white tiffany riding-hood. Prologue kneels to receive the blessing, which she gives in a solemn and affecting manner, the audience clapping and crying all the while. Flash of lightning. Prologue and his Grandmother sink through the trap-door." P. H.

BACK IN THE '80's

Comments on "Jalma," Produced at the Boston Theatre—Other Notes

To the Editor of The Herald:

After Eugene Tompkins had been manager of the Boston Theatre about five years, during which time he had acquired the habit of visiting Europe annually and "seeing things," he changed the policy of producing each autumn a Drury Lane melodrama, and plunged boldly into the presentation of an original spectacle of unexampled magnitude and beauty, written for him by Charles Gayler and called "Jalma." Gayler's first offense had been "Fritz" for J. K. Emmett, but "Jalma" was modelled after the no-man's-land type of "The Black Crook," located nowhere, which gave full scope to the imagination in the matter of scenery, costumes and—legs.

On Sept. 19, 1883, after months of preparation, the Boston Theatre opened its doors for the first performance of the most magnificent, elaborate and expensive production this country had ever seen, and to a top price of \$1.50 they played to \$1687.25. Mind you there was a gallery in the Boston Theatre seating about a thousand people, for which aeroplane view they paid but 25 cents per, and when full that meant but \$250, hence the balance of that gross receipt was \$1437.25 to be divided up below stairs. In those days that was a lot of money. It kept on playing to big business for twelve weeks, or 86 performances (there were no Wednesday matinees), and on Thanksgiving day the receipts were \$3479.75.

Our good friend Harry McGlennen stated in his advertisement of Nov. 11 that "180,000 people" had to date seen it. This would have been after 56 performances, and the seating capacity of the theatre was a shade over 3100, which counted two or three children in some laps.

Any lightning calculator will see that Harry must have, with his well known generosity, allowed about a hundred persons above capacity at each and every performance, but truth to say, the business was big.

The original cast of "Jalma" was:

Jalma	William Redmund
Albraxon	Frank Coulter
Tric-Trac	Frank E. Lamb
Prince Rahmah	E. Y. Backus
Prince Beulah	C. H. Currier
Ahib	R. S. Finley
Droga	D. J. Sullivan
Phibo	S. E. Sprague
Parloosa	Mrs. Thomas Barry
Princess Meta	Miss Edith Kingdon
Princess	Mrs. Grace Thorne
Fametta	Mrs. Katie Wilson
Fahdeen	Miss Rosa Fran

William Redmund had been imported from England for the great production of "Michael Strogoff" and he married Mrs. Barry, they later starring in Charles Osborne's "A Midnight Marriage." Edith Kingdon, as is well known, later joined Augustin Daly's company and eventually married George Gould. She was a graduate of the Amaranth company of amateurs in Brooklyn and an exceptionally handsome woman. Rosa France was the daughter of Rachel (Noah) France and Shirley France.

The only ones known or thought to be still living of the above cast are "Frazzer Coulter, who married Grace Thorne; C. H. Currier, who for many years was a jeweler in Roxbury, and R. S. Finley. Whether or not Kath Wilson is living is not known to me but she married Ed Marble, the rich fruit of which union was Anna Marble who married Channing Pollock.

The announcements stated that there was the "Largest Corps de Ballet ever organized," and that there were "40 Auxiliaries," and "600 Costumes."

At all events in the Grand Ballets and the famous "March of the Silver Army" it seemed as if all the people in Boston who were not seated in front were on the stage, and any one would be ready to swallow the "400 Auxiliaries" and their "600 Costumes" buttons, hooks and eyes, buckles and all.

No such beautiful and gorgeous dazzling effect as the "March of the Silver Army," either before, during or after that time, has ever been seen on the American stage. The Boston Theatre, "Fly Gallery" and the "Fair Bridge" were exceptionally high, and was from those lofty heights that scores of dazzlingly flashing, armored girls marched in bewildering evolutions to the stage, where their numbers were increased by hundreds of other brilliant and gaily costumed associates.

The brilliant ballets interspersed throughout the play, were led by Rosin Viale, from La Scala, Milan; Lucia Corniani, from San Carlos, Naples, the Principals; with four superb Secondas Miles, Patti, Marie, Clifton and Paget from the Alhambra, London, while they were reinforced by a score of Coryphees from English, French and Italian theatres.

It was at this time that the "Sylvia Ballet" was first danced in this country, the entrancing music of which, by Del

scores of 'Sylvia' and 'Coppelia' beautiful, distinctive, spiritual, singing, lustrous, lively, full of all sorts of ingeniousities of rhythm, melody, harmony and orchestration, are the ravishing jewels, which in the museum of our treasure-house, occupy a niche of their own."

Another of the beautiful dances was the "Pas de Quatre," interpreted by Patti, Marie, Clifton and Page, with remarkable success. Whether this was the original "Pas de Quatre" danced in 1845 by Taglioni-Cerito-Grisi and Lucille Grahn, I cannot say, but whether or not, it was one of the great features in making "Jalna's" success.

Jalma, although a very great success, was never played anywhere after this one season, and never saw New York, although it had runs in Philadelphia and Chicago, with short engagements elsewhere. It celebrated its 200th performance at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Tuesday, March 25, 1884, where it had enjoyed a remarkably successful engagement. Previous to this date, however, the cast had been somewhat chameleonzized, so to speak, Walter Reynolds succeeding to the part of Jalma, and Hamilton Harris to that of Abrazon. "Steve" Springer now doubled Phibo with Tric-Trac, and F. Olive played Prince Beulah, while E. F. Waters did Aub. Of the ladies, the only change was the substitution of Kate Meek for Mrs. Barry, and among the Secondas of the ballet the withdrawal of Miss Page and the replacing her with a most attractive dancer named Sidonia.

The contemporary attractions at the other theatres in Boston during its opening week, were The McCaull Opera Company in the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief," with Fred Leslie, Mathilde Cottrelly and Hattie Lewis, at the Globe.

During the 12 weeks of its run Boston saw elsewhere, James O'Neill in Monte Cristo,"—Maggie Mitchell, Chas. Wyndham, Jo. Murphy, the Florines, in 'Fats,' Edwin Booth, Joseph Broderick in,—guess what, right, it was The Jibbenamoy,"—Lawrence Barrett, M. B. Curtis, Chas. Coghlan, in The Duke's Motto' and the Incomparable "Tolanthe."

gross receipts for the first week
ere \$18,845.50.

Remember them, anybody? That was years ago. They opened with "Faust" to \$6794.50. Not bad before Boston had growing pains and only numbered 362,339 people who had reached the age of discretion as well as those who had no discretion.

These were the days of the engaging
ghties, the days of the Stoddard Lec-
res, and of Foxcroft's "Star Course,"
e days of John B. Gough, "Bob" Bur-

'A NIGHT IN PARIS'

Based on the sure foundation of a score of exceptionally good-looking and well trained chorus girls, with its structure expertly fabricated from the tried and true materials of graceful and spirited dancing, tuneful music, clever comedians, handsome costumes and gorgeous scenery, the revue, "A Night in Paris," which opened at the Majestic Theatre last night, "went over big."

As a spectacle "A Night in Paris" is brimful of striking and beautiful scenes, not over elaborated, but planned with a really artistic feeling and executed with a sure touch that was entirely satisfactory. It would be difficult to select definitely, any of these ensembles and say that they were the best, but the scene showing "Cleopatra's Barge" made a perfect picture; "Powder Puff," showing feminine beauty framed in huge powder puff boxes was charming; and "The Sacrifice" was a tableau of striking vigor. "In Chinatown, in Erls-ow," "Zuiui," "The Miser" and "The Slave" also left a good impression.

A number of comedy scenes, including travesties on well known plays, including part of "A Green Hat," were cleverly done. Jack Ostermans "Immursions of Hollywood," with personal jabs of half a dozen noted screen stars shown on the film was heartily applauded. The "Cafe" scene in the Parlours provided a thrilling combination of melodrama and farce.

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Mr. Brock's illustration of the elopement, the back of the post-chaise seen on the hill with the post-boy whipping the horses and little Dick running behind in wonder—this is only one of the sixteen done in his unsurpassable manner. We would not part with the Vienna edition—yet the time comes to every lover of books when he will read no more, unless Conan Doyle is right in saying that there will be books for the next plane—nor would we forego the pleasure of meeting the "fine ladies" portrayed by Mr. Brock, and of hearing Mr. Burchell sitting by the fire and exclaiming "Fudge!" after their stories of fashionable life.

There are some of us who would rather live in Cranford than in the bustling towns of the Babbitts. 'The elegant economy' would suit us, nor would one call the Honorable Mrs. Hemlock stingy because she provided for her evening entertainments only 'wafer bread-and-butter and sponge-cakes.' Why should any one shrink from Miss Jenkyns because she did not sink the "Pickwick Papers," then coming out in parts, "equal to Dr. Johnson," though we might say with Captain Brown, "Damn Dr. Johnson!" And think that this 'gallant gentleman as deeply engaged in the perusal of a number of 'Pickwick' which he just received" when he was killed by a railway train, having dropped "Pickwick" save a little child. Who would mind tinging duck and green peas at Mr. Holbrook's, though the forks were two-pronged and black-handled. Miss Matty liked the peas one by one on the point of the prongs; Miss Pole left them unsteamed. Would we have joined the rest in shovelling them up by a large un-ended knife? (In our little village of the sixties green peas—with a

Should I call on Mrs. Fitz-Adam, who, "as bold as a lion," dressed in rustling black silk soon after her husband's death, so that Miss Jenkins was justified in remarking that "bombazine would have shown a deeper sense of her loot"? Should we have searched for interesting topics of conversation, as the price of sugar, when we met Lady Glenmire, and wondered if the peerage ate preserves or knew how they were made?

The reprinting of Max Beerbohm's pleasingly malicious "Christmas Garland" is welcome, and not only for the Christmas season. It would not be easy to say which of these imitations of authors is the most ingenious and successful. The title of Chesterton's article, "Some Damnable Errors About Christmas," is one of Mr. Beerbohm's happiest inventions. "I look for the time when we shall wish one another a merry Christmas every morning; when roast turkey and plum pudding shall be the staple of our daily dinner, and the holly shall never be taken from the walls, and everyone will always be kissing everyone else under the mistletoe." On the whole we should vote for George Moore on Dickens, with Dolmetsch showing George a score of Palestrina, with the nicely placed semibreves. "I wondered what girl Palestrina was courting when he conceived them. She must have been blonde, surely, with narrow flanks. . . . There are moments when one does not think of girls, are there not, dear reader." But these parodies of thought and style are all amusing.

Dec 26 '92

As we have already shown, and as a correspondent has pointed out, the expression "Lazy Lawrence" was used before "The Parent's Assistant" was published; it was in common use before the excellent Maria was born.

"Miss Edgeworth wrote with that insufferable father of hers at her elbow, prompting her to lay the moral and the 'sense' on for all it was worth. Not

for him his fairy tale, not for him the whimsicalities of a 'When We Were Very Young'; but the parental blight failed to kill Maria's real gift as a story teller, and the volume, in spite of its uninviting name, became a prime favorite with the little people of that generation and the generations which came immediately after. I can testify that 'Lazy Laurence' and 'Simple Susan' still had charms for a little girl of the late eighties and early nineties. I suppose that Laurence was a household character with many persons who were children between, say, eighteen hundred and eighteen sixty; and he and other story book characters were used to point a moral in later years, just as Roosevelt employed 'Meddlesome Matty' in some political discussion, thereby reviving popular interest in Miss Taylor's small heroine. . . . It does not take long for the public to

As the World Wags:
I understand that the drama now
playing at the Plymouth Theatre
"Daisies Don't Tell," takes its title
from an old song. Can you or anyone
of your contributors tell me who wrote
the words and when the song was
first sung? M. S.

THE DANCING GIRL OF DOON

Was as a giant a sound
 As a slanting blue rain
 On the dry summer ground;
 And like a bruised sunset
 Through shadowed maple trees
 Was the touch of fire-light
 Upon her golden knees.
 She danced to no musto
 Other than the crying
 Of wind in the bushes
 And an old wench sighing;
 The scarlet in the flames
 Was as bright in her eyes
 As a touch of lightning
 In the dark basalt skies.
 But Mantis, her lover,
 Had only idle gaze
 For her golden body
 Through the swirling smoke-haze—
 (The patter of her feet
 Would be light on the gorse . . .)
 Young Mantis was scheming
 For a Downgate man's horse . . .
 DONFARRAN.

We read that an otherwise normal boy in Missouri, though he is 10 years old, has not a tooth in his head; but his gums are so hard and sharp that he can chew any kind of food, bite off with the greatest ease a bit of raw apple or a tough piece of meat. He has never had a tooth; dentists say he never will have one. A brother and his cousin were also lacking in this respect.

Still more surprising is the case of a Greenlander taken to Hafnia in the reign of Christian IV of Denmark. "This stranger showed to as many as had the curiosity to see it, that he had but one continued tooth which reached from one end of the jaw to the other." To this statement, good old Bartholin adds: "For which I have the sufficient testimony of Dr. Thomas Finchus, a venerable person, in whose house the barbarian did often feed upon raw flesh, according to the custom of his own country."

A CYNICAL "MAKE-UP" MAN
(Singular juxtaposition of items in the Mem-
phis Appeal)
PARIS IS THIRD

As the World Wags:

The undergraduate paper of a western college, announcing a prize for the best article on "How the College Can be Improved," saw fit to make this stipulation:

"Only articles of unquestionable character will not be considered."

Should the English department interfere, or should the Watch and Ward society be summoned?

EASTERN ESAY

As the World Wags:

At a lecture I recently attended the speaker pronounced "amateur" as if spelled "amater," which is correct. "Get that," audibly snickered a bright youth; "amater, for ama-choor!"

R. E. K.

PENSION CONCERT

In Symphony hall yesterday afternoon the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 53d concert in aid of the orchestra's Pension fund. The popular pieces selected for the program were as follows:

Rossini, overture to "William Tell"; Weber-Berlioz, "Invitation to the Dance"; Sibelius, "Valse Triste"; Strauss, Johann, waltz, "Voices of Spring"; Tchaikovsky, suite from the ballet, "Casse-Noisette" ("Nutcracker"); Op. 71a; Tchaikovsky, Overture Solennelle, "1812."

To hear Mr. Koussevitzky rejuvenate these old 19th century pieces, in the main minor works of the composers, hackneyed to a frazzle by students of various instruments and the dance the world over, was like re-opening the long closed house of an ancestor and beholding the worn furniture, that as children we knew only to be utilitarian household objects, given new beauty and revaluation by the antique expert.

In the first half of the program were waltz tunes to which as tiny tots we were taught the one-two-three of the dance, and later grace and lightness of touch at the piano or with the bow; and there was the old William Tell Overture through which we were expected to express in tones the Schiller operatic legend. As children the music had its attractiveness to us, perhaps; still it was the utilitarian vehicle of lessons. Yesterday it had beauties that never had chance to shine in those practice hours. The one exception to this statement was the "Voices of Spring" by Strauss, which suggested somewhat the heaviness of lingering icicles.

The second half of the program was devoted to two of that trio of popular orchestral pieces by Tchaikovsky, no doubt in honor of the 86th anniversary of the composer's birth, on Christmas day. For the "1812" overture Mr. Koussevitzky augmented the orchestra with the New England Conservatory brass ensemble, about 20 players, where-with he heightened considerably the dramatic effect of the climax. There was long and excited response from the audience, for no performance of this overture at the Pops, where it has long been a favorite, ever thrilled as Mr. Koussevitzky's playing of it did yesterday.

Despite the storm, there seemed few more than a hundred vacant seats in the hall, and the people were enthusiastic throughout.

H. L.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor, will give its fourth concert this afternoon at 3:30 in Jordan hall. Joseph Lautner, tenor, will assist. The program is as follows: Overture to "Tahitiana in Aulis"; Gluck; "A Persian Poem," ballade for orchestra; first performance; Elliot Griffin Suite Algerienne; Saint-Saens; Mr. Lautner will sing an aria.

'GHOST TRAIN'

By PHILIP HALE

Copley Theatre: First performance in Boston of "The Ghost Train," a melodrama in three acts by Arnold Ridley. Produced at St. Martin's Theatre, London, Nov. 23, 1925. Teddy Deakin, Frederick T. Cooper; Saul Hodgkin, Caleb Porter; Julia Price, Mary Clare; Miss Bourne, Gladys Ffolliott. Produced at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, on August 25, 1926, changed for American use. Teddy Deakin, Eric Blom; Saul Hodgkin, Walter Wilson; Julia Price, Isobel Elsom; Miss Bourne, Gladys Ffolliott.

The cast of last night was as follows:

Saul Hodgkin.....C. Wordley Hulse
Richard Winthrop.....Alan Mowbray
Elsie Winthrop.....Millicent Hallatt
Charles Murdoch.....Richard Wainwright
Peggy Murdoch.....Max Ediss
Miss Bourne.....Elspeth Dunsen
Teddy Deakin.....E. E. Olive
Julia Price.....Nan Marriott
Herbert Price.....Edmund George
John Stirling.....Norman Cannon
Jackson.....Roger Wheeler

As this melodrama is a "mystery play," a reviewer is naturally debarred from describing the successive situations and the ending in detail. Yet one can be allowed to speak of certain circumstances, strange scenes, premonitions and anticipations of horror, that calculated to turn the knees of the

spectator to water (as they say in "The Thousand Nights and a Night"), make his hair stand on end, and send chills down his back; unless he, like too many in the audience last night, were inclined to take the story as a colossal joke, although the men and women on the stage acted with the conviction of those who saw the ghost-train and were convinced that the warnings of the gruff station master, his advice to leave, or he would not be responsible for what was to happen, had not been foolish, idle vaporings.

A young married couple, a couple that have just had a tiff, an elderly spinster, and a silly, chattering young man are all stranded at Axworthy Junction. They have missed connections through the stupidity of the silly ass. No train will leave the dismal station till the next morning. There is no inn, no carriage in the neighborhood. The nearest farmhouse is five miles away. The night is rainy, the roads are muddy. Stay in the waiting room they must, although the station master urging them to leave, says he must lock up and obey orders. The stranded will not budge. Then the station master tells a grisly tale of a phantom train, for there had been an accident years ago. He speaks of the former station master dropping dead; of the engineer going mad. Still the stranded will not leave. The station master, having assured them that the phantom train is due that night, goes home. Returning in a few minutes he falls dead, opening the door.

Meanwhile, the silly ass has irritated his companions by his absurd remarks, his incredulity, his ceaseless chatter, his wish to tell stories forgetting the point. Miss Bourne, frightened and swooning, is persuaded to take a drink of brandy. She empties the flask, expresses a distinct desire to be Queen of the May, and is stretched out on a table. The corpse of the station master, which had been put in an adjoining room, has disappeared.

Enter a half or wholly crazed young and attractive woman in evening dress, accompanied by two men, who tell the passengers that she once saw, or thought she saw, the ghost train. The sight affected her reason. She raves like the mad lady of the village but without straw in her hair. Her companions cannot quiet her. At last the whistle is heard, the train rushes by. General consternation. And why are the strangers so anxious to have the stranded leave the station? And why does the silly ass insist on staying?

The answer is, "Go and see the play." It is, as all plays of this nature, intended to excite curiosity and thrill an audience, a mixture of probabilities and absurdities, but the absurdities are not noted until one has left the theatre. During the performance the attention is held. Even when the talk of the others drags and there are vain repetitions, the chatter of Teddy Deakin excites laughter and relieves scenes that might otherwise be boring. No one is really interested in the lovers' billing and cooing, nor in the squabbling of the older married couple. The talk between the spinster and Deakin is much more to the purpose.

We can only hint that Mr. Olive, capital as the silly, empty-headed Deakin, was not the fool he appeared; that Julia Price was not so crazy as she seemed; that the station master was

probably not prompted by appreciative directors of the railway; but there is no doubt that Miss Bourne was gloriously soused, "plastered" to use Deakin's chaste term.

The play was acted with the necessary seriousness in the more creepy and sinister scenes. Mr. Hulse's story of the accident and the consequent apparitions was dramatically, eloquently told. Miss Dudgeon, Allah be praised, acted her drunken scene, discreetly. The large audience was mightily pleased throughout the performance.

Dr. Harry Campbell says that man's simian ancestor "grew his wits and became a man by giving up vegetables and taking to hunting, with the result of hunting, meat. . . . It was noteworthy that man evolved from a speechless being to a being capable of abstract thought—almost, indeed, to his present status—without cultivated grain, any other milk than his mother's, eggs, sugar, alcohol, tea or coffee. He could still survive and thrive without any of these things."

What is to be said of the diet recommended by this learned English physician: crusty bread and butter, raw fruit and salad?

Mr. Arthur Machen will not accept premise or conclusion. "I do not think that a diet of bread and butter, fruit and lettuce would be in the least amusing; and it must be remembered that no food, whether bodily or ghostly, which fails to amuse and interest, can be of the least use or benefit to any man. If I read 'Lyceides' and enjoy it, it profits nothing; if I eat lettuce and enjoy it, it profits nothing."

And on the other hand, the remarks about the diet of primitive man involve by implication the old fallacy of the return to nature, that is, to savagery. There is a colony near Grasse which is busily engaged in returning to nature. There are no laws or police; human relations depend entirely upon free will and natural instincts. Marriage is not recognized, and children are brought up by the community. The children are naked, the grown-ups almost naked—and the neighbors have complained to the police. And the odd thing is that the foolish people who mimic savages do it so badly. True savagery is stuffed with rules and regulations, and the marriage laws of the Australian blackfellows are extremely complex."

Did the address of Dr. Campbell at a meeting of food reformers lead "A. W.," the poet of the Daily Chronicle, to write these lines?

BONES OF CONTENTION

(Soft feeding, we are told, is the cause of Britain having not a single normal jaw.)

Disregard of nature's laws
Hath reacted on our jaws,
Stern effect of simple cause!
Nothing can excuse
Slops and sops in lieu of chops,
Mashes, stews and lollipops;
Man can stay the jaw that drops?
Surely, if he choose.
Man is boomed and advertised
Day by day as civilized,
Yet his taste is criticised
For indulgence crass;
Yet I bid you banish fear,
Man has still a great career,
Samson conquered with a mere
Jawbone of an ass!

WHY THE REPORTER IS MISSING

(From the Champaign, Ill., Gazette)

The Taylor & Fisher music store, with Miss Lois A. Taylor and Robert Fisher as the proprietors, is now being operated in the New University postoffice building, 704 South Sixth street, with the slogan, "Antiquitous haven for students and an esthetic rendezvous for townfolk."

THE DUKE AND THE BUDGET

As the World Wags:
Lass New Year's day we started to keep a budget book. On one page it tells how a guy makin my salary could save 800 bucks a yr. That's a much funnier story than Snowshoe Al could write. Here it is the end of the year an instead of having the 800, we're 650 in the red, not counting a few items with the B and C alnt been made acquainted with. I checked back the directions and found a serious mistake the damn book makes, for instance it tells ya to allow 250 bucks for the B and C's clothes and \$50 for extras in case 250 dont reach. The author should change that, allowing \$50 and \$750 for the extras. Everytime I open the clothes closet I gotta shove a cupple doz. dresses aside ta get at my other suit. Tha big fight starts wen I tell her that her bridge losses average 6 bucks a week to wich she replys that my painting bills are a lot more an I asked her what she means by that, an she shows me ware thers a lotta 6 buck items on the household page in the Shellac, Varnish etc column, that was a swell boner on my part, I shuda put those sixes on the medicine page and she'd never of been tha wiser.

DUKE BAKRAK.

P. S. One piece of change what don't get spent next year is a 2 buck note, the price of a new budget book.

As the World Wags:

In September Florida was making loud cries for assistance, rendered necessary by the tornado; in October she was getting to her feet but she still accepted aid from the Red Cross and other philanthropies; in November she was fully on the way to recovery and didn't care to have much said about the disaster; and now in December if anybody mentions the storm she lifts her eyebrows with a puzzled look and asks: "Storm—what storm? Guess I didn't hear about it." The boom is evidently resumed.

G. A. E.

Portland, Me.

As the World Wags:

For reading "Don Juan" I shall be scorned by all Young Intellectuals as Victorian, or even pre-Victorian. But Young Intellectuals seem to me, perhaps because I am not young or intellectual enough, like froth—like the froth which the drinker bloweth away, the froth which, when you ask what is holding it up, replies contemptuously, "Why, that's nothing but beer."

However, I had a sumptuous "Don Juan" in two volumes, vellum covered, which I decided for preservation's sake to have bound. I took it to the binder, issuing instructions, querulous and solicitous to preserve the deckle, and so on. The time appointed for the work passed. No books came. I called up. I asked what had become of the volumes.

"Could you tell me der pook's name?" a voice replied.
Palankee, Juan, by Lord Byron."

A long silence intervened, due no doubt to search.

Then: "Vot dit you say vas der name of der pook?"

"DON JUAN!" I yelled. "BY LORD BYRON! IN TWO VOLUMES!"

Another long silence, and presumably more searching. And then the inquiry: "Vot vas dey? Sheed-muzig?"

Alas, I have to spoil the story. I thought I was dealing with a Young Intellectual, but I was not. Two days later the books came back, beautifully bound and titled, with the deckle intact and all instructions scrupulously followed.

Tempora, Mores and Company!

Melrose.

AH, CHEE.

INCONSISTENCY

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of Dec. 18 "A. H. H." says: "To use the plural, one must refer to at least a total of two. The subjects of the verb total only one and one-sixth. How then, can the verb be plural?" If "A. H. H." is right, why does he not use a singular verb, and say totals only instead of "total only?"

OUDEIS.

WHAT ARE LINED TROUSERS?

(London Daily Chronicle)

Occasionally great thoughts as well as great schemes emanate from the city. We are credibly informed that the other day when not over-subscribing or underwriting a loan, a city man gave vent to the following statement: "Never trust a man who wears lined trousers or who does not have his business cards engraved."

CONTINUING PLAYS

MAJESTIC—"A Night in Paris," Shubert revue built along French lines with Jack Pearl, Jack Osterman and others.

REPETOIR—"A Kiss for Cinderella," revival of Sir James Barrie's delightful fantasy.

PLYMOUTH—"Daisies Won't Tell," new play by Owen B. Winters and Leonard Cline. Pauline Lord heads the cast. Last week.

HOLLIS—"Cradle Snatchers," farce by Russell Medcraft and Norma Mitchell, featuring Blanch Ring. Sixth week.

WILBUR—"Queen High," musical version of the farce, "A Pair of Sixes," with Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit, John Hazard and others. Fourth week.

PARK—"Tommy," new comedy by Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson, with Peg Entwistle, William Janney, Alan Bunce, Sidney Toler, Ben Johnson and others. Fifth week.

SHUBERT—"Song of the Flame," operetta with Tessa Kosta, Gay Robertson, the Russian Art Choir and others. Last week.

'OLD IRONSIDES' IN FILM AT TREMONT

A real patriotic thriller is "Old Ironsides," the motion picture by Lawrence Stallings of "What Price Glory" fame, which was given its first Boston showing last night at the Tremont Theatre. The famous frigate Constitution is, of course, the "heroine" of the production. If, indeed, an inanimate object like a ship can be regarded as a screen heroine. Assuming applause to be a correct gauge of approval, the plaudits that greeted the spectacular exploits of the vessel and her crew as presented last night, entitle the Constitution to take the very top notch of popularity.

The picture represents an expedition by the Constitution, under the gallant Commodore Preble, to the Mediterranean, where, single handed, she wipes out the Barbary pirates, and sets the stars and stripes in triumph on the citadel of Tripoli.

The photography is on the boldest and most dramatic scale and "Old Ironsides" is depicted, over and over again, now under full sail; now stripped for action, now joined in battle with the corsairs, with splintered bulwarks and top-hammer a wreck but with every gun of her broadside heaving fire and thunder, now, by a novel camera trick, shown bearing down under a cloud of canvas with the seas boiling under her forefoot, until her tremendous bulk seems to be about to come roaring right over the footlights, and now gliding serenely

time, silhouetted against a background of the stars and stripes, making a loudly overheard.

There is fighting enough in the picture to satisfy the most exacting and makes a vivid representation of naval warfare in the brave days of sail. Deatur and his band of heroes capture and burn the stranded Philadelphia. An Algerine frigate is sent to the bottom after a terrific set-to. The bombardment of the pirates' fortifications is like an earthquake, ably assisted by the orchestra drums. The scenes between decks, where the sweating gun crews work their pieces, are especially realistic.

A wispy thread of a love story runs through the picture but is of almost negligible importance. It gives Esther Ralston a chance to display her statu-sque type of beauty and Charles Farrell—a Boston boy by the way—to the sailor boy hero. Wallace Beery and George Bancroft as a bos'n and a gunner furnish the funny stuff.

In producing the picture, handling the thousands of men who participate and in manoeuvring his square-rigged craft, the simulated naval warfare, James Cruze has accomplished a notable feat of stagecraft on a gigantic scale.

J. E. P.

'JUST MARRIED'

Just Married. A farce in three acts. Adelaida Mathews and Anne Nichols. Presented by the Castle Square Playhouse.

Cast:

Johnny Walker	Winfield Saxton
Edith Roberts	Edith Roberts
Harold Bates	Harold Bates
Gene Cleveland	Gene Cleveland
Allan Wallace	Allan Wallace
Josephine Fox	Josephine Fox
Lawrence Adams	Lawrence Adams
Betty Umore	Betty Umore
Hamilton Christy	Hamilton Christy
Jack Marvin	Jack Marvin
Gavin Gordon	Gavin Gordon
Margaret George	Margaret George
George Farren	George Farren

The current piece at the Castle Square revolves about the difficulties to which too much drinking can get one. Any one who favors the Volstead act will probably go as far as to say that the only reason this particular fellow who had over-imbibed came out right was because he was just a character in a play anyway.

Robert Adams—of the Boston James—is inebriated when he comes down to the steamer La Fayette to go a little honeymoon all by himself when he awakens in an occupied stateroom the next morning he is only sober. If he had been left to fight things out by himself he might have done a good job but the couple in the next stateroom happen to be a nosey bride and groom. Add to that the fact that the bride has a vague that was continuously and you have the beginning of trouble. Add a few helpful relatives, a fiancé of the young woman who occupied the other room on the morning after, and an immoderate Frenchwoman and you have what proves to be an uproarious farce.

You like this sort of thing, it is safe to say you will get your money's worth. Gavin Gordon is back again and the audience was very evidently and very rightly glad to welcome him back. He did his best to carry the performance along in moments when it was obviously ascending toward levels over which a censor would smack his lips. His good humor, his boyishness, and his acting did much to take the sting from some of the innuendoes.

Many of the lines, those not too obviously pointed, were clever. It was with such lines that Louis Hall shone. The pantomime, too, was very well done. He refers in particular to all of Mr. Gordon's gestures while under the influence of his two, too many and to some of the pantomime of Jack Marvin. Miss George, a newcomer to the Castle Square, gave a performance which revealed her as an appropriate leading lady for Mr. Gordon. The audience just rolled along with the cast every moment.

F. B. B.

UPSTAGE' OPENS AT LOEW'S STATE

Story of "Behind the Scenes" Stars Norma Shearer

RANK FAY HEADS BILL AT KEITH'S

Frank Fay, he of the titian hair, blue eyes, black suit with velour hat and beak to match, is once more heading the bill at Keith's this week, acting the capacity of master of ceremonies and later appearing in an act of his own.

It's appearances at the theatre are so frequent now that the audiences feel as if they really knew him and if perchance he has to repeat a bit now and then they only laugh the harder, evidently enjoying the "in the know" air it creates. For those who do not know Mr. Fay's style, let it be said, he is a cool, sophisticated gentleman, who works easily and naturally, depending

not on "gags" for his laughs. He is assisted by two plants and a young lady named Patsy Kelly, who received a warm welcome last evening. Mr. Fay, needless to say, was royally received.

The surrounding bill is exceptionally good and well balanced. There is Robert Chisholm, a baritone, who affects none of the mannerisms of the concert hall singer in vaudeville and has a voice of exceptional quality. Ralph Greenleaf,

world's pocket billiard champion, demonstrated trick shots with neat precision. He has an attractive stage appearance and the young lady in the act, Princess Nai Tai Tai, aided the general effect greatly by her announcing. One of the cleverest acts on the bill is "The Faker," with Diamond & Brennan, in which woman and her wiles are shown up. Other entertaining features complete the bill.

Dec 29 '26

One reads in headlines of newspapers throughout the land that this or that person, male or female, "scores," when the reference is not to any cutting, gashing, cancelling, writing down a debt, counting by notches. Miss Jenny Thudicum gives a piano recital. "Miss Thudicum Scores." John Henry Yell of Yellville sings in Symphony hall. According to the headline, he "scores."

It's a vile term used in this manner, but it is good for a headline, since it is short and easily combined with other words that contradict emphatically the statements of the writer printed beneath the head. The word meaning to "achieve a success" did not come into use before the early eighties of the last century, then it was followed by "success," "a point," "a victory." Julian Hawthorne is quoted as being the first to give the word this meaning: "She felt that she had scored the first success in the encounter." ("Dust" 1883).

"Slogan" is an overworked word, yet it is often appropriately used as the war cry of some savage charitable institution, university, chamber of commerce attacking persons whose purses are supposed to be full, yes to overflowing.

MAN AND NATURE

The chatter of the people on one side And, on the other, laughter of the loon.

Small acrimones, bridge and politics Fronting the silver silence of the moon.

Novels for feeble-minded to discuss (And find a message in!); and there, Outside, these little dolphins of the wind,

The swallows, weaving freedom through the air.

The tolerant trees; the heedless rocky crests; Aurora flaming in the northern sky; "She said that he said and I said to her—"

And then they die.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

The real question to be considered first is not how shall you write, but why you should write at all. The answer to this question is often very unsatisfactory and inadequate. Many a book dull to read was exciting to write. —Sir Walter Raleigh's Note Book.

Mrs. C. S. Peel, in her history of social life in England, "A Hundred Wonderful Years," says: "Coffee, by the by, was almost unknown in London, except at high-priced hotels, prior to 1874."

An astonishing statement. Coffee was sold in London and drunk in a public coffee house as early as 1652. In Wycherley's comedies there's talk of drinking coffee, "that sober drink coffee," "laced coffee," "the coffee wit," coffee houses. Congreve's "Way of the World": "Native and simple tea table drink, as tea, chocolate and coffee." When the Thames was frozen, coffee was sold on it. In the reign of Charles II some of the coffee houses had museums of natural curiosities to add to attraction.

ONLY HOUSE-BROKEN NEED APPLY (From the Sharon Advocate) House work by Day or Hour. Thoroughly Domesticated. Tel.

ONLY A LEGEND

As the World Wags: Tram has no connection with Mr. Outram, the father of Sir James Outram, one of the greatest generals that England ever had. But tram-way and tram-car have, for Mr. Outram in 1801 thought out and built first a wooden and then an iron rail or tram, on which cars were run from one town in England to another. This form of transportation was called for a long time "The Outram-way."

"Arc you going to town by bus or 'The Outram-way'?" was an ordinary form of expression used by commuters bound for the city. Finally the "Ou" fell out and the Outram-way became the Tram-way, and tram-car that ran on the Tram-way, both of which words are still used in England, Ireland and Wales, to say nothing of Scotland, whilst the old other word, "Tram," originates way back three or four centuries, as your ingenious correspondent and editor say. J. A. S. Portland, Me.

Yes, there is also the legend that in 1803 "John" Outram built an iron road for cars to transport grain from windmills of Croyden to the Thames. It is a fact that Benjamin Outram, an engineer, constructed tram-roads for traffic in some parts of England, as for the carrying of coal from the Tredegar Iron Works to a certain canal. "It is not improbable that in some locality where tram-roads were a novelty, their name may have been associated in folk-etymology or by pre-scientific etymologists with that of the engineer. Unfortunately the legend was recorded as a fact by S. Smiles in his 'Life of George Stephenson' (1857), whence it was quoted and repeated in popular publications, and is still widely current, although its absurdity, etymologically and otherwise, was clearly pointed out in 1822 by Professor Skeat in his 'Dictionary of English Etymology.'" Oxford Dictionary —ED.

INCREASE AND MULTIPLY

Figaro of Paris tells of an Austrian Bernard Scheinberg, now 78 years old who is the father of 83 children; 84 are now living. He was married twice. His first wife, worthy woman, had 70 children before she died at the age of 56 one child, then four times four at a birth—16; seven times triplets, 21; 16 times twins, 32; total 70, with 87 now living. By his second wife, the excellent Scheinberg had 18 children, twice bearing triplets. "Mme. Scheinberg, mother and step-mother of 84 children, boys and girls, is in fine health." Is this "the world's record for paternity," as Figaro believes? Good King Priam had 50 sons; some say as many daughters; and there have been oriental rulers whose children were as the sands of the sea. Eleonora Salvata, the wife of the Florentine Francescoaldi, bore 52 children and never less than three at a time. Jane Penelca, a Sicilian, in 30 child births was delivered of 78 children. In February, 1905, President Roosevelt was introduced to Mrs. George W. Dunville of Yankton, S. D. She and her husband were taken by senators and representatives to the White House. Of the Dunvilles' 37 children, there were nine sets of triplets.

"Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us." The Lord hath wrought great glory by them."

ADD "CHRISTMAS NUISANCES"

As the World Wags: During the present holidays I have received multitudes of Christmas cards depicting holly and dogberries, or whatever those little red berries are, and maybe I haven't enjoyed the fine sentiments, etc, hey?

I sent out 33 cards for Christmas. From seven of these people I received cards. That means that I will get 16 New Year's cards from them. The worst of it is that 11 unexpected persons sent me cards, so now I have to send them 11 New Year's cards.

Thus, I have sent out 34 post cards. There are 30,000,000 people in the U. S. A. Divide that by one-half, giving 15,000,000, and multiply by \$1.70, which is the minimum cost at 5 cents each, which isn't much (mine cost more), and you have \$25,500,000 which is spent only for Christmas and New Year's cards.

If I can borrow or inherit \$1000 from some guy, I am going into the business, hey?

WARREN DRABURRY JENNINS.

Dec 30 '26

Mme. Wanda Landowska, mistress of the harpsichord, will play at the Symphony concerts this week. De Falla, the Spaniard, wrote for her a Concerto for harpsichord, flute, oboe, clarinet, violin and violoncello, which was produced at Barcelona at a De Falla festival held on Nov. 5, 1925. It was then said that "the profound motive of the work is both religious and worldly." The themes of the first movement are from Catalan-Andalusian folk-lore and their coloring is romantic and medieval; in the Lento, "the colors of the Middle Ages are intensified"; the Finale "moves with delicious freedom in the 18th century."

It was announced that Mme. Landowska would also play, with the orchestra, "The Song of the Lark."

a "Rondo" by Mozart. This "Rondo" turns out to be the Finale of a piano concerto in D major. It is hardly necessary to say that Mozart did not write this Concerto for the harpsichord.

The purely (or impurely) orchestral pieces will be Roland Manuel's arrangement of three piano pieces by Scarlatti, and Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps." When Manuel's arrangement was first heard in Paris, it was said that he did not attempt to give a reproduction of orchestral music as it was known in Scarlatti's time; that he employed the resources of the modern orchestra.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

Notes and Lines:

Once upon a time there lived in the old and famous commonwealth of Puritania a celebrated musician. He was of foreign birth and excellent in his profession, but, as a man, far from being popular. And there was a reason: He talked too much. He never learned to understand the great art of golden silence, nor did he ever realize the fact that speech was given to man in order to conceal his thoughts, when it was time to keep the mouth shut.

His beautiful wife, on the other hand, was adorned with all the sublime virtues of that ideal womanhood which, as it were, is spreading divine beatitudes galore. Duly she was admired and beloved, almost like a saint; a phenomenon which is not surprising, inasmuch as the world wisely discriminates between man and wife as to their merits and demerits. The glory of Socrates will never shrink because of the horrible character of his "better half," Xantippe. But let us come back to our legend.

Things seemed to be going along tolerably well, until, one rainy day, war broke out, quite unexpectedly. It was the most terrible war on record. The nation of our musician was beaten to a frazzle and he, through his everlastingly foolish talking, lost all his jobs and most of his friends, and finally died from a broken heart.

His widow had to return to the old country. This proved to be very unfortunate, as the post-war ravages had the most pernicious influence upon her circumstances: she lost everything she possessed and became as poor as a church mouse. She never complained, though her suffering was very painful, growing worse and worse from day to day, from month to month, from year to year.

At last, it was just at the time of another Christmas season, rumors came across the ocean that the dear old lady was near starvation. One of the faithful old friends, left behind in Puritania, without delay, started a drive for the creation of a relief fund in behalf of the beloved sufferer. He sent out a large number of letters to former friends of hers, with the warm and urgent appeal for immediate help. Quite a few were charitable enough to respond, sending generous contributions (and, by the way, those not blessed with riches did the best), while the others either did not reply at all, or declared themselves to be shocked and grieved beyond expression, but unable to do anything for that worthy undertaking on account of the heavy expenses caused by the obligations of the season.

Of course, it cannot be denied that Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, with all that goes with them, are highly expensive affairs, and that starving, though perhaps less attractive, has the advantage of being considerably cheaper.

Some of the dear old friends who used to be regular guests at the musician's home, bravely helping to empty many a bottle of Rhine wine and to make disappear untold quantities of that super-delightful "Kaffee-Kuchen," so skillfully prepared by the hostess' own fairy hands—well, some of these very same dear old friends found it appropriate to question whether the plight of the old lady was really "as bad as that," implicitly suggesting that they preferred to doubt the truth of the tale.

This illustrates how a simple doubt, cynically established, can be utilized to serve as an excuse for the lack of sympathy with a friend in distress and as a sufficient reason to refuse any help, rather than risk a little sacrifice and eventually save a human being from starving to death. Even at Christmas time!

... But the widow of the musician

did not give up nor despair. She kept up her courage and when, as by a miracle, unexpected help and loving cheer was brought all the way over from far distant Puritania straight to her own little door, she looked up to heaven, and, with tears in her eyes, she exclaimed: "Oh, holy Christmas spirit, how wonderful art thou!"

Boston. EUGENE GRUENBERG.

John Charles Thomas, baritone, will sing in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon. The program of the People's Symphony concert in Jordan hall that

afternoon will comprise Schubert's Overture to "Rosamunde," Grieg's Piano Concerto (Felix Fox, pianist), and Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony.

Nikolai Orloff, the excellent Russian pianist, will give a recital next Monday night at the Woman's Republican Club in aid of the fund for the education of Russian youth in exile. He will play Liszt's Sonata in B minor and music by Scarlatti, Gluck-Sgambati, Bach-Liszt, Chopin, Scriabin, Medtner and Rimsky-Korsakov-Strimer.

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concert next Tuesday afternoon at 8:15 o'clock will comprise Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, two Nocturnes by Debussy, Ravel's "La Valse" and Cesar Franck's Symphony.

Dec 31 1926

There has been a hot discussion in English newspapers about smoking in railway carriages: Whether there should be special compartments for female who wish to enjoy a pipe, cigar or "cigaroot"; whether they should be compelled to go into a carriage where men, representatives of the weaker sex, burn the poisonous weed; whether a passenger should be permitted to blow a cloud wherever it seemed to him fit. A correspondent of the Daily Chronicle asks why railways should stop at an elementary classification of travelers.

"There are so many other diversions to be catered for each, the ayes having the noes even more fiercely than the non-smokers hate the smokers. Thus there should be carriages for sprawler and non-sprawlers, apple eaters and non-apple eaters, animalers and non-animalers, attache-casers and non-attache casers; to say nothing of the chatters and non-chatters and the coughers and non-coughers. And while we are at it, remembering the superiority of the pipers over the mere faggers, why not sub-divide the smoking compartments into cigars, pipes cigarettes, cheap cigarettes and gaspers?"

HOME RULE

As the World Wags:

The wife and I were all set to hear the "Voice from Italy" when we found that the battery was very low and a lot of static. Being discouraged, started to go to bed before the "voice" came. The wife said: "Say, you poor nut, don't you want to hear the voice of the greatest dictator in the world?" And I said: "Say, I've been hearing the voice of the greatest dictator in the world every day for the last 20 years."

D. W. H.

TWO CHRISTMAS TREES

(Verses written by the late "Clarissa Brooks" and published on her wedding anniversary.)

The tiny tree on the table
Said to the tree in the hall,
"I bring as much of love as you
"Who are so great and tall.
"I sparkle just as brightly;
"I smell as sweet of pine,
"And not a heart holds more of love
"Than this wee heart of mine."
Swaying gently and sighing
Answered the great tall tree,
"We give our lives in beauty.
"What more can I or thee?
"We open arms of kindness,
"And I who am so tall
"Must bear a greater burden
"Than thou, so sweetly small.
"For love is the only measure
"Of service and of joy,
"And never a giant loves any more
"Than a tiny girl or boy."

And the little tree on the table
Waved to the tree in the hall,
And the tall tree waved greeting back
Of peace and love to all.

Does anyone think that Mr. Octavius Roy Cohen invents wildly improbable and absurd proper names for the characters that figure in his tales of negro life?

"P. S. C." writes to the Journal, American Medical Association: "In a malaria survey of an area in Northampton county, North Carolina, the following names (owners all negroes) were discovered. I can vouch for the authenticity of each and every one."

Arneza Goods, Duncas Hymen, Demus Demory, Batty Price, King De Loach, Napoleon Ramsey, Allmenta Lawrence, Boston Green, Handbag Johnson, Squirell Bowes, Iodine Williams, Prophet Ransom, Iodus and Pheodus Daniels (twins, age 4), Bloom and Blossom Green (twins, age 14), Bootjack Webb, Zoota Daniels, Solicitor Ransom, Rindy Watson, Negolia Johnson, Arginta and Dozine Lockhart (twins, age 4), Peconia Rawls, Abolena Sweat.

DAILY VISITORS (The Observer, London)

In a preliminary announcement of a lecture to be given this week we are told that

"Mr. — will prove that the new Electronic Philosophy of the Universe will solve all communal questions, morality, business, State Government, etc." The news is received with reserve in newspaper offices, where gentlemen who can solve all these problems, including the "etc.," call three times a week.

PAGE MR. G. B. SHAW

As the World Wags:

We all think that if "G. B. S." would do his shopping early, he would not get so nervously tired and begin saying things about the season. Yours for a turgid Christmas, A. B.

As the World Wags:

Here's an excerpt from our church program: "Tenor solo: 'Oh, Ring Out Ye Bells,' by Charles H. Gabriel." How come? I always thought Gabe was a cornetter. NEIL DE V.

The last we heard from him he had abandoned the horn and was practising on the saxophone.—Ed.

"GIVE HIM A BOOK"

(From the Manchester Guardian)

I have a friend who asserts, most probably from motives of self-interest, that the proper price for a Christmas gift book is the price of a bottle of whiskey—whatever that may be. There is to me something rather pleasant about this thought; the thought, I mean, of the purchaser who, tightening his lips and resisting all that lure of colored and twinkling bottles interspersed with holly leaves resting on cottonwool, plunges boldly into the bookshop and says, as it were with a gasp:

"Look here, I want a good book for a Christmas present."

"Certainly, sir. About what price?"

"How do they run?"

"We have them at all prices from five guineas down."

"Well, let me have one at the price of a bottle of whiskey—good whiskey, mind you; pre-war stuff."

"AS, IF AND WHEN"

As the World Wags:

It would give me joy could you induce the Inerrant and universally learned Mr. Herkimer Johnson to give his opinion of the current growing popular use of a few conjunctions as instruments of precision. These conjunctions are much used in financial circles. We hear of bonds "as, if and when" issued. I am unfamiliar with the stock market (the burnt child dreads the fire), but to the great Johnson nothing even so little human as the price of securities (cynical term) is alien, and I doubt not he could illustrate whatever he may have to say upon the subject with a great variety of examples. I noticed a few days since that the Governor of this commonwealth used the trio, "as, if and when," or perhaps it was a variant of that, in expressing himself as to what he should do when the Sacco-Vanzetti case had been finally disposed of by the courts. Did Dr. Johnson share my feeling of distaste for the use of these conjunctions of precision outside what I think their only proper place, the dreary desert of finance? There are phrases admirable for some uses that are utterly unsuited to others.

HUMBLY EXPECTANT ADMIRER.

SHAME!

As the World Wags:

"How," asks Prof. John L. Gillin, "is the county clerk to tell if the person to whom he issues a marriage license is feeble-minded?"

Couldn't he assume it?

THE WASHINGTON RAMBLER.

NOTABLE PLAYING OF STRAVINSKY'S BALLET

By PHILIP HALE

The concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Scarlatti, three pieces orchestrated by Roland Manuel. De Falla, concerto for harpischord, flute, oboe, clarinet, violin and violoncello. Mozart, rondo for harpischord and orchestra. (This turned out to be the finale in rondo form of Mozart's Concerto in D major for piano and orchestra K. 451). Stravinsky, "Le Sacre du Printemps."

Mme. Landowska has for a long time been applauded as a mistress of the harpischord. It would be too much to say that she has consecrated her musical life to this instrument of ancient times for she is an accomplished

ist; she has composed serious work who has written wittily and sanely about music in general, the clavichord music in particular, concerning the nature of desirable performances.

Knowing her technical skill and her artistic nature, the Spaniard Manuel de Falla wrote for her the Concerto, which, produced at Barcelona last November, was performed yesterday for the first time in this country. The concerto is in three movements, a lively first movement, a slow movement which suggests the sombre religious faith of Spain—music that might have been inspired by monkish life in Toledo—and a vivacious Finale, which is said by the enthusiastic Juan Thomas, who heard the performance at Barcelona, to move "with delicious freedom in the 18th century."

The first movement is said to be taken from Catalan-Andalusian folk-music. The themes are either too artfully disguised, or they themselves are of little musical significance. This movement has been called "romantic." If romanticism in music may be defined as "all sounds but familiar," the characterization is a happy one. The composer's idiom is alien to us. In this movement we find neither grace nor beauty; neither an emotional quality nor an exotic piquancy. A flippant person might describe this movement as an assemblage of queer and distracting noises.

The second movement has a more fixed character; but in the antiphonal passages one would wish an instrument that has more body, more sonority than the acid harpischord. The Finale is the most agreeable, the least forced of the three. The harpischord does not lend itself easily to a blending with the other instruments chosen by De Falla.

Mme. Landowska no doubt chose the harpischord for Mozart's Rondo, because, though Mozart, as far as we know, never wrote deliberately for that instrument, the pianos of his day were feeble in comparison with the huge machines now put upon the concert stage, so that as he says in her "Ancient Music," a performance of this concerto with a modern piano would destroy the artistic ensemble: the piano would appear as a vaunting soloist with a timid, obsequious accompaniment. Whatever her reason, the performance justified her choice; it was delightful in every way. The harpischord was one of the instruments aiding in the revelation of Mozart's charming music, not dominating, not elbowing its way to the front, as if its associates had little to say.

Scarlatti's music has been mal-treated by musicians that should have known better. Hans von Bülow, as an editor of the sonatas, was a shameless offender against Scarlatti's harmony and rhythm. Roland Manuel is more respectful. His orchestration does not pretend to be archaic, there is no attempt at an 18th century orchestral "atmosphere"; he takes the music and treats it in the modern way, but without losing the old spirit, without distorting the musical ideas or swelling them out of due proportion to give them incongruous importance. This arrangement, deftly performed, will repay later hearings.

Mr. Koussevitzky and the virtuoso orchestra—there any orchestra now comparable with it in the musical world?—gave a remarkably brilliant performance of Stravinsky's extraordinary and enormously difficult ballet. The first section still seems to us by far the more impressive, the more appropriately barbaric in association with a subject that might have inspired the late Marcel Schwob for a tale of early years or move Algernon Blackwood to write another story of pre-existence. Perhaps the second section gains in impressiveness when it illustrates and emphasizes the scene upon the stage. In the concert hall the introduction of this section seems rambling and futile, nor in the measures that follow is the mystery, the superb wildness, the intensity of pages in the first section.

At the beginning of the concert, the funeral march from "Dusk of the Gods" was played in memory of Galen I. Stone, vice-president of the board of trustees of the orchestra.

The next concerts will be on Jan. 11-15. They should be of great interest for Mr. Carella, the composer, will conduct, and that a admirable pianist, Mr. Gieseking, will be the soloist. Mozart, Symphony, G minor, Liszt, Piano Concerto, E flat, No 1; Casella, Partita for piano and orchestra and the Suite from the ballet "La Giara" (after Pirandello).

M. Frantz-Reichel, writing to Figaro, acquainted with the characteristics of automobilists in different countries, has come to the conclusion that the most intelligent Frenchmen are rather poor drivers; they are too bold, and, from a

lack of physical culture and practice in sports, are without knowledge of reflex actions. The Russians are bad drivers. Fatalists all. They drive too fast. In general the Orientals (Turks and Armenians), the Arabs, Algerians, Moroccans and Berbers are also not good drivers. The negroes are the most adroit, but they love speed and are reckless. The Spaniards and the Japanese are incredibly rash; they are most to be feared on the highway, for they will not allow anyone to pass them. On the other hand, the English, Danes, Germans, Belgians, Italians, French, Swiss, and Americans have a remarkable aptitude for driving.

These are the observations made by the manager of a school for would-be automobilists. He talked with M. Frantz-Reichel, and told him that he refused to take as pupils men of certain nations.

Advertisement in a West Surrey, Eng., newspaper:

"Young gent requires lodgings in Horsham; those making Sunday's joint last best part of the week need not reply."

As the World Wags:

Here is a little poem from an old number of the English Bystander, which I should like to dedicate to "Livday," a contributor to your column:

"I thought quite recently a chow,
Who chews my bedroom shoes.
And though it's true, a chow I chose,
It is the chow who chews."

South Lancaster. H. I. B., Jr.

AROUND A MILK JUG

"Hot milk is said to be King George's favorite drink when he is alone or in the circle of his family."

The day we read this important cablegram from London we came on this passage in Doughty's "Arabia Deserta":

"As for this milk diet I find it, by proof in the Beduin life, to be the best of human food. But in every nomad menzil (camping place) there are some stomachs which may never well bear it; and strong men using this sliding drink-meat feel always an hungry disease in their bodies: though they seem in never so good plight. The Beduins speak thus of the several kinds of milk: 'Goat's milk is sweet, it fattens more than strengthens the body; ewe's milk very sweet, and fattest of all, it is unwholesome to drink whole,' so they say, 'it kills people,' that is, with the colic. In spite of their saws, I have many times drunk it warm from the dug, with great comfort of languishing fatigue. It is very rich in the best samn (clarified butter); ewe hutter-milk 'should be let sour some while in the semly (milk-bag), with other milk, till all be tempered together, and then it is fit to drink. Camel milk is, they think, the best of all sustenance. Thaisallah, as we sat about the evening fire, brought me in a bowl of their evening milk, made hot: 'We have nothing, he said, here to eat, no dates, no rice, no bread, but drink this which the Lord provideth, though it be a poor supper, I blessed him and said it was the best of all nourishment. 'Ay, thus boiled,' he answered, 'it enters into the bones.'"

In 1882 we spent a summer month on the island Heligoland, then under the control of the English. There was only one cow on the island; there were many visitors. Sheep's milk was served with morning coffee in the house where we lodged. At first this milk was almost nauseating, so sweet it was. Soon we endured it patiently, but we could not say we craved it. Nor could we use it for the bath, for there was no tub, set, hat or foot. Poppaea used the milk of 500 asses for the whitening of her skin. Arabian hags, thinking cow milk medicinal, anoint their bodies with it and cry 'we be issued from the religion of Islam!'

"So they gad it in the dim streets, and woe worth any man returning late-ward if they meet with him!"

PATIENTS PREFER BLONDES

(Adv in Portland, Me., Telegram.)

The Central Registry and Nurses' Exchange

Can supply nurses of very wide range. Old ones and young ones

Fat ones and thin.

Some that are sober and some with a grin,

Tall ones and short ones

Any kind that you choose

American, Irish, French ones and Jews,

Handsome and homely, white ones and black,

Get what you want or send her right back,

Graduates, Practical, Semi-trained, too,

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(7660)

Our registrar, Mrs. Jane Prevost.

THAT YALE

the World Wags
one I endeavored last winter to
Poke-don Hicks, Jr., in his thirteenth
information about the character of
heraldic animal called a "yale," and
and has kindly brought to my atten-
an essay called "The Hunting of
Yale," by Sir Arthur E. Shipley,
B. E., P. R. S., master of Christ's
College, Cambridge, who was, it will be
remembered, the author of the article in
Times which excited Mr. Hicks's
ostly. The essay referred to ap-
peared first in Country Life, and, with
number of others, was republished in
Cambridge Cameos, London, 1924.
Arthur's contention is that it is
a creature of the yale to have horns
in point "fore and aft," and he is
led to derive the story of the beast
from early observations upon the de-
located cattle (Bos bovals) of Ethio-
pia: from a remote period the horns
of the lead-bull of the herd appear to
have been artificially trained to point
"fore and aft," and this practice is still
used in the Dinka tribe, south of
White Nile. Sir Arthur's article is
rated with a number of interesting
among others two of the arms of
the College chewing yales support-
ing shields; these, and two others
yales, are to be found as well
in M. St. John Hepe's "Heraldry
craftsmen and Designers," London,
ROUGE-ARC POURSUIVANT.

OW'S THIS, JUDGE LANDIS?

A World Wags:
RE scandal in the baseball world.
Havitt has been filed by Bunteto
ago, a prominent cigar dealer of
Sliding, Ia., that Homerun Cas-
carried the left hind foot of a
ward rabbit in his pocket during
game on July 4 with the Hickville
ers. The possession of the left hind
of the graveyard rabbit gave an
edge over the Hickville players,
of whom had the hind feet of
yard rabbits in their possession.
esky Sliding team won the game,
g the power of the rabbit's left
eg Homerun Cassidy has been
ed at his home in Doodleberg,
and is being brought to Chicago
s. A posse is scouring the woods
cover the rabbit's foot, which
un admits hiding. The latest
is of such tremendous magni-
tude that it will be laid before the
of Nations. Baseball must be
N. It shall be CLEAN! It's gotta
LEAN!
R. H. L.

THOMAS IS HEARD

Charles Thomas, baritone, sang
program yesterday afternoon in
ony hall, as well as many added
G.
razione di Orfeo, Peri; Gebet,
r O Hebriche Wangen, Brahms;
otte, Ravel; Le Chénin de Lune,
il; Drinking song from "Hamlet,"
ous; Come to Me in My Dreams,
d; Old Skindint, Herbert Howells;
upon the Housetops, Tod B. Gal-
Love Went a-Riding, Frank
in.
Thomas brought back his voice,
e a long absence from Boston, in
condition yesterday; never has it
ved finer. His extremely compe-
technique, too, he has not let grow
there is little or nothing he will
that does not lie in his power.
Mically, furthermore, as well as
y, Mr. Thomas has made gains
last year or two. Not only does
g songs of frank sentiment ap-
g just as he used to do, and
ut songs with swing and dash,
ut low he has acquired some under-
ing of what the grand style means
e delivery of an old operatic air;
owed it in his performance of
aria from "Un Ballo in Maschera."
us he sang not so well some years
g with his gains, however, Mr.
ae appears to have picked up a
a or two. As though he had made
h aplin his model, sometimes he se-
his dramatic effects too much
e composer's expense; the second
on, for instance, of Hamlet's
ing song should not be interrupt-
its melodic course even for the
of the words—words, by the way,
n themselves too significant.
like Chappin, Mr. Thomas has
oped a way of producing soft tone
most closing his mouth—a way,
Mr. Thomas, that leads to nasal
ty not of the desirable kind. This
quality he makes more marked
its fondness for lingering unduly
ertain consonants; a brisker utter-
would serve him better.
Thomas was accompanied by
els de Bourguignon. Mr. de Bour-
on played a group of solo pieces,
in's E minor waltz, a Tchaikovsky
without words, and the Russian

arrangement of the Valkyries' Ride.
Where clear ripping tone answered his
purpose, Mr. de Bourguignon played
well. A song of his, "La Guitare,"
sounded very attractive.
R. H. L.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

At Jordan hall yesterday afternoon
the People's Symphony orchestra gave
its fifth concert of this season, Stuart
Mason, conductor, and Felix Fox, Bos-
ton pianist, assisting artist.
Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 6 (Pa-
thétique); Grieg, Concerto for Piano-
forte and Orchestra; Schubert, Over-
ture to "Rosamunde."
Tchaikovsky is already being identi-
fied as "the composer of the Pathe-
tique," so popular a favorite has his
last symphony become. Much has been
written about its melancholy moods,
its Slavic brooding over tragedy, and
much has been read out of it, and into
it. Yet Tchaikovsky's life is said to
have been quite serene, even joyful,
while he was at work on it. His brother
Modeste has characterized the compo-
sition of this work an "act of exor-
cism."
Tchaikovsky took great pleasure in
the actual composition, which he began
in February and finished in the fall of
1893, conducting the symphony himself
on its presentation to the public in
October of that year. He intended to
call it "A Programme Symphony," for
he said he had in mind a definite pro-
gram of subjective material, which he
intentionally did not divulge, preferring
to let each hearer make his own.
Mr. Mason and his men gave an ade-
quate reading of the score, allowing the
music and the orchestration to speak
for themselves and each listener to in-
terpret for himself. The one point at
which one might with any justice criti-
cize the performance is Mr. Mason's al-
lowing too much relaxation between the
movements, also the wholesale tuning
of strings. This is an unnecessary
chopping up of the composition into
parts of merely pleasant sounds.
In this respect the Grieg Concerto
was better treated. The pauses between
movements were almost imperceptible.
Mr. Fox's playing of the piano was in
fine taste. It was enthusiastically re-
ceived by the people, and deservedly so.
At the concert next week, Isabel
Richardson Motter, soprano, will be the
assisting artist. The program will con-
sist of a concerto by Correll, "Afternoon
of a Faun" by Debussy, "Dances" by
Le Fien (first time in America), and
three pieces by Wagner: "Prelude" and
"Elsa's Dream" from Lohengrin, and
overture to "Rienzi." H. L.

We are indebted to Mr. Cleveland
Cox for some bills-of-fare in Boston of
the fifties:
Take, for example, the bill of Young's
Cornhill Coffee House, Oct. 28, 1851.
The landlord was George Young, who
later was known to all travelers by his
hotel. At the Coffee House on the day
above named were served: Oysters on
the Shell, Green Turtle Soup, Mongrel
Goose, Wild Turkey, Black Ducks,
Brant, Blue-bill Widgeons, Red Heads,
Teal, Woodcocks, Partridges, Quails,
Plover, Winter Yellow-legs, Snipes,
English Black Cock; and for dessert,
Jellies, Ice Cream and Roman Punch.
Nothing about ham or beefsteak smoth-
ered in onions.
The City Insurance Company, 50 per-
sons, dined at the Revere House on
Dec. 23, 1852. The dinner was at half-
past 4. Beginning with mock turtle
and vegetable soup, these insurers,
sturdy, intrepid souls, ate their way
through three fishes, five boiled dishes,
nine roast meats, eight entrees, "a vari-
ety of birds," vegetable, four pies, three
puddings, and a stomach-wrecking de-
sert. The English turbot came over on
the steamer Canada (Capt. Harrison);
and so did the English leg of mutton.
Paran Stevens, proprietor of the Tre-
mont House, prepared a feast, a com-
plimentary dinner to Aldermen Leeming
and Whitney of Montreal, on Dec. 7,
1852. Thirty guests sat down at 5
P. M. We note that the baked tautog
was served with claret sauce; the Vir-
ginia ham, "braised," with champagne
sauce; the mutton kidneys were drenched
in Madras sauce. Our old friend "Vol-
au-vent, a La Financiere" was a side
dish. It was a sumptuous feast, includ-
ing "Pattie of chicken," a feast resem-
bling the one ordered by Artemus Ward
in London, or by the agreeable gentle-
man who had left his pocketbook at
home on the marble centre-table and
afterward introduced Artemus to his
club. The Sloschers: "We had soup and
fish, and a hot jint, and growls, and
wines of rare and costly vintage. We
had lecs, and we had froots from
Greenland's icy mountains and Injy's
coral strands."
Mr. Cox also sends the bill of "An
Evening with Shakespeare," spent in
Temperance hall, Dedham, on Oct. 31,
1854. "J. Howard Tilton (with a due
appreciation of past favors) respectfully
announces to the citizens of Dedham
that he will read Shakespeare's classic
tragedy

One mystery is not explained at the end of "The Ghost Train"! Why
does Julia arrive at the railway station on a rainy night in full and re-
splendent evening dress? The nearest house was five miles away. The roads
were muddy. No sound of motor car was heard arriving. Her two male
companions were not dressed for a party. She was the first to come?
From town? But she was in Cornwall. Did she dress in her best in or-
der to see the Ghost Train thunder by once more, or is this evening dress
a sign of her crazed mind? The good old-fashioned women of opera when
they went mad carefully provided themselves with a lace handkerchief.
Nor is it quite clear in our mind where the Ghost Train started and
where it stopped with its forbidden load. Why was a whole train needed
for parcels that could have been put in a handbag, surely in a trunk?
What became of Miss Bourne? Did she forswear strong and rebellious
liquors, or did she gayly tittle the rest of her days and remind herself
of the many offers rejected by her when she was young and charming?

Mr. Gerard E. Fox wrote to the Sunday Times (London): "It should
be noted by those interested that Pepys went by himself to Whitehall
when he disliked the music so much that it made him sick—whereas on
the other occasion he had his wife with him. Is the moral to be drawn
from all this that concert-givers, to ensure appreciation, should issue free
tickets to wives?"

An organ whose strains may be heard five miles will be erected at
Kuffstein, Tyrol, as a memorial to German and Austrian soldiers who
died in the world war. It will be equipped with three keyboards, 80 stops,
and 4000 organ pipes. The cost, partly raised by voluntary contributions,
is estimated at 250,000 Austrian schillings.

Mr. Reginald Foort should be engaged as the city organist, for in a
lecture before the Royal College of Organists in London, "Organ Music
in the Cinema," he showed "The possibilities of the instrument in repro-
ducing with uncanny fidelity the sounds of breaking glass, a crying baby,
and—most realistic of all—the noise and bustle of the departure platform
of a railway station." A reporter wrote that Mr. Foort was on the side
of the angels; "for with all this imposing battery of tom-toms, snare-
drum, ship's siren, waves, and even a canary, he exercises a discrimina-
tion that credits his audience with the faculty of imagination."

A 15th century Nativity play, "Bethlehem," was performed in Lon-
don by the Glastonbury Players in 20th century dress. They said this
was an effort to supply the mediaeval spirit to the present day. "The
Three Wise Men, for instance, were represented by a scientist and a phi-
losopher in academic robes and an artist in Bohemian garments. Herod
appeared in evening dress and opera hat, accompanied by soldiers clad in
khaki, and smoked a cigarette in a holder. The Virgin Mary was in the
conventional costume of a modern young lower-class matron."

M. S. wrote to the As the World Wags column (Oct. 27): "I under-
stand that the drama 'Daisies Don't Tell' takes its title from an old song.
Can you or any one of your contributors tell me who wrote the words?"

We are indebted to Mrs. C. E. Newell of Derry Village, N. H., for
the words:

"There's a sweet old story
You have heard before,
Here among the daisies
Let me tell it o'er.
Only say you love me,
For I love you well.
Answer with a kiss, dear,
Daisies never tell.

"In a dream I fancied,
You were by my side,
While I gathered daisies
One long chain you tied,
Round us both I wound it,
Close I held you, too,
Daisies never tell, dear,
Make that dream come true.

Chorus:
Daisies won't tell, dear, come kiss me, do.
Tell me you love me, say you'll be true.
And I will promise always to be
Tender and faithful, sweetheart, to thee.

Mrs. Newell writes: "Words and music by Anita Owen. Copyright
MCM VIII by Jerome H. Rennick & Co. The music was a swinging waltz,
quite popular at the time of publishing."

Jerome K. Jerome told the Bancroft Dramatic Club in London that
he was on the stage for 2½ years. He once played Hamlet. "I have also
played the Queen," he said. "It was not one of my successes. I took the
part at short notice, owing to our manager's wife having left her teeth
behind. She was a fine figure of a woman, and I, in those days, was
rather slim. My chief pre-occupation during that evening was to uphold
and maintain the decencies of the British drama. Perhaps in these days
it might not have seemed so important."

Mme. Youra Guller played the piano in London last month. Did the
audience shout after an "interpretation"—"So's your old man"?

"Aloma," revived in London, led Mr. Agate to remark: "Mr. Tearle's
performance is as polished as his skin, which shines like the best choco-
late."

Although Wycherley's comedy "The Country Wife" was somewhat ex-
purgated when it was performed at Everyman Theatre on Dec. 12, the
Daily Telegraph said: "We have not for a long time sat through so long
and dreary a display of bad construction, labored and witless dialogue and
sheer nastiness."

Oxford undergraduates gave a performance of Gluck's "Alceste." Mr.
Newman wrote: "One male singer of an important part was particularly
individual in his method of tone production; my first impression when
his tones broke upon my astonished ear was that he was calling out the
names of the stations along the Styx."

Prince Wilhelm of Sweden wrote a play concerning a scene on an
ocean steamer. The play was produced at Helsingfors, in November. It
reminds one of Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound." First-class passengers
are viewing the engine room. The ship is reported sinking. All the
passengers are ordered to shovel coal. During the hours when death

threatens, each one reveals his or her character—the business man, the frivolous woman, the clergyman, the newly married couple, the mother who has lost her son. They are rescued; then each passenger forgets all good resolves and intentions.

Old music hall songs were sung by Kate Carney at the Alhambra, London; that is, songs in the old music hall manner. Thus she appears as an East End widow. The voice of a 10-year-old child is heard piping:

"Mother, I love you; I can work for two,
Don't let those tears roll down your cheek;
I'll bring my wages to you every week.
Mother, I love you; what more can a loving son do?
You have worked for me a long, long time
So now I can work for you."

Perhaps this "sob" song is of a higher order:

"Are we to part like this, Bill;
Are we to part this way?
Who's it to be, her or me?
Don't be afraid to say,
If ever it's over between us,
Don't ever pass me by;
True friends we'll be
For the sake of the days gone by."

"Oh, U. S. A." a revue brought out recently in Berlin, satirizes the hypocritical Puritanism of this country: "Following a skit in which a prohibition officer, intoxicated, serenades his hip pocket flash, the first act ends with a song the refrain of which ends 'What sort of freedom exists in America?' and the answer is sung back 'Freedom to be a hypocrite.' Even Queen Marie of Rumania is brought into the picture of America. She is shown wearing a Cherokee Indian feather with American money bags clutched in each hand."

Lady Robert Innes Ker (Josie Collins, the actress) said in the bankruptcy court, London, that one reason for her insolvency was her extravagant generosity to friends, but she intended to pay her debts in full. Liabilities more than \$20,000; assets less than \$500.

Josie, daughter of Lottie Collins of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-der-ay" fame, made her first appearance on the stage as a child with Harry Lauder, to illustrate his song "I Love a Lassie." She first came to the United States in 1911. She said in the bankruptcy court that in the last two and a half years she had earned about \$45,000.

Two views of Bach:

Bach's Mass in B minor and a foggy night form a somewhat gloomy combination.—Evening Standard.

"Et resurrexit"—it hardly seems possible that anyone could be so glad as this!—The Observer. P H

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M.—John Charles Thomas, baritone. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M.—People's Symphony orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Women's Republican Club, 46 Beacon street, 9 P. M.—Nikolai Orloff, pianist. Recital in aid of the fund for the education of Russian youth in exile. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M.—Albert Spalding, violinist. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Symphony hall, 3:15 P. M.—Concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 3:15 P. M.—Charles Naegele, pianist. J. S. Bach, Prelude and Fugue, C minor, and Prelude and Fugue, B flat Major ("Well-Tempered Clavier"). Bull, Preludium and Doctor Bull's Grief. Purcell, Rigadon and Minuet. C. P. E. Bach, Solfegietto. Handel, Minuet. J. Albert, Forlane. Handel, Theme and Variations ("The Harmonious Blacksmith"). Chopin, Sonata, B Minor, op. 58. Dwight Fiske, Prelude, F minor. Marc Blitzstein, Variation on "Au Clair de la Lune," and Pavane. Balfour Gardiner, Noct. Strauss-Godowsky, "Artist Life," Waltz.

THURSDAY—Copley-Plaza, 4:30 P. M.—Lilian Prudden, soprano. Recital in Costume. Scottish songs arr. by Helen Hopekirk: Loch Lomond, Comin' Thro the Rye, Song of the North, Leezie Lindsay. French: Rameau, Menuet Chante. G. Faure, Nell. Chabrier, Villanelle des petits canards. Massenet, Le Enfants. d'Ozanne, Chanson Provencale. Slovak, Folk melodies: Homeland Mine, The Quest, Twinkling Stars, Dance, Dance, Twirl Around. English: Bat, Oh dear, What can the matter be. Horn, Cherry Ripe, Leslie, The Cows are in the Corn. Bishop, The Dashing White Sargent. William D. Strong, pianist.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Laura Huxtable Porter, interpreter of poetry and pianoforte music. (She reads a selection of poetry and follows this by playing a musical composition which seems to be akin to the poem in mood and spirit. The reason for this kinship she explains in general introductory remarks, as well as by a specific reference to each so-called "parallel" throughout the program.) Introductory remarks: Trench, O Dreamy, gloomy friendly Trees. MacDowell, In Deep Woods. Brown, Ing, "Pauline." Rachmaninoff, Prelude. Shakespeare, from "The Tempest." Beethoven, Andante from "Appassionata." Kaufman, The Call; Sjoegren, Erotic. Browning, from "Pompilia." Schumann, Romanze. Scollard, "Dawn in the Desert." Cyril Scott, Dagobah. L. H. Porter, May Morning. Chopin, Etude. A flat. Millay, God's World. Scriabin, Etude, C sharp minor. Dunsany, How the Gods Avenged Meoul Ki Ning. F. A. Porter, The Tale of Meoul Ki Ning (after Dunsany). Gather, Grandmother, Think Not I Forget. Hopekirk's The Land of the Leal. T. A. Daly, Letitia Giuseppina, Valle de Paz. Dunbar, A Negro Love Song. Dett, "Honey." Tennyson, Ulysses. Sibelius, Finlandia.

FRIDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Recital by Howard Goding, pianist (of the New England Conservatory faculty). Bach, Chromatic Fantasy. Preludes B flat major, B flat minor, Bourree. Mendelssohn, Variations Serieuses. Schumann, Warum, Aufschwung. Rachmaninoff, Prelude, C sharp minor. Dohnanyi, Rhapsody, C major. Chopin, Mazurka, G minor. Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 13.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M.—Mischa Elman, pianist. Recital under the auspices of the Pianoforte Teachers' Society. The program will comprise Beethoven's Sonata, A major; Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques; a group of pieces by Chopin; Debussy's "La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin; Scriabin's Etude in D sharp minor; Dohnanyi's "Music of the Spheres" and "Boisterous Party"; Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 13. and Levitzky's own Waltz in A major.

to be followed with scenes from the exquisite pastoral comedy of "As You Like It."

Is there any one today in Dedham who on that night paid 25 cents to hear Mr. Tilston?

DEATH'S LADY

And shall I never see your eyes again,
And never feel the dusk warmth of your hair,
Never more breathe the sweetness of your mouth,
Because Death, passing, saw how you were fair?

Never more hold you for my great delight,
Because Death, passing, saw how you were fair?

Never again will darkness yield to dawn,
And sunshine find you lying still and white.

All, all my joy is dead, all life is done,
Because Death, passing, kissed you in the night.

ELLA ERSKINE.

"LAZY LAWRENCE" and "JOHNNY LOOK IN THE AIR"

As the World Wags:

When I was a boy, meaning 70 years ago, in Portsmouth, N. H., our favorite books were "Johnny Look in the Air" and "Lazy Lawrence." Our well-thumbed copies lay always about the house. Johnny was a boy who walked through the world looking up into the air to see the birds and the trees and the skies and all the things above the earth. His parents were always "admonishing" him, but he would not cease the habit. But once upon a time he ran into somebody on the street and was badly bruised when he was knocked down; a second time he fell into a ditch which happened to be dry, but his body was bruised all over. For all that, he kept looking up until one day he walked off of the wharf when looking up at a bird. The wetting that he then received cured him of his habit, so far as we knew, for that episode ended the book.

"Lazy Lawrence" was a different sort of a boy; too lazy to cut his hair or his nails. The pictures sprinkled closely and abundantly through the book with the elongated curls to his waist like a doll girl and his nails like some foreign potentate amused us not a little, and when mother showed us how the curls were often tangled in his work, and his book and the chairs on which he sat, we vowed to keep our hair cut short. And, as the fairy stories begin a new paragraph, and when mother also showed us how Lazy Lawrence suffered from split finger nails and nails that other boys would tweak and pull and hurt, why we gave up such a bad habit as that. But Johnny and Lawrence have continued in my mind until I am now passing into my 81st year. And, after all, was it Lazy Lawrence or some other name? Help, please, my memory.

Portland, Me. J. A. S.

ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

(From the complete works of Artemus Ward.)

Artemus at Aspinwall in October, 1863:

"One of our passengers intoxicated and riotous in the street. Openly and avowedly desires the entire Republic of New Grenada to 'come on.' In case they do come on, agrees to make it lively for them. Is quieted down at last, and marched off to prison by a squad of Grenadian troops. Is musical as he passes the hotel, and, smiling sweetly upon the ladies and children on the balcony, expresses a distinct desire to be an Angel, and with the Angels stand. After which he leaps nimbly into the air, and imitates the war cry of the red man."

DEATH SIGNS FOR MOTORISTS

The suggestion has been made in New South Wales that a death sign should be erected wherever a motor fatality has occurred. Mr. Alfred Tresladder Sheppard writes to the Observer (London) of seeing colored boards in Tyrol, crudely painted pictures of tragedies through fire, fallen trees, avalanches and broken ice. "Round the corpse relatives are often represented, and frequently angels wait above to receive the souls of the dead."

Mr. Sheppard says: "Similar pictures on our roads might suggest caution; they would certainly, while opening an entirely new field to artists, add considerable interest to a journey by car."

BLEST BE THE TIE

(From sermon by the Rev. Perry C. Hopper, reported by the Toledo Blade.)

"There is nothing that holds the family together like a little family prayer. Our Puritan fathers lived on parched corn, but they talked about God. They shot Indians through the porthole with one eye and taught the Bible to their children with the other."

"FIRST LOVE"

By PHILIP HALE

Plymouth Theatre—First performance in Boston of "First Love," a comedy in three acts adapted by Zoe Atkins from "Pile ou Face," by Louis Vernoull. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Booth Theatre, New York, on Nov. 8, 1926. Maica, Fay Bainter; Count de Varigny, Bruce McRae; Jean, Geoffrey Kerr; Delabudellere, Orlando Daly; Julien, Robert Davis; M. Courtiel, Leonard Barker; Prince Sifaf-Erzeriou, Mortimer H. Weldon; Dominique, George Marion. The cast of last night was that of the New York production. The simple plot is submerged in talk.

The first act is a comedy, the second is one of bluff and cool, huge and hissing. The third is needlessly spun out until the happy ending, long foreseen, is reached.

Maica, a Rumanian, studying medicine in Paris, having nursed Jean through a severe case of pneumonia, has been the young fellow's mistress for three years. Jean is the son of Count Varigny. Wishing to live a musician's life, he vexed his sire, who threw him out. Jean tried to support himself by composing songs and singing them, in concert halls and in the street. They have borrowed money from Delabudellere, a sentimental bailiff.

The action, such as it is, now begins. Delabudellere comes to the Count and pleads for the young couple—they are so innocent and charming. The scene is interminable. Then enters Courtiel, who tells the Count that their business contract is at an end. The enormous dividends will no longer come to him. It seems he has a grievance: The Count had promised his son to Courtiel's daughter; at least Courtiel and his daughter thought so. The Persian prince, who has a knowledge of rugs and will be useful in Courtiel's business will wed her. The Count comes to this conclusion: If his Jean will wed the daughter, he will receive 500,000 francs, and will pay Delabudellere, who is instructed to say this to Jean.

The lovers are in a garret, poor, shiftless, happy. For a Rumanian who has lived in Paris for three years as a medical student, she is remarkably unsophisticated. Jean's mistress is innocent, pure as the driven snow. There's a lot of sentimental hokum in all this. Delabudellere brings the news. After a long debate, and a fine display of jealousy, Jean purposes to be married, receive the 500,000 francs, and immediately leave his bride. Maica, fearful that he will not return, resolves in her innocence to sell herself to a rich old baron who has been courting her by letters.

This second act is the one that makes the play. It is delightfully acted by Miss Bainter and Mr. Kerr, with a naturalness and youthful spirit that makes one forget the staleness of the theme and the absurdity of the details.

Maica, having obtained a seductive costume—and increased their debt to Delabudellere—goes to the Baron, who has a house for the express purpose of entertaining light skirts. She meets the butler Dominique, a fatherly old soul, who indulges in grins and emphasizes his lines. He cannot make Maica out. Her questions are hardly those of an unsophisticated girl. There is an innocence that is more corrupt than unhelpful knowledge. In her long, too long conversation with the Baron at dinner, she assumes a knowing air, is frightened by his wish to take her to some desert where they will live in bliss. Finally she breaks down and tells her sad story of loving. The Baron—known to be the Count by the audience for at least half an hour—is deeply moved. He becomes the "nere noble," gives 500,000 francs and the house to the girl, and 500,000 francs to Jean, who opportunely comes in for the final curtain.

If it were not for the excellent company, and for half or three-quarters of the second act, this comedy would be voted thin and shop-worn; but the acting in the second act, and Mr. McRae's admirable portrayal of the alternately stern father and amorous benefactor of the unsophisticated and the experienced alike, make the comedy an agreeable entertainment. Unfortunately for dramatic effect, the willingness of Maica to sell herself does not bring the tears of pity to the eyes of the spectators, who last night were inclined to regard

the action as a pleasing jest. Nor did Miss Bainter in the last act play with the naturalness that distinguished her in the garret. False notes were plentiful, until she told her story to the Count; then she was simple and pathetic.

Mr. Kerr was a healthy young lover, manly and sincere. Mr. Daley played the bailiff with exuberant spirits, and it was the dramatists' fault if there was too much of him. Mr. Marion gave character to Dominique, a servant dear to the traditions of the Palais Royal. The audience enjoyed the performance. There were many curtain calls after the second act.

JACK SMITH HEADS BILL AT KEITH'S

Jack Smith, known as "The Whispering Baritone," famous for his records and broadcastings, is heading the program at Keith's this week. One of his many records is played by way of introduction and the affable Mr. Smith walks out on the end of it and joins himself at the piano. He sings in an intimate, friendly style, playing his own accompaniment, twisting himself in such a position at the stool that he

as the audience. Like Mr. X and Schenck. His songs are popular published numbers and a requests from the audience kept him busy. He was generous and the like liked him.

Valerie Bergere appears in a Chinese ballet chuck full of melodrama. The ene is laid in a Chinese gambling enger with atmosphere aplenty. Miss bergere plays the owner of the den and suggests the character very nice. She was suffering from a cold last evening, too, and worked with difficulty. A company of six supports her. Charles Wilson, billed as "The Loose Suit," lives up to his title and keeps the audience entertained by his ridiculous clowning. A long legged assistant also pleased the audience. Herman Berens, assisted by Mlle. Fifi, presented "Ten Dollars a Lesson." Mlle. Fifi brings a Parisian flavor to the act which was well liked. Geo. M. Fisher and Honey Hurst in "The Check Room Girl" banter back and forth in "wise-cracking" style. They know their business well and were appreciated. The Deaf brothers of the English stage proved that the music halls have "hoofers" of ability, too. Carl Frank and a large company present an interesting conglomeration of material prepared by Bert Kalmer and Harry Ruby, famous for their contributions to revues. Some of the bits in this act were taken from their revue material. The company was well received. Other entertaining acts complete the bill.

A. F.

CONTINUING PLAYS

PARK—"Tommy," comedy by Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson with Peg Entwistle, William Janney, Alan Bunce, and others. Last week.

COLONIAL—"Rio Rita," Ziegfeld's newest musical production with Ethelind Terry, Adam May, J. Harold Murray and others. Last week.

HOLLIS—"Cradle Snatchers," farce by Russell Medcraft and Norma Mitchell featuring Blanche Ring. Last week.

MAJESTIC—"A Night in Paris," Shubert revue along French lines, with Jack Pearl, Jack Osterman and others. Second week.

TREMONT—"Old Ironsides," Laurence Stallings' story of the frigate Constitution, with Estner Ralston, Charles Farrell, and others. Second week.

WILBUR—"Queen High," musical version of "A Pair of Sixes," with Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit, John Hazzard. Fifth week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," mystery melodrama by Arnold Ridley, with Mr. Clive's players. Second week.

REPERTORY—"A Kiss for Cinderella," Sir James Barrie's fantastic comedy with Margaret Parsons in the Maude Adams role. Second week.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Princess Flavia," a musical version of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Music by Sigmund Romberg. Cast:

Rudolph Rassendyl	Howard Marsh
General Sapt	Howard Marsh
Prince of Pentzau	William Pringle
Fritz von Tarpich	Joseph Toner
Fritz von Tarpich	James Marshall
Albert Bertrand	Frank Horn
Det hard	Philip V. Van Tassel
Michael	Douglas R. Dumbrell
Bernard	Neil Ensign
Princess Flavia	Evelyn Herbert
Helka	Glady's Walton
Antoinette de Mauban	Felicita Drenova
Sophie, Frau Teppich	Florence Morrison
Charlotte	Helen Gilligan
Marta	Byrdetta Evans

Rut first, let us enquire, why not call it "The Prisoner of Zenda"? The title under which this delightful piece is played, "Princess Flavia," conveys nothing to the oldtimers who read the novel or saw the play in the naughty nineties. Of course, "The Prisoner of Zenda" could mean as little to the followers Michael Arlen and Noel Coward, as we really don't believe it would given them away and so no harm would be done.

But this piece was ever played seriously as a drama is hard to believe, yadays, but that it makes an admirable operetta is undeniable. And Harry Smith and Sigmund Romberg, those experienced hands at making musical comedies out of less than nothing, seized this excellent material with hands and given us about all that

could be made of, and J. C. Huffman's staging was quite what it should be. Of course, Mr. Romberg's music was reminiscent, but it was always pleasantly so, and while often spirited—especially in some of the male choruses—not a note of inappropriate jazz was allowed to creep in.

The title part was charmingly played by Miss Evelyn Herbert, the daughter of the late composer. As Princess Flavia, betrothed to the crown prince of Ruritania, she had both charm and dignity, and displayed each at the right time. Her voice, while not always quite true earlier in the evening, improved as the piece proceeded, and her duet with the prince in the second act was beautifully done. Incidentally, it should perhaps be stated that she appeared at a moment's notice to play again this role which she created last season in New York, as Miss Murle Taner has been appearing in it lately, but was suddenly indisposed. This latter young lady, who hopes to be able to resume some time this week, is a newcomer to the American stage, but is a native of this country who has studied under Jean de Reske and appeared at the Opera Comique in Paris.

Howard Marsh, in the dual role of Prince Rudolph, the dissolute heir to the throne, and Rudolph Rassendyl, delightfully idle itinerant Englishman, is a rare person in comic (or any other kind of) opera—a handsome young man with both a good voice and a sense of humor. He inserts delicious sly touches just at the moments when most jeunes premiers would pose or strut. And yet his love-making was so convincing that his and Flavia's penultimate embrace was greeted with spontaneous applause from the gallery.

In fact, applause was general throughout and it seemed that everyone present had a thoroughly good time. Among others who merited the approbation of the audience were William Pringle, as the benignly intriguing General Sapt; and Douglas Dumbrell and Felicia Drenova were sinister and handsome enough for anybody's taste, as Michael, Duke of Strelsau and Antoinette de Mauban, both with designs upon the throne. As Det hard, another of Duke Michael's accomplices, Phillip Van Tassel was always good, and displayed a voice and histrionic ability as well in "I Love Them All," a song which opened the third act. Comic relief was ably furnished by Frank Lalor and Florence Morrison as the Major Domo and his wife, the Mistress of the Kitchen. Mr. Lalor, however, struck one of the few jarring notes of the whole production when he insisted on dragging in a none too topical and apt "gag" about Trudie Ederle. Harry B. Smith gave him plenty of material with which to be funny without hauling that sort of thing in.

We are not going to tell the plot. The oldsters all know it and we wouldn't think of spoiling it for the young ones. Suffice it to say that there is enough of it left for the former to recognize and plenty of suspense to hold the latter's attention. Oh yes, although we were really thinking of it all the time, we almost forgot to mention that the little fair-haired lady who played either Charlotte or Marta, had much more than a little charm and grace. If she develops her voice a bit, nothing can stop her. O. C. T.

'FLAMING FOREST' AT LOEW'S STATE

Story of Northwest Mounted Has Renee Adoree

"The Flaming Forest" at the State Theatre is adapted from the novel of James Oliver Curwood, directed by Reginald Barker, and Antonio Moreno and Renee Adoree are the featured players. The cast:

Sergeant David Carrigan	Antonio Moreno
Jeanne-Marie	Renee Adoree
Roger Audemard	Gardner James
Alfred Wimbleton	William Austin
Mike	Tom O'Brien
Andre Audemard	Gardner James
Luis Lagarre	Oscar Beregi

'HOTEL IMPERIAL' AT METROPOLITAN

"Hotel Imperial" at the Metropolitan this week is a Paramount picture featuring Pola Negri. Maurice Stiller directed and Erich Pommer supervised the production. The cast:

Anna Sedlak	Pola Negri
Paul Almasy	James Hall
Gen. Juschkevitch	George Siegmann
Elias Butterman	Max Davidson
Tabakovitch	Michael Vavitch
Anton Klimak	Otto Fries

The first few scenes are excellent. It looks as if Erich Pommer who made "Variety" had started the picture

its way and then—had taken a vacation.

The action begins with the Hungarian soldiers riding on murky roads. The flare of bursting shells shows the tired droop of shoulders. Heads nod, bullets find their targets, men drop and horses thud on.

James Hall as Paul Almasy is one of these soldiers. He is thrown from his horse and makes his way along deserted streets to the Hotel Imperial. Once inside, nature compels him to sleep.

The next morning Anna Sedlak, a servant girl played by Pola Negri, is competently "sweeping out" when she sees two boots framed by a door. Summoning the hotel staff to help her, she discovers the hero peacefully slumbering. It seems the Russians are coming, the hotel staff knows all about it. They insist they cannot harbor an Hungarian officer but they are unable to shake, pummel or pound the sleeping gentleman back to consciousness. Pola flashes her smile and eyes in behalf of the tired soldier and helps carry his tranquil form up the stairs and out of the way.

It evidently is an erroneous idea that victorious foes are as mud bespattered and tiered as the hard-pressed troops they are hounding. The Russians arrive with bands playing, not a spot on the entire outfit and in jovial mood.

George Siegmann as Gen. Juschkevitch is by far the most competent artist in the picture although all the character parts are well taken. James Hall starts out well, but as the flimsy plot unwinds and he is disguised as a waiter of the Hotel Imperial, he is not convincing. He looks more as if he has been doubling in a society drama and had not had time to put on a new makeup. Few waiters wear perfectly fitting clothes, especially when they are wearing the waiting habiliments of another man.

There are scenes and scenes, including a few that are ribald and—a murder. Finally the Russians are forced to evacuate and the Hungarian troops have a chance to march through the town with their band and fine uniforms. Pola Negri is lovely to look upon as she huddles prominently in the crowd watching "the boys go marching by."

The finish is in keeping with the last half of the picture. The hero, looking particularly handsome, is decorated for his heroism in front of the waiting throngs and he gallantly asks permission to include the little servant girl (Pola) who made a great Russian general believe a movie story, and so helped the hero to escape. C. M. D.

Were the women praised by poets, women praised for their beauty and their grace, not always for their virtues, worthy of this immortality?

The question is suggested by "Sacharissa: Some Account of Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland, Her Family and Friends," by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady). The fourth edition, a large octavo volume with portraits and an index, is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York. As Mrs. Cartwright says: "The name of Sacharissa lives for all time in Waller's verse."

Waller was one of Dorothy's suitors. He had married Anne Banks, the only child of a rich alderman. Clarendon said that this feat made Waller more famous than all his wit, fine arts and poetry. His wife lived only two years after the marriage. It was to Dorothy that he addressed those beautiful lyrics: "That which her slender waist confined" and "Go, lovely rose." He wooed in vain.

Dr. Johnson in his life of Waller wrote in a sour vein that the name Sacharissa is "derived from the Latin appellation of 'sugar,' and implies, if it means anything, a spiritless mildness and dull good nature, such as excites rather tenderness than esteem, and such as, though always treated with kindness, is never honored or admired." Elijah Fenton, not quoted by Mrs. Cartwright, added to this injurious remark: "Sacharissa is a name which recalls to mind what is related of the Turks, who, in their gallantries, think 'Sugar Bira-pa,' i. e. bit of sugar, to be the most polite and endearing compliment they can use to the ladies." Johnson, who disliked Waller's character, does not give even the titles of the two poems that preserve Waller's name and courtship. He did not condemn Sacharissa "that she did not descend from her rank to his embraces, nor think every excellence comprised in wit."

When Dorothy was over 60 years old—she had twice been married—Waller, who then was old and gray, and never drank anything but water, called on her in London. Dorothy (Lady Sunderland) asked him laughingly when he would write some more verses for her, as he used to do in the old days. He replied,

"When you are as young again, madam, and as handsome as you were then."

Let us set against Dr. Johnson's surly characterization, the compliment in the Tatler: "The fine women they show me nowadays are at best but pretty girls to me, who have seen Sacharissa, when all the world repeated the poems she inspired. That graceful motion, that awful mien, that winning attraction, are now no more seen. They tell me I am old. I am glad I am so, for I do not like you present young ladies."

Suppose one were to go through the long list of women who inspired the poets. The Lesbia, madly loved by Catullus, whose love turned to reviling hatred, was the accomplished, but dissolute woman whose behavior suggested to Marcel Schwob one of his most fantastic "Imaginary Lives." Petrarch's Laura was a highly respectable dame.

If Mary Fitton was the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's sonnets, her conduct was, to put it mildly, irregular. Who were the Althea and the Lucasta immortalized by Richard Lovelace? Were they one and the same person, and was her name Mistress Lucy Sacheverell? Were they imaginary persons? Mr. Hartmann, in his "The Cavalier Spirit," conjectures and is not positive. The woman Michael Angelo extolled was most worthy. Milton paid tribute in Latin verse to Leonora Baroni, the Roman singer, who was of blameless life, not even making grimaces when she burst into song. What is to be said of Jenny's case? Leigh Hunt, having recovered from the influenza, went to tell Jane Carlyle the good news. She jumped up and kissed him. He boasted of it to the world through the Monthly Chronicle.

"Jenny kissed me when we met" "I never heard of Mrs. Carlyle kissing any other man," said one of her later favorites, "not even me." Was Thomas in the room when Jane so favored Leigh?

It is hardly necessary to mention Dante's Beatrice or the poetical compliments paid reciprocally by Robert and Elizabeth Browning. Baudelaire wrote about twenty poems during his attachment to Jeanne Duval. She was a mulatto woman, tall, with prominent cheekbones, red lips, crispy hair, walking awkwardly; a woman without talent, beauty, wit, heart; unfaithful to her lover.

The portraits of Dorothy by Vandyke, reproduced in Mrs. Cartwright's "Sacharissa," hardly justify the reports of her beauty. In one she simps—or say, she is half-amused, as if the painter had said to her: "Now, look pleasant." In another her expression is rather vacuous. But one should not judge a famous beauty by her portraits, especially when the engravings often do not do justice to the painter or the sitter. Let us take it for granted that Dorothy had a "skin of roses and lilies," radiant eyes, and "the sweet expression which was after all perhaps the chief charm" of her face.

This fact remains, whether she was "charmingly handsome," as Horace Walpole said of her portraits, or was flattered by the painter; all those who knew her, men and women, admired and loved her, asked her advice and help. She was the friend and counselor of statesmen; in the reign of Charles II she "carried the traditions of a purer age into that lax and dissolute society." But the annals of the period in which she lived tell little more than this about her. She was an indefatigable letter writer, and, according to some, had the most eloquent pen in England; but less than thirty of her letters have come down to us; they were written at the end of her life. As Mrs. Cartwright confesses, our knowledge of Dorothy is "sadly limited."

Dorothy was of a famous family, she lived in stormy, distracting years; so Mrs. Cartwright has written about the Sidneys; about Dorothy's suitors; her marriage to Henry, Lord Spencer, an exemplary person, about nineteen years old, whose conduct was almost puritanical. He was killed, fighting for his King at Newbury. We are told about Dorothy's marriage after nine years of widowhood to Sir Robert Smythe. Dorothy's father would not attend the wedding. Sir Robert was described as a "very fine gentleman," a handsome, martial looking knight. No one knows how long he lived or where he died; but it is pleasant to learn from one of Dorothy Osborne's letters that she had sent to Italy for seals: "Tis an humor which your old acquaintance Mr. Smith (sic) and his lady have brought up; they say she wears twenty strung upon a ribbon, like the nuts boys play withal."

There is much about Algernon Sidney, Dorothy's brother, who took up arms for the Parliament, went into exile, returning, stood for Parliament, was

18 charged unjustly with being in the French King's pay, was arrested on the discovery of the Rye House Plot, tried before Judge Jeffries, was executed. He smiled when he laid his head on the block. The headsman asked: "Are you ready, sh?" Will you rise again?" "Not till the general resurrection. Strike on."

We become acquainted with the Strangfords. Isabella Sidney married

her first cousin, Lord Strangford. He, as described by Algernon Sidney, was "perpetually drunk, and complaining that the tavern companions who encouraged him in his dissipation did cheat him so as not to leave him half-a-crown in his purse." Isabella, charming, with engaging manners, was as foolish and headstrong as he.

Dorothy's son, Earl of Sunderland, was dismissed from office, but restored. Anne, Lady Sunderland, writing to a friend, added a postscript, asking Henry Sidney, envoy at The Hague, to send her all sorts of ducks and wild fowl, "and if he can some eggs, done up in bran, for then they will keep three weeks. Now don't laugh at me for being so silly as to think of such things when we are on the point of ruin."

William Penn, on his way to his newly granted province in America, wrote to Henry Sidney: "Tis a pretty thing to see how finely the great monarchs of the world play at ninepins with their ministers, destroy their creatures that they may create again."

"Sacharissa" is a well written, interesting story of the time in which Dorothy lived and was admired and loved. Her enduring fame is based on two lyrics written by Edmund Waller, who courted her in vain; lyrics that Dr. Johnson did not deign to mention.

KEITH-ALBEE ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Keith-Albee players present "Seventh Heaven," a play in three acts by Austin Strong. The cast:

Boul	Charles I. Schofield
The Rat	Joseph Lee
Arlette	Kathleen Wallace
Maxamillian Gobin	John Winthrop
Nana	Edith Speare
Diane	Florence Shirley
Reagan	Day Manson
Blissac	Frank Charlton
Pere Chevillon	William Gerald
Sergeant of Police	Frank S. Peck
Uncle Georges	Harold R. Chase
Aunt Valentine	Florence Pendleton
Chico	Walter Gilbert
Lamp-lighter	Frank Lindsey
Hospital Attendant	Charles Currier

The St. James Theatre was the scene of a reception and welcome home on the evening of the company's premier presentation. The receiving line was made up of the cast of players which Mr. Albee has been fortunate to procure. At the end of the second act each member of the company expressed joy at being in Boston and the audience did much to aid them by prolonged applause. From the moment that the curtain ascended to disclose Mr. Schofield trying to start his balky taxi, Eloise, until Chico and Diane were at last reunited the company put the best of themselves into their parts.

The story of the play will doubtless be remembered by Boston audiences, as it was played here scarcely a season ago.

The cast—It is hard for us to single out those for special mention because Mr. Schofield's directing seems to be of such an even sort that one cannot say that this actor is good and that one poor. They all fitted their roles and remained in them. Miss Shirley—a Florence Vidor type beauty—makes an excellent leading lady for Mr. Gilbert. She was particularly good in her emotional scenes. Her entrance scene was particularly well done. Mr. Gilbert was the hero of his former days at the St. James. Boston just loves him! Mention might be made of the skill with which he handled his poetic and philosophic lines and then descended from the heights to become the bluff and good-hearted atheist who felt that perhaps Diane might be right in thinking him God.

Miss Speare made an admirable Nana, putting into the part all the shudders that Helen Menken gave it in the original company. Mr. Schofield and William Gerald could not have been better.

Space and time prohibit more detailed praise, but in most every instance praise it would be. Mr. Albee is to be recommended for his policy. With the players behind him it will be easy for him to carry out his resolve to have the best possible plays produced in the best manner. Long life to the Keith-Albee players! F. B. B.

'NERVOUS WRECK' AT CASTLE SQUARE

CASTLE SQUARE—"The Nervous Wreck," farce by Owen Davis. Produced three seasons ago at the Hollis with Otto Kruger and Kathleen Connelley in the leading roles. The Castle Square cast:

Sally Morgan	Margaret George
Henry Williams	Gavin Gordon
Tim	Winfield Saxton
Chester Underwood	Hamilton Christy
Jerome Underwood	Louis Leon Hall
Harriet Underwood	Gene Cleveland
Andy Nabb	Allen Wallace
Mort	Ralph Morehouse
Dan	Laurence Adams
Bob Wells	Jack Marvin
Jud Morgan	W. H. Macdonald

Jan 5 1927
The Manchester Guardian is amused by the grand attack on "Xmas" in this country, especially as leaders of churches in New York complain that this spelling lacks reverence.

But this "X" is not the algebral symbol; it stands for the Greek letter "Chi," the first letter in the Greek spelling of "Christ." A capital "X" was used as an abbreviation in such words as 'christen' and 'christened' almost as soon as there was any call to write these words at all in this country (England). On the same principle 'Xmas' was later established and has been in use for many generations without rebuke.

The Manchester Guardian quotes Coleridge's use of "Xmas." He cannot be accused of irreverence or of disrespect for the English language.

As a rule we are "agin" contractions. Wild horses could not drag us to say or write "phone" or "photo"; but why do good men leap up, dance wildly in air, and snort, when they see the spelling "Xmas"? As the Manchester Guardian says, ending its editorial article: "It is rather curious that an age which, more than any of its forerunners, inclines to specialize in abbreviations and strings of initials should be found objecting to a form which represents, in essence, one of the very earliest contractions of the Christian era."

NOW IN OUR HALL OF FAME

As the World Wags:
Would you ever guess that "SHANKMAN'S FILLING SPA" (on Broadway, Chelsea) is a gasoline pump for automobiles? H. G. C.

LEPTIS MAGNA

As the World Wags:
Apropos of the announcement of Dr. Bruno Roselli's lecture on "Leptis Magna," it is rather amusing to consider the odd definitions that have been given to this subject. A bug, a butterfly, a precious stone, a rock covered with lichens, and last, but not least, a horrible disease! Perhaps it is well to state that the ancient Roman City began to resurrect itself in 1828, showing its chimney pots in the sands of Tripolitania. Since 1913 it has passed into Italian hands, and since the great war the work of excavation has been carried on by the Italian government, and many treasures of great artistic worth have come to light. Perhaps bugs and beetles have followed, but they are not Leptis Magna! R. L. D.

Will the excavators find the palace in which Septimus Severus was born?—Ed.

A YEARLY NUISANCE

As the World Wags:
Your correspondent, Warren Bradbury Jenkins, who sent out 34 holiday greeting cards and was thereon moved to estimate the damage to our country in this practice, figures thus: Ninety million people, divided by one-half (he means times one-half, or divided by two), gives 45,000,000, which, multiplied by \$1.70 (the minimum cost of 34 cards at 5 cents each), equals \$76,500,000.

Dazzled by this sum, he proposes to invest \$1000 in the greeting card business. In the hope of restraining him, I request you to inform him of certain figures he has overlooked, videlicet, that out of the 90,000,000 population, 63,854,281 have already put the same idea in effect, at a loss approximating \$63,854,281,022.68. All of which I have seen, and part of which I have been.

No, if he can borrow or inherit \$1000, as he hopes, let him invest it as our prudent chief executive would do, whose homely thrift sets an example to us all. Let him invest it in the securities of an infant industry protected by a duty of 3 cents a pound and 30 per cent. Especially if by any way he can attain a position in which he will control that duty. X. MUSS.

Penguin Island.

THE WREATH IN THE ASH CAN

As the World Wags:
The unfortunate thing about our holiday spirit is that it is so soon gone. Christmas comes and thrills us with its glow of benignity and good will. For a little while our hearts are softened and we consider the needs and desires of little children; we remember the destitution of the poor and the loneliness of people who are growing old; we try to

comprehend the trials and limitations of those who live about us, and we bury our animosities and ugly thoughts. For a little while—and then the flame of tenderness flickers and goes out, like the Christmas candle. The pity is that the generous impulses stirred to life at Christmas time should not persist throughout the year. The tragedy is that life resumes its sordid way. Some day mankind will learn the secret of perpetual Christmas. Then life's skies will brighten with the new day, and Jesus's dream of a better world will come true.

LOUIS AUGUSTUS PARSONS.
Hudson.

ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

As the World Wags:
"Yeah," said the guest, blinking and picking himself up from the floor, "this stuff has a little kick in it; but—is it really aged?" "AGED?" roared the host, placing his glass on the table and glaring at his guest, "I'll say it's aged—why, I've had that stuff right here in my home for nearly four weeks!"

THE POOR FISH.

VARIA

As the World Wags:

A miss is as good as her smile. Garters were originally designed to hold up stockings; now they hold up traffic. The most successful composer is Chloroform. These continued reductions in automobile prices are destroying the main motive for owning a car. Strange, but the rawest things are the most frequently overdone. Many wrecks on the sea of matrimony have been caused by too many permanent waves. There's no use putting a Scotchman on the witness stand—he won't give himself away. The modern girl never puts off tomorrow what she can take off today. Hark, hark the guns do bark, the bandits are running the town; some are bagged, some are tagged, and others are never found. AHRIZ GHARTARZHON.

WHEN NIGHTS WERE WILD

As the World Wags:
I am informed by a student that one of the characteristics of the literature of the Elizabethan age was Mary Queen of Scotch.
Who wouldn't pledge allegiance?
EASTERN ESAU.

A CANDID LANDLORD

As the World Wags:
Letter head of a restaurant in Purdy, Mo.:
"NICKLE CAFE"

The best is none too good.
Another convert to "the Truth in Advertising." Ask the man who eats there.
H. S. PARKER.

ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

(From Sale's Notes to the Koran)
Al Beldawi relates the following story. The angel of death passing once by Solomon in a visible shape, and looking at one who was sitting with him, the man asked who he was, and, upon Solomon's acquainting him that it was the angel of death, said: It seems to want me; wherefore order the wind to carry me from hence into India; which being accordingly done, the angel said to Solomon, I looked so earnestly at the man out of wonder; because I was commanded to take his soul in India, and found him with thee in Palestine.

SYMPHONY IN 2D TUESDAY CONCERT

For the second symphony concert of the Tuesday series, given yesterday afternoon before very large audiences, Mr. Koussevitzky presented a program of French music. Berlioz's Roman Carnival overture; two of Debussy's nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals"; Ravel's "La Valse," and the D minor symphony by Franck. Though classic composers and those ahead of these, our own, times, were not allowed a hearing, the program was surely representative of what French composers have done and are doing. Of greater moment, it proved in the hearing well contrasted and agreeable. Since both Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra were in finest fettle, the concert gave rare pleasure.

It began delightfully with those few lovely pages that open the Carnival overture, pages in which, if ever he did, Berlioz followed Petis's advice: "Charm the ear." As for those that follow—Mr. Koussevitzky's free-handed use of vivid color and quicker rhythm stood those faded measures in the stead; if nothing more, they "sounded."

So did Debussy's Clouds, lovelier than ever before—also clearer; each melody threaded its way through the tonal maze as neat and precise as though Bach himself had written a new fugue. Thus the untidiness that too often mars a Debussy performance was wiped away. In the good cause of clarity did poetic suggestion perhaps

suffer some loss? There seemed faint hint of those "billowing skies that scatter and amass" of which Rossetti sang. The "Petes" Mr. Koussevitzky played brilliantly.

So he did "La Valse," of which he seems strangely fond. No doubt the waltz is a good waltz; the closer it keeps to Strauss, the better. But when Ravel adds the personal note, he appears to add very little. Maybe he was toying with that quality of irony for which he is famous. If so, as Charles Lamb said of Elia, "He too much affected that dangerous figure—irony."

The third concert of the Tuesday series will take place on Feb. 8.

R. R. G.

Jan 6 1927

A few years ago Henry Pruniere published a life of Claudio Monteverdi. This book was interesting chiefly to musicians and writers about music. A later and more elaborate biography by the accomplished Frenchman has been translated into English by Marie D. Mackie. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., this volume of nearly 300 pages contains numerous music examples, illuminating notes, a complete list of Monteverdi's correspondence, of which about 50 letters are given in the original Italian (unfortunately, they are not translated) and a full index. Great musician, daring and innovating, as Monteverdi was; admirable as is M. Pruniere's study of his musical works—madrigals, music for the church, operas; let us today look on him as a man, and learn of the time in which he lived.

He was born in 1567 at Cremona, famous for its workshops where not only stringed but wind instruments were manufactured. His father was a physician in easy circumstances, a man of culture with a shrewd sense of the value of money. Claudio studied there the humanities, and was particularly drawn to Plato, whose doctrines he pondered all his life. At that time musicians were more lettered than they are today, and the profession of music was held in high regard as honorable and profitable.

Claudio, having published two books of madrigals, was engaged as a player of the viol by Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua. The city had long attracted to it poets, painters, musicians, sculptors, architects from all parts of Europe. The Duke was of an artistic nature. He was a true prince of the Italian Renaissance, devoted to fetes, plays, balls, ballets. If he could be generous, he could be cruel; for these princes could murder any artists who failed them; lavish gifts on those that served them well.

As a young man, Vincenzo was noted for the violence of his life. His father had banished him for assassinating in a most cowardly manner James Crichton, "The Admirable Crichton." They collided one night in the dark. Crichton, famed as a fencer, drew his sword. They fought. When Vincenzo cried out: "Hold, Soot, I am the Prince!" Crichton knelt and handed over his sword. Vincenzo took it and plunged it into the Scot's heart.

Vincenzo was big and broad, with the fresh complexion of a German, blue-eyed, with thin, curly hair, sporting a short, pointed beard. Handsome at nearly 50 years of age, he dressed sumptuously. He was a man of amorous adventures. His first marriage was annulled. There was talk of "strange machinations" that obtained this annulment. His second wife was indifferent to his mode of living.

He was indefatigable in the pursuit of pleasure; accompanied by a splendid suite, he went over Europe, searching for pictures to buy, and artists for his court. (Rubens painted him). He was surrounded with alchemists and astrologers. His chapel master was the excellent Dutch musician, De Wert, whose singers persecuted him. One even conceived the idea of taking vengeance by seducing the Dutchman's wife. The duke would take extraordinary pains in bringing to his court any woman singer of great reputation. When he wished to secure Caterinuccia Martinelli, his secretaries were required to gain all possible information about her voice. "They must find out whether this child of 13 years was virtuous and chaste." Monteverdi married one of the duke's "musical harem" as Ademollo called it, loved her tenderly and was heart-broken when she died, while he was still in the service of the duke.

Monteverdi accompanied his master when he led troops to aid the Emperor Rodolph, threatened by the Sultan, Mahomet III. At the evening halt, Monteverdi and his companions would perform madrigals in the duke's tent. Ha-

g been on Hungarian... the
lite went to Innsbruck, Baste, The Spa
for certain watering places were gay
and musio amused the bathers. They
went to Liege; at Antwerp the studios
Rubens and Porteus were visited. At
pa and Brussels, Monteverdi probably
became acquainted with the new works
of the French school, and the ballet de
our.

He was not happy at Mantua, where
he air of the lagoon was fever-laden.
The duke was whimsical; he over-
worked the musician, whose salary was
small, though he was already celebrated
in Europe. It was at Mantua that he
produced his opera, "Orfeo."

When his "Arianna" was produced,
from 4000 to 6000 were in the interior of
theatre constructed in the interior of
the castle. The labor of production
nearly killed the composer. Caterin-
la Martinelli, who was to have taken
he part of Arianna, had died of the
smallpox. An actress, "La Florida,"
replaced her, and sang the pathetic
"Lamento," which, heard today, moves
all hearers.

There are entertaining notes about
singers and players in this volume.
Adriana Basile was "treated like a lady
of quality, and the greatest princesses
admitted her to their intimacy." It
was said of this incomparable singer:
"Even when she is silent (she) gives
cause for admiration and well-deserved
praise."

In 1612 Monteverdi was honorably re-
leased from service at Mantua. In his
pocket was the total sum of his savings
for 23 years, 25 crowns.

He went to Venice as the chapel mas-
ter of the gorgeous church, St. Mark's.
The Gonzagas mourned his loss, but
Monteverdi was happy. On the way
brigands robbed him of all he possessed,
for his traveling expenses had been
paid in advance. At Venice his salary
was soon 400 ducats, double what his
predecessors had received. He was
handsomely paid for directing musio at
convents and in palaces. St. Mark's
had long been renowned for its music.
The majority of the singers played vari-
ous instruments, although the Guild of
Minstrels and Players had tried to have
them enrolled on their register and to
pay their dues.

Here Monteverdi was indeed master.
One singer, thinking himself wronged,
stopped him in the Piazza and pulled
his beard. The singer was promptly
chastised by the procurators. At Venice
Monteverdi produced a prodigious
quantity of music. He was ceaselessly
busy. And it was at Venice that he
wrote the operas, "The Return of
Ulysses" and "The Coronation of Pop-
pea," which, edited by Vincent d'Indy,
have been heard in Paris.

This Italian, the author of amorous
madrigals and voluptuous songs, was
for the greater part of his life pro-
foundly unhappy. His correspondence
and his portrait show him to have been
an austere man without gaiety, proud
of his genius, resentful if he thought
himself slighted or injured. At last he
was crippled by rheumatism. There
were two years in which his eyes pre-
vented reading and writing. He died
in 1643, mourned by all who knew him,
honored by a splendid funeral, yet at
the end of the 17th century his name
was scarcely mentioned. Only in the
second half of the 19th century was his
genius again fully recognized.

We have here spoken only of the man.
The many pages devoted by M. Prun-
ieres are invaluable to all who are in-
terested in the development of music
in all its vocal forms.

CHARLES NAEGELE

Charles Naegle, pianist, played this
program last night in Jordan hall:
Prelude and fugue, C minor, Prelude
and fugue, B flat major, Bach; Prelu-
dium, Doctor Bull's Greif, John Bull;
Rigadono, Minuet, Purcell; Solfeghetto,
G. P. El. Bach; Minuet, Handel; Forlane,
J. Aubert; Theme and variations, Han-
del; Sonata, B minor, Chopin; Prelude
in F minor, Dwight Fiske; variation on
"Au clair de la lune," Pavane, Maro
Blitzstein; Noel, Balfour Gardiner; Re-
flets dans l'eau, Debussy; "Artist's
Life," waltz, Strauss-Godowsky.

Mr. Naegle proved himself last night,
to an excellent audience, both a musi-
cian and pianist of quite unusual qual-
ity. Only a musician of fine imagination
would have conceived the happy notion
of making what may pass for a suite
out of an array of seven little harpsi-
chord pieces by five individual com-
posers. Only a man of exquisite taste
could have set them in order so aptly.
And none but a musician keenly sensi-
tive to design, and a pianist of remark-
able skill, could have surrounded them
with the charm Mr. Naegle had at
hand last night.

This marked feeling for musical de-
sign would seem to be, at present, Mr.
Naegle's most notable quality. Where
itself it is enough, be it in little

of the music he is in a...
Mr. Naegle is blessed with
a taste that tells him what tempo
is right, what color or lack of color,
what shading, what rhythm are need-
ful. And he can furnish all these re-
quisites at will, for he possesses an
excellent technique. It is not every
day one hears more delightful and
musically playing than Mr. Naegle's
performance of the little pieces, Han-
del's theme and first variation, the first
part of the sonata's second movement,
and every bar of its largo.

But when Mr. Naegle attempts to
fuse meaning with musical beauty, too
often he seems at a loss. He tried last
night with Bach, to the damage of the
music's sheer loveliness; and still he
failed to make his emotional intent sug-
gestive. The second theme of the so-
nata he let fall flat as a passage of pure
song; of expression he left it empty.
With the largo, indeed, he voiced little
more emotion, but since he did not try
to, with its beauty alone he made his
way.

This was curious playing, when a
pianist could bring to bear on Chopin's
Liszt-like sonata feeling for ornament
quite in the spirit of Liszt—the while he
seemed scarcely to feel the emotional
urge of Chopin. In the finale he ap-
proached it nearest, especially at the
beginning. This young player's de-
velopment will be interesting to watch.
R. R. G.

11-7 1927

We are disappointed in Mr. Musso-
lini, for in his heart-to-heart talk with
the representative of the United Press
in Rome, now publishing in the Trav-
eler, he said in a presumably clear,
bell-like voice: "I am anti-whiskers;
Fascism is anti-whiskers. Whiskers are
a sign of decadence. . . . When the
decline of Roman glory began, whiskers
came into style. It is true of all periods.
The Renaissance was a beardless pe-
riod." He also said that the busts of
the great Roman Emperors showed
them all clean-shaven.

The Italians will now be debarred
from playing the amusing game of
"Beaver." If any one should dare to
sport sliders, Gaiway sluggers, or even
a soup-strainer, will he be condemned
to a quart or two of castor oil admin-
istered through a funnel?

It is true that Julius Caesar was clean
shaven. It is also true—see Suetonius—
that he caused all his hairs to be
plucked—for this he was called effem-
inate by the irreverent. But how about
Mr. Mussolini's statement concerning
the efficient men of the Renaissance?
Do not certain portraits of great men
of that period show them full bearded?
Did not the Emperor Julian, who was
no milkop, bring about a revival of
whiskerage?

The ancient Romans were a shaggy
lot. Pliny tells us (in Philemon Hol-
land's translation) that it was late era
barbers were in any request at Rome.
"The first that entered Italy came out
of Sicily, and it was in the 454 years
after the foundation of Rome. Brought
in they were by P. Ticius Mena, as
Varro doth report; for before-time they
never cut their haires. The first that
was shaven every day was Scipio Afri-
canus; and after him commeth Augustus
the Emperor, who euermore vsed the
razor."

Would that Mr. Mussolini had ex-
claimed with Walt Whitman:
"Washes and razors for footfoos—for me
freckles and a bristling beard."

Query: Why did Whitman drop this
line in 1881 and in the subsequent edi-
tions of "Leaves of Grass"?

SHE WAS APPARENTLY BURNED

(From the Los Angeles Times)
Her clothes catching afire, apparently
when she was attempting to light a
gas heater, Mrs. — burned to death
yesterday. She yesterday burned to
death. She was so seriously burned
that she never regained consciousness.

As the World Wags:

Says one she: "Yeh, I paid seven dol-
lars and a half for these gloves." And
right away comes back another she:
"Why didn't you wait for your change?"
TOOKAYS ANNABEE.

As the World Wags:

May is a nice girl, but the boys never
dance with her more than once. In-
stead of putting her arm around her
partner's back, she places an elbow
against his chest, so that there is al-
ways a 12-inch space between them.
May always goes home alone.

LEFTY.

"See here," said the angry visitor to
the reporter, "what do you mean by
inserting the derisive expression 'Apple-
sauce' in parentheses in my speech?"
"Applesauce?" Great Scott, man! I
wrote 'Applause.' —Pickup.

IN REPLY TO H. F. B., JR.

As the World Wags:

You chose two chows who choose to
chew
Your chunky bedroom shoe.
Such chow a chow so oft eschews
If there's cholsier chow to choose.
LIVDAY.

A MISUSED WORD

As the World Wags:

Daily, hopefully, prayerfully have I
read As the World Wags in the vain
hope that you might, in your omni-
science, take a shy at the modern, com-
mon usage of the adjective "hectic."
As a flapperism, timidly substituted for
"hellish" as "By Heck" or "Heck" sub-
stituted for hell before the war, it may
have served a justifiable purpose, but
in the present era of plain speaking
such usage is a perversion that grates
upon the classical tympanum. Yet even
in the headlines of the most obstinately
correct publications one now encounters
the word "hectic" improperly employed.

It means, as you and your Oxford
dictionary very well know, "habitual"
or "customary." It relates to the fever
that will recur to the victim of phthisis
or T. B.

Perhaps the present-day "party" is so
inevitably feverish that degrees of tem-
perature are of small import. But the
use of the adjective in a distorted sense
is a constant offense to some of us old-
sters who cannot now achieve that de-
gree of heat nightly.
ET PRAETEREA NIHIL.

Yet "hectic" was once used meaning
"habitual," "constitutional" without
reference to fever. Milton: "That hec-
tic disposition to evil, the source of all
vice." H. L'Estrange: "He seemed
naturally to affect a majestic careles-
ness, which was so hectic, so habitual
in him." This reference is to Charles I.
—Ed.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL

As the World Wags:

Some time ago you asked if anyone
read Ainsworth's novels nowadays. It
would appear that the well-known his-
torical novelist, Nathan Gallizier, had
read Ainsworth, much to his (Gallizier's)
profit if not pleasure; and has extended
his reading more widely, also to his
profit; or it may be that two great
minds have run in the same channel. I
think the enclosed deadly parallels are
sufficient, though I have other examples.

MRS. F. G. BURNHAM.

Grafton Center, N. H.

Mrs. Burnham sends long passages
from Ainsworth's "Guy Fawkes" and
Mr. Gallizier's "The Sorceress of Rome,"
that are, especially, "The Incantation"
in both, strikingly similar. They are
much too long for quotation here. There
is room for other excerpts sent by Mrs.
Burnham:

"Uncanonized"
by
Margaret Horton
Potter.

Chapter I Page 20.
"My father," he
said gently . . .
In those gray orbs,
fire lingered yet,
and when he spoke,
weak though his
voice was, the ring
of command still
dominated its ex-
pression.

"Thou'rt in good
season, boy. I
thank thee for thy
quick obedience to
my wishes."

"I could scarce
do other than the
duty which was
also my wish," was
the response
spoken in a tone
unwontedly low
for Anthony was
noting each
changed point of
his father's weak-
ened face and
frame. . . . One
of the physicians
hurried to the bed-
side with cordial,
which was hastily
administered.

Mrs. Burnham ad-
through the book, his whole plot taken
from "Uncanonized."

"The Hill of Venus"
by
Nathan Gallizier
Chapter 1 Page 8.

"My father,"
Francisco whis-
pered softly . . .
In those gray orbs
the old-time fire
still lingered, and
when he spoke,
weak though was
his voice, the
wonted ring of
command still
dominated.

"Thanks, Fran-
cesco, for your
quick obedience. It
came sooner than
I expected."

"It was my de-
sire and duty,"
came the response,
spoken almost in
a whisper, as the
youth was noting
each passing
change in his
father's weakened
face and frame. . . .
One of the monks,
who practised the
art of medicine,
hurried to the bed-
side with a cordial,
which he hastened
to administer.

"And so on
through the book, his whole plot taken
from "Uncanonized."

As we were talking about Mr. George
Bernard Shaw yesterday at the Por-
phyry Club, Mr. Herkimer Johnson told
us that he would gladly accept, as a
sociologist, the Nobel prize if it should
be offered to him, although his colos-
sal work, "Man as a Political and Social
Beast," is not yet, with the exception
of the first volume, ready for the
printer. "I think I am worthy of this
prize," he said, with the modesty of
those truly great.
"Yes," he said, "I am now recognized
even by the compilers of social blue
books. This week I received a letter
from the editor of American Elite and
Sociologist asking for full information
concerning my life and work. The

quest was accompanied with a card
stating that 'Sociology is a science best
defined as that of human society.' I
find the definition loose, especially as
this book will be for 'America's Best
Families' and 'Inclusion is considered a
criterion of distinction.' Nor am I con-
cerned with 'the Social Activities of
America's Upper Ten Thousands.' I
suppose I am classed with those who
have been prominent in the Develop-
ment of Life, Thought and Progress in
the Various Lines of Human Better-
ment, for my family has never been
'exclusive.' My grandfather was, in
turn, a miller, sheriff—I am sorry to
say there is no record of his having
hanged any one—member of the Legis-
lature in his state. My great-grand-
father was a colonel in the revolution-
ary war and died a prisoner of the
British. All my ancestors were simple
men. My grandfather was so far from
being 'exclusive' that he kept open
house, entertained visiting preachers
with Gargantuan appetites, whose
prayers in the morning were short or
long according to the substantiality of
the breakfast."

As we have said, Mr. Johnson is a re-
markably modest man. He never speaks
of the honors paid him by foreign scien-
tific societies; he does not wear his de-
corations, not even the one conferred on
him by a Westphalian potentate before
the great war, in recognition of Mr.
Johnson's masterly treatise on "Ham
Through the Ages," in which the dis-
cussion, "Why Moses Objected to the
Pig," excited the warm approbation of
Biblical scholars. We know that he re-
cently refused the ribbon of the Legion
on Honor, because, as he said, it is now
a distinction in this country not to sport
it in a buttonhole. Not even in the
hottest campaign has Mr. Johnson pinned
the button of a presidential candidate
on his coat.

"As for 'the American Elite and So-
ciologist,'" said Mr. Johnson, as he
stood up to leave the Porphyry, "I no-
tice that the publisher wishes an 'ad-
vance check' for \$10 to entitle me to
permanent representation. This seems
to me a large sum of money." And he
whispered to us: "By the way, could you
lend me a fiver. I'll give it back to you
next Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 at your
office."

THE HERITAGE

(From the Observer)

Because I'm old, and gray with mist of
years,
With feeble hands, and eyes that shun
the light—
Dim with forgotten time—they give me
tears,
And pity me, and turn in new delight
To their young mirth. A prayer un-
breathed they know:
That they attain some nobler, swifter
end
Than slow decay. Unenvious, I go
My shorter journey. Proudly do I
bend
Beneath the sceptre of the pictured
past.
The hours are moving pageants; ripe
my days
With fragrant thoughts, garlands culled
from life—
Pale glint of morning skies, and
friendship fast:
Old dreams come true, and happy hu-
man ways.
What pity, then, need I? Move on,
O Life!
MICHAEL MOORE.

ADD "SOCIETY NOTES"

As the World Wags:
I always thought I was pretty good
(I've been married five times), but I
retire in favor of this woman who mod-
estly signs her letter:

"Yours truly,
Mrs. Geo. Wale, Jr.
(Nee Mrs. Frank Arata)."
F. E.

The strong, silent man is a myth; I
have never met him.—Lloyd George.

CAUSE AND EFFECT?

As the World Wags:
Clipped from an Idaho newspaper:
"7:30. Evening service. Sermon sub-
ject, 'Good Investments.' The quar-
ter will sing 'Peace, Perfect Peace' by
Danka. Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Cornell will
sing the offertory duet, 'One Sweetly
Solemn Thought' by Ambrose. This
service will be broadcast over KPAU."
EASTERN ESQU.

A living celebrity generally has some-
thing offensive about him.—Augustine
Birrell.

DECEMBER AND MAY

(For As the World Wags.)

Aren't these freak marriages funny?
It seems impossible not to smile at
them.
Almost every one has a weak spot some-
where.
If my life was to be shown on the
screen,
I would be hunting orchids on the Ori-
noco
Or better still, laughing in the remote
gallery.

of the orchestra. St. Louis: his compositions a program; two that are not known in Boston: his Partita for piano and orchestra; the Suite from his ballet "The Jar." When the former was performed at the last Zurich Festival, the composer conducted and Mr. Gieseeking was the pianist, as he will be here. The ballet "The Jar," brought out in Paris by the Swedish Ballet, is based on a Sicilian and joyous short story by Pirandello, who not long ago turned it into a one-act play. The ballet is announced for the Metropolitan Opera House this season; the Suite has been performed in several cities of this country. That admirable pianist, Mr. Gieseeking, will also play a concerto for major by Mozart. Mr. Casella at these concerts will also conduct a performance of a concerto for strings by Vivaldi.

P. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

UNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M.—Pablo Casals, violoncellist; Nicolai Mednikov, pianist. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M.—People's Symphony Orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor; Isabel Richardson Molter, soprano. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Stetson hall, 8:15 P. M.—Clara Glas-Davis, mezzo-soprano, will sing songs of the Hebrides. She spent the last two years with Mrs. Marjory Kennedy-Fraser in Scotland and on the Western Isles, studying the traditions for which these songs stand and "absorbing the mystical atmosphere of the peoples of the Hebrides."

Jordan hall, 8 P. M.—The Apollo Club, Frank H. Luker, guest conductor; Abbie Conley Rice, contralto. Part songs: Beethoven, Nature's Prayer of God. Cui, Radiant Stars. Bantock, Give a Rouse. Deems Taylor, The Well Beloved (with tenor solo by Ernest F. Speth). Clokey, Ancestral Song. Cadman, A Might Vulcan (baritone solo by Paul C. Scarborough). Dregert, Rosebud, When Wilt Thou Bloom? Pierce, Wassail Song. Irish Air, The Galway Piper. Brahms, Rhapsodie (contralto solo by Mrs. Rice). Adeste Fideles, arr. by R. L. Baldwin. Mrs. Rice will sing "Ahi mon Fils" from "Le Prophete," Schubert's Erlking, Brahms's Vergeßches Haendchen, Luker's Winter Twilight and Gounod's Ring Out Wild Bells.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Raymond Havens, pianist. D'Indy Theme Varlee, Fugue et Chanson, op. 85 (first time in Boston). Chopin, Sonata, B minor, op. 58. De Falla, Two Spanish Dances. Respighi, Two Preludes on Gregorian Themes. Chopin, Nocturne, D flat, op. 27, No. 2. Liszt, Etude, F minor, and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 15.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Isabel Richardson Molter, soprano. Songs by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Hahn, Debussy, Arne, Secchi, Muhliert, Hermann, Watts, Leoni, Lester, Golde, MacDowell.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M.—Twelfth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Alfredo Casella, guest conductor; Walter Gieseeking, pianist. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M.—Bruce Benjamin, tenor. Jordan hall, 11 A. M.—Children's concert, conducted by Ernest Schelling. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M.—Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

page 30: "Begin now, and writing freely now, but during an influenza epidemic he was idle for some weeks. There were many deaths, and Mrs. Carlyle was anxious about him. This being told him when he suddenly recovered, he went himself to be the bearer of his good news. When Mrs. Carlyle beheld him unexpectedly enter the room and kissed him; and that was what inspired his verse in the monthly Chronicle this year."

"This year" was 1838. Kissing in those days was not regarded in England as an unsanitary indoor sport. For many years it had been played fearlessly and without shame. Travelers from the continent wondered at the freedom. Our old friend Alexander Nucleus of Corcyra, visiting London about 1545, writing in Greek, had this to say of the Londoners: "They display great simplicity and absence of jealousy in their usages towards females. For not only do those of the same family and household kiss them on the mouth with salutations and embraces, but even those, too, who have never seen them. And to themselves this appears by no means indecent."

Can anybody be expected to buy a dress in ten minutes?—Miss Hilda Dutch.

H. JOHNSON, Ph.S.?

As the World Wags: The incredible intellect of Mr. Hermer Johnson was the subject of approbation at the recent convention of philosophers at Harvard. No such hiring and typhonic mind exists except above his brawny shoulders. We philosophers have therefore decided to confer on him the degree of Surgeon of philosophy, because philosophy is beyond the services of a doctor. If he will accept the degree of Ph. S. we are willing to found a chair to go with it. I am a professor of apothegmatic geocies myself; also the author of a proud work on the "Equivalence of all ertia," something that the world can in no wise afford to do without; but I ovel before the superior lucidity and e supreme cosmogony of Mr. Johnson, ose name is known wherever the Eng-h language is shaken. That form of eum displacement which occurs in e exchange of what the dictionaries ll thought is a fundamental postulate philosophy, and is more a co-ordinate state than anything else; but in the ind of Mr. Johnson it reaches the vola- o interstellar height of fourth dimen- sional extension and stays, like a bald e clear mile above his mighty brain e observes facts not as the observe- es the fact, but as the fact sees itself e know the world is round, but th

world does not know that we know that it is round; it thinks that it is kidding us by pretending to be flat. It never fooled Mr. Johnson because he knew that in pre-prohibition days he often fell off the earth for experimental purposes while engaged in disentangling himself from the study of the physics of distilled liquors. Mr. Johnson's deductions settled the question for all time, and represents the attitude (horizontal) of present day philosophy.

I trust, sir, you will prevail on the great philosopher to accept the degree of Surgeon of Philosophy, so that he will be able to mend philosophy's broken neck and put it in condition to swim the channel of thought which separates where we are from where we ought to be. He will be the only one of his kind. "None but himself can be his parallel."

EUCLID DUBS.

"OUR BAR WAS NEVER FINER"

As the World Wags: Demmit, old thing, this prohibition situation is getting positively alarming. It's getting positively serious, I tell you. I stopped in the corner drug store last night and said to the bartender: "A pint of Bourbon, please." And he said: "I'm very sorry, sir, but all I have is Gin, Scotch, Rye, Champagne, Rum, Port, Sherry, Ale and Alky." "Demmit," said I, disgusted, "glimme a Coca Cola and be darned quick about it!"

BILLY MORROW.

Sir Francis Harrison-Smith, paymaster rear-admiral R. N., K. C. B., wrote last month to the Sunday Times (London): "Like 'J. J. Keeyil,' who inquires on this subject, I was in Brazil in 1890 and onwards, and was often told that the hairless dog, known as the pig-dog, was used at the feet of Brazilian women as a hot-water bottle in bed."

Sir Richard F. Burton in his "Highlands of the Brazil" mentions these "hideous" dogs, not uncommon at Bahia in the sixties of the last century, as Humboldt noted them before him. Burton speaks of some of the Brazilian women who had erect hair, a "pope's" head, a fluffy gloria standing out eight inches, like the 'mop' of a Somali, or a Papuan negro. One girl had taken for her pet a leaden-colored, hairless dog, whose naked skin had a curious effect when compared with the head of its mistress." But Burton says nothing about this dog being used as a hot-water bottle, metal or rubber.

PABLO CASALS

The 'cellist Pablo Casals gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. He played three sonatas, Bach's in G major, one by Lo-

catelli in D, and Beethoven's in A major, op. 69. Because of an injured finger Mr. Casals substituted for a Schumann piece some variations by Beethoven on a Mozart theme.

These many years now Mr. Casals has been esteemed, by those most fit to judge, the first perhaps of living 'cello players. Not to question his preeminence, rather let us try to suggest to those not present yesterday the distinguishing traits of his performance.

Imagine a well-bred man of the keenest intellect discoursing in company of matters both poetical and profound, matters grave and gay. He speaks suavely, in low pitched tones, with consummate nicety of pronunciation and fastidious choice of words, sentences perfect in form. To hear a man of his quality hold forth on lofty themes could only prove a treat.

Of course. But this accomplished speaker, it must be added, is not without a certain defect or two of his qualities. Led by the very purity of his taste to avoid extravagance and rant, he relies over-confidently on the force of under statement. He refuses to raise his voice, in accord with the normal human impulse is in moments of excitement; he will not let it fall, however moving his message. No pathos can bring a quiver to his tones, no liveliness a smile to his lips.

The conscientious self-effacement of a man like this is worthy of all respect. A less reticent speaker, nevertheless, is likely to prove more stirring. For after all, it does no harm if a man makes his words convincing by a reasonable appearance of ardor, manifest in face, manner and voice.

But Mr. Casals, accomplished and exquisite like the speaker just suggested, and of a similar reserve, will have none of this ardor; he is all for the principle of letting music speak for itself. Yesterday he chose music to which that principle best applies.

It is hard, though, to believe that Bach himself placed niceness above vitality. As for Beethoven, who can doubt the energy stirring him when he wrote the sonata's opening theme?

In a smaller hall Mr. Casals's utterance no doubt would have sounded more compelling, his tone in strong passages fuller throated. But no smaller hall would have housed his audience, an audience, by the way, more heartily enthusiastic than almost any encountered this winter. In Nicolai Mednikoff, Mr. Casals found a singularly meet accompanist.

R. R. G.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

Yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall the People's Symphony continued its progress toward perfection, traversing this program: Covelli, concerto grosso No. 8; Debussy, prelude, "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Le Flem, "Dances" (first time in America); Wagner, the prelude, and Elsa's Dream from Lohengrin, and the Rheni overture. The audience, while it did not fill the house, showed its appreciation in much applause, and after the Debussy the orchestra rose in acknowledgment.

It is becoming a commonplace now to remark from week to week the improvement of the orchestra. But not all commonplaces are bad, or even inimical to advance, and to pass over mention strings and their fine performance in the Corelli concerto would be much too bad. There seems to be a different spirit in leader and men—more lively co-operation and eager desire to achieve perfection, and courage to attempt a work like Le Flem's "Dances" for the first time.

Neither Bach nor any other of the composers who followed Corelli escaped his powerful and genial influence in their writing for orchestra and for solo strings. One proof of his greatness is the "Christmas Concerto," which is still fresh and interesting. Yesterday it gave to the strings a grateful task, and to the audience a charming view of one of the best phases of pre-Bach music.

In "The Afternoon of a Faun" both conductor and orchestra seemed to have taken their cue from the composer, for they surpassed themselves. The chief charm of this work lies in its treatment of the auditor's normal expectations. Following a luscious melodic line, the mind projects itself ahead to a conclusion, only to find, when it arrives, that Debussy had a different idea of it, and had gently and suavely led it on to another goal. The atmosphere of this work, too, is of vague illusion, subtle perfumes never before known, take their languorous effect on the senses. Only in Peleas and Melisande is such sensuous beauty achieved, and in the opera there is not such a complete exposition of Debussy's best contribution to the art of music.

"Le Flem and his Dances" (Prelude Symphonique) were the novelty of the program. Perhaps a closer acquaintance with this somewhat ambitious work might clear up some of the mud in the orchestration, and also lessen the impression of empty beating the air

which prevailed in passages. LeFleru upholds his title as a professor of counterpoint and a Frenchman in following the d'Tudy school of cacophonists. And, a Breton by birth and early association, he gives us a rhapsodic treatment of times influenced by Brittany.

With the Prelude to Lohengrin came new delights of smooth-blending brass and wood-wind chorus. After this as prelude, Mme. Molter sang the episode of Elsa's Dream from the same opera. Possessing a beautiful voice of almost cloying sweetness, and facility in interpretation, she succeeded well in giving the proper impression of ecstatic transport to this visionary Wagner. The audience was enthusiastic, and, much to its joy, gained two encores, since encores are still an attendant feature of these concerts.

The Rheni overture—that of the unique lone trumpet note—closed the program. Early Wagner, to be sure, but still impressive in a few measures, and worth hearing if for nothing more than a contrast to the giant Richard of later years.

Next Sunday afternoon Mieczyslaw Munz will assist in Brahms's D minor piano concerto, and Bach's "Prelude, Chortle and Fugue" (transcribed by J. J. Ahert) and Beethoven's Postlude Symphony, No. 6, will fill out a program devoted to the Great Three.

W. A. C.

Has anyone in Boston the volume of poems by William Topaz McGonagall? We quote a verse from his poem written on the death of Queen Victoria, one verse of the fourteen:

And while at Balmoral she found work for men unemployed,
Which made the hearts of the poor men feel overjoyed,
And for Her Majesty they would have laid down their lives,
Because sometimes she saved them from starving, and their wives."

MODERNIZED MYTHOLOGY

Phaethon Goes for a Buggy Ride
By SNOWSHOE AL

Apollo wuz tha god uv Life. Every mornin' he used tuh hitch up his chariot drawn by 4 swell horsés an' gallop akross tha heavens frum tha East tuh tha West. In tha meentime, Phaethon, hoo wuz a member uv tha freshman football squad, learned that Apollo wuz his father, so he went tuh see him.

"Howdy, pop," sez Phaethon, doffing his little green cap.

"Well, well, look hoo's here," sez Apollo; "wot's on yer mind?"

"Lissen, pop," sez Phaethon, "lemme talk tha bronchos out fer a airin', will yuh, huh? I've allus hankered fer that Wild West stuff."

"Tha answer," sez Apollo, "is uv a negative nature, accompanied by a violent shaking uv tha hed. Hoo do yuh think yuh are—Will Rogers?"

"Aw, kum on, pop, loosen up," sez Phaethon, "I won't hurt yer hay-burners. I'll jist slip 'em a little exercise."

"Allrite, go ahead," sez Apollo, "but see that yew watch tha traffic lites."

So Phaethon waited till dawn, an' then he started on his buggy ride. He wuz a rotten chauffer. He drove tha oat-chewers too close tuh tha earth an' scorched it so bad that tha Sahara Desert still stands without a tree. Then he drove too close tuh tha sky an' burnt uv tha clouds. Jupiter, hoo had charge uv tha sky at that time, saw he wuz running wild, so he howls: "Hey, sap, git them plugs off my sidewalk—yer scorching tha lawn!"

"Hoo tha hell are yew?" sez Phaethon, hoo wuz wun uv them care-free college lads.

This got Jupiter so sore that he slung a thunder-bolt at Phaethon an' knocked him out uv tha wagon. Neptune wuz sittin' on a mountain top talking tuh Diana, wen he saw tha recent chauffer kummin' down thru tha air, headed fer tha Atlantic Ocean. Phaethon's hair wuz on fire, also his vest an' pants.

"O, look," sez Neptune tuh Diana, "speekin' uv college boys, there goes wun uv them Flaming Youths!"

ADD "MACEDONIAN CRIES"

As the World Wags:

I have been importuned by a friend in New York to secure the words of a song, which I am assured originated and is current in Boston, the key line of which is "Oh, drinking in a cellar isn't nice!" Cannot some reader of this column supply the words or tell me where they can be found? A. S. K.

A FOOLISH THING

(Or As the World Wags)

Time helped me dig a hole in the ground—

A foolish thing to do—

Wherein I buried the ugly days

That stretch

One by one I covered them up—
My jaw I could not conceal.
I jeered and laughed at the growing
heap
And stamped them down with my
heel.

I should have tucked them in tenderly,
And laid on each day a flower;
Or made a living bridge of them;
Or a beacon-lighted tower,
Whence I could spy my love's gay stride
As he came from the past to me,
And wave a 'broidered flag to him,
To greet him joyously.

But I bent so low to bury the days
That when My Love came nigh,
I looked not up, nor even knew
That he was passing by.
META BENNETT WADE.
Worcester.

WE ARE WITH YOU

As the World Wags:

All this discussion in *The Herald's* Letter Box about legs, legs, seems to me frightfully academic. The question is, what effect have these bright exhibitions upon male susceptibilities? Speaking for myself, and I venture to believe that I represent the type, I must say that a stroll along Tremont street on a sunny afternoon exhilarates me like a deep draught from a magnum of Ponce de Leon's justly celebrated Florida rejuvenating fluid—to such an extent, indeed, that no Fayne a l'Apres-Midi has anything on me. And that is the devil of it. A man may not dress nor behave like a capering faun of the antique world, but a woman may dress like the lightest-garbed nymph and will then affect surprise if a gentleman on-looker fails to mask his natural emotions under an air of stolid calm. We may as well make up our minds that the general run of women will never admit that any dress is immodest that is decreed by the tyrants of fashion. W. E. K.

DEATH SIGNS FOR MOTORISTS

As the World Wags:

Regarding death signs for motorists, I would like to state, after reading Mr. Sheppard's observations, that Tyrol has nothing on us. While motoring east from Milwaukee, upon entering the state of Ohio, one has the feeling of approaching the Valley of Death.

It is impossible to drive half a mile without passing one or more white wooden crosses at the side of the road. Invariably they are found at the foot of a decline, at the angle of a turn, and, at railway crossings, they grow in groups. A good warning, you say? Perhaps. But those who will take heed are apt to have been cautious anyway, and to the reckless driver they have the effect of instilling within him a feverish defiance. His nostrils sniff like a war horse. He lusts for blood. He grins demoniacally, bends over his wheel and puts on more speed, hogs the road at a turn, collides with an oncoming car, and adds to the ever-increasing army of crosses.

If any symbolic warning should be employed, the Tyrolean method seems to me artistic and more desirable, especially when they paint a winged reception to heaven for the souls of the erring motorists.

PAMELA ROBINSON

As the World Wags:

If you are making a collection of examples of exquisite and execrable humor, I must propose this from a Washington dispatch: "The senator from Texas said that in his state, if the negro did not vote, it was merely because he did not wish to."

Mansfield. FOREST F. HARBOUR.

As the World Wags:

What was the limerick about the old lady who was always getting "God save the weasel" mixed up with "Pop goes the Queen"?

J. H. P.

CECILE SOREL

By PHILIP HALL

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Mme. Cecile Sorel and her company. First performance in Boston of "La Maitresse de Roi," a play in four acts and an epilogue, by Adolphe Aderer and Armand Ephraim, with music of the 18th century adapted by Arthur Honegger.

The cast was as follows.

La Comtesse Du Barry..... Mme. Sorel
Louis XV..... Louis Ravet
Duc de Brissac..... G. de Sax
Laubry..... Rella Norman

Comtesse de Montausau.....
Zamore.....
Louis.....
Marie Deliant.....
La Femme de la Halle.....
Mme. Bertin.....
Seme Mannequin.....
Seme Mannequin.....
Une Suivante.....
Une Femme du peuple.....
Marquis de Lubersac.....
Le Maire.....
L'Abbe Delille.....
Maitre Lepot.....
Rouiller.....
Zamore.....
Deliant.....
Roger.....
Le Nonce.....
Denizot.....
Samson.....
L'Exécuteur.....
Le Maire.....

As in Belasco's "Du Barry," which was seen at the Hollis St. Theatre in December, 1902, so in "La Maitresse de Roi" historical accuracy is flouted. Jeanne Becu, called Cantigny, going to Paris, was in turn, milliner, public woman (known as Mlle. Lange), then the mistress of a Du Barry, a scoundrel of the first water. One of his brothers, libertine and intriguer, introduced Lebel, the valet of Louis XV. Lebel brought her to the King, and she became the royal mistress. The King gave her in marriage to the Comte Du Barry, the brother of her last lover. Her frivolity was outrageous; her extravagance was unbounded. When Louis XV died she was sent to the abbaye du Pont-au-Dames, but Louis XVI permitted her to live at Lucienne, and it was said pensioned her handsomely. The Revolution broke out. She was arrested and condemned. The revolutionaries accused her of having too much money for a good patriot and secretly corresponding with their enemies in England. (After the death of Louis XV when she was exiled from the Court, she was the mistress of Cossé-Brissac.) It was said that she was the only "aristocrat" that showed cowardice in going to the guillotine.

No doubt her beauty has appealed to some, even to stern moralists. Carlyle describing her as a "false sorceress" and "unclean," yet speaks of her as "unmalignant" and "not unpitiable"; and Mrs. Arthur Webster, the latest writer about the French Revolution—her book is a voluminous tract against democracy—writes of her as "poor old Madame Du Barry."

It would be interesting to know how Jean Richepin in his play, written for Belasco, but rejected because it was more poetical than dramatic, treated this light-skirt, who, if she was riotously extravagant, with both hands in the treasury of France, was accused by Baron Grimm of cupidity.

But would the real Jeanne Du Barry have been vividly portrayed by Mme. Sorel? Have not the French dramatists made a play to go with her artistic equipment? Historical accuracy in a drama may be extremely bothersome, it may not give an actress opportunity for the display of her peculiar talent, whether it be great or small. So one should not rage against these dramatists because they have preferred to be romantic and inventive.

Mr. Belasco's play was, first of all, a gorgeous spectacle. No experienced theatregoer took Mrs. Leslie Carter seriously as the heroine. The stage settings, costumes, furniture were of the first importance, yet as a drama it was superior to this tailor-made play, Parisian hack-work and not of the better kind. The first act is the best; it is the one in which Mme. Sorel is the most convincing, for here she expresses delightfully the lightest side of the light woman's character. Rising from the much-advertised and interesting bed, said to be the one in which Mme. Du Barry slept, leaving which she receives after the fashion of the times the visitors to pay her homage, Mme. Sorel chats with the Abbe Delille, sees the mannequins strutting before her in gorgeous costumes, falls into ecstasies over the precious jewels brought for her inspection, cajoles the King into granting a pardon to De Laubry, a handsome officer who had deserted. In this act

she displays lightness, grace, coquetry, and for the moment a King's mistress, a spoiled darling lives and moves before one.

The acts that followed—in which she saves the wounded De Laubry from an angry mob coming to the gate of her chateau as she and her companions are sporting, watched by the treacherous Zamore, in which De Laubry, torn between love and duty, leaves his beloved Jeanne to act the loyal soldier's part; then the prison scene with her speech about her charitable deeds and her offer to give up her possessions, her last sight of her lover and the ride to the guillotine—these acts, short, episodic, sheer inventions except the last—in these she plays in an academic, polished routine manner without awakening emotion, sympathy, pity in the breast of the spectator; a technically smooth performance by a woman still physically attractive, becomingly costumed.

The company gave good support. The portrayal of Louis XV by M. Ravet was wholly excellent. The other chief parts were well taken. The en-

semble was what one has a right to expect from a well-trained French company. As for the stage settings, that of the first act—owing chiefly to the Du Barry Bed—and that of the prison were the most effective. An audience of fair size was evidently interested, duly appreciative. There were curtain calls.

This afternoon and evening "Camille," as the play of the younger Dumas is known in English. "La Maitresse de Roi," will be performed at the matinees and the remaining evenings of the week.

CONTINUING PLAYS

MAJESTIC—"A Night in Paris," Shubert revue built along French lines with Jack Pearl, Jack Osterman, and others. Last week.

PLYMOUTH—"First Love," adapted from the French by Zoe Akins, with Fay Bainter, Geoffrey Kerr, Bruce McRae and others. Last week.

SHUBERT—"Princess Flavia," operetta based on the play "The Prisoner of Zenda." Last week.

TREMONT—"Old Ironsides," film story by Laurence Stallings with the tale of the frigate "Constitution" for its main theme. Esther Ralston, Charles Farrell, Wallace Beery, George Bancroft and others have principle roles. Fourth week.

WILBUR—"Queen High," musical version of "A Pair of Sixes," with Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit, John E. Hazard and others. Sixth week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," thrilling mystery play by Arthur Ridley with Mr. Clive's players. Third week.

WORLD AND HIS WIFE

REPERTORY THEATRE—"The World and His Wife," play in three acts by Charles Nirdlinger, from the Spanish of Jose Echegaray.

The cast:

Don Julian..... Henry Jewett
Donna Teodora..... Ruth Taylor
Servant..... William Mason
Don Ernesto..... Guy Phillips
Don Severo..... William Kershaw
Donna Mercedes..... Arnes Elliot Scott
Don Benito..... William Faversham, Jr.
Capt. Beaulieu..... Ralph Roberts
Footman..... Elmer Hall
Genaro..... Mark Schwind

Since the story of this play, as well as its history, was set down in Sunday's Herald, it need not be repeated. It is enough to say that the Spanish writer, making idle gossip his theme, told the story of an innocent household brought to death and destruction by the power of scandal-mongers. Not in the way of today did the Spaniard remain neuter, to use the word of the politician in the Spectator; by no manner of means. He took up the cudgels, and hotly too, against those who sin through evil speaking and slandering, and in terms almost hysterical, he pointed the moral he wished to draw.

He in the process, or Mr. Nirdlinger, made an absorbing play, with the first act to its credit not often surpassed for neatness of execution. In the second act, despite too many words and some by-play that wastes a little time, he planned two scenes of rousing drama, what drama he never let flag in interest till the curtain fell at the end of act three. So there was good entertainment, and that, after all, is what one wants when one goes to the play.

To accept, though, as a "human document" this play in particular—it would be well to consider first. In affairs of state the reported attitude of President Wilson may have been safe: "They say! What do they say? Let them say!" But in private matters? Surely a man of eminence, and also of mature years, with a young wife, who takes into his household a young man and supports him—and this in a community like Madrid—shows himself at the least of it unconventional. And to be unconventional, in a Latin country above all, is to be indiscreet.

People talked. Of course they would. But there was worse than idle gossip abroad. The man of eminence had bitter enemies; so had the young man's dead father. Would those enemies throw away the opportunity offered them? So much could not be expected. Behold a scandal ready-made.

And the question is, was there not some ground for it? For, after all,

when worse has come to worst and the husband lay dead from a duel, the young man and woman went off together, forced into mutual love the young man swore, by the force of evil tongues. They had been innocent enough, no doubt of that, and all unconscious. But the relations and relations-in-law may have been sharper-witted.

The play, however, be it false or true, plays stirringly, with scarcely a moment that is dull. The acting, from high and low alike, does it justice. Not everybody, of course, is physically or temperamentally ideal for the role undertaken, not everybody exercises the same fine restraint. But there is not a man on the stage, or a woman, who does not act with intelligence and convincingly. The stage settings and costumes were alike excellent.

R. R. G.

"THREE SAILORS" ON KEITH'S BILL

An admirable bill, replete with sure-fire humor and assorted entertainment awaits the variety fan at B. F. Keith's this week.

The Harrington sisters, clever young girls with an excellent singing turn, and "The Three Sailors," in the persons of Bert Jason, Bob Robson and Harry Blue, presenting some rollicking nonsense of the slapstick variety, are an evening's entertainment in themselves.

Ella Shields, in a series of studies of male characters, particularly in her role of "Burlington Bertie," wins hearty applause.

Ernest Glendinning & Co., in the comedy skit, "Selfishness," treat the audience to some unusual acting. Chaney & Fox, with the Kulu sisters, present "Dance Visions of 1927." Collins & Peterson, in "You're a Wise Guy," provide some hilarious foolery.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Goose Hangs High," a play of American life in three acts by Lewis Beach. The cast:

George Farren..... George Farren
Eunice Ingals..... Joan Gilbert
Noel Derby..... Hamilton Christy
Leo Day..... Louis Leon Hall
Rhoda..... Ethel Francis
Julia Murdoch..... Gene Cleveland
Mrs. Bradley..... Josephine Fox
Ronald Murdoch..... Jack Marvin
Lois Ingals..... Harold Bates
Bradley Ingals..... Margaret Gordon
Damar Carroll..... Betty Ulmore
Elliott Kimberley..... Ralph Morehouse

The younger generation found an able champion last night in the person of Mr. Lewis Beach, author of "The Goose Hangs High," and they warmly showed their appreciation. Nor were their elders less enthusiastic when shown that the "Flappers" and "Cake Eaters" are, under it all, true blue.

For half the length of the play, the author presents the young people of the Ingals family, residents of a middle western city, as they are on the surface.

But in the second half Mr. Beach delves below the surface and shows of what good stuff these young folks are made. When their father, under political pressure, gives up his position as city assessor and has no money and no prospects, his children emerge gloriously.

Gavin Gordon played the role of Bradley Ingals, one of the twins, just home from college for the Christmas vacation. He is very happily cast as the young, thoughtless dreamer who, when the crisis arrives, comes through like a thoroughbred. Nor was Miss George a bit less at home as the other twin. Together they share in giving one of the outstanding performances of the season.

"Blonde or Brunette" at the Metropolitan this week is a farce adapted from the French success "An Angel Passes."

Henri Martel..... Adolphe Menjou
Fanny..... Greta Nissen
Blanche..... Arlette Marchal
Grandmother..... Mary Carr

Adolphe Menjou is one of the few screen stars who can be vitally eloquent and do very little about it. Whether it is a lifting of the eye-brows, a thought in back of the eyes, or a look, he registers his meaning. "Blonde or Brunette" is startlingly void of plot and yet it is amusing. Both Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal are lovely to look upon and understand the psychology of clothes. Mary Carr is a gentle but very firm cupid.

The direction of this piece seems the poorest thing about it. The first half of the picture is a group of incidents that mark time—nothing or no one seems to get any where, even the master of subtlety, Adolphe Menjou, stalks through scene after scene.

With a few complications, a few marriages and at least one too many wives humor and Mr. Menjou reassert them-

and the action speeds up to a story end that is reminiscent of "Grand Duchess and the Waiter." There was an appreciative chuckle from the audience at some of the double hurdles a mere man is forced to jump, and probably a few settled in to their own domestic routine in the more contented frame of mind after the difficulties of a fellow-sinner at the job of matrimony. That a light and amusing evening of the blondes still winning the eyes of the script but beauty well divided between Miss Nissen and Miss Marchal, would like to see what Arlette Marchal could do with an acting part.

C. M. D.

"ZAT SO" GIVEN

Keith-Albee Players in "Zat So" A comedy in three acts by James Mason and Richard Taber. Presented by the Keith-Albee-St. James. The cast is as follows:

Chick Cowan, a coming-up mid-weight; Walter Gilbert, his trainer and "Bap" Hurley, Charles I. Schofield, manager; Clinton Blackburn, a New Yorker; Day Manson, Blackburn Parker, Clint's sister; Edith Spear, nursemaid at the Parlo; Florence Shirley, Parker of Morse; Parker & Black; Frank Charlton, the Mestretti, his secretary; Kathleen Wallace, James Blackburn Parker, also com- Theresa Kilburn, up; Sue Hobart, a friend of Sue; Florence Pendleton, Hobart, her husband; John Winthrop, Maurice Fitz-Stanley; William Gerald, Duffy, Mrs. Hobart's chauffeur; David Smiley, Van Alstyne, a New Yorker; Ursula O'Hare, the butler for the Parker's; Frank S. Peck

"In Hats," at the State Theatre this is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production directed by Edward Sedwick. The

Benson, Conrad Nagel, Claire Windsor, George Cooper, Krausmeyer, Bert Roach, Sergeant, Tom O'Brien, here is some very good acting in "Hats." Conrad Nagel, George

per, and Bert Roach, as three douches, live up to all the best traditions, sub-titles are good; in fact, the

we have seen in many a day, the action is good and the only thing keeps "Tin Hats" from the ranks

the famous 50 is a hole in the story. here isn't much war and there is

of humor. While the three soldiers having Dutch's picture taken their

ment moves, but, with doughboy in- ity, they clamor on French bicycles

go in search of it. They land in many and are greeted as the Army

Occupation. Claire Windsor is a cold and haughty

man baroness. Conrad falls in love with her, she is beautiful but oh—so

and very haughty. She hasn't much do and does it well.

The hole in this otherwise enjoyable is a palace and a lot of needless

living picture hokum. Why should Sedwick stoop to disguised ser-

ants in creaking armor, third rate filler lights and a battle with the

ee Americans victorious. The pic- ture has so much promise but it evi-

ently stoops to conquer, and therefore

esses. We revert back to pleasant episodes,

atch collecting medals for his Lena, Conrad climbing out of a mud puddle,

ifty trying to get away from his at- tive fraulein, who by the way is not

mentioned in the cast, but does an ex- ceding clever bit.

C. M. D.

1927

those who glance at this column, hav- read slowly and carefully the re-

ts of the stock market, undoubtedly

ce that many men and women are

tributors, writing on all things

and written half a dozen letters, sign- ing names that are not in the directory, for my new department "Letters From the People."

Once in a while a correspondent, not signing his name, is evilly disposed, wishing to stab some poor devil in the back. These letters are very few. It is surprising and gratifying to find an army of humorists in Boston, its sub- ubs, in this commonwealth and in ad- jacent states. We do not say that these humorists are all brilliant; that their humor might be ranked as first-class.

What is "first-class humor"? There is no agreement on this subject. Ar- temus Ward's Uncle Wilylm had a pecu- liar sense of humor—"who, as I've be- fore stated, is a uncle by marriage only, who is a low cuss, and filled his coat pockets with pies and billed eggs at his wedding breakfast, given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as united him a present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father, on dis- coverin it, got in a rage and denounced him, Uncle Wilylm said the old man (meanin my parent) hadn't any idea of first-class humor!"

Then there are the earnest seekers after information. Some are apparently unacquainted with the use of the dic- tionary or a small encyclopedia. Some ask interesting questions that lead to epistolary discussion. All these con- tributors are helpful, even when they are lazy and are unwilling to pull down a book at home or visit the public li- brary. When a correspondent asks for a letter in reply to his question, he seldom encloses a postage stamp or a stamped envelope. There are some who ask questions about performances of plays, operas, actors and actresses, questions that require time and trouble in seeking the required information. They are surprised, indignant when they do not receive an answer by return mail. As a rule, they are provided with only one stamp when they write, and that is put on their envelope. Yet they are not wholly lacking in courtesy; they end their letter: "Thanking you in ad- vance," a hideous phrase which presup- poses abandonment of abandoning all other work and a wild rush to the letter box with a complete, minute, water- tight answer in one's hand.

There are unhappy men whose only joy in life is to hunt for inaccuracies in the writings of others. Date-hounds are in this class. These correctors of others—and the corrections are not in- frequently erroneous—never write an original article, have no personal opinion to express on a topic of the day. The mistakes of the busy and hurried are their meat and drink.

MICHAEL FITZGERALD

As the World Wags:

Those who have missed the contribu- tions of Michael Fitzgerald of Orleans, Cape Cod, to "As the World Wags" and "The Herald's" "Mail Bag," will lament to learn of his death (not hitherto recorded in Boston newspapers) on Monday, Nov. 16, 1925. He was born in the Island of Valentia, county Kerry, Ire., in 1859. Valentia being the first landing on the European coast of the first transatlantic cable, he early be- came interested in the cable business, and joined the Anglo-American Com- pany's staff on March 17, 1876, retiring after 48 years' service, on Dec. 31, 1923, because of poor health. From 1918 on he was attached to the French Atlantic cable station at Orleans.

An adopted son of Cape Cod, long a resident of East Brewster before re- moving to Orleans, he never tired of singing her praises. One of his tributes is the following:

OLD CAPE COD

My ships have sailed o'er many seas White wings have borne me far away; Where blow the trades with steady breeze,

Or northward 'mid the icy spray, Through tropic climes, by sunlit isles, In paths by white men seldom trod, My heart was still where merriment smiles Upon the dunes of old Cape Cod.

Mr. Fitzgerald was the author of "1812," a stirring tale of Cape Cod during the war of that year, a story which shows his knowledge and respect for the cape's history and traditions. For many years he contributed weekly letters to the Yarmouth Register. On Memorial day, 1916, he gave the address of welcome to the G. A. R. post and W. R. C. in East Brewster—a noble blend- ing of pride in his race and his adopted land.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, a resident of Orleans, survives her husband.

LOUELLA D. EVERETT.

Jan. 8, 1927.

At one time I counted 140 women to whom, if I had been a man, I should have proposed.—Dame Ethel Smyth.

I have lectured under 523 chairmen, and I loathe them all.—Maj. Beith ("Ian Hay.")

M. B. H. wishes to know the age of Mme. Cecile Sorel, now playing at the

Boston Opera House, also about her first years on the stage. According to foreign biographical dictionaries, she was born at Paris in September, 1872. Having studied with Delaunay for the stage, she appeared in a revival of Offenbach's "Orpheus aux Enfers" in 1889 at the Eden Theatre. Her name was Celine Seure; was she the Mlle. Saulier who took the part of Diana? Then she appeared at the Varities Theatre; later at the Vaudeville, then the Gymnase, and in 1898 she was at the Odeon. Not till 1901 was she engaged at the Comedie-Francaise, where she first played in Augier's "Effrontes."

Miss Annette Miller of New York, playing bridge, received in the deal 13 trumps. She "framed her mouth for the redouble and collapsed." We are told that the chance for such a fall of the cards is one in 153,383,000,000.

What is the chance of a double se- quence of trump cards in the two- handed and noble game of pinochle?

Why is the cinema popular? It is the unimaginative man's public-house.—Dion Clayton Calthrop.

Even a Christ Church undergraduate is susceptible to facial expression.—Prof. Karl Pearson.

CLARA SIAS-DAVIS

STEINERT HALL—Clara Sias-Davis.

Last night in Steinert hall there was an occasion of a character all its own, when Mrs. Clara Sias-Davis sang a long program of those songs of the Hebrides collected in the islands themselves by Marjory and Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser and Kenneth Macleod. To help the im- agination sense the native setting of these songs, Mrs. Davis told in well- found words something about these islands far to the north, how bare they are and bleak, rising sharp from the sea.

To each song she gave a preface, with a hint of what sort of person sings it, a good old soul, perhaps, as she twirls her spinning wheel, or a milk- maid, maybe, busy milking her cows. She recited many a legend, told many ancient tales, like that of Cachullan who had sad cause to lament his son. And she sang many songs, many about the sea, songs to go with work, love songs, lullabies.

These songs and tales of Celtic folk exercise a curious fascination for many men and women without a drop of Celtic blood in their veins—plain Yankees, nothing more. The very names of places and people sound rich to them, like Dierdre and Ullapool, even as the name Susquehanna stirred Stevenson's imagi- nation.

They had the best of it last night, these persons with a taste for the Gaelic, for Mrs. Davis gave them song and story in good measure, with the earnest bearing that seems to suit their content, with agreeable voice in speech and song.

To people not under the Celtic spell the evening proved less delightful. They could not, for the life of them, find in- terest in the tales or beauty in all the songs. The simplest songs sounded most satisfying, like the pretty lilt of the

Cockle-Gatherer, and the Mermald's Lullaby. Oddly enough, they are the most conventional.

The audience, of very good size, ap- peared well pleased.

R. R. G.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Mme. Cecile

Sorel of the Comedie Francaise in "La Dame Aux Camelias," comedy in five acts by Alexander Dumas, Fils. Pre- sented by the Messrs. Shubert. The cast:

Marguerite Gauthier.....Mme. Cecile Sorel (Societaire de la Comedie Francaise) Georges Duval.....M. Louis Ravet (de la Comedie Francaise) Nichette.....Mlle. Paulette Noireux Prudence.....Mlle. Gabrielle Calvi Nanine.....Mme. Farnel Olympie.....Mlle. Marie-Louise Berger Gaston Eloux.....M. Charlie Gervai Saint Gaudens.....M. Sentes Gustave.....M. Marc Darnault Comte de Givray.....M. Guy Favieres Arthur de Varville.....M. Dapigny Le Docteur.....M. Harout Un Commissionnaire.....M. Sentis Un Domestique.....M. Pastre Armand Duval.....M. Rolla Norman

Dumas's classic romance of the Mar- guerite of easy ways, and her love, re- nunciation and death was unfolded last night under fitting auspices. With nice discrimination, two extremes were struck in presenting the old favorite. Modernity of dress, manner, dancing, and interpolated song did not conflict with the rigidly traditional method of acting. In the gay scene of the first

act, couples foxtrot about after the manner of 1927 conservatives, and the dinner coats and evening gowns are also of the latest.

The cabaret antics of M. Gervai, when he entertains his hostess and fellow revellers, are those of post-war Paris. All of which is as it should be. Only the very old in theatre costume and manner clicks perfectly with the plot—as the past approaches the present there is a point where the pleasingly antique becomes annoyingly old-fashioned, and

detracts attention from the main busi- ness.

Tradition has its way in everything else, and if the cast ever heard of the so-called new technique of the theatre, they gave no indication of the fact. The studied amorous tableaux at centre stage, Sorel with sweeping garments and upturned face, and Norman with tense forearm and anguished brow—old school, but they "click."

And if for no other reason, the trip to the Opera House was worth while last night merely to observe the grace and naturalness with which the French troupe simulate a supper party. Usual- ly when people rise from the table in such scenes, a sympathetic nervous re- action from one's stomach prompts the thought that they haven't had a thing to eat. Either that or the playwright breaks up the party by some deus ex machina. But last night all who supped enjoyed the imaginary viands and rose satisfied.

Sorel did not disappoint those hardy souls who ventured through the storm to see her. She was recalled repeated- ly, and entered into her exacting role as though she did not see the vast open spaces before the footlights. H. F. M.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First per-

formance in Boston of "Sunny," a musical comedy in two acts. Music by Jerome Kern. Book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein, 2d. Staged by Hassard Short. Dances by Dave Bennett.

Mlle. Sadle.....Jeanne Andree Bally Hoo.....Charles Angelo Tom Warren.....William Valentine Siegfried Peters.....Frank Doane Harold Harcourt Wendell-Wendell.....Clifton Webb Sue Warren.....Eather Howard Sam.....Ward Tallman "Sunny" Peters.....Marilyn Miller Jim Deering.....Jack Donahue "Wendie" Winters.....Miriam Crosby Marcia Manners.....Elsa Peterson

The book is better than much of its kind. There is a "story," and there are the usual pleasing interpolations, but there is much in lyric and tune that has its place in the development of the farce.

The music is bright and evidently written with a holiday in mind, but it is not for the musical archives. Yet it is often arresting by reason of the treatment of the score, by sheer tricks of harmony, by many musical conceits in the orchestration.

For spectacle, Mr. Dillingham will al- low no slipping. There is one scene that will linger long, the poppy field, reveal- ing the vastness of the Colonial stage, pleasing in perspective, in its embroid- ery of vanishing woodland.

There is a dancing octet after the Tillier manner, a sprightly group. Then the dancing Linda, exponent of slow motion.

And now that we speak of dancing, Miss Miller and Jack Donahue loom to the fore. What a reception they got! How the big audience thundered its ap- proval! Not so long since Miss Miller had nothing but her good looks and her excellent dancing. Now she sings "prettily," not too exacting music, now she has made her way with the methods of farce.

Mr. Donahue was in fine mood, and we have a suspicion that much of his lines was his own. He bears the burden of the comedy element. It will be dif- ficult to think of "Sunny" without Mr. Donahue. T. A. R.

APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club, Frank H. Luker conducting, gave its second concert of the season last night in Jordan hall. The part songs were as fol- lows:

Beethoven, "Nature's Praise of God;" Cui "Radiant Stars"; Bantock, "Give a Rouse"; Ta "The Well-Beloved"; Clokey, "Arab Song"; Cadman, "A Mighty Vulcan"; Dregest, "Rosebud, When Wilt Thou Bloom?"; Williams, "Wassail Song"; Brahms, "Rhapsodie," (contralto solo by Mrs. Abbie Conley Rice); "Adeste Fideles," arranged by Baldwin. Mrs. Rice sang "Ah, mon fils," from "Le Prophete," Schubert's "Erkling," Brahms's "Vergebliches Stan- dchen," Luker's "Winter Twilight," and Gounod's "Ring Out, Wild Bells."

SHOWS DEFT TUNING

The first opportunity the club had for display of melting planissimo and deft tuning of phrase was in the Cui noc- turne, but in the Taylor arrangement of a most beautiful Armenian folk-song came the best of it. Here was enchant- ing, effective play of many parts sup- porting a lovely tune. Mr. Taylor also did the words, and seems a poet of charm. The Dregest "Rosebud" was an excellent example of the Liedestafel type.

In between the graceful quiet pieces were heard the cavalier song of F.

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look and Cadogan's sororities, besides an inferior setting of More's Arab song by Chloey Pho. The latter here enough resented it always to avoid the boiler-bursting too common in male voice singing.

THE SOLOIST'S SUCCESS

The rarely heard rhapsodie of Brahms afforded Mrs. Rice an opportunity of the best sort. Here were the simply subtle beauties of the great wastes to traverse as few can—and almost no singer has a chance to do. Needless to say, she outdid even her charming Brahms of earlier in the program. The chorus gave support with restraint and independence, well proportioned by Mr. Luker.

More of Mrs. Rice, "Ah, mon fils" enthusiastically applauded, she sang from Carmen the grateful Seguidilla. But in the German songs she arrived at the best in song-singing. To an intimate understanding of the text she joined a dramatic delivery which bore home to all who had ears the interpretation, an excellent interpretation. The audience showed its warm appreciation, and she graciously sang again. W. A. C.

1917 1927

Miss Vashti Ferguson, who accents her surname on the second syllable to distinguish herself from the common run of Fer-gusons, was regretting the fact that in this country men of high breeding are not in the habit of kissing a lady's hand, not as a passionate declaration of love, simply as an act of courtesy. "Now in Europe," she said, "whenever an Austrian, Hungarian, Pole or Russian was introduced to me, he kissed my hand as a matter of course." She said this several times at Mrs. Eugene Gollightly's tea and simpered; living on the recollection, for Miss Vashti is not in her first bloom, but, to use Artemus Ward's phrase, she is "between 30 years of age."

It is true that in certain European cities a man, being introduced or being a familiar acquaintance, will either kiss a lady's presumably lily-white hand or say in an impressive manner, "Kiss the hand." As for the Russians with this practice, there is a curious page in Almee Dostolevsky's life of her father. He was fond of visiting the Countess Alexis Tolstol, and in her drawing room met many women. Almee says they killed him because he respected them. "The Russians have preserved to the present time the oriental view of women. Since the days of Peter the Great they have not flogged them; they bow before them, kiss their hands, treat them as queens, endeavoring to rise to the height of their European civilization, but at the same time they look on them as great children, ignorant and frivolous, who must be amused by pleasant remarks and more or less witty anecdotes. They will not discuss serious matters with them and mock at their pretended wish to busy themselves with affairs of state. This oriental attitude is very irritating to my countrywomen. Nothing is more vexing to an intelligent woman than the sight of foolish and ignorant men posing as superior beings in their presence. . . . Dostolevsky did not amuse women; he did not try to fascinate them; he spoke to them seriously as his equals. He never wished to obey the Russian custom of kissing a woman's hand; he pretended that this hand-kissing humiliated them. Men who kiss women's hands," he said, "take them for slaves, and, to console them, treat them as queens. When they recognize them as equals, they will be satisfied with shaking hands." This was one of Dostolevsky's many Norman ideas which he had inherited from his Norman ancestors. The English do not kiss a woman's hand; they content themselves with a vigorous hand-shake, and nowhere does woman have a position so free, so independent as in England."

(In one of Charles Reade's novels an ardent swain offers to kiss the heroine's hand. She says, "O keep that for the Queen.")

In former years the hand-kissing Russians often showed courage. Almee says that her father had a passion for cleanliness. To our surprise, she adds that this virtue is not precisely that of the Russians. "It made its appearance in Russia only toward the second half of the 19th century. Up to that time, one could meet old princesses whose finger nails were in mourning. Our grandmothers tell that in their youth young girls going to a ball sent their maids to ask mama whether they should wash their neck for a full or little décolleté." Here's this old story told in Russia. Is there any supposedly civilized country where it has not been told? English

hand salons of the 19th century, were shocked by the dirty hands of noble and witty dames. Hazlitt, visiting Paris much later, commented on the French woman's lack of cleanliness. But in England there was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu with her famous rejoinder to some one who said, "What dirty hands, you have!"

Isabel Richardson Molter, soprano, will sing in Jordan hall, tonight, songs by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Hahn, Debussy, Arne, Secchi, Muhlert, Hermann, MacDowell, Watts, Leoni, Lister.

On Saturday afternoon in Jordan hall, Bruce Benjamin, tenor, will sing Beethoven's cycle "An die ferne Geliebte," a groupe of old Scottish folk-songs and songs by G. Faure, Debussy, Tchaikovsky, Schubert, Vaughan Williams, Engel and Rachmaninoff.

Alfredo Casella will conduct the Symphony concerts this week. The program as it now stands, after several changes, is as follows: Vivaldi's Concerto, A minor, edited by Sam Frank; Mozart, Piano Concerto, C major (J 467); Casella, Partita for piano and orchestra, also suite from his ballet, "The Jar."

Mme. D'Alvarez, contralto, and George Gershwin, pianist and composer, will give a concert in Symphony Hall next afternoon.

The program of the People's Symphony concert in Jordan Hall next Sunday afternoon, Stuart Mason conductor, comprises: Bach-Abert, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue; Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony; and Brahms's D minor Concerto (Mr. Muenz, pianist).

The first of the Children's Concerts with orchestra conducted by Ernest Schelling will take place in Jordan Hall next Saturday at 11 A. M.

MORE ABOUT MCGONAGALL

As the World Wags:

So the last and one of the greatest of the Victorian poets has come to his own. I haven't had such a pleasurable thrill from the newspapers since the old Queen herself died as when I found heading the column this morning that magnificent, tho' alas, little known poet William Topaz McGonagall.

But you do the man a grave injustice. Sir William Topaz McGonagall, Knight of the White Elephant of Burmah, etc., if you please, and that by Royal Letters Patent. It may be that the patent was granted and a gorgeous ceremony of knighthood was carried out by a solemn bunch of students at Edinburgh University, but, nevertheless, was an honor that the poet proudly carried till the day of his demise.

He was a magnificent figure on the stage at the benefit nights in the old Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. Clad in full Highland garb—somewhat soiled—with which he always wore ankle length drawers—ditto—and swinging his claymore high till it flashed again in the spot light, he would hold the stage till the curtain was rung down to prevent a riot—while the Gods wept tears of joy.

Alas! this writer, in the thoughtlessness of his youth, failed to keep the many treasures bought for thruppence a sheet hot from the pen of this wonderful poet.

Is there some far-sighted Scot in Boston who looked ahead and saved these masterpieces for posterity? One simple fragment alone remains in my memory:

"The hen it is a bonnie bird
And so is the River Nith
And aw' the auld wives aboot the doors
I have one or two or more or so."

There's another starts:

Shine on fair moon upon the slates
And show the fisherben how to catch
skates.

I live in hopes.

W. HAMILTON HOLEE

I do not think that it matters very much whether or not the whale swallowed Jonah, but when I remember how many monstrous charlatans whole nations have swallowed in my time, the whale seems to me comparatively unenterprising.—Sidney Dark.

RAYMOND HAVENS,

Last night in Jordan hall Raymond Havens, pianist, gave the following program: Theme Varlee, Fugue and Chanson, Op. 85, by D'Indy; Chopin's Sonata in B minor; two Spanish Dances, by De Falla; two Preludes on Gregorian Themes, by Respighi; Chopin's Nocturne in D flat, Op. 27, No. 2; and an Etude in F minor and the 15th Rhapsody of Liszt.

Mr. Havens and his abilities are already well known in Boston. He has technique ample for the large numbers of notes per second that piano composers let drop from their facile pens. He can make pretty little tunes sing small, and great ones sing in the stately grace. Moreover he does not choose to gallop always on the tried war-horses; this time he gave us a new work by D'Indy.

D'Indy gave this work a rare distinction for these days. A theme with variations is rare enough. But a theme that is recognizable as really melodious,

which sustains its quality through any whirl of notes that deft improvising fingers find upon the keyboard—that must indeed be bald, fossilized stuff. There were a few passages where a new-entering rhythm was not promptly made clear. There were also occasional Lisztian transitions which cry for inspiration to come and make them fit into the rest of the piece. Nevertheless, other hearings would be welcome and, we hope, soon forthcoming.

The audience was fair, and genuinely enthusiastic.

We are indebted to "R. B." for news from the Amarillo Cafe in the "boom town" of Amarillo, Tex. Amarillo, we believe, is in an oil region.

Oil. As the old butler in "the Moonstone" found daily counsel and comfort in "Robinson Crusoe," so we seek mental refreshment and inspiration in the complete works of Artemus Ward. He, at the tomb of Shakespeare met a young married couple who asked him to direct them to the hotel that Washington Irving used to keep.

"I've understood that he was unsuccessful as a landlord," said the lady.

"We've understood," said the young man, "that he busted up."

As Artemus wrote to Punch, they probably represented a "thrifty He well somewhere in Pennsylvania."

"It's a common thing, by the way, for an old farmer in Pennsylvania to wake up some mornin' and find he squirts all around his back yard. He sells out for 'normous price, and his children put on gorgeous harness and start on a tower to astonish people. They succeed in doin' it. Meantime the life it squirts and squirts, and Time rolls on. Let it roll."

Let us enter the Amarillo Cafe. We'll order "direct from the lava beds of Idaho large, mealy, hot, genuine Idaho baked potatoes served with fresh mislabeled butter—all you want"—and a dash of Spanish paprika—20c—perfectly washed and baked in a slow oven until the shell is crackling brittle, which upon opening reveals its mealy contents so appealingly satisfying.

Do you say, "What a fuss about spuds!" Read the motto of the cafe: "Best Food. Courteous Atmosphere."

This is the bacon served at the Amarillo Cafe—"garnished with a delicious piece of crispy toast and oven fresh rolls with plenty of butter."

"Light bacon selected from young contented hogs, raised on cool, clean Texas farms where wheat and corn abound. Daintily seasoned; every place respected. They are smoked with hickory wood and roasted hours and hours slowly and evenly under a cover of Cuba cane sugar, the juices of both blending, producing the wonderful flavor that delights the palates of our patrons."

Note that these young hogs were "contented." They were probably looking forward to furnishing with eggs, crispy toast, and oven fresh rolls, breakfasts for natives and visitors.

Amarillo—a sweeter name than even Armadillo. While one eats in the "courteous atmosphere" of this cafe, the band should play "Amaryllis"; possibly there will be some Amaryllis to sport with in the shade.

SPEAKING OF COURTESY

As the World Wags:

A nice old lady told the mean-face conductor to be sure and let her know when the car got to Dartmouth street. After a while the car neared Dartmouth, and the conductor yelled: "Dartmouth! Dartmouth!" The car stopped and again he yelled: "Dartmouth!" Then he touched the lady on the arm and shouted: "This is Dartmouth. Did you want to get off here or just want to look at it?" GRACE.

A'INT LOVE GRAND?

(For As the World Wags.)

Love it is a crystal boat,
Youth and beauty in it float,
Poppy breezes floating past,
Gently urge the rose-decked mast.
Music trembles from a lute,
Eyes are longing, lips are mute,
Two are lost in lingering bliss,
Vows are sealed by fervent kiss.

(One year later, 7 A. M.)

Eggs are sputtering in the pan,
In a hurry is the man,
Radio squawke out "one, two, bend"—
She must reduce or love will end.

Alas, but it was always so,
Why is love so quick to go?
Nothing can this maxim change,
Cupid hates a kitchen range.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

"P. B. M." asks whether Boyden street, changed from Birch street in 1906, was named for Uriah A. Boyden, engineer, who died in 1879.

As the World Wags:

I would be very grateful if you would kindly enlighten me on these few points of etiquette:

—How often is it permissible for a

young lady to call on her real friend when he is in jail?

2—What gifts are appropriate to the occasion?

3—Would a simple velvet afternoon frock be appropriate, or a mannish walking suit of tweed? Many thanks for your kindly help.

THE IDIOT CHILD.

IN ANSWER TO J. E. P.

As the World Wags:

The authorized version of the Limerick which your correspondent seeks is as follows:

"There was an old lady of Sheen,
Whose musical sense was not keen;
She said, 'It is odd,
But I cannot tell 'God
Save the weasel' from 'Pop goes the Queen.'"
E. E. S.

As the World Wags:

"Another dandy scheme for using up part of our extraordinary cotton surplus would be to add about eleven inches to either end of the sheets."—Detroit News.

Another "dandy" scheme for using up the surplus cotton crop is for the shirt makers to restore the five or six inches that they stole from men's shirt tails some years ago. Some shirt tails are not conducive to a comfortable feeling. One never knows whether they are in our out. This leads me to ask what is a shirt tail anyway? Is it fore and aft or only just aft?

LONG HIPP.

S. H. asks: "When did the giving of presents (an abominable abuse now) begin as a part of the Christmas observance? That children hung up their stockings 65 years ago, I know. Did they do the same 165 years ago? Mr. Wardle's famous Christmas party at Dingley Dell was without any promiscuous giving of presents so far as I may judge. When did Santa Claus become an institution?"

The three wise men of the east took gifts to the child in the manger at Bethlehem. They were the first. As for the later observances, we must consult the wisdom of the ancients, in the "ironbound melancholy volumes of The Magi," if they are in any public or semi-private library in Boston. You might look into Chamber's Book of Days, Hone's Year and Days Books, Brand's "Popular Antiquities."

As the World Wags:

The luxurious Umousine slowed down at the corner and barely moved at all "Happy New Year!" chirped the beautiful lady to the park cop. "Don't make no difference," roared the officer, "ya can't park around here!"

ORACLE.

Children aren't nearly such fools as we are.—The Bishop of St. Albans.

As the World Wags:

You asked: "What can be said of the diet recommended by an English physician, 'Crusty bread and butter, raw fruit and salad.'" An English paper hand records an inquest over a colon who, after reading books on dieting took to a diet of orange, cabbage, lettuce, beets, carrots and one potato day. He literally starved to death. Is true the portions were small, but I am sure "one fish ball" would have saved his life. BILL.

Newton Highlands.

ISABEL R. MOLTER

JORDAN HALL—Isabel Richardson Molter, soprano, sang these songs last in Jordan hall, excellently accompanied by Harold Molter: Lungi dal Caro Bene, Secchi; Where the Bee Sucks, Arne; No Blade of Grass Can Flourish, Wilhelm Bach; Recitative and Aria, "Abscheulicher, wo eilst du him?" from "Fidelio," Beethoven; Elms Frags, Max Muhlert; Wiegennell, Brahms; Beim Tanz, Hermann; D'Une Prison, Hahn; air from "L'Enfant Prodigue," Debussy; the Swan Bent Low, A. Mald Sing Light, Midsummer Lullaby, the Sea, MacDowell; Little Shepherd's Song, Watts; Tally Ho! Leoni; Death of the Nightingale, William Lester; Awakening, Golde.

Mrs. Molter, after her successful appearance with the People's Symphony orchestra, drew many people last night to Jordan hall, and it was clear that she pleased them well.

There are many reasons why she should give pleasure by her song. Perhaps of first importance, she has a tremendously good voice, a soprano of range and of fine natural quality every tone.

And this excellent organ Mrs. Molter has developed with quite unusual intelligence and skill. Her concept of beautiful tone, to be sure, may be from that of those of her listeners who fancy something rounder and warmer, no matter what Mrs. Molter

that she can do so. More young singers should follow her wise way. R.R.G.

In music, too, Mrs. Molter does not lag behind. She knows what time means; she feels the beauty that lies in smoothness; she appreciates the fact that words are meant to be understood. Of prime significance she is blessed with the gift of differentiation; Beethoven's "Lenore" from Mrs. Molter, and MacDowell's girl with the shoe-like eyes, are two very different creatures. If some people hold that Mrs. Molter too often makes her effects by extravagance, for example, by the MacDowell songs, others might counter that she does at all events make those effects, which is more than most singers can manage. Why dispute over matters of taste?

Over Mrs. Molter's splendid security, both musical and technical, there can arise no possible disputes. Mrs. Molter knows what she wants to sing; she knows how she wants to sing it, and she can do so. More young singers should follow her wise way. R.R.G.

CASELLA LEADS

By PHILIP HALE

Alfredo Casella, as a guest, conducted the 12th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Vivaldi-Franko, Concerto, A minor for strings (first time at these concerts). Mozart, Piano, Concerto, C major (K. 467). Casella, Partita for piano and orchestra, and Orchestra suite from the ballet "La Giara" ("The Jar") after Pirandello. The two compositions by Mr. Casella were played for the first time in Boston. Walter Gieseking was the pianist. Rulon Y. Robison sang the tenor solo in the Suite.

The Program Book stated on the title page that Vivaldi's Concerto was to be performed for the first time in Boston. We have been told that it was played here at one of Mr. Toscanini's concerts; also at one of the 18th century "Candle Light" concerts; but whether Mr. Franko's arrangement was then used, we do not know. Mr. Casella at once showed that as a conductor he knew what he wanted; that his wishes were controlled by a fine musical taste; that the orchestra carried out his wishes gladly, one might say with enthusiasm. His choice of tempo, his sense of proportion and of rhythmic values, his unexaggerated command of expression, his authoritative spirit and contagious warmth, all combined in making the concert one of unusual interest. The interest might have been still greater in the remembrance of it, if the concert had been shorter by 20 minutes or half an hour.

The allegro movements of early 18th century concertos are often so alike that the name of the composer is immaterial. They are fresh, vivacious; too often in the case of Bach, long-winded. This concerto by Vivaldi is noteworthy chiefly by reason of the beautiful slow movement, noble in its dignity.

Mozart's concerto was no doubt unfamiliar to the great majority of the audience. No wonder that those who first heard it in Vienna, when Mozart was the pianist, were loud in praise, for here is pure music; music without alloy for virtuoso display; music that is golden, of wondrous charm. And it is a true concerto in which orchestra and piano unite and form a perfect ensemble.

It is not given to every pianist, not even the most celebrated, to catch the spirit of Mozart at his period, to be his sympathetic interpreter. Many who would shine brilliantly as performers of Liszt, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, would come to grief, attempting to ravish the ear by "condescending" to play Mozart's concertos, rondos, or sonatas. Each note must be a thing of beauty; passages, as he himself said, must flow like oil; there is nothing for vain glorious, arrogant assertion; there must be constant worship at the shrine. A pianist may thunder through a modern concerto and excite admiration by his strength, endurance, yet fail even technically when he plays Mozart.

We have never heard in any country so delightful a performance by pianist and orchestra of a concerto by Mozart than that of yesterday's. Mr. Casella gave full promise of what was to come, as far as the orchestra was concerned, by his masterly treatment of the long introduction. Throughout the performance the playing of the orchestra was of a nature long to be remembered. Mr. Gieseking, by his recital last season, by his interpretation of music by Bach, Scarlatti, Schumann and Debussy, showed that no period, no school was foreign to him; that he was not only a pianist of the very first rank; but that as Swinburne said of the poet Coleridge,

other pianist who as yet has visited Boston has the like qualities. One star differeth from another star in glory; one may shine with a balful lustre, and excite only wonder; another fascinates by its radiant beauty, like "the large few stars" of Walt Whitman's summer night.

Mr. Casella's Partita is a strong, interesting, effective composition. The first movement is after the manner of the old Concerto Grosso but in a modern vein, harmonically and in the use of the wind instruments relieving the strings and contrasting with them. The themes have a salient character; the treatment of them is that of a well-equipped musician of marked individuality; interest does not flag. The finale, a Burlesca, is light hearted, frank music; one sees why Mr. Casella is an admirer of Rossini's gaiety and crescendos. But the middle section, the Passacaglia, is, after all, the most impressive portion of the Partita. The mysterious announcement of the sombre ground theme; the diversity in the variations while the haunting mood persists; the solemn tranquility of the ending, all set this music apart and gave the old passacaglia form unwonted significance.

As for the ballet suite, one would like to hear the music in the theatre and for the Sicilian story. The Nocturne with the song sung by a Sicilian peasant behind the stage seems the best suited of the movements to the concert hall; the Nocturne and the Introduction are the pages that now remain in the memory.

The concert will be repeated tonight. For the concerto of next week Mr. Koussevitzky has arranged this program: Handel, Concerto Grosso, B minor, No. 13 for strings; Roussel, suite in F major (first performance); Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstasy."

We are amazed at the widespread information about books ancient and modern, and not merely about "best sellers" and "epoch-making" works. Does a correspondent ask a question? He does not ask in vain. From Eastport to Tampa, from Seattle to Putney, Vt., letters come to us answering fully and often wittily.

"Lazy Lawrence" was unknown to us. We never heard his name in our little village. "Slovenly Peter" was not even the shadow of a name. Yet we were not wholly ignorant even if we had not read Miss Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant" and moral tales from the German. We could have passed brilliantly a severe examination of "Sixteen-String Jack," "Silverheels, the Delaware," "Mad Mike, the Dead Shot," and "Snaky Snodgrass."

"Lazy Lawrence." He was known in the District of Maine.

As the World Wags:

"Lazy Lawrence": Something less than a hundred years ago, when the writer, in jacket and trousers, was living a happy boyhood on the coast of eastern Maine, there stirred the waters of that region a passenger steamer whose name, Lawrence, was carried on her paddle-boxes. She was notoriously slow in getting through the water and became known as "Lazy Lawrence."

We boys knew this for a quotation; whence we never learned, but it was an apt one and it stuck.

One summer's day the management announced a free excursion to the head waters of Bagaduce river, where doubtless no steam craft had ever penetrated. Boys, of course, were much in evidence on the trip, and, when the youngsters learned that not too frequent tension of the wire releasing the steam-whistle would be permitted, they were not slow in availing themselves of the privilege of waking the echoes about Nigger Island and the First and Second Narrows. It does not require any great exercise of recollection and imagination to recall those piercing shrieks to the ears of

G. B. S.

SLOVENLY PETER

As the World Wags:

I think I can supply "J. A. S." of Portland with the information concerning little Johnny Look-in-the-air for which he asked in your column.

We have a book entitled "Slovenly Peter or Pleasant Stories and Funny Pictures," translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Hoffman, published in Philadelphia in 1851. This volume contains the famous histories of Slovenly Peter, (who must be the Lazy Lawrence of the inquirer's memory), Naughty Frederick, William and The Soup, Rocking Philip, Johnny Look-in-the-air, The Black Boys, The Wild Huntsman, and Pauline and the Match Box. Slovenly Peter is as follows:

Fye! naughty, wild, and slovenly Peter! I fear he never will be neater; For many, many, many weeks No water has been near his cheeks, It is a year now, I declare, Since he would let Nurse comb his hair And then those nails! 'tis very clear They've not been cut at all this year! It is no wonder that all cry Oh! naughty, slovenly Peter, fye!

The Story of Johnny Look-in-the-air is longer:

Little Johnny held his head so high As he walked along to school, That many of the passers by Thought him a little fool. He saw the little swallows fly, The roofs, the clouds up in the sky, But what was in the way before, Why that our Johnny never saw, Nor did he see the neighbors stare, And call him "Johnny Look-in-the-air." One day a dog came running fast, As usual Johnny's eyes were cast Overhead; No one said, "Johnny, look out! here comes the bow wow!"

What happens now? Bump-dump, they almost broke the bones; So hard they stumbled on the stones! Johnny took up his satchel one day, And off to the school he stalked away; He turned his face up toward the sky, And saw the merry swallows fly, Which way he was going he did not think, And he walked straight down to the river's brink, Three little fishes at him did stare, Wondering much what brought him there.

One step more, and in he splashes! Heels overhead, like lightning he dashes! The little fishes scream with fright And swim away with all their might. But happily quite near there stood, Two men, who saw him in the flood; They took two crooked poles and ran, And soon fished out the little man.

Now see him standing on dry ground, Poor little fellow, almost drowned; Dripping wet, all through and through, Cold as ice, and crying too; The water trickling from his clothes, And from his hair and from his nose; The little fishes, all the three, Swam quickly back the child to see; They stretched their little heads out of the flood,

And laughed as loud as ever they could; They shook their little sides with glee, And the satchel drifted clear out to sea!

Probably J. A. S. remembers the pictures even though he has not seen the book for 50 years.

Concord, HELEN COOLIDGE.
So, Slovenly Peter and Lazy Lawrence were not one and the same.—Ed.

ADD NOTES ON ETIQUETTE

(The Observer—London)

There are some interesting variations in the accounts of Mrs. Christie's meeting with her husband:

Col. Christie at once recognized her as his wife. After an affectionate greeting they entered the dining room together.—Times.

The husband immediately recognized his wife, but she only seemed to regard him as an acquaintance whose identity she could not quite fix.—Daily Telegraph.

She failed to recognize him. "Don't you know me?" he pleaded, but was answered with a stony stare.—Westminster Gazette.

Col. Christie immediately moved forward to her and recognized his wife. They at once joined in cordial conversation.—Daily Chronicle.

These discrepancies give us all too little help in ascertaining the correct etiquette for the meeting of a lady with a husband whom she does not remember.

THE BERLIN COURT

Anne Topham, an English governess to William Hohenzollern's daughter from 1902 to 1909, in her "Chronicles of the Prussian Court," recently published, tells of queer doings:

"I noticed at court that everybody used to scream loudly when they got excited. It used to get terribly on one's nerves." The court dancing mistress shrieked and scolded "like a cockatoo"; the footmen would shrink back afrighted at shrill imperial voices raised in an unseemly wrangle; and the ladies-in-waiting, in their arguments, reminded the governess of a gramophone, one of the earliest of its type, sent to the Emperor by Edison himself. The selection of songs for this instrument "consisted almost entirely of rather vulgar music-hall ditties, delivered in a piercing American accent, and intermixed with loud kissing and phrases of 'Meet-me-at-the-gate-I'll-be-there-at-half-past-eight type.' The princess was fond of singing in a fearsome nasal tone these choice snatches of song interspersed with loud smacking noises." We quote from an English reviewer.

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BRUCE BENJAMIN

JORDAN HALL—Bruce Benjamin, tenor, sang these songs yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, accompanied by Walter Golde: An die ferne Geliebte, Beethoven; My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose, the Blue Bells of Scotland, Sad Am I and

Borrow Lullaby, My Love, Sweet but Lassie Yet, Arr. by Helen Hopekirk; Apres un Reve, Faure; Les Cloches; Debussy; L'Amour de Moi, Folk Song; Serenade du Don Juan, Tchaikowsky; Hoffnung, Freude der Kinder Jahre, An die Musik, Sei nur gegrusst Schubert; Bright Is the King of Words, the Roadside Fire, Vaughan Williams; the Heavy hours, old revolutionary tune; Sea Shells, Carl Engel; Ebb and Flood, Rachmaninov.

Mr. Benjamin made something unusually pleasant out of yesterday's song recital. The occasion seemed worth while; a good musician, equipped with voice and vocal technique, a man of taste both fine and individual, was there to sing songs he liked—songs, furthermore, worth hearing, and yet not sung to death. This offering, one might fondly think, ought not to be rare. Let those who cannot believe it is, sit in at half a dozen recitals picked at random; then let them judge for themselves.

By his choice of a program Mr. Benjamin showed himself a man apart. The printed list suggested nothing novel. But when has the Beethoven cycle been sung here before? The Scotch songs, though among the best, are not those most often heard. The Faure and Debussy melodies grace programs today but rarely. Two of the Schubert songs which all singers know the public seldom hears; two others, by no means negligible, probably almost nobody knows. So many fine songs, unacknowledged songs sung in a row, are not to be heard at every recital attempted.

Nor can every singer who ventures to come forward sing with the ripe art of Mr. Benjamin. For Mr. Benjamin has given every song on his program deep thought; so much is clear. A musician, he must give the music its way; feeling the force of words and d-

matic values, he must not rob them of their sense. Skillfully he makes the needed adjustments—a matter for intelligent thought and no mistake.

But he is as intelligent as Plato himself, no singer can manage words and music aright who has not acquired the necessary technique. Mr. Benjamin has acquired an extremely competent technique. He can do with his voice what he will. Thus soundly equipped, Mr. Benjamin sings admirably, because, as well as a musician and technician, he is a man of imagination and personality.

Since opinions will always vary about technical matters and those of taste, it must be admitted that Mr. Benjamin holds with certain details of vocal performance that not everybody would approve of. Not many singers, nevertheless, can sing so many types of song so well, be it Debussy, a folk song, or Beethoven. Let him come soon again. R. R. G.

CHILD'S CONCERT

The first of the third series of children's concerts by Ernest Schelling, assisted by members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, was given yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. Oscar Shumsky was violin soloist. The program: Bach, Suite in D; Haydn, Rondo alla Ungherese; Mozart, Menuet and Trio, D Major Symphony; Mozart, Concert for Violin, A Major, Oscar Shumsky; Beethoven, Allegro, 5th Symphony; Beethoven, Turkish March.

Mr. Schelling began his third season of children's concerts yesterday morning before an eager young audience that filled Jordan hall.

The first two series were devoted to the instruments comprising a symphony orchestra. This year Mr. Schelling believes his young listeners have developed far enough to understand design, thought and construction in music, and its analogy to architecture.

The children were quick to catch the similarity between architecture and music when shown slides of a log cabin and the White House, and told that these corresponded to the difference between "Pop Goes the Weasel" and a symphony. To carry the simile farther Mr. Schelling compared pictures of the stone blocks and ornamental details that went to make the Parthenon, with tones, phrases and themes that go to make up a musical composition.

Mr. Schelling had the children sing the familiar canon, "Frere Jacques"; then explained the higher development of this form into the fugue. This was preparatory to the Bach Suite, in which the conductor played the harpsichord part on a transformed piano.

Pictures of Bach, Haydn and Mozart were recognized by the children, who proved audibly that they have profited by previous concerts of this series.

The solo in Mozart's violin concerto was played by Oscar Shumsky, a "wunderkind," who has appeared before at these concerts.

Mr. Schelling devoted some time to the explanation of sonata form; then illustrated his meaning by having the orchestra play the clearest, most ele-

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De Wolf Hopper gives the title "Once a Clown, Always a Clown" to the amusing volume of his reminiscences, written in collaboration with Wesley Winans Stout, and published by Little, Brown & Co. There are nearly 20 illustrations, portraits of actors and actresses.

While the book is largely of an anecdotal nature—and the stories are well told—there are many shrewd remarks of a critical nature concerning comedians and the art of acting. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Mr. Hopper devotes an entire chapter—27 pages in all—to "Casey at the Bat."

"On May 13, 1838, I recited a poem at Wallack's Theatre, Thirtieth street and Broadway, New York city. No bronze memorial tablet marks the site, yet the day may come. Lesser events have been so commemorated. The poem was 'Casey at the Bat.'"

Mr. Hopper admits at the beginning that men and women, with rare exceptions, do not drift on to the stage; "they make a dead set for it." "Nor do they think of it in terms of meal tickets. They cross the footlights out of an egotistic desire to strut before an admiring world. They hope romantically to win a fortune along with their pictures in the papers, but always they have been willing to starve cheerfully if accompanied by adequate publicity. I do not sneer at this vanity; rather do I share it. Applause is sweet."

He insists that he was born to the stage, though his parents came from stock that never set foot in a theatre. His grandfather Hopper was a Philadelphia Quaker, a rabid Abolitionist. De Wolf's father withdrew from the sect. His mother was a D'Wolf of Rhode Island, of a family that did not tolerate the stage. After their marriage the parents were passionately fond of the theatre.

"My grandfather once said accusingly to my father, 'John, I hear thee has been to see that player woman,' meaning Laura Kean (sic. 'Is that true, John?')

"Yes, father, 94 times."

(The surname of this actress associated with the assassination of Lincoln was Keene.)

Mr. Hopper's father left an estate large enough to provide for the widow and a legacy for the son at 21—"which the stage took away from me." The boy was known as Willie. In later years he has been Will or Wolfie to his friends. "De Wolf, my stage name, was born of the vanity of youth. I despised the Quaker plainness of Hopper, and William had a plebian sound to my fastidious ears, but I thought D'Wolf, my middle name, distingue. In later years I have regretted that affectation, but it no doubt was, unconsciously, a shrewd move. The actor, like soap and hairnets, finds a distinctive trade name useful. The public remembers an unusual name more easily, so long as it is pronounceable."

When he was 10 years old, Mr. Hopper, visiting the Frederick Whitwells in Boston, took part in a play written by their daughter, aged 8. It was a surprise for her or her brother's birthday. At 15 Hopper played and recited at a Sunday school entertainment in New York. Joseph H. Choate was his god-father. The boy was destined to the law; but he was seen in an amateur performance and one Gosche, a manager, persuaded him to be a professional. The company, financed by Mrs. Hopper, went on the road. "My money lasted me four years." Then his legacy went with the Gosche-Hopper Company. Georgie Drew Barrymore was the leading woman at the then large salary of \$125 a week. The company went south as far as New Orleans, west to Kansas City, north to Montreal, with many one-night jumps. Mr. Hopper's description of such tours is interesting, as showing the change in the theatrical conditions. "Cincinnati and Kansas City see fewer good plays now than Zanesville, O., and Springfield, Mo., did 20 years since. Booth at his zenith played such towns as Bowling Green, Ky., and Saginaw, Mich. . . . The play of today is designed for Broadway and must make its money there or not at all." In the course of his description, Mr. Hopper tells of a railway accident, in a manner noteworthy for its dramatic directness and simplicity.

Back on Broadway, 23 years old, with patrimony gone—"If one is to lose a fortune, there is no better age than 23"—he was heard singing by Annie Louise Cary, who said he should study. He was then with Harrigan and Hart. He took lessons, joined a choral union, sang at Grace Church, went on the road, in "Hazel Kirke," went back to New York, where Col. McCaull happened to hear him sing a song in "May Blossom," and engaged him for Sousa's first opera, "Desiree." He "starred" for the first time in Kerker's "Castles in the Air," but his first great success was in "Wang."

"Wang." We remember it with pleasure. Again we see the entrance of the Cambodians to Woolson Morse's haunting music. Again we see Klein with the elephant, expressing his desire for "Beer," not knowing that the elephant would drink it. Cheever Goodwin, who wrote the piece, sold all his interest for \$50 a week. "Had he possessed a rudder, Goodwin might have become the American Gilbert. Gilbert himself never excelled Goodwin's 'The Man with an Elephant on His Hands' song in 'Wang,' but lacking that rudder Goodwin is forgotten." On the same page Mr. Hopper pays a graceful compliment to Edna Wallace, the third of his five—or is it six?—wives. "I saw her in Philadelphia when we both chanced to be playing that city last summer and she looked as young and charming as on the night we opened in 'El Capitan' at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, May 13, 1896."

In the chapter "Labeled Comic," Mr. Hopper declares that he was more equipped by nature for the heroic than for buffoonery; he had stature and the "deep-chested volume and resonance of speech demanded by the heroic roles of blank verse"; but he was "catalogued in the card index of the theatre and of theatregoers as a singing comedian and a singing comedian I have remained. There are worse destinies." It is the fault of audiences more than of managers that the "type system" has grown to be an evil in the legitimate theatres. Mr. Hopper cites the

case of Al Jolson, who blacked his face and is to the public a "surpassing minstrel." The public would not have him in a dramatic repertoire. "Yes, in my opinion, Mr. Jolson is an actor of infinite possibilities." And so Mr. Hopper rejoices in the fact that he played Mark Antony in the funeral scene, when the Lambs gave it, seriously intended and seriously performed. Musical comedy is to him, in spite of his success in it, "a technical monstrosity, a bearded lady." His analysis of this form of art is good reading.

His critical acumen is shown in the chapter "How Not to Act," in which by way of illustration he contrasts the portrayal of Madame X by Sarah Bernhardt with that by an intelligent woman of a stock company; of Mme. Bernhardt, passionate on the stage, saying to her manager behind the scenes as she came off: "Hello, Eddie! Isn't this a wonderful house?" the other woman, telling Hopper she lived the role and was overwhelmed, breaking down at rehearsals. "To myself I said, 'If that is so, dear lady, you are going to flop.' She did . . . She was not thinking of herself as an actress artfully portraying a role, but as a woman overwhelmed with misery. Very early in the play she reached her climax."

In this chapter Mr. Hopper gives his preferences. Seeing Jane Cowl's Juliet, he forgot Adelaide Neilson. He thinks Edwin Booth was the greatest of all actors.

He quotes George Arliss: "The art of the actor is to learn how not to be real on the stage without being found out by the audience." He quotes Herne rehearsing "Shore Acres." A man spoke a line so that Herne asked him why he was singing. The man said he was attempting to exploit its beauty. "It is a good line, but I am sorry that you appreciate it. Otherwise you might make it sound human."

At the next rehearsal this line was spoken as if it were "Please pass the potatoes." To Herne's protest, the actor said, "I am speaking it naturally, as you instructed me to."

"So I see," said Herne. "The next thing you should learn is the difference between acting naturally and natural acting."

Mr. Nugent, telling this story in Variety, added: "The stage hand who sets a chair out and ducks for the shelter of the wings is acting naturally, but he looks like a fleeting pair of pants just the same."

It was from Joseph Jefferson, Mr. Hopper says, that he learned more of what he may know about acting than in all the time he had previously been on the stage.

One of the most entertaining chapters in a book, of which nearly every page tempts quotation, is the account of Mr. Hopper's adventures at Hollywood. The final chapter, "Wolfie Loves the Lambs," is historical, anecdotal, eulogistic, one may add, affectionate.

P. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Marguerite D'Alvarez, contralto, and George Gershwin, pianist and composer. See special notice.
Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor; Mr. Muenz, pianist. See special notice.
Boston Public Library, Lecture Hall, 8 P. M. Letz Quartet. Beethoven, Harp quartet. Farwell, "Hake" quartet. Brahms, C minor quartet.
TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Gilbert Ross, violinist. Brahms's D minor sonata, Spalding's Etchings, Chausson's Poeme and pieces by Burleigh, Gardner, Glazounov, Tchaikovsky-Ross, Mozart-Kreisler and Sarasate.
Repertory Hall, 264 Huntington avenue, 8:30 P. M. Concert in aid of the St. Cloud, France, Home for Homeless Russian Boys. See special notice.
WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Clara Haakill, pianist.
THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Flonzaley Quartet.
FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.
SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Gil Valeriano, tenor. Groups of Italian, Spanish and French songs.
Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

quent exposition of this form—the movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Mr. Schelling and his excellent corps of assistants from the Symphony orchestra make these concerts most enjoyable. There is variety enough to entertain the less musically inclined children; there is at the same time as much instruction as a gifted child could want, presented in a simple, clear, entertaining yet highly musicianly way.

E. V.

"Mrs. Chaplin names five women."
Insatiable Lita! Could not one suffice?

Not long ago an English writer discussing what he was pleased to call "progress" in his country, said exultingly that women were now thought competent to be prominent in business affairs.

"Progress?" Let us again quote from the Travels of Nicander Nuclua, translated from the Greek by the Rev. J. A. Cramer, D. D. A learned man, he was sent as ambassador to Constantinople in 1545 to negotiate a truce with the Sultan Soliman, and, it is said, on his presentation, he made a most beautiful oration. He visited England in 1545-6. He wrote that in London almost all, except the nobles and those at court, pursued mercantile concerns. "And not only does this appertain to man, but it devolves in a very great extent upon women also. And to this, they are wonderfully addicted. And one may see in the markets and streets of the city married women and damsels employed in arts, and barterings and affairs of trade, undisguisedly."

Figaro says that M. Claudel, now French ambassador at Washington, began his diplomatic service at Boston as vice-consul; that it was here he trans-

lated the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus. Does any Bostonian remember him at work, either in the French office or in a library?

THE EXPLANATION

("The Charleston can be of real assistance in making a man a good golfer."—George Duncan.)

Oh, partner, if I pause to fling
My feet in frenzy at the ceiling,
Do not assume I do this thing
With any wild, hilarious feeling!
Not idly do I flip my feet;
Their step is of the very sternest—
I do not think you'll ever meet
A pair of feet so much in earnest.

For dancing needs a serious mind
And golf demands an even graver.
And here you see them both combined
In gravity of fullest flavour.
Don't ask me why this thing should be
(They seem an ill-assorted couple),
But haply he who shakes a knee
Will keep his other muscles supple.

Thus, if I note what experts preach
And let my feet and ankles straggle,
It is in hope that they may teach
My wrists the proper way to waggle;
That on the tee I may recall
This latest dancing mania (drat it!)—
In short, when I address the ball
I'll do a sort of Charleston at it.
—LUCIO, in the Manchester Guardian.

JOHNSON DUBITANS

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes to us: "On Friday I received a letter from some one—he signed himself 'your bore-some admirer'—who wrote as follows: 'I send herewith a few stamps to be used in replying to those negligent correspondents who forget to inclose a return envelope.' What am I to do? I appreciate the kindness, the generosity, I may say the princely generosity, for the unknown inclosed a dollar's

with postage stamps, in addition, well gummed on the back. I do not know the sender's address. If I did send them, he might be offended."

The soul of Mr. Herkimer Johnson is loud and sensitive. Yet like other great men his character is not flawless. His eminent colleague, Francis Bacon, might be pardoned for taking bribes on a large scale, but he cannot be forgiven his behavior towards Fulke Greville, and Brooke, once his great friend. When the latter was in disgrace and sent, as John Aubrey tells us, Bacon "so unworthy as to forbid his but to let him have any more small which he had often sent for, his each being nice, and the small beer of his inn not liking his palate."

It should not be surprised if Mr. Johnson would appropriate the stamps to his current expenses and put the seeking information into the basket, unanswered, unhonored, and

ADD "JOHNSONIANA"

The World Wags:

I am one of those mean, malignant and bold characters recently mentioned in your column. Also I am suspicious of your latest mental picture of you shows you, with a jar of muclage, busily renating the stamps licked from the envelopes of the unsuspicious. That is why I don't enclose one. If I did and you licked it you would have a tongue telling which would make it necessary for Mr. Herkimer Johnson to do our talking as well as your thinking. Then in doubt, I poison the stamps. Won't you please state in your column what happens to those who do sign their names? Reading the column makes me want to speak of many things, but that if a malignant, mean and bold character were also more shy than Mr. Johnson, who is not disturbed by seeing his name in print.

Could you not take us to Clamport and let us peek at that great man? Once had a cousin who wished to catch sight of the late Luther Burbank. He saw his feet protruding from an arbor and was quite satisfied. His face now familiar to us all, via the Saturday Evening Post. Why not let us see Johnson's in that estimable paper. He is still of the living. Then, if would only stick his feet out of the window in Clamport, the thought of a seption at the Copley-Plaza need no longer darken his life. Yours malignantly,

A MEAN ONE.

OUR LIGHTNING CALCULATOR

The World Wags:

Your information that a perfect hand bridge will be dealt one time in 8,888,000,000 is not completely accurate. This figure represents the chance that any certain player will receive the hand, but as there are four players to each deal, the correct figure is 39,888,447,475.

Following the custom of the end-to-end statisticians, if every person in the United States should deal a bridge and once a day for three months, we should expect one of the deals to produce a hand all of one suit.

With reference to your pinochle query, the chance for one player to obtain a double sequence in a two-handed game is one in 8,221,000. This does not include the nine-spots, and assumes, of course, that the player is trying for the double sequence and saves his rumps.

T. W. GIBSON.
Worcester.

BEEDE'S CANAAN THEATRE

Lon Chaney in the "Road to Mandalay"

"A thrilling romance of Singapore the mysterious is told. This powerful tale of a derelict who wins redemption in one brief blazing moment of drama; gripping, first clenching and breath taking climaxes; Love; Hate; Intrigue and revenge the worlds melting pot. Mandalay Tense human drama. Chaney's new character will take you out of your seat."

From Lady John Russell's diary: "I have still two books of 'Paradise Lost' to read, and am wondering what is going to happen to Adam and Eve. I was very miserable when I found she ate the forbidden fruit."

MME. D'ALVAREZ.

Late yesterday afternoon Mme. D'Alvarez and Mr. Gershwin gave their audience in Symphony hall what they had come out for to hear: she sang, to his accompaniment, three songs of his own, "The Nashville Nightingale," "The Man I Love" and "Clap Yo' Hands"; also one by Kern, "Babes in the Wood." The people, although attentive and well pleased the whole afternoon, applauded this last offering with doubled enthusiasm. Thereby they should sound

musical judgment. For in these songs Mr. Gershwin displayed his prowess at his best. His marked feeling for rhythm he had allowed free play—and rhythm well defined appeals, even in its cruder forms, to all the world, the musically high and low alike. Also he had made good use of his pretty gift of melody; all the world likes a tune. With rhythm, then, in his favor, and tunefulness, Mr. Gershwin could not fail to write agreeable songs, so extremely good of their kind that they stand sure of a wide appeal.

But when ambition led Mr. Gershwin into unfamiliar paths—or the counsel of ambitious friends—Mr. Gershwin made the sad mistake of leaving his neat rhythm and his melody behind him. In his famous Rhapsody in Blue, played yesterday with Mr. Daly at the second piano, Mr. Gershwin has chosen to sacrifice his melodic gift in favor of scrappy thematic material of no significance whatever and which he lacks the skill to develop interestingly.

His rhythm, too, he has let run wild in the rhapsody. In place of those dancing and skipping measures in which he excels, he has sought for a complex rhythmic scheme which results chiefly in meaningless jumps, pounces, pauses and jerks. What with his renouncing of his birthright, together with his seeming interest in modern dissonance, Mr. Gershwin has turned out music like much that is current today, but with far less reason for being. A pity this is, when he can do good work of its own legitimate kind.

As well as the rhapsody, Mr. Gershwin played five new preludes, musio off the same piece, though in one of them, perhaps the fourth, he allowed himself a certain prettiness. For an added piece he played the third movement of his piano concerto, with deftly written passages in it not without a pleasing quality.

In this atmosphere that oddly combined the academic with the boisterous, Mme. d'Alvarez tried what she could do with songs by Dupare, Debussy and Moret. It speaks well for her performance that she succeeded in holding the audience's attention. Especially well she sang "La Chevalure," aided by an excellent accompanist, Edward Hart. Later she sang three Spanish songs, with added numbers, of course. She and Mr. Gershwin gave a rousing performance of the closing group. The audience was large.

R. R. G.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES 7TH CONCERT

Yesterday afternoon the People's Symphony Orchestra gave its seventh concert in Jordan hall, Stuart Mason conducting. The entire program was given over to Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, but the Bach was a transcription for orchestra of a work originally for piano or organ, the Beethoven Pastoral Symphony, at the best is merely the best of his inferior works, and only the Brahms was pure greatness.

The reasoning of the ultra-modern composers seems to conclude that if a large piece is worth writing, it is almost always worth writing for as large a number of instruments as it is possible to crowd upon a concert stage.

To those of classic spirit, however, who maintain that economy is a basic principle of art, all this filling seems bad. Some even bewail the great pianos of today, which can so sadly distort the cool limpid purities of Mozart and his predecessors.

As for Herr Abert, he has taken the prelude to one Bach fugue and joined it by a chorale of his own to an organ fugue. In the prelude he has flute phrases answered by bassoons, then more and more of the orchestra, until in his chorale the brass enters, treated as a separate choir. Then the fugue enters in the strings and the full orchestra is busy until the end.

A very well written transcription, but after all—a transcription.

Mr. Munz was soloist in the Brahms D-minor concerto. Very polished playing came from his nimble fingers, and striking in the rhythmic passages and the whirl of figures. But, alas, how misjudged were the songful passages! Brahms is not merely a virile classicist full of counterpoint and brilliant dynamics—he is a poet also; often he sings almost romantically. The beautiful second theme of this concerto is surely example enough. Mr. Munz merely played these passages—he did not make them sing. The orchestra was not always happy in accompaniment; the evident lack of rehearsal did its worst in the announcement of the first theme.

In one other respect Mr. Munz distinguish himself: he declined to take advantage of the opportunity to play extras. If all future soloists would but emulate him, even in the face of such enthusiastic applause as favored him!

W. A. C.

Jan 18 1927

We have received the following letter from T. S. P.:

"Will you not call the attention of Mr. Herkimer Johnson, ever looking for new things, to the expression 'apologia pro sua verba' in a letter written by an editor of the Crimson to the Harvard Alumni Bulletin of Dec. 23, page 363? Many things might be said on that text."

Probably the gifted editor is acquainted with Cardinal Newman's "Apologia pro sua vita," though we understand that the teaching of Latin is not favored any more at Harvard, not even in the commercial department, which is said to be largely attended and in a flourishing condition.

The only test of school training is—does the boy leave school with a wish to go on learning?—Dr. Lyttelton.

My chief quarrel with creeds is that they maintain the intellectual level of the clergy at a low point.—R. Cary Gilson.

LAUGHTER IN TEARS

As the World Wags:

The other day, when you stepped from behind the curtain of impersonality and spoke as a friend to us, your contributors, I was reminded of when once, years ago, I met one of my school teachers socially. I found him a person, not an intellect behind a book, and when he dropped the official "Smith" and called me by my Christian name I knew he was a human being whom I wanted to love.

Before you retire behind your curtain, let me, a contributor who has sent many times his little offerings to you—let me say a word about ourselves, second-class humorists from the suburbs.

Many of us are not the rollicking wits that we seem to be; some of us are lonely and sad; but (this is one of the strange truths of human nature) the sadness sometimes bubbles forth into humor and our loneliness makes us want to laugh with some one. So we whittle and whittle on a little joke, and, hiding behind some fancy name, we ask you to laugh with us, and if you do, and if we see our joke in print, we enjoy it over again, and we trust that where The Herald carries it some one will read it and will smile, too.

Have faith in us; behind our fancy names we are real people and we believe in Mr. Herkimer Johnson. I give you my word that I believe him to be no less a man than the editor of your column is.

W.
Lexington.

The following letter from a Rumanian was received by Mr. Edward A. Filene: "Herr Millionaire Filene:

"Your inspired work for the good of nations has suggested to me to direct my request to you, so that you might help me to take my chosen one to the altar and conclude matrimony. With the small amount of 50,000 dollars I should be able to fulfill my heart's desire; and you will do a great good deed in leading two hearts towards each other. To honor you as the founder of my family, I shall erect a memorial to you, and send you my photograph. I am, _____"

BRAVERY AND BELLY-TIMBER

As the World Wags:

Appropos of the recent discussion regarding the paucity of army and navy rations in this country, a contemporary of The Herald quotes the Duke of Marlborough to the effect that soldiers, to be at their best, need to be fed with beef and beer. ("Malbrouck s'en va't'en guerrel") Was this remark original with the noble Duke, or filched from some other source? When Sir Edward Hawke, in a driving gale on a wild November night in 1759, with the reefs, rocks and quicksands of Quiberon Bay—the most dangerous in the world—under his lee, defeated M. de Conflans' fleet of 21 sail-of-the-line, and by so doing broke the spirit and strength of the French fleet so effectually that it did not appear again at sea during the balance of the Seven Years' War, the British fleet was immediately allowed to relapse into a sad state of inefficiency. Presently the men in the Channel fleet were singing, according to contemporary reports:

"Ere Hawke did bang
Mounseer Confians
You sent us beef and beer
Now Mounseer's beat
We've nought to eat
Since you have nought to fear."

The present situation seems to have

its parallel in that of 1759.

While on naval topics it should be remarked that a curious error has crept into circulation and has been repeated in a number of articles on naval matters. It has been stated that the old United States sailing ship Constellation, which has been restored and relrigged and is now at Newport, R. I., was launched in the same year with the Constitution, namely 1797.

The original Constellation, noted principally for her defeat of the French frigate L'Insurgente in the brief war with France in 1798-1801, formed one of the three 36-gun frigates laid down in 1795, together with the three 44-gun frigates of the Constitution class. No records are at hand as to what became of the original Constellation, but the "List of Merchant Vessels of the United States," printed by the government at Washington for the year 1892, in the section devoted to the United States navy, gives the 1896-ton Constellation as having been built at Gosport, Va., in 1854, and it is undoubtedly the second Constellation that is now moored at Newport, and was recently exhibited at the sesquicentennial exposition at Philadelphia. CAPT. BRASSBOUND.
Boston, Jan. 12, 1927.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

By U. Irsome

(For As the World Wags)

A. Good morning, dear.
C. Why good morning when you know it isn't?
A. It was a wish.
C. I am tired of wishes. What good are they? You wished to conquer Caesar.
A. Yes, at Actium, when you deserted me.
C. Of course I did. I was the prize, and I couldn't very well be a competitor, too—or part of one.
A. No, the world was the prize.
C. You've often told me I am the world.
A. No—the consolation prize.
C. Insufferable! Good-by.
A. Then give me the world instead.
C. For consolation?
A. No—a place to die in.
C. I'll stay.

JOSCELYN.

1000 TO 1

We spoke of extraordinary hands in bridge and pinochle. The second Earl of Yarborough was always ready to bet 1000 to 1 against any one of four players holding a hand with no card higher than a nine. An English expert has this to say about it:

"So far as the mathematical probability is concerned, the earl was on the safe side if he meant the chance that one of the four players (specially specified) held such a hand, as the chance is 1828 to 1. But if he meant any one of the four, his wager was somewhat risky, as in that case the chance is four times as great 457 to 1. But if one player is known to have such a hand, the chance against a second hand in the same deal is nearly 300,000 to 1, and there could not be three Yarboroughs in the same deal. It would seem, therefore, that the gambling earl indicated one particular player when he made his wager of 1000 to 1.

'LOOSE ANKELS'

By PHILIP HALE

Plymouth Theatre—First performance in Boston of "Loose Ankels," a comedy in three acts by Sam Panney. On its way to the Biltmore Theatre, New York, where it was produced on Aug. 16, 1926, it was known as "Came the Dawn." It was said by a reviewer in New York that this title misled the playgoers in rural communities into thinking that it was a religious drama." The reviewer added: "The trouble was not that under this misapprehension they came and were pained by the play's misdemeanor. The trouble was that under this misapprehension they did not come at all." We have also read that the play was sold to the films for \$15,000 in 1925 when it was not certain that it would be produced on the stage.

The cast last night was as follows:

Andy Barton.....	Joseph Bell
Gil Barry.....	Reed Brown, Jr.
Betty Brent.....	Charles D. Brown
Ann Harper.....	Carlotta Irwin
Arnee.....	Ellen Dorr
Aunt Sarah.....	Jeanne De Ma
Mal. Almsworth Elling.....	Ethel Martin
J. Esmelton Stotes.....	Clifford Demsey
Aunt Katherine.....	Maxwell Sholes
Anton Hawkins.....	Lavinia Shannon
	Frank Lyon

In the original production the part of Andy Barton was played by Osgood Perkins; that of Ann Harper by Kathleen Comegys; that of Gil Barry by Harold Vermilyea. The story is preposterous and, so far as entertainment is concerned, immaterial. The amusement, and the comedy is extremely diverting, comes from the dialogue, from the comments on women, their foolishness when they are fat and 40, coming from the mouths of three hired male dancers, who live in a cheap apartment and make their living by accepting money, jewelry, food and what not from the women who go to public dance halls, hoping that they are still irresistible. Gil Barry is a fourth in the

apartment, a young man who has been a failure, as he thinks, a college graduate with the hope of some day being an archaeologist. His position is undesirable, for he does not like to sponge on his fellows, and cannot be persuaded by them to earn money by dancing and pretending to be infatuated with a silly woman, who still thinks that she has what is known on the stage and to certain novelists as "sex appeal." Poor Gil has evidently not read Mr. Saintsbury's defense of Tom Jones's little affair with Lady Bellaston.

Ann Harper's grandmother left a will by which the girl would inherit a great fortune provided she would marry respectably and with the consent of her uncle and two aunts. Ann has never been understood; she has been lonely; she has been nagged. She has welcomed solitude. Like the South before the civil war, all she asked was to be let alone. Knowing the contents of the will and the singular clauses of conditions, she rebels against marriage; and, abetted by a lively flapper, Betty Brent, whose speech is frank and free, she finds escape through being compromised. So she puts an advertisement in the New York World asking for a man and giving her address.

Here is Gil's chance, his friends say. He resolves to play the game and calls. Poor Ann, wishing to be compromised, shows lamentable ignorance; Gil is the bashful, ingenious boy. He would run away, but Ann, not wishing to lose her opportunity, sees that his coat is taken by a maid, "to be cleaned of marmalade spots," though he had not eaten any. They talk confidentially, at last sentimentally. The door bell rings. The relatives enter. Gil is hiding in another room. Betty hints Ann has fallen from grace. Gil is found in his shirt sleeves. The uncle roars out that he must marry Ann, but Gil jumps out of the window. Of course he returns at last; a rival is disposed of by Gil's two friends. How the consent of the uncle is obtained will be learned by those who will see the play.

The fun consists, as we have said, in the dialogue; in the cynical view of women taken by the men with loose ankles; in the training of Gil for conquest; in the comments on life, manners, and the conventions. At times Andy and Terry suggest by their antipathetic remarks the touch-and-go of vaudeville. An intelligent foreigner would wonder at the English spoken; even the latest slang dictionary would

not aid him; surprising smiles, wrenching of words from their original meanings, grotesque comparisons—it's all exceedingly funny; and behind the fun, is a savage commentary on certain phases of city life.

Mr. Brown gave a refreshingly simple, truthful portrayal of the young man, loathing the dance hall, having ideals, at last shamed into what he regards and rightly, as a contemptible adventure, until he sees Ann and loves her. Miss Dorr was also appealing in a natural way as Ann, pleasing to the eye and the ear, while Miss Irwin was appropriately brash as Betty. But the fat lines fall to Messrs. Bell and Brown. It would be hard to think of the comedy without them. One might say, here is a triumph of dialogue over reason. The audience laughed loudly and constantly.

'NEW YORK' OPENS AT METROPOLITAN

"New York" at the Metropolitan this week is a Paramount picture directed by Luther Reed. The cast:

Michael Angelo Cassidy	Ricardo Cortez
Marjorie Church	Lola Wilson
Annie Miller	Estelle Taylor
Trent Regan	William Powell
Randolph Church	Norman Trevor

The calm dignity of Fifth avenue, the mirage of lights on Broadway at night, the homily confusion of the lower east side are all shown in "New York."

The plot was originally evolved from the Berlin-Mackay romance with a murder thrown in for good measure.

Ricardo Cortez is the talented composer struggling with poverty and an ambitious orchestra in a small east side cafe. His reputation as a music maker creeps into other circles and Lola Wilson is Marjorie Church, a member of New York's 400, and her party seek him out on the particularly auspicious evening he is amusing the patrons of the cafe by writing "Streets of New York."

The rest of the story you know with movie variations. Lola Wilson is very beautiful in a white evening gown and William Powell—either has the only acting part or is the only one inspired.

The principal fault with this film seems to be a weak story. It is a shame the director couldn't have amputated some of it and grafted on some-

thing more convincing than the feeble court scenes that run far afield from the intelligent and respected courts of justice that really exist. C. M. D.

'SILENCE' THRILLER

ST. JAMES THEATRE—Keith-Albee Players in "Silence," a melodrama in three acts by Max Marcin. Cast:

Mallory	Charles I. Schofield
Andrew Pritchard	David Smiley
Jim Warren	Walter Gilbert
Prison Guard	Frank Lindsey
Alvah Clarke	John Winthrop
Priest	William Gerald
Mollie Burke	Edith Speare
Harry Silvers	Harold Chase
Samie	Kathleen Wallace
Rose	Florence Pendleton
Cora	Ursula O'Hare
Phil Powers	Frank Charlton
Norma	Florence Shirley
Connors	William Gerald
Doctor	Frank S. Peck
Arthur Lawrence	Day Manson
Father Ryan	William Gerald

What the audience misjudged was going to be an uproarious farce because of a few well placed wedding night remarks—turned out to be a melodrama of the good old "ten-twenty-thirty" variety.

Belle Bennett's most heart-rending, emotion stirring, mother-love scenes enacted for the cinema in no way outdistance the father-love and self-sacrifice that went on behind the St. James footlights.

The story revolves around a daughter who is not told of her true parentage until 20 years after. Then she meets her father face to face and learns that he is a man of none too reputable standing in any community. But all is for the best and Jim Warren, who had lived only to make trouble up to the time, has his great moments and he lives them well.

Murder, self-sacrifice, false accusation, and a dastardly trick of a low down district attorney all play their part in bringing out the true nature of Jim. And in the end, after having gone through a wide range of emotions and witnessed various degrees of acting, we leave knowing that "everything is going to be all right."

As Jim Warren, Walter Gilbert played his best role yet. The part required more interpretation than anything he has attempted with the St. James players. He put great strength into his characterization.

Harold Chase, as the shyster, bred-in-the-bone crook, was most convincing. His facial expression and his voice in his big moment when he is blackmailing Phil Powers, were both excellent. He kept the audience keyed to the high pitch necessary for convincing melodrama.

Florence Shirley made an appealing daughter. It is interesting to note how Charles Schofield, even though he may have only a few lines, holds the attention every moment.

The other parts were well cast and well taken. The costumes in the first act were very interesting and perhaps a little too humorous. F. B. B.

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Sunny," Charles Dillingham's musical comedy with Marilyn Miller, Jack Donahue and others. Second week.

TREMONT—"Old Ironsides," Laurence Stallings's story of the frigate Constitution, with Wallace Beery, George Bancroft and others in the cast. Fourth week.

WILBUR—"Queen High," musical version of "A Pair of Sixes," with Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit, John Hazzard and others. Seventh week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," mystery melodrama by Arnold Ridley now in its fourth week with Mr. Clive's players.

REPERTORY—"The World and His Wife," English version of a Spanish play by Jose Echegaray, with Mr. Jewett's company. Last week.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Last Warning," a melodrama in three acts by Thomas F. Fallon—first time in Boston. The cast:

Joel Buncie	George Farren
Geno	Josephine Fox
Robert Buncie	Jack Marvin
Arthur McHugh	J. Raymond Northcutt
Tommy Wall	Gavin Gordon
Mike Brody	Hamilton Christy
Evelyn Henderson	Laurence Mitchell
Dolly Lyman	Gene Cleveland
Harvey Carleton	Margaret George
Tyler Wilkins	Burton Perry
Barbara Morgan	Harold Bates
Jeffrey	Betty Moore
"Mac"	George Speilvin
	Harry Collins

Those who go to the theatre to forget the day's work, to be entirely absorbed in the experiences of others, and those who go for thrills, certainly had their demands more than answered last night

at the Castle Square Theatre. For three acts they were held breathlessly absorbed by the tremendous conflict that this play develops.

The story is worked around the production of a play, "The Snare," which Theatrical Manager Arthur McHugh plans to produce at the Woolford Theatre. He is warned not to do so. He pays no attention, but goes ahead with the casting and rehearsing of the play. However, his enemy is in earnest and takes other means to stop him. His leading man is spirited away. McHugh gets another. Some others in the cast lose their nerve and leave. McHugh fills the vacancies with other braver people. The unknown tries to break up the stage rehearsal and falls. However, things have reached the point where something must be done. Richard Quail, the stage director, agrees to hide in the theatre after the others leave. He takes his place in the lower

box and with the theatre in darkness, waits. Suddenly a horrible face appears out of the darkness on the stage. Then other things happen.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"What Price Glory," a picturization of the play by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. The cast:

Captain Flagg	Victor McLaglen
Sergeant Quirt	Edmund Lowe
Charmaine	Dolores Del Rio
Lieutenant Moore	Leslie Fenton
Private Lewisohn	Barry Norton
Private Lipinsky	Sammy Cohen
Private Kiper	Ted McNamara

A gripping drama of the world war with humor, pathos and indescribable realism. Victor McLaglen typifies the man who led and inspired his human puppets into the very jaws of death such a few years ago.

In the picture we see Flagg and Quirt, both noncommissioned officers of the marines in China. Quirt starts the feud by taking Flagg's girls away from him, and when the two meet in France there is no love lost. Capt. Flagg and Sergt. Quirt are billeted behind the lines in a French village and the lady of their hearts this time is Charmaine, the innkeeper's daughter.

The company is ordered into the lines and with raw recruits, boys that had never tasted shell fire, Capt. Flagg and Sergt. Quirt battle their way to their objective. The shells pound and the

men keep steadily onward. The machine guns wipe out the first few and others take their place—crawling into shell holes, marching on. The bursting shells tear the ground and taking their toll and finally one is taken—only 100 yards to go—bayonets fixed—and the objective is gained.

Sergt. Quirt is hit in the leg. Lt. Moore loses control of himself and Capt. Flagg, cursing or tenting by turns, leaves a lasting impression indelibly written of a man at war.

"What Price Glory" is a wonderful picture. It has not been entirely faithful to the glorious original that came from the pens of Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. It is vital but not so perfect.

Victor McLaglen as Capt. Flagg is a human-throbbing machine that never loses his grip on the attention for one minute. Sergt. Quirt is equally good. Charmaine is played delightfully by Dolores Del Rio, and Privates Lipinsky and Kiper handle the comedy with keen appreciation for values with the exception of one drinking scene, and we can excuse that. "What Price Glory" is one of the best pictures ever filmed. C. M. D.

'SINGING MINSTREL' TOPS KEITH'S BILL

Eddie Leonard, "our singing minstrel," as the program terms him, and his company of black-face musicians and dancers appearing at B. F. Keith's this week, give a creditable account of themselves in an act that vindicates the judgment of the management in according them the "headline" role on the bill.

What with admirable singing and some unusual dancing of the soft shoe and contortion variety, there is "something doing every minute" in this turn, which has added interest for Boston because a former West End lad, Chester Doherty, plays a feature role.

Ken Murray in "Fooling Around" contributes generously to the program with comedy that the audience enjoys. Billy and Ella Newell, with comedy songs and dances, and Dollie and Billie, "Two American Girls," in a similar act, likewise win the warm favor of the audience.

Other entertainers are Perez and Marguerite, "Originators of the Jazz Blues"; Bert and Dolly Ryan, "World's Only Ski Dancers"; Pasquall Brothers, "Three Unusual Men," and Harvard Holt and Kendrick, in a thrilling game of "bicycle basketball."

'VALENCIA' OPENS

"Valencia," at the State Theatre this week, features Mae Murray and is directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki. The cast:

Valencia	Mae Murray
Felipe	Lord Hurles
Don Fernando	Roy D'Arcy
Don Alvarado	Max Barwyn

Mae Murray does not look particularly Spanish but she does know how to put on a Spanish shawl. "Valencia" moves smoothly to the tune that may have inspired this picture in the first place. It is pleasant and amusing.

Barcelona greets the new governor and the very elegant Roy D'Arcy swings into view. Mae Murray has a typical moving picture entrance, blond curls waving and a rough and tumble fight with a pleasant sailor, Lloyd Hughes, the other combatant.

The Governor comes to her rescue and from that time on it is a case of which man gets the girl. Lloyd Hughes is fine looking, does not over-play his part, but does not convince you he is a Spanish sailor. Roy D'Arcy is just the same as always, lots of smile and an excellent strut. Mae Murray deserves better stories, she is a good actress and should not be snowed under with young hoydenish parts. Once in a while is all right and "Valencia" will pass an evening without causing mental exhaustion. C. M. D.

HOLLIS—"Judy," musical comedy based on the play, "Judy Drops In." First time in Boston. The cast:

Tom Stanton	George Meeker
Dick Weatherbee	Edward Allen
Harry Danforth	Frank Beaton
Anita	Margie Bennett
Babette	Florence Everett
Jack Lethbridge	Robert Armstrong
Mrs. Maguire	Lida Kane
Lacy Lethbridge	Alice Mackenzie
Florence	Elizabeth Mears
Dorothy	Mary Lucas
Judy Drummond	Patti Harrold
Nathan Gridley	James Seely
Mathew Lethbridge	Redfield Clarke

Musical comedy took possession of the boards on the Hollis Street Theatre stage last evening when John Henry Mears presented his new musical comedy "Judy" which was written by Mark Swan. The production has not seen Broadway yet, having played in Brooklyn during the past week, and with two weeks in Boston to warm up as it were for the Broadway premier.

The story of "Judy Drops In" tells of the charming young lady who is brought into the midst of four jolly good fellows, tenants of a rooming house in New York Greenwich Village. A cruel step-father has turned her out and what is the poor girl to do? Through an arrangement with a kind hearted landlady, Mrs. Maguire (you could tell she was Irish, because she carefully pronounced "thim" and said "faith" and "begorra"), she is allowed to stay and cook for the boys, who all fall in love with her. And of course in the end she finds she loves the chap who dares not tell her of his devotion.

Mr. Mears's production is excellent throughout. Patti Harrold, remembered by Boston audiences for her "Irene," is a delightful little heroine. There is a simplicity and directness about her work that is a decided contrast to the studied ways of most musical comedy ladies. Robert Armstrong does the hero. He was in the New York company of "Is Zat So" last season. His engaging personality and ability as a comedian make up in some measure for his lack of singing voice and ease in dancing. George Meeker stood out as a very engaging juvenile with a sure comedy sense.

And the Twelve Jay Walkers deserve a paragraph to themselves also. Specialty dancers are being concentrated upon, and each of these girls won her title easily last evening. They cartwheeled together, they stomped surely and firmly, and the audience was enthusiastic. Frank Beaton stopped the show with his intricate "hoofing." Bobby Connolly staged these dances. Lyrics from the pen of Leo Robin, music by Charles Rosoff, settings by P. Dodd Ackerman, and staging by John Hayden. The music is tuneful and fits in appropriately to the various situations. "Wear Your Sunday Smile" will probably be the hit, while "Doo!n' the Stomp" and "Pretty Little Stranger" can stand a little humming.

All in all, "Judy" is a modest, unassuming little comedy, with everything in it that the most particular musical comedy devotees could desire. Broadway should welcome it with open arms.

'MICHAEL STROGOFF'

Boston had an opportunity yesterday of seeing what French producers could do in the way of filming a large-scale picture. It was in Jules Verne's "Michael Strogoff," that melodrama of

Iranias, which was the Boston Theatre way back in the '80's. The picture, which was its first New England showing at the New Park Theatre, was the play again, with sundry variations, modifications and simplifications. It was very much below par, according to American film standards. It was a piece of patchwork, with its continuity badly fractured in many places and a motive which, starting gallantly, petered out sadly toward the end.

The story is simple enough. It is of Michael Strogoff, the courier of Czar, who is sent from St. Petersburg to Irkutsk, in Siberia, to warn the duke, in command of the garrison, that the Tartars are invading the country under command of one Colonel Ogareff, a traitor who seeks revenge. Michael's adventures in carrying out this commission provide the theme. He falls in love on the way, has kinds of hairbreadth escapes, is captured, ostensibly blinded, kills his enemy—Ogareff—in a tremendous rough and ready scrap, raises two complete sets of whippers and finally reaches the duke. This latter feat is merely a gesture, as the traitor is already dead. The Tartars are whipped and the grand duke, if he has a grain of intelligence, needs no further information.

The highwater mark of the show is, of course, the spectacle of Michael Strogoff, bound to a post, in the presence of the grand khan and all his harem, court, blinded by the application of a red hot saber blade to his eyes. However, the tears which had come at the sight of his mother's sufferings—she has been made a prisoner, too—save his pupils from the searing blade. He covers his sight, which he uses to good advantage when he encounters Ogareff in a duel to the death. This opens in Irkutsk, where the traitor, med with the captured letter of the czar, has pretended to be the real ruler, and plots to deliver the town to the enemy.

The Grand Khan's camp, its colorful festivities, its throngs of Tartar warriors, its exhibitions of horsemanship, its dancing girls, its general magnificence, is a real masterpiece of color photography. Incidentally, the Grand Khan himself is a delight.

Another stirring episode is the battle between the Russians and Tartars at Omsk, the scene having been enacted, according to the program, in Latvia, by several divisions of troops placed at the disposal of the producers by the Latvian government. They put much spirit into their charges and counter charges. The grand ball at the Czar's palace, with the non-reversing waltz, also filmed well. Still another bit that calls for commendation was the representation of the d'Albion visions of the hunted Strogoff while he lay wounded among the river reeds.

But as for the lesser incident it conspicuously lacked in the deftness and surety to which we are accustomed in an American production. It lagged and

it limped. Sometimes it went too fast and sometimes retarded to the verge of exasperation. Often it was positively clumsy. At a scene supposed to be pathetic near the close, the audience frankly laughed. The French have a long way to go before they can equal the technical accomplishments of the Hollywood experts.

The cast was made up of foreign-named actors. Ivan Moskine was a sufficiently good melodramatic hero and the others were competent and no more. The producers were lavish in their stage appointments, with some very cheap stuff—such as the burning of the oil-covered river—sandwiched between. The question left unanswered in the mind of more than one spectator was whether or not the whiskers worn by the Czar were artificial or a product of nature.

J. E. P.

Jan 19 1927

The passionate collectors of first editions despise reprinted books, unless by manner of paper, print, illustrations the new book has an individual, peculiar value. Those who purchase books to read them, and not with an eye to a future sale, are well pleased when they can renew acquaintance with an author at a reasonable price. The later edition is often better printed, easier to the eye, lighter in the hand, than the original.

In London there is a new and cheap edition of Sheridan Le Fanu's "Uncle Silas." We read this creepy story years ago in the large octavo paper edition of novels published by Harper and Brothers. The Manchester Guardian, reviewing the new edition, found that the terror inspired by the reading is due to the leisurely manner in which the story is told, the slow crescendo, the long continued suspense. Would the story now raise gooseflesh on the reader

of the old Czar? There are other stories by Le Fanu one would not care to read alone at night with the wind howling, the windows rattling, strange creaking of stairs, and the feeling that some one, or some thing, is about to turn the door knob.

On the table are some books now reprinted by E. P. Dutton & Co. Two are by Leonard Merrick: "The Man Who Understood Women, and Other Stories," with a preface by W. J. Locke, and "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." Mr. Locke discourses on the difference between the novel and the short story, "two entirely distinct artistic expressions." He evidently prefers Kipling's short stories to his novels; "we would not measure Guy de Maupassant's greatness by 'Une Vie' or 'Mont Oriel.'" Yet only Maupassant could have written "Bel Ami." Is Mr. Locke justified in treating Thackeray's few short stories so cavalierly? Has he nothing to say in praise of "Dennis Haggarty's Wife"? He is on safer ground when he declares that Balzac the short story writer is as great as Balzac the novelist; he has the courage to say that the "Contes Drolatiques" alone would have brought Balzac fame. He follows this by an allusion to Stevenson, and thinks that Mr. Merrick is gifted with the double faculty.

We first read Mr. Merrick's novels and tales in the handy Tauchnitz edition, a long time before William D. Howells, an intrepid, but belated discoverer, wrote about him enthusiastically. We cannot understand why appreciation of Mr. Merrick's indisputable talent was so long delayed in England and this country. Perhaps because in his short stories he is often whimsical; perhaps because his gentle irony, his disregard of the conventions disquieted the great majority. In the volume now before us, "The Child in the Garden" and "The Bishop's Comedy" no doubt shocked stanch English hellevers in the sanctity of the clergy, for, unlike Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Merrick does not stand in awe of a bishop. As for the Rev. Aloysius Chayles, was it possible that his child, "who, playing in the garden tilted his straw hat like a sombrero and stuck a popgun in his sash, could have had an Italian bandit for his father? Did the clergyman's betrothed forget him when she was in the bandit's cave? Aloysius remarks humorously that 'a little brigand is inappropriate to a vicarage garden.' And the lady's eyes are wide."

Mr. Merrick never surpassed his "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." Some prefer "The Actor Manager," but next to "Conrad" for a study of human nature we should put "The Quaint Companions," in which miscegenation is the theme, as it is in one of his tales, terrible in its pathos. Conrad's series of adventures is really a set of short stories. Who has not had a wild desire to see after many years the sweethearts of his youth? Who, meeting them, has not thanked his stars for his escape, or been filled with wild regret? Here, as in other novels and tales, Mr. Merrick portrays unerringly, with a broad brush, or a few suggestive strokes, the vulgarity of many lives; here he also can portray delicately the capriciousness of a fair woman. Why, O why, was Conrad asleep when Mrs. Adelle gently opened his door? Would he be happy at the end with Rosalind? He had made the great discovery that "a man is young as often as he falls in love. That Rosalind had beauty was an irrelevance. Again, to her lover a woman is what she makes him feel. Whether she is fair or ill-favored, whether she is worthy or worthless, whether she is formed like Venus, or clasps him in arms as thin as penholders, to him she is supreme, and while he adores her, he is young."

"Conrad in Quest of His Youth" should be placed next to Thomas Hardy's "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved" on a shelf within easy reach.

Those who find delight—and they are many—in the books of W. H. Hudson will welcome E. P. Dutton & Co.'s new and cheaper edition of "A Hind in Richmond Park," one of the volumes that come under the head of "Reminiscences of a Naturalist." Let no one be mistaken; this is not exclusively a "natural history" book. There are pages about the wind—its quarrel between it and women, and there is a singularly eloquent description of a woman contest with her old hated enemy on the Cornish coast—a quarrel that has existed "as long as a costume only suitable for indoor life has been worn out of doors," pages about thought-transference, the

sense of smell in man—is this sense of adolescent? Spiritual scents—many pages about the migration of birds, butterflies, spiders—sleeping north and south—terrifying effects of sound—as a child killed by the sound of a sneeze. The praise of the ass, "the incarnation of patient merit," but Hudson was not the first in praise, there is an old book in Latin on this subject.

Was Hudson more fortunate than Samuel Butler in his pages about music? Hudson goes back to the palaeolithic man who "probably had teeth-grashing musical performances." He believes that music in man had its origin in "the emotional sounds emitted by the human and semi-human species of the Pliocene before articulate speech was invented. In other words, the root is the same in all mammals, man included." This definition pleases him: "Music is essentially a refined and beautiful expression of all emotions common to all men in all stages of life; that because of this origin its appeal is universal, its hold on us is so powerful." Especially interesting is his treatment of the relationship between poetry and music. Quoting poems by Poe and lyrics by Tennyson, he says: "It seems incredible that any of these poems, and others which produce a like effect, should have tempted any composer to 'set the words to music.' He who would do such a thing, however eminent in his own art of music, is ignorant of the meaning of poetry at its best. That which is perfect is perfect and cannot be bettered. You cannot improve a statue of Phidias by dressing it in silks and embroidery." Yet we find Hudson insisting that one perfect example of the union of words

and music is found in the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray"; he gives the reasons for his opinion, adding that "the only song of the 19th century to be mentioned in the same breath is 'Swanee River'; but what does he mean by saying that the latter 'has now been banished'?"

Musical composers and performers are bad judges in this matter. "Simply because they can't escape the distorting reflex effect on the mind of a life vocation. Music comes first with the musician; when music and poetry are joined, the former must be the predominant partner." He argues that sounds produced solely for their own sake, for pleasure, are the beginnings of instrumental music in both men and the lower animals; he finds the piano lacking expression, "the human associations of the sound." Let us close this scanty note on a remarkable book by quoting a noble passage: "Listening to great music my feet are off the ground. I float away as in the dream called levitation, and am in another realm far removed from earth, inhabited by beings who were once of the earth. I hear them, a great company, coming toward me, singing and chanting as they come, and recognize in their clarified and infinitely beautiful voices the voices that were once of earth, and in their singings hear their memories of the earth."

GILBERT ROSS

Gilbert Ross, violinist, with the help of Edward Harris, pianist, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall.

If it is true that a man is known by the company he keeps, surely a musician's quality may be predicted, to a considerable extent, by the music he elects to play—and somewhat, too by what he will have none of.

Here was Mr. Ross last night, for instance, setting forward a recital program free of Saint-Saens's B minor concerto, Lalo's Spanish symphony, arrangements by Kreisler, Bach sonatas unaccompanied, and parade pieces by Paganini or Wieniawski. From what he turned his back on, it would be safe to guess that Mr. Ross cannot abide what is hackneyed, that he appreciates a concerto's proper place, and that he is not partial to display.

To turn to evidence positive rather than presumptive, this is what Mr. Ross chose to play: the Brahms D minor sonata; a set of pieces by Albert Spalding called "Etchings"; Chausson's poem; a prelude by Samuel Gardner; by Glazunov a "Grand Adagio"; a Tchaikovsky waltz arranged by himself; and, to end with the expected flourish, Sarasate's Gypsy Airs—a program planned by a sound musician, the evidence strongly suggests.

A sound musician he is, young Mr. Ross, no doubt about it, and one of taste and refinement. He showed himself sensitive last night to the individual line of Brahms' melody; freely he let it sing—best of all the adagio—with very beautiful tone. Of Brahms' complicated rhythm he likewise showed himself a master. More agreeably still, because with a nearer approach to ardor, he played the lovely Chausson poem, music of which he evidently felt

the poetic charm.

Perhaps it was, though, in Mr. Spalding's odd little pieces—pieces by turns attractive, far-fetched and trivial—that Mr. Ross showed most promise, for here he showed the strongest indications of imagination and characterizing power. Of the best of them he made much; of the least he made what he could.

It cannot be said, with truth, that at present Mr. Ross has the faculty to stir the heart to the core. Perhaps he will acquire that power with time. Already, though very young, he has achieved much—through musicianship, fine taste, and an excellent technique that includes strong and sweet, though not widely varied, tone. Thus well equipped, and blessed furthermore with a quality

of charm, Mr. Ross ought to become, with further experience, a violinist of consequence.

He had with him last night, in Mr.

Harris, an excellent pianist, who failed to do himself full justice because he could play with the piano lid closed.

R. R. G.

Jan 20 1927

Some one asked not long ago: "What has become of Mme. Lipowska, whose portrayal of Lakme and other roles delighted the audiences in the early years of the Exton opera company, and where is George Copeland, the pianist?"

Mme. Lipowska, having given recitals in eastern countries as China and India, returned to Europe. Last month she took the part of Gilda at the Paris Opera. Henri de Curzon wrote in the Menestrel (Dec. 24): "We have greatly enjoyed her light and pearly voice." It seems that "Rigoletto" on that occasion was sung in Italian, though there was no Italian in the cast.

Mr. Copeland, the excellent pianist, who apparently now lives in European cities, advertised a concert with Elizabeth Day, a singer, to take place at the Salle Gaveau, Paris, on the 17th of this month. His program comprised pieces by Arne, Bach, Grieg, Chopin, Ravel, Satie, Debussy, Albeniz, Mompou, de Falla, Granados, Lecuona. Miss Day was to sing songs by Morley, Arne, Brahms, Debussy; also a set of Spanish folk songs arranged by J. Nin and accompanied by him.

The program of the Symphony concerts this week, as it now stands, is as follows: Handel, Grosso Concerto, B minor, No. 12; Bach, Concerto for solo violin, two flutes and strings; Suite in F major by Roussel; and Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy." Roussel's Suite, one of his latest works, was composed expressly for the Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony orchestra. It is in three movements. Handel's Concerto has not been played at these concerts since April 8, 1905, when Mr. Gericke was the conductor. Bach's Concerto is probably unknown to the Symphony audience. It is the fourth of the Brandenburg set, and is noteworthy for the conspicuous part taken by the solo violin. To Spitta, the long-winded biographer of Bach, the slow movement, "a beautiful and grave piece, in mournful measure" seemed music for a funeral procession. This concerto was performed by the Philadelphia orchestra on Dec. 30, 31 of last year.

The Flonzaley quartet at its concert tonight in Jordan hall will play only music by Beethoven: Quartets, F minor, op. 95; E minor, op. 59, No. 2, and the String Trio, C minor, op. 9, No. 3 (Messrs. Pochon, Moldavan and d'Archaubeau).

A concert for the benefit of the Home for Homeless Russian Boys at St. Cloud, France, will be given in Repertory hall, 264 Huntington avenue, tonight, at 8:30 P. M., under the auspices of the Russian Club of Boston. Mme. Olga Aviereno, soprano, will sing the Complaint of Iroslavna from "Prince Igor," Glere's "Nightingale" and a song by Dargomizsky. Frances Marie Callow, harpist, will play Renic's Contemplation, a Bourree by Bach, Debussy's Clair de Lune, a 16th century air arranged by Perilhou, Zabel's La Source. Paul Fedorovsky, violinist, will play the Hymn to the Sun from "Le Coq d'Or," and Novacek's Perpetuum Mobile. Leon Vartanian has chosen his own Prelude and March Grotesque for piano, and an arrangement of Rubinstein's Lesinka. Miss Callow and Messrs. Fedorovsky and Vartanian will play the Meditation from "Thais." Afterward there will be Russian Folk songs and dances.

There will be dancing till 1 A. M.

Next Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Jordan hall, Gil Valeriano, a Spanish tenor, will sing groups of French, Italian and Spanish songs.

The death of Carlotta, crazed widow of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, reminds one that she is a leading character

ter in Franz Werfel's play, "Juarez and Maximilian." Werfel describes it as a "Dramatic History in Three Phases (13 Scenes)." This play was brought out at Reinhardt's Theatre in Vienna on May 26, 1925. When it was played at the Guild Theatre, New York, on Oct. 11, 1926, Alfred Lunt took the part of Maximilian, Clare Eames that of Carlotta. Juarez does not appear on the stage in Werfel's play. Maximilian is represented as a martyr of his time; a romantic, liberally minded man, wishing to benefit the Indians by his reforms; but they prefer Juarez, who demands their right to be free from foreign interference.

Werfel was not the first to base a play on this Mexican tragedy. On Nov. 27, 1866, a play, "Maximilian," was produced at the New Stadt Theatre, New York, for the benefit of Otto von Hoym, who took the part of the Emperor. The author was Dr. Krack of New York. In 1861 he aided in raising the 42d regiment of New York volunteers and was captain of company H. He was wounded and taken prisoner at White Oak Swamp, Va., in 1862. Having been exchanged, he reappeared in New York at the Old Stadt in the season of 1862-3. Returning to Saxony, his native country, in 1868, he died at Darmstadt in 1870 when on his way to Auerbach. His "Maximilian" attracted much attention at the time.

Several concerts are announced for next Sunday afternoon. Mr. Rachmaninoff will play in the afternoon at Symphony hall (3:30 o'clock). The People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Mason, conductor, will give a concert in Jordan hall at 3:30 o'clock. The Boston Flute Players' Club will give a concert at the Boston Art Club at 3:30; music by Brahms, Roussel, Jongen, and songs by Slonimsky, sung by Gertrude Ehrhart. The Boston Philharmonic, Mme. Leginska, conductor, has announced a concert in the Boston Opera House. At the Barn, 36 Joy street, 4 o'clock, James E. Downs will sing negro spirituals under the auspices of the Boston Stage Society.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, will give a concert next Monday night in Symphony hall: Walton, overture, "Portsmouth Point"; Vaughan Williams, Norfolk Rhapsody No. 1; Achron, Concerto for violin; Schumann, Symphony No. 1, Mr. Achron, a Russian violinist of high reputation in European countries, whose home is now in New York, will be the soloist.

Concerts next week in Jordan Hall, Tuesday evening, James R. Houghton, baritone. Thursday evening, Hans Ebbl, pianist, and Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano. Saturday morning, 11 A. M., Ernest Schelling's concert for children. Saturday afternoon, Irene Scharrer, pianist.

Let a composer of some style and erudition come to musical comedy and put forward his best arts toward making it as finished in craftsmanship as he is able, and somebody in this "land without music"—as England has been called by a German writer—will for certain protest that the musical comedy in question has a score "rather too serious." Even Sullivan, until recently, has rarely been given his due freedom in the performances of Savoy opera; he has frequently been denied an adequate orchestra; moreover, the comic men on the stage have not scrupled occasionally to crack their wheezes and raise discordant laughter during the playing of charming music. We have, indeed, encouraged them. When a light opera is brought to this country from Vienna it usually happens that a "funny" part is written by some wag in Shaftesbury avenue for one of our broadest comedians. There might be no great harm in that. But we are not, as a people, content that the comedy we put into Viennese operette shall remain "in character" and observe the general style of the work. No; our funny man is more often than not allowed to rule the roost and cackle the composer off the stage.—Manchester Guardian.

CLARA HASKIL

Clara Haskil, a pianist from Roumania, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall, her second appearance in Boston, she having played in Steinert hall a matter of two years ago. She was applauded with unusual warmth by an exceptionally large audience.

Since she began her program with the Busoni arrangement of Bach's Chaconne, with Schumann's "Kinderszenen" to follow, Miss Haskil set herself a hard task. Pianists may note on that Busoni Chaconne; they seem to. But the public like it far less well; it is not often, indeed, that one finds anybody, not a professional performer, who can put up with it at all—though one accomplished musician swore last night he did not object to it much, since at

least it sounds like a good deal as when violinists are hacking their hard way through it.

Though his reasoning is sound enough, it does not follow that a young pianist shows good judgment when she undertakes to play a work, to make which tolerable, let alone effective, would tax the powers of Rosenthal himself. Miss Haskil at present lacks the ability to set forth the bare design of a great Bach work in the way all musicians agree is requisite, however widely they may vary in their views as to the degree of warmth and color legitimate in addition.

Even if Miss Haskil really appreciated Bach's design, she could hardly present it clearly, because of her weakness in the matter of accent. A course of study would do her good under the system taught by Sir Alexander Mackenzie in a young ladies' seminary. He sat eight young women down at eight pianofortes, and started them off to play a piece in unison. If one damsel fell out of beat the master was there to know the reason why. Though he did not recommend the system, Sir Alexander claimed for it good results in rhythm.

In its different way Miss Haskil undertook even more exacting music in Schumann's Childhood Scenes. The melodic sense they demand, the power to manage inner voices becomingly! Even granting the needful poetic imagination—and this is not to be taken for granted readily—only a pianist of

the utmost technical dexterity can turn these phrases aright and apply the fitting delicate shades and colors.

With a Brahms Intermezzo, a Chopin nocturne and a ballad, Miss Haskil was more successful. She is without a doubt a pianist of great talent, but at present she seems not to have made the most of her talent. In two years' time she has gained the most in tone.

For her final group last night, Miss Haskil planned to play Debussy's "Poissons d'Or," "Le Gibet" and "Jeux d'Eau" by Ravel and "Lesghinka" by Liapunov.

R. R. G.

Jan 21 1927

Mr. Poultney Bigelow, reviewing in his delightfully breezy manner "Secret and Confidential," by Brig.-Gen. W. H. H. Waters, quotes in the N. Y. Sun, Gen. Waters's remark about William Hohenzollern: "He was not likely to be convinced by my reasoning, but he was quite a patient listener."

Mr. Bigelow makes this comment: "Roosevelt was exactly the opposite—enormous mouth but ears only for adulation."

We have not seen in print any notice of the death of W. H. Cudworth, a contributor to this column. L. B. White of Norwood writes that Mr. Cudworth died of pneumonia, following an operation for laryngitis on Jan. 13. Mr. Cudworth, a man of scholarly tastes, translated and published the Odes of Horace. He was a proofreader for the Plimpton Press. He was an agreeable, interesting companion.

EARLY FUNDAMENTALISTS

A correspondent sends us a clipping from an old religious paper found at Greenfield:

"Back in 1828 the school board of Lancaster, Ohio, refused to permit the use of the schoolhouse for the discussion of the question as to whether or not the railroads are practical. The action of the Lancaster board is emphasized in their reply to the request:

"You are welcome to use the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads, telegraphs and impossibilities are rank infidelity. There is nothing in the word of God about them. If God had designed that his intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of 15 miles per hour by steam, he would have clearly foretold through his holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell!"

ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

As the World Wags:
Al called me up and said being that his other 99 per cent. was out for the evening, that I should come over, as his home brew had become of age; so I ankles-over to Al's house and Al had sprinkled sawdust all over the kitchen floor and laid out a free lunch on the sink just to get the proper atmosphere, and we filled up the ole tin can with home brew just for ole times' sake, and after the can got circulating freely, Iko air in a vacuum cleaner, we rendered a few bars of "Sweet Adeline," me singing tenor, and then Al got inspired and insisted on doing imitations of his wife's mother, and then we did another daily dozen with the can and while Al was giving an imitation of his wife's mother eating toast without her store teeth I looked up and saw Al's wife standing in the door, only she looked like twins to me and I says, Al, your wife's here, and

Al says, she's waiting for me, and then I got sorta blank, and while I know home brew has a helluva kick I'm wondering what Al put in that stuff that raised a lump over my left eye. Al knows, but he ain't saying nuthin.

THE OLE SKATE.

A LINCOLN CENTENNIAL

As the World Wags:

Maine has had a Lincoln centennial, the 1st of January being the 100th anniversary of the beginning of the term of Enoch Lincoln, the fourth Governor of this state. A Brookline reader of The Herald writes me, asking the date of Lincoln's resignation as a Maine congressman to accept the governorship, and the exact wording of his letter of resignation. No biographical sketch that I can find gives these details, but the main facts in the history of the statesman are very interesting. He belonged to the long and illustrious line of Lincolns of Massachusetts, embracing Benjamin, a revolutionary general; Levi, first United States attorney-general and Governor of Massachusetts; Levi, 2d, judge, congressman and Governor of Maine, and Enoch, congressman and Governor of Maine. Enoch was quite a poet, too, having written of the Saro river in verses of 2000 lines. Query: What would he and his Muse have done with one of our long rivers like the Kennebec and Penobscot? G. A. E.

MODERNIZED MYTHOLOGY (MERCURY)

By SNOWSHOE AL.

I have kum akross meny a dam llar in my day, but tha bimbo hoo recorded tha doings uv Mercury must have did it wile under tha influence uv a couple uv oplum sandwiches followed by a overdose uv Cicero Cider. Mercury wuz born in a cave. About 5 minits after he wuz born he crawled nimble akross tha floor uv that cave, grabbed a tortoise shell an' started tuh play tunes on it. Hi muther, realizing that she had give birth tuh a vaudeville star er sumthin else in tha undesirable line, bekalm discouraged, so she smacked him between tha ears with a brick bungalow er sumthin solid substance an' left him ther tuh eether recover er decay, as tha kum mite be.

Mercury recovered consciousness short time later an' discovered that he wuz hungry. By this time he must have bin at least 2 hours old, so he rushed forth, swiped 50 cows wot belonged tufe a gink named Apollo, an' drove 'em off. Then he is serposed tuh have ate 2 uv tha cows an' crawled back intuh his little cradle! Apple-grease! After eating them 2 cows Mercury kood have used the cradle fer a watch charm.

Apollo kums intuh tha cave lookin' fer tha bozo wot snatched all his beefsteak, so Mercury pretends he is asleep. Apollo shakes him rudely, so tha infant rustler opened his little eyes, smiled sweetly, an' sez "Goo."

"Goo hell!" sez Apollo; "wah is my fifty walking milk wagons?"

"No savvy," sez little Merc.

"Never mind tha bull," sez Apollo, "wair's tha cows?"

"Goo," sez Merc.

Apollo grabbed him by his little undershirt, tossed him intuh a baby carriage an' wheeled him over tuh a justice uv the piece wair Merc admitted he had hid tha uthar 48 contented cattle in tha spare bed room so in kase he got hungry during tha nite he kood bump off tha hole dam bunch an' malk hisself a sandwich.

At this point there wuz 4 pages missing from tha book on Mythology wot I wuz reeding, fer wich I hepe yew are indeed grateful.

THA DUKE ON THA B & C RESOLVE ON ECONOMICS

As the World Wags:

Now that "National Turkey Hash and Fried Mash Potato Week" is over, I figured as how it was time to sit down with tha B and C an talk over money matters fer 1927. We got in mind the scraping together of a 500 buck 1st payment with wich to buy us a bungalow on the andstall meant plan. She agrees to turn down those knife and fork relays-shuns of hers, if they write theyre coming, also to have her last years dresses made over, an to can tha dinge that comes in once a week to break nick nacks an wash windows. Also she promises not to bid a no trump without an ace or two in her own hand. I gotta out out likker wich it looks like I will hafta keep it at tha office, quit riding in taxi cabs, that means stopping a block from the house and no more lodge meetings, they will be called office overtime from now on. Ennyway if she goes through with her end we will have enough kale by tha end of tha year so I cant see why I should be to damn particular. Well we shook hands on tha resolutions and everything looks Jake and what do ya think, this morning theres a note on the breakfast table to bring home 50 bucks, as she wudn miss the January linen sales for ennything.

DUKE BAKRAK.

FLONZALEYS PLAY

The Flonzaley Quartet gave a concert in Jordan hall yesterday evening. The all-Beethoven program comprised the quartet in F minor, Op. 95, a string trio in C minor, Op. 9, No. 3, and the quartet in E minor, the second in Op. 59.

The program was wisely ordered, opening as it did with the opus 95, for fresh listeners can follow many a passage that baffles jaded ears. This quartet might easily be conceded the first place in all the literature. It stands in the transition between the mature, vigorous, but still earthly Beethoven of the middle period, and the demigod who later reached into the infinite and drew out works almost beyond mortal experience. Here the long elaboration of cadence—such as the molto adagio of the E minor—never imposes on patience. A wonderful symmetry is maintained under a very fluent treatment of form.

The string trio is a combination pretty generally neglected. Here, the omission of a second violin thins the ensemble to translucence. Each player has a solo voice unduplicated. In the performance, Mr. Betti retired, and his fine silky tone was indeed noticeably missed. There were a few hints of the great Beethoven in this trio—it is vastly better stuff than his early piano sonatas—and an evident mastery of all the art of writing.

The program closed with the second quartet of Opus 59, a favorite with these players. They played up to their standard of complete perfection through the evening. True, Mr. Pochon has not the smooth velvet tone of Mr. Betti, but that helps individualize the two violins. The 'cello may have been at times slightly over-refined—the viola deserves nothing but the highest praise. The ensemble effect was never over-refined. There was vigor where too often players err toward roughness; indeed, some of the sforzandi did seem on the verge of scraping.

The audience did not fill the house—it took courage to venture out in last night's weather—but the applause was that reserved entirely for the great. Perhaps fortune will smile on the Flonzaleys at their next two concerts, instead of weeping.

W. A. C.

RUSSIAN CLUB IN BENEFIT CONCERT

At Repertory hall last night a concert was given under the auspices of the Russian Club of Boston by Paul Fedorovsky, violinist; Frances Marie Callow, harpist; Olga Avierino, soprano, and Leon Vartanian, pianist. The concert was for the benefit of the home for homeless Russian boys at St. Cloud, France. It was followed by dancing.

Mr. Fedorovsky, who is a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra, played Kreisler's transcription of the "Hymn to the Sun," from "Le Coq d'Or," and Novacek's "Perpetuum Mobile." With Miss Callow he played the "Meditation," from "Thais."

Miss Callow made her first appearance in Boston. Her part of the program included Renie's "Contemplation," a Bach Bourree, Debussy's "Clair de Lune," a 16th century song arranged by Perillou, "La Chanson de Guillot Martin," and Zabel's "La Source." The Bach in particular showed her possessed of considerable skill and fine taste.

Resplendent in a Russian boyard costume of the 15th century, Mme. Avierino sang Yaroslava's Lament, from the opera by Borodin, "Prince Igor." To this she added Gilere's "Nightingale" and Dargomizsky's "Song."

Mr. Vartanian served as accompanist and also gave a solo group for the piano including two of his own compositions, a prelude and marche grotesque, and the Rubinstein-Ziloti "Les-gliska."

Of special interest were the Russian folk music and dances which closed the program. In these, Miss Liza Bazarowa danced and Miss Stella Robertson sang, while Mrs. Natalie Berestneff played the piano and Mr. Boris Berestneff played the ballalalka.

Many encores were requested.

Jan 22 1927

13TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso in F major, No. 12; Bach, Brandenburg Concerto, No. 4, G major, for violin, two flutes and strings; Roussette in F major (first performance Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstasy").

Whenever we hear one of Handel's concertos we realize the justice of J. T. Runciman's characterization of it

composer, "Mr. George Frideric Handel by far the most superb personage meets in the history of music." And he "lived his life straight through in a grand manner," he also wrote in a grand manner.

It was interesting to note yesterday a contrast between the concertos by Handel and Bach. In each work there is a "concertino" or group of solo instruments: in Handel's, two violins and a violoncello, played yesterday by Messrs. Burgin, Theodorowicz and Beatti; in Bach's, a solo violin and two flutes (Messrs. Burgin, Laurent and Beatti). There the resemblance ceases. There is difference in manner of workmanship, as there is in mood and spirit. The grand style is evident throughout Handel's music; the concerto of Bach more in the manner of a chamber work. Handel is authoritative, sure of himself, exulting in his strength. What he has to say is worth saying; when he has said his say, he stops. The performance of the solo players in Handel's concerto was worthy of all else. It was not their fault that the music for them seemed inconsequential, terminable chatter; pattern music, music written by the yard; music that might have stopped anywhere after a dozen or more measures, or gone on for half an hour. Handel, with the simplest means, produced music of astonishing vitality. What other composer has composed a slow movement full of enormous beauty, at once majestic and tender, as that in his 12th concerto, which for some unaccountable reason is seldom played? Note, too, the transitional slow movement just before the fugue finale is attacked. And after the performance of "The Poem Ecstasy," the one abiding memory is that of Handel's music as interpreted, also in the grand and simple manner, by Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, always fortunate in his reading of 18th century music, fully answered the demand of Johann Roland with regard to the performance of Handel's instrumental works: "When you have studied with the care each detail, obtained from the orchestra an irreproachable precision, tonal purity, and finish, you will have done nothing unless you have made the face of the improvising genius rise from the work."

Roussel's Suite for full orchestra was composed last year expressly for the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky, to whom the score is dedicated. Roussel had no literary program in mind while he was writing the suite. To use his own words it is "de musique pure."

The musical idiom of this composer, enclosed in works that have been performed in Boston, has been to us as a foreign tongue, except possibly in "The Elder's Festival," which was written for a ballet for the stage. French critics admire his compositions; Mr. Koussevitzky thinks highly of him. Roussel has been described by M. Coeuroy as "pure music." It has been said that his soul, wishing to be only tenderness and modesty, "palpitates" in his more important works. To us these works say contain emotion, but it is as repressed as if Roussel had lived in the new England of the 18th century; as whatever passion ravaged his soul, his music he would be the Spartan; as if, appreciating beauty, he could blush if he were caught in the act of appreciation.

In the Sarabande of this Suite we

and glimpses of the Roussel known to us of old, now imbued with a certain warmth; possessed also by the stately, melancholy mood of the Spanish dance; but in the Prelude and the Gigue, lo, a new Roussel, obviously lively, joyous, laughing as he neatly foots it. Is it possible that he thus thought to please American taste, and wrote the Sarabande to please himself? If in the merry movements he let himself go, he did it as an accomplished musician and a well-bred man. There is no bid for immediate popularity; no deliberate introduction of that which, though common and unclear, would excite noisy applause even from a Symphony audience in Boston.

We all know the devotion and affection shown by Mr. Koussevitzky toward Scriabin living and dead. They worked together, they toured together in Scriabin's life time; how that Scriabin is no more, his former colleague and his still faithful friend delights in paying tribute to his memory. It is not surprising then that Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday gave an extraordinarily eloquent reading of a work, which—no doubt to our misfortune—does not appeal to us. Leaving out of the question the strange inflated poem written by Scriabin for this composition; paying no attention to his theosophic and neoplatonic theories, we cannot admire the musical form, contents, expression.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Prokofiev, Classic symphony (first time in Boston); Aaron Copland, Concerto for piano and orchestra (first performance); Schumann, Symphony, B flat major, No. 1.

One should jest only in the presence of the light minded. There are too many who take things seriously and would have one always speak by the card.

A few days ago T. S. P. commented in this column on the expression "apologia pro sua verba" in a letter written by an editor of the *Crimson* to the Harvard Alumni Bulletin of Dec. 23, page 363—Latin as this editor of the *Crimson* understood it.

We then said that the gifted editor is probably acquainted with Cardinal Newman's "Apologia pro sum vitam," for so this editor would undoubtedly have the title of the famous book.

Lo and behold, an anonymous, signing a letter "Boston University '15," and one "Veritas" of Cambridge write at length to us, saying that "pro" takes the ablative. "Veritas" went to the trouble of quoting the old rhyme beginning "a, ab, abs, absque," etc. It is strange that he did not also quote: "The name of a town used as the limit of motion is put in the accusative," or "Quod, quia, quoniam and quando take the subjunctive to assign a reason doubtfully or on another's authority."

When Artemus Ward lectured in London, the program contained this note: "Mr. Artemus Ward will call on the citizens of London at their residences and explain any jokes in his narrative which they may not understand." If "Boston University '15" and "Veritas" of Cambridge will call at The Herald office on any other Wednesday at 12 o'clock, we shall be happy to explain our little jest, without the use of a Latin grammar, nor need the visitors bring their slates and pencils.

DON JOHN'S SHIPS

The saints of the seas still guard their ships,
Their ships that are deep in the deep
of the seas;
They guard their ships that sailed from Pasajes;
In the deep sea-deep what ships like these?

They will rise, the ships that sailed from Pasajes,
And the swartby sailors with sea-bleached lips
That sank in the deep with Don John's ships;
What ships like Don John's when all ships rise?

The seas they cover, the saints they keep
The ships from Pasajes deep in the deep;
They will awaken, the ships that sleep.

O deep sunk ships! O sea-dim eyes!
Over the sea breaks the great sunrise.

"All-el-ul-a,"

Don John's ships say
In their own port
On Easter day.

R. L. GALES.

Mr. Edward Svihovec, defendant in a suit for separation brought by his wife, Theresa, in New York, said in his answer: "I do not think it is her province to denature whiskey which I drink occasionally."

"Mr. Svihovec is a tombstone sculptor."

XMAS

As the World Wags:

In the most beautiful book in the world, the Book of Kells, written by Irish scholars in the eighth century, and in which surely there is no disrespect, the name of Christ is given as XPI, "and upon it is lavished with all the fervent devotion of the Irish scribe every variety of design to be found in Celtic art, so the name [which is the epitome of his country's faith] is also the epitome of his country's art."

L. X. CATALONIA.

A correspondent sends us a clipping from the New Bedford Standard:

"The condition of _____, who has been seriously ill at his home at _____ with anthologies, died at the home of much improved."

Anthologies do not always bring on fatal results. Prof. Copeland's may be safely recommended, nor will it be necessary for the reader to wear blue glasses.

TENNIS AND DIET

As the World Wags:

I noticed in your valued paper a statement of Dr. Emerson, who gave a lecture on "Diet and Training in Lawn Tennis," that I lost 10 pounds in one match.

That statement is true; it was a match in which I played Kumagai in the hot sun at Newport for three hours. In explaining loss in weight, the only reason I can think of is that it was before pro-

hibition.

In reference to the eating habits of our former champion, Mr. Tilden, I will say that in an unguarded moment, some time ago, I invited him to breakfast, and he ordered a grapefruit, two plates of oatmeal, four pitchers of heavy cream, scrambled eggs and toast, and topped it off with a steak and four cups of coffee. I lost three pounds when I got the check.

HARRY C. JOHNSON.

As the World Wags:

"Watson, what do you make out of this?" Notice on the bulletin board of a suburban church:

Subject of next Sunday's sermon:
Jesus' Idea of Hell
Vested Chorus Choir.

JAMES E. BAGLEY.

CARLOTTA

As the World Wags:

The death of the Empress Carlotta recalls the fact that she is the subject of a beautiful play, "Carlotta," written many years ago by Olive Tilford Dargan, and included in her first volume of plays, "Semiramis and Other Dramas."

Maximilian and Carlotta are presented in an amiable light, but the author's sympathies are wholly with the struggle for Mexican freedom, and the really heroic figure of the play is Juarez.

In a later drama, "The Mortal Gods," Mrs. Dargan again deals with Mexico, presenting the relations between that country and the United States under a thin veil of fictitious names. Both plays are powerful, and have especial interest at the present time.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

As the World Wags:

Is Mrs. Eugene Golightly a "widow by death" or is she living apart from her husband? We think we have found him on the hinter side of the Rockies. He whom we shall call Mr. Golightly was pondering this question: "Volvens multa in mente," if we remember our Virgil: "Would it be proper to offer condolences on the death of the Japanese Emperor to a local Japanese restaurant landlord?"

The momentous question was decided in the negative, because the landlord is a naturalized American.

Sic temper 100%ism.

Idaho.

EASTERN ESAU.

We are happy to say that Mr. Golightly and his wife are on the best of terms; in fact, they employ the same bootlegger, in whom they have full confidence.—Ed.

Americans prefer to like things rather than to dislike them.—Rebecca West.

About nine-tenths of the things an adult does are done because other people do them.—Dr. J. A. Hadfield.

Gil Valeriano Gives Pleasure to Large Audience

Gil Valeriano, a tenor from Spain, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, to the accompaniment of Alice Valden: O del mio amato ben, Donaudy; Sel mia gloria, Handel; Chi Sa, d'Attri; Cicerenella, Italian Folk Song; Aubade, Lalo; Si tu le veux, Koehlin; Les Cloches, Debussy; Walcourt, Szulc; Amor y odio, Granados; Princesita, Padilla; El Espanolito, Penella; Granadinas, Ybarra; Mi Nina, Getuary; Fur Muelk, Franz; Standchen, Strauss; Canzonetta, Loewe; Love Is a Sickness, La Forge.

Mr. Valeriano eo obviously pleased his large audience yesterday far better than falls to the lot of most performers, that it may be worth while, for the good of those performers less favored, to try to find the reasons why.

They are not many; one alone tells the tale of yesterday's success. Mr. Valeriano, if guessing is permissible, likes a certain type of song. Shrewdly arguing that what he likes other people are quite likely to like, too, this wise young man has made much intelligent effort to learn to sing this type of song well.

He has developed his voice and his technique till they serve him adequately. He has given time enough to the tongues to enable him to sing in four languages, as well as in his native Spanish, at all events with distinctness and understanding. To both musical and rhetorical accent has lent thought, to rhythm too, and, in some degree, to the shape of phrases. Then at last, with a capable technique to help, and intelligent study having pointed the way and set certain bounds, Mr. Valeriano has felt free to allow his abounding temperament full play. Since it is real temperament he is blessed with, not a mere nervous excitability, no wonder Mr. Valeriano stirred his hearers to unusual enthusiasm.

To mention one feature more of his wise procedure, Mr. Valeriano provided

himself with a singularly good accompanist, Miss Valden, who, it is clear, nor was not engaged only for the occasion, but knows his ways root and branch. Lilli Lehmann, no mean judge, would have rejoiced in Miss Valden's work—Lilli Lehmann, who made no bones of instructing Walter Damrosch—"Don't watch the score; watch my lips."

Best of all Mr. Valeriano sang, and best of all the audience liked, a group of Spanish songs. Knowing they would like them, Mr. Valeriano chose a program of songs, "Les Cloches" excepted, that he could sing in much the same way, all demanding either fervor, or sentiment mighty sweet, or else those fast chattering words that never fail to amuse. Not once, Debussy again excepted, did he depart from his genre—or if he did, as with the Franz song, he forced the song into his genre. A wiser young man, or one better advised, has seldom sung here in public. And few singers have pleased so well.

Since he did so successfully what he set out to do, there could be small point in disputing about matters of taste and voice production. Mr. Valeriano's singleness of purpose, his energy and his wisdom every singer could copy to advantage.

R. R. G.

PHILHARMONIC IN ITS FIFTH CONCERT

Yesterday afternoon, at the Boston Opera House, Ethel Leginska and the Boston Philharmonic orchestra gave their fifth concert of the season. It was at the end of it, fittingly enough, that they did their most brilliant work, in Wagner's "Rienzi" overture. Conductors all seem to like this piece, the public hears it gladly; only the music critics, apparently, can't put up with it.

One of its themes, there is no denying, is ordinary enough. But a theme it remains, though a common one, so the question comes to mind—does not a poor theme afford a stouter foundation for music than no theme at all? It seemed so yesterday. Wagner's much abused melody, for the matter of that, sounded yesterday very well, Miss Leginska planned the overture so judiciously and brought such spirit to its performance.

Quite as well, and with the simplicity of fine musicianship she laid out the details of Schubert's unfinished symphony. Though the melodies were all suavely sung and the sound staid good, the performance on the whole missed its full effect, probably because strong tone, in its passage from the stage to the house, lost all its elasticity and bite. The same effect of tonal dullness obtained in Wolf-Ferrari's overture to "Susanna's Secret," despite the rhythmic gaiety with which Miss Leginska tossed it off. She played it twice.

Between the symphony and the overture Miss Leginska placed Carlos Salzedo's poem for harp and orchestra, "The Enchanted Isle." Since many of the audience had not the benefit of program books, those listeners had to depend on the quickness of their own imaginations, with the help of the title, to guess at the music's poetic content.

The island, by M. Salzedo's suggestion, would seem to be an arid spot peopled by spirits of a peculiarly malign ingenuity, who, when they chose, could make the spot most displeasing. "Hell is empty," as Ferdinand said of an earlier enchanted island, "and all the devils are here." The isle, none the less, must have had a strip or two of pleasant woodland; so, at least, the music hinted, in a passage suggestive of Siegfried—and the spirits at least mended their ways, to judge from the beautiful sound at the close of the poem, with dazzling shower of tones from the harp.

This poem, to a hearer who knew what it had in mind, might be very well. As music it seemed yesterday a vain thing, with color in plenty to adorn it, but with little substance to adorn Mr. Salzedo, who played the harp part brilliantly, was cordially applauded.

So was the tenor Rafael Diaz, who sang "Onaway" from Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha" and two Strauss songs with orchestra. Though surely not a German, Mr. Diaz sang in the way frequently attributed to German tenors. His enunciation was extraordinarily distinct, and he had ardor in his favor.

The audience was very large.

R. R. G.

RACHMANINOV IN

A. H. Godwin's "Gilbert and Sullivan," published by E. P. Dutton & Company, is a volume of nearly 300 pages written in a high-pitched key of eulogy. It is true that Mr. Godwin in his "Overture" admits that neither man was a genius, but their association "gave the world an art-form that has undeniable genius." He further says that neither one was the superior partner. "Without one another they were men who would have made no supreme reputation."

Mr. Chesterton in his Introduction has more to say about Gilbert than about his co-mate. He argues that the best and most Victorian work of the Victorian age is its satire upon itself. There was a strain of humbug in the age. "The exclamation that a thing is all damned humbug is of the same sort as the exclamation that it is all damned nonsense." English humbug has had that comforting quality of nonsense. He concludes that while "the Idylls of the King," if they were published now would probably not produce the same effect as when they were published then; that Longfellow now would probably not obtain at once his large crowd or Browning his small one—irrespective of inherent merits—the Victorian monument "which best supports and survives the change of fashion, is not the Laureate ode and office any more than the Albert Memorial: it is all that remains of the Savoy opera."

Yes, these operettas still give pleasure in England and in this country. Sullivan's music, except when he falls into rank sentimentalism, is still delightful; Gilbert's whimsicality, topsy-turvy view of life, quips and wheezes still excite laughter, even when some American comedian clowns his part and snaps his fingers at Savoy traditions.

The late John Lane, the publisher, once told us that Gilbert's lines were more quoted in England than those of any author since Shakespeare. Today there is a discordant voice in the chorus of praise. Mr. Ernest Newman maintains that Sullivan was often handicapped by Gilbert. He assails the librettist with the bitterness he displayed towards Paul Whiteman and all makers of jazz. He speaks of the "slow-motion jokes," the "mechanical" wit, the "ponderous" prose, Gilbert's "fatuous self-satisfaction." "Sullivan was too bored with Gilbert in his serious mood to take the smallest trouble." Does Mr. Godwin rhapsodize over Jack Point in "The Yeomen of the Guard"? Mr. Newman speaks of the "shoddy" humor and the "borrowed" pathos; nor does he think highly of the music? "Can it be that in the 'Yeomen' he weakly succumbed to the desire to show that, as his noodle friends assured him, he was capable of something bigger than mere operetta? At any rate here he is complacently turning out second or third-rate stuff in the big style instead of keeping to the smaller style in which he was an unapproachable master. Luckily for us he soon came to his senses—for a time—and a year after the 'Yeomen' produced the incomparable 'Gondoliers.'" Now, when "The Gondoliers" was brought out in Boston at the Globe Theatre, John Stetson, manager, said the title should be the "Gone-Dollars."

Mr. Newman goes so far as to say that Gilbert's middle name "Schwenk" gave him a twist to his mentality; this, in spite of Pierre Bayle's long essay to prove that names could not influence the life or work of man or woman. Yet Swinburne asked how any poet named John Donne could possibly write melodious verse.

Mr. Godwin's book is not of a biographical nature; it is a "critical appreciation" of the operettas, a study of the various characters. He admits that Sullivan was the man who gave the operettas their durability and vitality, but he owed much to Gilbert, for Sullivan had been "in peril of drooping into a sentimental ecclesiastic composer, a pot-boiler of anthems and syrupy hymns." It was Gilbert who prepared the ground work. Mr. Godwin first tells of the plan of the campaign and describes the operettas in briefest outlines from "Thespis" to "The Grand Duke," the fatal thirteenth. A certain judge thought that "Trial by Jury" would bring the Law into disrepute. "Iolanthe" offended a leading newspaper because of its "gibes" at an institution that "many Englishmen admire and the rest are content to tolerate." "The Sorcerer" in Mr. Godwin's opinion is an unequal work, with little merit in the humor or the tunes. "H. M. S. Pinafore" definitely established success. "Iolanthe" is "probably the cleverest." The story of "Princess Ida" is not a good one; "The Mikado" is one of the greatest. Mr. Godwin has nothing but praise for "The Yeomen of the Guard." These operettas are all the "Englishman's Looking Glass," and "The Gondoliers," though the scene is Venice and the characters supposed to be Italian and Spanish, is the most English of all. Probably as Sir Toby Belch of Illyria was English. If these operettas succeeded in the United States, it was mainly because of the music, says Mr. Godwin, for much of the humor is incomprehensible. "In a country which is not overrun with convention, which offers no obeisance to rank, and which does not exactly elevate self-depreciation into a national habit, the satire is bound to lose its piquancy." Pooh, Mr. Godwin; likewise, piffle. There were Bunthornes and swooning aesthetic ladies in the United States; also other subjects satirized: Singular appointments to high naval officers, policemen, inefficient military leaders, pride in ancestry, injustice and folly in government, snobbery—were these, are these unknown in this republic?

There are chapters on the development of the "Bab Ballads" into libretto form; on the six best lyrics and the six best tunes; on the love scenes, topical allusions, "choicest literary passages"—pace Mr. Newman—royalties and self-made men—Jack Point has a whole chapter to himself. There are amusing pages "concerning the ladies," drawn by Gilbert from two models: Simpering innocents and man-trapping spinsters. The young maidens with pretty voices are empty headed, terribly conventionally Yum-Yum, Casilda, Patience, Rose Maybud, Elsie Maynard; all of "the clinging type whose sense of decorum is stifling." "You will remember the embarrassment of the daughters of Maj.-Gen. Stanley. Each has taken off a shoe with a view to a paddle, and when a man catches her in this shocking state of deshability, the poor creature hops round on one foot disconcertedly." Patience is a freak, but the most terrible survival is Rose Maybud. Princess Ion stands apart, a classic figure of icy sensibility. Iolanthe, more human, is rather remote and unreal. "To my mind

Gilbert's best-drawn woman is Katisha. She is an unmovable demon, a man-eating tigress after her prey, with the jealousy of a cat, the pite of a viper, and an overbearing manner that can quell a Mikado. But it is her domineering personality that makes her dramatically strong." Yet Gilbert has been censured for ridiculing middle-aged spinsters with hopes—Lady Jane for instance. When Mr. Godwin says of Katisha, "that line about the left shoulder blade that is a miracle of loveliness is surely one of the wittiest things in the opera," one is tempted to cry out: "Let us examine the gentleman's bumps."

A chapter especially interesting to a musician is the discussion of Sullivan's alleged plagiarisms. "He had too many ideas of his own to make him a beggar." Yet he knew the old opera-bouffe, the old madrigalists; he utilized phrases of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Wallase. On one occasion, not mentioned by Mr. Godwin, he helped himself with both hands to Schumann; he cribbed from old folk songs and old airs. "In the drawing-room music in 'Utopia' there is a snatch of 'Johnny, get your gun.'"

Mr. Newman has taken a fiendish delight in suggesting that Sullivan's patter tunes were imitated from Italian light opera music of the late years in the 18th century; that he was indebted especially to Cimarosa. Mr. Newman gives parallel examples in notation that have a strong resemblance. If Sullivan did steal, he stole adroitly, and made good, and often original, use of his plunder, in which he resembled Handel, from whom he in turn borrowed.

There is a short chapter on the Savoyards: George Grossmith, Barrington, Richard Temple, who had the "most perfect all-round equipment," Courtice Pound, Leonora Braham, Geraldine Ulmar, Jessie Bond, Rosina Brandam—names, now, only names; and who remembers George Thorne and Durward Lely?

Were Gilbert and Sullivan unequalled as collaborators in this field? What is to be said of Meilhac and Halevy, who collaborated with the incomparable Offenbach? Gilbert was never as witty as these French librettists in "La Belle Helene," "Barbe Bleue," "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," "La Perichole," "La Vie Parisienne." Offenbach had a finer instinct for the stage than Sullivan; a keener sense of dramatic humor in music; nor did Sullivan ever write so enchanting, tender melodies as "Chanson de Fortunio," "Dites-lui," Perichole's Letter, or the tenor Romance from "La Princesse de Trebizonde."

Mr. Godwin's book will entertain the countless admirers of the Savoy operettas, and lead them to wish for revivals worthy of the old traditions, as the revivals under the management of Winthrop Ames in New York.

P. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Serge Rachmaninoff, pianist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mason, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 3:15 P. M. Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, Mme. Leginska, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 150 Newbury street, Dartmouth street entrance, 3:30 P. M. Boston Flute Players' Club, assisted by Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano; Messrs. Elcus, violin; Lefranc, viola; Zighera, cello; Laurent, flute; Walkener, horn; Sanroma, piano. Brahms's Trio, E flat, op. 40, for piano, violin, horn. Roussel, Joueurs de Flute, for flute and piano (M. de la Pelaudie—first time). Slonimsky, songs for soprano—Autumn, Eternal Silence (translated from the Russian), Silhouettes and La Fuite de la Lune (after Oscar Wilde—first time in Boston). The composer, pianist. Jongen, piano quartet, op. 23.

The Barn, 38 Joy Street, 4 P. M. Negro Spirituals (H. T. Burleigh) sung by James E. Downs, baritone—Green Quaker, accompanist, under the auspices of the Boston Stage Society: I Don't Feel No Ways Tired; 'Tis Me, Oh, Lord; Were You There; Hard Trials; De Gospel Train; My Lord, What a Morning; Peter, Go Ring Dem Bells; Heaven, Go Down Moses; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Bye and Bye, I Want to be Ready.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor; Mr. Achron, solo violinist. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. James R. Houghton, baritone; Reginald Boardman, accompanist. Songs by Russian and American composers. German folk songs and old English songs. A graduate of the University of Iowa, Mr. Houghton studied singing in the East and has been associated as soloist with the Harvard Glee Club.

Symphony Hall, 4 P. M. Children's Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Richard Burgin will conduct. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 4 P. M. Repetition of Tuesday's Children's Concert.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Hans Ebel, pianist; Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano. Piano pieces: Beethoven; sonata, C sharp minor ("Moonlight"); Bach, Prelude and Fugue, B-flat minor (Well Tempered Clavichord); Chopin, Ballade, G minor; Kreisler-Rachmaninoff, Liebeslied (Viennese Waltz); Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12; Songs: Brahms's Wir Wandelten und Botschaft; Saminsky, A Hebrew Lullaby; Ebel, Aus "Pierrot's Marionetten Theatre," and Appassionata; Slonimsky, Autumn; The Eternal Circle; Silhouettes; La Fuite de la Lune (the composer, accompanist).

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 11 A. M. Second of Ernest Schelling's concerts for children. Players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Irene Scharrer, pianist. Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Schumann's Sonata in G minor; Chopin's Barcarolle; Sonata in B flat minor, and certain preludes. Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

Sergei Rachmaninov gave a piano recital in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, playing the following program:

Schubert-Tausig: Andantino and variations; Schubert-Liszt: "Wanderer," fantasia; Brahms: Intermezzo, opus 118, and ballade; Chopin: Rondo, nocturne, waltz; Medtner: "Fairy Tales," F minor and B minor; Rachmaninov: Prelude; Liszt: Rakoczy march.

A crowded hall gave clamorous welcome to Mr. Rachmaninov, returning for his annual recital. As usual, the stage and all available standing room was filled.

The pianist presents little change to eye or ear in the past few years. With his commanding height unbowed, that barely perceptible limp and his pervading world-weary air, he still offers to an

American audience its ideal picture of a gloomy Russian.

The gloom, however, does not extend to his playing. Although not exactly warmy human, he can with his keenly intellectual interpretations rouse an audience to high enthusiasm without performing gymnastics on the keyboard.

Mr. Rachmaninov presented more distinguished programs in the past. This one moved smoothly and uneventfully through the quiet sentiment of one Schubert adaptation and the long-winded wanderings of the second; through the Brahms, in which the pianist appeared at his most eloquent, and the Chopin group; the Medtner fairy tales—the pretty one, opus 26, and the gnomish one, opus 20; one of the preludes with which Mr. Rachmaninov has tried to make amends for that in C sharp minor, and Liszt's Rakoczy March, which closed the program with a brass-band flourish.

There were no encores until after the final group, when Mr. Rachmaninov began with a Chopin waltz and his own transcription of Schubert's "The Brook."

At the close of the program, the entire audience sat solid, with that "C-sharp" minor prelude or stay here all night" ok plain upon their countenances.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon heard the eighth concert of the People's symphony orchestra, Stuart Mason conducting. The program: Mehul, overture "La Chasse du Jeune Henri"; Cecil Burrell, concerto for violin and orchestra No. 3, op. 60 (first time in Boston); Lalo, "Aubade"; Svendsen, "Carnival in Paris."

Mr. Mason had evidently chosen his program from pleasing, not too difficult work. He began with Mehul's overture, "La Chasse du Jeune Henri," a very happy concert overture. Here was opportunity to renew acquaintance with an opera composer whose operas are no longer given. Only overtures and arias keep Mehul and others who share his lot from being names in music history, and nothing more.

Hardly could a more striking contrast be imagined than that between the concerto and the overture that preceded it. Cecil Burrell's third for violin and orchestra, it was here heard for the first time in Boston. It would seem that his two other works in this form might have served him well in avoiding one serious evil—muddy orchestration. Many a climax held grinding, growling roars instead of swelling sonorities; often it seemed as if he din would surely deafen all who heard. Much of the time the inner voices of clarinets and bassoons were quite smothered in the heavy layers of string tone. But one deftness Mr. Burrell displayed: The solo violin always raves above the stormy sound-raves below.

Mr. Gilbert Ross, a young American violinist, gave a very serious interpretation of the concerto. Technically very able his playing suffers from an over-worked, extremely nervous vibrato; an occasional wavering from true intonation would seem to arise from this condition.

Edouard Lalo's Aubade pleased the audience mightily; in it solo wind and reduced strings were to be admired, especially the beautiful tone-quality and balance of the ensemble. The concert closed with Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris," so popular as to find a place on pops programs, and yet well deserving the serious treatment given it by Mr. Mason.

The audience was of fair size, and very enthusiastic in its applause. The program for next Sunday afternoon extends rare promise: Mozart, overture "The Marriage of Figaro"; Handel, concerto for viola and orchestra; Converse, "Glegiac Poem" (first time in Boston); Rubenstein, piano concerto in D minor; Habler, Marche Joyeuse. Walter Poole, viola, and Louis Cornell, pianist, are the assisting artists.

W. A. C.

We spoke not long ago of the hairless dog, "the pig-dog," of Brazil, as used as a foot-warmer in bed. Mr. W. G. alter writes that this slate-colored dog is used in Mexico, not as a hot-water-bottle, but because its warmth supposed to ward off rheumatism. The conflict of testimony is distressing. Perhaps Secretary Kellogg will look into the matter—intervene as it were.

In Central Australia the aborigine women use dogs, native dogs, dingoes, warm the body. "Unlike the women of Brazil, they do not put the animal in their bed, but carry it around with them as they wander in a nude condition during the winter months." "Mingo" The word recalls Ootave Mirau's story of his dog.

The dog has long been valued for its medicinal properties. Old books on natural and unnatural history give strange remedies against all manner of human ills. Did not that wise man Bacon commend for the colic a stomacher of arlet cloth, or young boys or whelps pulled to the belly?

Pliny the Elder, speaking of diseased "innards," wrote—we quote from Philemon Holland's translation—whenever then there shall be pain in these parts or any of them, apply thereto a yong sucking whelp and keep it hard huggled to the place, subtlesso the said griefe will pass

away from the part to the pupple to selfe, as men say . . . As touching the pretty little dogs that our dauntie dames make so much of, called Melitae in Latine, if they be euer and anon kept close vnto the stomache, they ease the paine thereof. And in very truth a man shall perceiue such little ones to be sicke, yea, and many times to die thereupon—whereby it is evident that our maladies passe from vs to them."

Unfortunately there is a dispute over the island of these dogs. Some say it is Malta; others that this Melita is in the Adriatic. Since there is this doubt, it would be advisable to substitute a Maltese cat for the dog.

Searching for some passage of description which for its vividness and emotional import we might call poetry, we are confronted with:

The dark steep roofs chisel
The infinity of the sky;
But the white moonlit gables
Resemble
Still hands at prayer.

The only rejoinder is that they don't. —Sunday Times (London).

I never go to a Kinema, because I am the censor of films.—T. P. O'Connor.

A man may pass a great many years in the House of Lords without being told or finding out what a fool he is.—Lord Newton.

ADD—"THE SIMPLE LIFE"

(From Chekhov's "The Shooting Party")
"Without further reflection, I filled five glasses and emptied them one after another into my mouth. . . . We lunched till 7 o'clock in the evening, when the crockery was removed from the table and dinner was served."

THE OLD TYPHOID BUCKET

As the World Wags:

I have found in an old English publication of songs, covering the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, an anonymous song entitled "The Bucket," which is claimed to be of English origin. These verses appear word for word in "The Old Oaken Bucket" of Samuel Woodworth, who was born in Scituate, Mass., in 1785, and died in New York in 1842. I would appreciate any information from you or your readers who can account for this classification among the songs of England.

EDWARD T. KIRSCHBAUM.

Grafton, N. H.

"DRINKING IN A CELLAR"

As the World Wags:

In your column I note an inquiry from "A. S. K." regarding a song containing the words, "Oh, drinking in a cellar isn't nice!"

Perhaps the gentleman has reference to a touching little song which came out shortly after the 18th amendment went into effect and was entitled "I'll See You in C-U-B-A." This song contained the lines:

"Drinking in a cellar isn't nice.

Any one who has the price

Is turning Cuban.

Have you been?

Longing for that smile

That you haven't had for quite a while?

If you have,

Come with me to Cuba.

The song then gives a charming picture of the joys that await a visitor to our island neighbor and ends with these lines:

"With so much rye and Scotch on the table,
We'll drink till we won't be able
To see you, in C-U-B-A."

If this is the song that "A. S. K." has in mind, perhaps some other reader can supply the rest of the words.

T. E. L.

As the World Wags:

Might not the following song answer "A. S. K.'s" query:

Columbia record: song by Berlin.

"Not so far from here
There's a very lively atmosphere.
Everybody's going there this year,
And there's a reason.

The season opened last July,
Ever since U. S. A. went dry
Everybody's going there
And I'm going home.

CHORUS

I'm on my way to Cuba,
There's where I'm going.
Cuba! There's where I'll stay.
Cuba! where wine is flowing
And there where dark eyed
Bella—like the
Bella—Panaletta

Cuba! where all is happy,
Cuba! where all is gay!
Why don't you plan a
Wonderful trip to Havana
Upon a ship
And I'll see you in C-U-B-A

Take a friend's advice
Drinking in a cellar isn't nice—
Any one who's got the price
Should be a Cuban!
Have you been longing for the smile

What you haven't had for quite a while—
If you haven't follow me, I'll show way.

Chorus.

X. Y. Z.

'IF', REPERTORY THEATRE PLAY

By PHILIP HALE

Repertory Theatre: First performance in Boston and probably in the United States of "If," a play in four acts and ten scenes by Lord Dunsany. Produced at the Ambassador's Theatre, London, on May 30, 1921. John Beal, Henry Ainley; Mary Beal, Marda Vane; Liza, Ethel Coleridge; Miralda Clement, Gladys Cooper; Hussein, George Hayes; Hafiz el Alcolhan, Henry Caine; Archie Beal, Leslie Banks; Daoud, Michael Sherbrooke. Late in August, 1921, Madge Titheradge replaced Miss Cooper. It was said by the New York Times of June 26, 1921, that "If" is "supposed to be owned in this country by the Shuberts, who commissioned Rollo Peters to design the scenery three or four months ago, and apparently expect to produce the play next season."

The cast last night was as follows:

Bert	William Kershaw
Bill	Ralph Roberts
John Beal	Guy Phillips
Mary Beal	Edmonia Nolley
Liza	Viva Tattersall
Al	Mark Schweld
Miralda Clement	Ruth Taylor
The Man in the Corner	Mason Williams
Daoud	Louis Leon Hall
Archie Beal	Ralph Roberts
Ben Hussein	William Mason
Omar, a singer	Guy MacVicar
Hafiz el Alcolhan	William Faversham, Jr.
Bazzal	Bandolph Emerson
Thothoo Bsba	Henry Dyer
The Lion	Phil Dwyer
The Sheik of the Bishareene	William Kershaw
Zabnool	Elmer Hall
Zabeech	Mark Schweld
Zarboola	Augusta Gill

This play is not to be confounded with Mark Swan's "If," a play about an invasion of the Pacific coast by a Japanese army, a blood and thunder, absurd melodrama, a tract for preparedness, produced at the Fulton Theatre, New York, on Feb. 7, 1917.

Lord Dunsany's "If" is a fantastic play that requires a special company, appreciative of the fantastical, capable of portraying it in life so that the events seem natural and to be expected; that requires also a special audience, one not easily disturbed by what may seem at first wildly improbable.

John Beal, a plain Cockney, in 1913 lived happily with his humble, working wife. In 1903 a porter had slammed the platform gate in his face, so John missed his train—and swore to be even with him some day. In 1913 an Oriental, to whom John had been kind, showed his gratitude by giving him a magic crystal, so that he could bring back the past as he would like it to have been. John at once thought of the porter. This time he goes through the gate. On the train he meets Miralda. She has inherited a great fortune, but an Eastern potentate owes it to her and will not pay. John, having championed her against a curmudgeon in the same carriage, is happy to go to the far-off country to collect the debt. The chief will not pay, so at Miralda's request—for she has joined him—John kills him, dresses in the local manner and lends himself easily to eunuchs, divans, the service and the pomp of the Orient; but he will not marry Miralda. What's the use? So she betinks herself of a lover at hand, an obliging, amorous soul. They purpose to have John assassinated at a banquet. He escapes, aided by a faithful servant.

As John has slain the potentate in a wait, so he wanders for years in another wait. At last he arrives in rags and hungry at his home "The Acacias." He is not recognized by anyone, but the maid servant smashes the magic stone. John is again his Cockney self; there stands Mary his fond wife. 'Twas all a dream.

We have spoken of John as a Cockney; of his wife as humble. So they are in the book. On the stage last night they had risen in the social scale; there was nothing of the Cockney about John; he talked and the wife dressed as if they were a well bred, cultivated couple. We doubt if Dunsany's John going to the train was so natty in his appearance. Furthermore the contrast between the Cockney and the ruler in the East was therefore not so marked.

The play is a string of episodes, without true continuity. Much must be taken for granted. There is a queer mixture of satire and of British propaganda, of comments on the way to govern an "inferior" race, of Oriental cruelty and sensuality as revealed in "The Arabian Nights." The John of the East could not have developed even in a dream from the John.

London suburb. Would an English malden have, with a change of added animal passion to towering ambition; would she be a plotter of the harem? There is material for more than one play in this fantasia.

There is idle chatter; there are irritating repetitions in the dialogue; there is one speech of genuine dignity and pathos, that of David telling the story of the rejected gods, a speech admirably delivered by Mr. Hall, whose Oriental throughout had definite character.

The performance suffered from the intolerably slow pace, yet the audience was evidently interested, though its heartiest applause was for rather clumsy dancing, tiresome juggling, and an amusing lion in the banquet scene. Miss Taylor was delightful in the act where she teases John to wed her and make her queen. Here she was so human in her demands and attempted cajolery that she might have been any spoiled woman giving her husband a dose harassing domesticity. Excellent, too, was Miss Nolley as the anxious, loving Mary. True to life was the Bill of Mr. Roberts. Mr. Phillips gave a carefully considered portrayal of John, but one can think of the role played in a different manner, sharper on contrast, perhaps with a touch of amiable vulgarity throughout.

The play was well mounted for the most part; Miss Taylor's Oriental dress became her.

"SCARLET LETTER"

Lillian Gish in "The Scarlet Letter," adapted from the novel by Nathaniel Hawthorne and directed by Victor Seastrom, is the feature picture at the State Theatre this week.

The cast is as follows:

Hester	Lillian Gish
Rev. Dimmesdale	Lars Hanson
Giles	Henry B. Walthall
Mistress Hibbins	Marcelle Corday
Pearl	Joyce Coad

Once again we have a screen version of a famous novel that is not faithful to characters, action or depth of the original script. It is hard to judge "The Scarlet Letter" as a picture standing on its own merits because Hawthorne's Hester Prynne was such a remarkable person and Lillian Gish only expresses her nobility in a few of her scenes. Perhaps if it wasn't for this comparison, "The Scarlet Letter" would be more acceptable.

Lillian Gish did grasp every bit of pathos and courage of the real Hester Prynne in her dramatic walk from the jail to the scaffold and her final scenes with the Rev. Dimmesdale were extremely well done. There is real ability in Miss Gish if directors would not make her look like a sick kitten so often.

The acting honors go to Karl Dane who plays the part of Giles. Here is a positive character that dominates every scene. He is not handsome—almost the contrary—but Giles stands out as a fine sympathetic person with a delightful sense of humor.

Maybe the Rev. Dimmesdale had everyone fooled. It is taking him at a disadvantage to be familiar with the original story but it seemed that he looked very guilty in most of his big scenes especially when the entire population of Boston was looking at him.

Roger Chillingworth is cut to a few short scenes in the screen play but what he does is well done by Henry B. Walthall.

The photography is super-excellent throughout the entire picture and so we seek out and find the cameraman—Henrik Sartov. C. M. D.

Symphony Program Includes Handel Concerto

The third symphony concert of the Monday series, Mr. Koussevitzky led off grandly with Handel's concerto, Grosso, for string orchestra, that in B minor, No. 12. If this music pleased last Friday, as by all accounts it did, on Saturday it must have given, by all report, deeper pleasure still. But only last night did this music appear in the full majesty of its glory. The wonder is that the grandeur of the first movement did not bring the hearers to their knees; still meekly kneeling they might fittingly have listened to the pure beauty of the second. And to the mystery-haunted measures of the finale's introduction everybody must indeed have listened in amaze, to think that Handel, in his century, could have written them. The performance was superb.

So was that of Schumann's B flat symphony, so splendid that the audience at the end broke into that snapping kind of hearty applause one does not hear after every piece. They must have forgotten for the moment that poor Schumann, in his ignorance of orchestration, did wrong to try his hand at a symphony.

Whether he did or not, the symphony sounded extremely well last night.

which fact would seem to suggest that conductors are a factor in the matter. Or can it be that Schumann, actually ahead of his time, liked a type of instrumentation that once seemed thick and muddy, but now sounds clear enough and not too dense, after all that has come between? Or may it be only that idle talk, once set on foot, is slow to die? To talk of ignorance, in face of last night's performance of Schumann's beautiful music, savors in truth of idleness.

Between these two great pieces came a violin concerto by Joseph Achron, with the composer in person to play the solo part. Mr. Achron states in the program book: "The first part is built on elements of Hebrew synagogue chants. The themes are 15 in number." They seemed too many by far last night for a single movement of a concerto. Though association may have made them clear to some listeners, to other people they sounded, all but two or three, formless and unmeaning. The harmonic treatment Mr. Achron dealt them made many sound downright unpleasant—and lacking, withal, in the vitality that keeps some of Mr. Block's Hebrew music absorbing.

The second movement, based on Palestinian dances, at the least of it is not dismal. But though a composer of today can hardly treat folk tunes archaically, still, unless he is stirred to some extent to picture the conditions under which folk tunes thrive, might he not better let them alone? To pull those dances about—pleasant in themselves—in Mr. Achron's way, helped them not at all. Neither did it result in music either beautiful or picturesque. Mr. Achron played the solo music smoothly and with evident ease. Grateful for a violinist it did not sound.

The program also brought to a hearing Vaughan Williams's first "Norfolk Rhapsody." Mr. Achron might study it to advantage, for Mr. Vaughan Williams has made music out of folk songs that at all events does not run counter to their spirit—agreeable music to hear. The next concert will take place Feb. 21. R. R. G.

KEITH-ALBEE ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Poor Nut," comedy of college life by J. C. and Elliott Nugent. Produced at the Hollis Theatre a year ago with Elliott Nugent, Cornelius Keefe and others in leading roles. The K.-A. St. James cast is as follows:

Col. Small	Harold Chase
Marjorie Blake	Florence Shirley
John Winters	Edith Speare
John Miller	Walter Gilbert
"Hub" Smith	John Winthrop
"Maggie" Welch	Day Manson
"Spike" Hoyt	Frank Charlton
Wallie Pierce	Boy Wood
Prof. Denning	William Gerald
Coach Jackson	Charles I. Schofield
Doc Spurney	Frank S. Peck
The Official Starter	Harold Chase
A Freshman	Joe Lee
Betty	Kathleen Wallace
Hein	Nancy Wayne
Reggie	Nancy Dare
Two Ohio Runners	Frank Lindsey and Charles Currier
Three Wisconsin Runners	Carl Ghies, Sam Tutthill, Winfield Saxton

"The Poor Nut" is a difficult play in many respects for a stock company to do, principally because of the great number of "extras" and the often unwieldy cheering section in the second act, but Director Charles Schofield has seemingly overcome all these handicaps and the performance last evening, especially the extremely collegiate cheering section, was a creditable one.

The title of Nugent and Son's play refers to a student at Ohio State University who longs to do bigger and better things for his college. These amount in his estimation to winning athletic events and making the "swankiest" fraternity. He is at heart a real student, however, and happiest when talking about his favorite subject, botany, with a charmingly girlish co-ed.

Walter Gilbert gives a carefully thought out performance and was consistently good throughout the three acts. The audience gave him an enthusiastic reception. Florence Shirley had little to do but be sweet and charming and this she did very gracefully. Edith Speare, who does "Julia Winters," was inclined to over-play last evening and should tone down her performance, especially in the first act. Charles Schofield has an acceptable bit as the track coach. Day Manson, a dashing juvenile, made the most of the "wise-cracking" cheer leader. Clarence Hanson's sets deserve special mention, too. The audience enjoyed the play and laughed long and loud.

"The Patsy," Barry Connors's comedy, is the attraction next week.

A. F.

"THE COUNTRY BEYOND" AT BOSTON THEATRE

Photoplay Based on James Oliver Curwood's Novel

An unusually fine photoplay, "The Country Beyond," adapted from James Oliver Curwood's novel of the same name, is the feature picture at the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre this week. It is directed by Irving Cummings with Olive Borden in the stellar role.

Curwood's widely read novel has received splendid treatment at the hands of the producers. Many of the sequences were taken in the Mount Edith Cavell region of the Canadian Rockies and shows country never filmed before.

The story deals with the orphan girl Valencia who is the adopted daughter of Joe and Martha Lesueur. The former is a brutal trapper, who abuses both his wife and daughter with extreme cruelty, which drives his daughter to New York.

The cast is unusually good including as it does Ralph Graves as the male lead, J. Farrell as Sergt. Cassidy, and other stage and screen favorites.

The vaudeville bill includes, "Flashes of Yesterday," a miniature musical comedy revue; Claudia Coleman in "Feminine Types," Holt and Weir in a musical offering; Clarence Downey in a comedy skit, Stutz and Bingham in an original comedy oddity, Hunter and Bailey in blackface comedy.

The latest comedy and the usual short subjects complete the bill.

"IT" IS PRESENTED AT METROPOLITAN

Paramount Picture That Features Clara Bow

"It" at the Metropolitan Theatre this week is a Paramount picture, featuring Clara Bow, adapted from Ellnor Glyn latest novel and directed by Clarence Badger. The cast:

Betty Lou	Clara Bow
Cyrus Waltham	Antonio Moreno
Monty	William Austin
Adela Van Norman	Jacqueline Gadsdell
And others, including Julia Swayne Gordon	

Clara Bow has "It." So has Anton Monero and "It" seems to be the Ellnor Glyn way of condensing the poor overworked phrases of personality and self appeal into one short terse "It."

Clara Bow is a shop girl with so much magnetic power and so much nerve she pushes her way from the lingerie counter of the biggest store in the world on to her employer's yacht at a glance to be his chosen mate for life. Antonio Moreno plays the wealthy employer with graceful dignity. Clara Bow and Antonio Moreno are excellent.

The plot is feeble, even stooping to use two social workers who most emphatically would sour the milk of human kindness if their counterparts ever existed, in order to give Clara a chance to be heroic and save the child of her best friend from being "taken away," claiming the child as her own. The thickens the plot enough so that "It" gets a chance to show what a powerful medium it really is.

Who else but Clara Bow could crash on an office desk with undignified abandon and get away with it? The right hand job she offers Jacqueline Gadsdell (who struggles with the part of Ade when they are in the water is entirely spontaneous. Clara Bow certainly is a star.) The sub-titles of "It" are so

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Castles in the Air," a musical comedy in three acts, featuring Bernard Granville, Thais Lawton and Roy Cropper. Book and lyrics by Raymond W. Peck; musical score by Percy Wenrich; staged by Frank S. Merlin; dances by John Boyle; ensembles by Julian Mitchell. Max Bendix conducted. The cast:

Amos	Robert Williamson
Mme. Joulou Durant	Dorothy Wilkins
Annie Moore	Genevieve McCormick
George Sedgewick	John Ehrie
Philip Rodman	Walter Law
Count Drago	Era Briggs
Evelyn Doline	Richard Farrell
Monty Blair	Bernard Granville
John Brown	Roy Cropper
Gen. Slodak	Walter Edwin
Keular	Archie Rote
The Chancellor	Gregory Ratoff
Lieutenant	Cecil Butterfield
The Queen Regent	Thais Lawton
Ballet Dancer	Mary Hutchinson

The piece is musical comedy despite the fact that it has often been designated operetta. The music, however, is far and away above the commonplace of our musical stage. Here and there is a fine melodic line, now an arresting phrase. The dialogue is often funny, and more often funnier by reason of the excellence of the performers.

It is seldom that our current musical comedy stage offers such novelty in dancing. Messrs. Boyle and Mitchell have every reason to plume themselves on their achievements. It may truly be said that they have gotten away from the beaten path in their groupings,

various manoeuvrings, and in their general methods in the dance. Thus it is not easy to erase from memory the fox trot lullaby, "Baby," with the clever manipulating of the dollies by the ensemble. Again there is cause to recall the folk dances in the Latvian castle, with its vigorous, thumping rhythm.

Mr. Granville, who played Monty Blair, was now in low comedy mood, now guilty of mugging, again playing "straight." But he gave an excellent performance, his asides and banalities, his amusing "asides" only dwarfed by the "nifties" of his dancing numbers.

Roy Cropper appeared as the prince, and he must have been in the hands of his friends, if the reception he received is a criterion. Vocally his performance was interesting. He is a fluent lyric tenor, and he is at ease in sustained passages, and maintains a good tone. But his acting is wooden.

For the rest there is little but praise. Era Briggs, as the girl, Evelyn, danced nimbly, was by turns whimsical, and sang with good tone and always musically. While there are other "featured" players, why not she? T. A. R.

FANNIE WARD TOPS BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Fannie Ward is B. F. Keith's leading lady this week. She illustrates in person the old saying "What's good enough for father is good enough for me." Her sketch, "The Miracle Woman," is all about Fannie Ward and how remarkably young she is looking. And very true, too. With Cecile Sorel and Mrs. Ward in such quick succession, age should be less of a problem to Boston women. Both are extraordinarily unwithered specimens. The audience didn't notice the plot, it was so busy taking in the gowns and contours of the leading lady, but there was a nice little plot about a suitor of Fannie's own generation who thinks he has a young rival. But he is fooled, it was her grandson all the time. The supporting company has very little to do and does it capably.

Art Henry is a natural comedian with fresh material and a good dumb Dora to help him. His talking fiddle was appreciated almost as much as his jokes, and Dora could clog too.

Ferry Corwey, when he is not being a very funny clown, plays on various unique instruments with extraordinary agility. The children will enjoy his act.

Mel Klee has some good jokes, well told; he kept the audience in their seats after the Ward act was over.

Among the others on the bill were Gaines brothers, Cuban athletes, Olga and Mishka who danced very gracefully, Handers and Milliss, and Claude and Lucille Fondaw. R. H. G.

"The Lady in Ermine," starring Corinne Griffith, is playing at the Washington Street Olympia this week. The cast:

Mariana	Corinne Griffith
Adrian	Einar Hansen
Archduke Stephen	Ward Crane
General Dostal	Francis X. Bushman

A few years ago an Austro-Italian operetta was seen on Broadway and "The Lady in Ermine" adheres pretty closely to the original libretto by Rudolph Schanzer. There is one great consolation in the fact that this is proof enough that the censors are not as violent with their shears as we sometimes imagine.

"The Lady in Ermine" is an innocuous affair and swings along with a goodly display of Miss Griffith's beauty, charming clothes, the flash of the military, and Mr. Bushman looking every inch a general.

This looks like a picture coined simply if not so purely for the box offices. Miss Griffith is an exquisite blond Italian countess and the episodes are pushed into place without much reason excepting something has to happen to make a picture. For instance—why did Mariana tell the general about her ancestress?

All in all it was a pleasant picture not requiring any emotional upset and the interior decorations and castle gardens were entirely satisfying even if they were peopled with musical comedy soldiers.

Scanlon, Denno Bros, and Scanlon head the vaudeville bill and there is a goodly sprinkling of film comedy.

1426 1927

Ginn & Company publish "The Twenty Grades," the first, an "Elementary School Number." The editor wisely says that this little magazine will be published "now and again" whenever he (or she) gets together enough material that is worth publishing. Let editors of other magazines follow this example!

The article on the new handwriting, with the broadedge pen, is especially

interesting. The copy books in the strict school of our little village taught the Spencerian hand. There were flourishes for capital letters. This manner of writing was supposed to be at the same time "elegant" and indispensable to the ideal bookkeeper, who could also pen an eagle with a legend in its beak.

Our mothers in those days, if they had had the inestimable advantages offered by a young ladies' seminary, wrote a delicate sloping hand known in New England as the Italian. Their letters were legible as a rule, and they were carefully punctuated. Our friend Mrs. Golithly told us not long ago that girls of her acquaintance who attended the "exclusive" private schools in Boston, ran their sentences together, would begin a sentence without a capital, and were not sure of their spelling; a few write a hand that is imposing to the eye and undecipherable. Thus they would conceal thought, if there were thoughts worth concealing. Now the specimens of writing with a broad-edge pen, as given in "The Twenty Grades" are pleasing to the sight and as plain as carefully selected print.

Perhaps Mrs. Golithly is like Belmour in "The Old Bachelor": "I have a hawk's eye at a woman's hand," but Belmour was in love when he said: "There's more elegance in the false spelling of this superscription than in all Cicero." At 16 a boy in our village valued a letter none the less if his adored one signed herself: "Yours till DETH, Maria Slate."

When Congreve and Wycherley wrote their plays, daughters of prosperous merchants were not ashamed to say they could not write. Are the novels by Besant and Rice read today? Is there a more charming desirable girl in their garden of girls than the heroine of "The Golden Butterfly"? Yet she could not read or write, owing to her father's theories about education, unless we err; memory is failing, though we recall joyfully Mr. Gilead P. Beck and the bibulous pair whose dog would wait for them outside the "pub."

There are persons who for a fee will read your character from your letter. They are easily deceived, especially when they take themselves seriously. One would think from Jenny Jumpup's handwriting that her skirts touched the ground, her bodice choked her neck, that her days and nights were spent in settlement work; while the staid and prudish Hannah Graves writes a loose, reckless, one might say dissolute hand. The excellent Desbarrolles in his thick volume "Mysteres de la Main" gives a few lines of handwriting from letters of many famous men and women. He finds therefrom the characteristics of the writers. Gen. George Washington is among those thus analyzed. The analyst finds the writing of Mirabeau singularly like that of Bismarck's. Is he a humorist when he comes to the women? The handwriting of George Sand is at once "plus Venus" and less "male" than that of Balzac's. Mme. Sand sacrificed to Venus, but she also in her first years in Paris dressed as a man and smoked strong cigars, also a short-stemmed pipe.

We have received a little book, entitled "A Collection of Scientific Articles and Newspaper Reports from 1816 to 1905, Relating to That Gigantic Aquatic Monster Known as the SEA SERPENT, Including Reports from Boston, Portland, Gloucester, Salem, Hallowell, Nantucket, California; also Snake Stories and Stray Gems of Marine Poetry." This little book compiled and printed by John Gordon at the Gordon Press, South Brewer, Me., contains three pictures of the Aquatic Monster; among them is the one from Eggede's work (1740) in which the serpent's head is nearly as high in the air as the mast of a ship near by. There is also a poem by Mr. Gordon, beginning:

"How well do I remember,
'Twas in the late November,
On a cold and stormy day in January;
O' 'twas on the first of May
A balmy, sunny day,
That we sighted the Sea Serpent out to sea.

"His head was like a fierce,
And he glared powerful fierce.
Two hundred feet in length he was,
No doubt.
Says I to Capt. Wright,
'What orders, run or fight?'
'Beat it,' says he, 'All hands to go about.'"

No one, reading the articles collected by Mr. Gordon for his book, can doubt the existence of this monster of the deep, whether its head is like a barrel, or like a turtle's. We accept its mane and bristles, just as we believe in the Kraken, in the Flying Dutchman, and other wonders seen by those who go down to the sea in ships; "the strange things which may very well happen even in broad daylight, to men shut up alone in ships far off on the sea," as Walter Pater said, discussing Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

We believe in that vast, pulpy mass, furlongs in length and breadth, "innumerable long arms radiating from its

tre and curving and twisting... of anacondas... no per... face or front did it have, no con... able token of either sensation or... duct; but undulated there on the blis... s; an unearthly, formless, chance... apparition of life." We hear Stark... exclaiming with a wild voice: "most rather had I seen Moby Dick... I fought him than to have seen thee, a white ghost!" and saying in reply "Ask'st thou, 'What was it, elr?'" "The great live squid, which they say... whale ships ever beheld and re... ned to their ports to tell of it." But... ab eald nothing.

es, and we believe in Gillatt's fight... the devilfish. In the illustrated... tion of "The Tollers of the Sea" the... ture of the octopus drawn by Hugo... far more terror-inspiring than those... Vierge and Chiffart. Nor should one... whether one accents "octopus" on... first syllable or on the second, as... William Everett, remembering his... eek, did in Congress, thus provoking... laughter of western Philistines. Just... we prefer the old spelling, "dogge,"... a savage beast, so "octo-pus" is... more terrible monster.

ea serpent, kraken, equid—no won... the Psalmist sang: "The earth is full of thy riches, is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable: both small and great beasts."

the World Wags: advertisement in the Lowell Journal July 27, 1827: "Notice: The low... plebian who took from the store... upled by M. G. Brackett on Friday... ening last, the first vol. of Byron's... rks will save exposure by leaving the... me at the postoffice." In some cases, "Low-brow plebian." In these cases, "Plebian" have the same habit of pur... ning books from libraries in these... ys. G. F. O'DWYER.

The advertisement is also interesting... it shows that there were aristocrats... Lowell as early as 1827.—Ed.

Many people acquire a cinema habit... cause they cannot go far without... iding one.—Manchester Guardian.

HOUGHTON SINGS

Accompanied by Reginald Boardman, James R. Houghton, baritone, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

When the King Went Forth to War, Jooseman; The Pine Tree, Balakireff; Thou Art an Angel Earthward Bending, My Native Land, Gretchaninoff; German folk songs, Mir ist ein schon's braunn's feldlein, Erlaube mir, fein's Madchen, port in den Weiden steht ein Haus, In stiller Nacht, Mein Madel hat einen Rosenmund, arranged by Brahms; Old English songs, Water Parted, Never Till Now, Golden Slumbers, The Ballad's daughter of Islington, modernized by Jorder; Nacht und Traume, Schubert; Auf dem Kirchhof, Brahms; Ihre Stimme, Schumann; Ratlose Liebe, Schubert; In leardie, Foote; In Flanders Field, Townsend; O Mighty One, Marshall; word of Ferrara, Bullard.

If that term were in fashion today that always used to sound so imposing, probably Mr. Houghton would call himself a basso cantante. He could, in any case, if so he chose, for he possesses the low tones exacted of a "singing bass," as well as those two or three tones higher than the usual bass can lay claim to.

They are a matter of greater moment—tones of singular beauty and richness, be they high or be they low in the medium register, tones with all varieties of resonance most skillfully blended; a finer voice, or one, at its best, more intelligently produced, is not often heard.

This best is of wide extent, for, throughout his long range, Mr. Houghton can deliver fine tone both moderately soft and loud, and it is only in his highest zone that he cannot yet afford to give his voice the freest play. The comfortable management of pianissimo he has yet to learn.

A good legato, when he wishes it, Mr. Houghton can obtain, also unusually clear enunciation. Of his excellent musicianship there seems no doubt; his choice of songs would go far to prove it.

So would his intelligent singing of the same. For he sang his songs well in the whole, with every indication that he felt their meaning, their musical beauty. But, to make an audience feel what he feels, Mr. Houghton will do wisely to give much thought to the matter of tonal color and likewise to the proper planning of a climax. To the emphasis of single words, furthermore, and to the grace of phrasing derived from a judicious shortening of syllables meant by composer and poet alike to be short, Mr. Houghton might end some attention. He sings so well already, Mr. Houghton may be counted upon presently to sing still better.

The audience was large and enthusiastic. R. R. O.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Girl Overboard," a new three-act comedy-farce by John Craig, featuring Mary Young. The cast:

Penelope Dudley, herself Mary Young
William Dudley, her father Edward Donnelly
Alice Dudley, her mother Mathilde Baring
Rodney Kent, her hero, Harvard 22
Lord Charles Withers, her fiance, Alfred Cross
Lady Diana Withers, her enemy, Lewis Willoughby
Lt. Miller, her deliverer, Yale 22, Phyllis Joyce
Harris, her butler, Walter Reagan
Mary, her cook, Howard Benton
Kearney, plain clothes man, Bert Pennington
CHARACTERS ON THE ISLAND
Rodney Kent, alias "Jim Blegins," Rodney Kent
Boo-Boo-La, "the white queen," Penelope Dudley

The Airman (at least in spirit) Lt. Miller
Umha, a semi-civilized cannibal Alonzo Price
A group of 34 students at the Leland-Powers school and the New England Conservatory take the parts of savages. Japanese singing and dancing girls, and coolies.

The eccentric will of a deceased relative and the lively imagination of a girl who is fighting for the traditional million are responsible for the transportation of the Castle Square audience last night to a mystic isle of the South Seas, an absurdly fantastic isle where charming cannibals prepare their victims for the stew-pot, to be seduced into amiability by the thrilling strains of "Boola-Boola," an isle with its king, queen and royal palace, with lithe dancing girls who make the palm trees shake with alternate cheers for Harvard and Yale, a place where heroes throw out their chests and rant after the manner of mellerdrammer in the days when men were men and rocks were canes.

You see, Great-Aunt Sarah, if that was her name, left her million to Penelope in such a way that she must marry Lord Charles to get it, and if either she or Charles married someone else, the million went to the other. But she doesn't like him. She marries Rod and her family enter into a conspiracy to keep the marriage secret. A story is given out that she has fallen overboard in the South Seas and drowned. After she has been "dead" a year, she returns to collect, thinking that doubtless mildred has married by that time and therefore forfeited his right to the money.

She returns from the dead with a tale of idyllic island existence from which she has just been rescued by an intrepid aviator. As all listen breathless to her story, the lights fade out, there is soft music, and we are in the land of yama-yama seeing just how it all happened. This act, the embodiment of Penelope's desperately romantic prevarications, is amusing in the extreme. It has a touch of the pleasingly discordant impossibility of the dream scene of "The Beggar on Horseback," and all who revel in swaggering theatrical hokum will delight to see it played with such conscious gusto.

Miss Young negotiates the central role with pleasing deftness and charm, and Lord Charles Withers of secret villainies is played consistently and in satisfactory manner. Donnelly makes the father a Theodore Roberts sort of person, all to the good, and Benton, as the fluttering and embarrassed butler, keeps his form.

The play is good theatre, and has all the possibilities for Broadway success. More can be done with the island scene in the way of amusing absurdity, and without doubt Mr. Craig is already working out a better and shorter way of bringing the last act to an end. It needs a slam-bang finish, instead of trailing off until there is nothing more to be said. H. F. M.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Plays to Phlegmatic Throng

The Boston symphony orchestra played the second concert for young people at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Burgin conducted. The program:

Auber "Overture to Fra Diavolo," Gluck "Ballet-Suite" (arranged by Motil), Saint-Saens "Danse Macabre," Grieg "Spring," Grainger "Molly on the Shore," Tchaikovsky "Introduction and Russian Dance" with violin solo from "Swan Lake," Julius Theodorowicz, Wagner "Entrance of the Guests into the Wartburg from Tanhauser."

An audience as orderly, every whit, as any regular symphony audience of grown-ups filled the hall. As one looked over the auditorium during the playing and beheld the listeners en masse, the outstanding perceptible difference was the larger and more plentiful spots of vivid blues, reds, and greens in the sea of drab ordinarily produced by a hall full of people in street clothes, winter editions.

But if this audience was as orderly, it was also in some respects as phlegmatic as some regular symphony

audiences. The opening passages of Auber's "Overture to Fra Diavolo," with its solo drum measures and staccato rhythms, immediately caught attention and interest, even set a few toes to tapping. Yet the applause at its ending signified nothing beyond the conventional polite appreciation.

From there on interest might best be charted with a downward line through the Gluck "Ballet Suite" and the Saint-Saens "Danse Macabre." While these pieces were being played there was perhaps more motion of arms, shifting of coats, dropping of programs, than at any other time during the concert.

With the Grieg "Spring"—that idyllic piece, oddly enough—there was a slight rise in the thermometer of enthusiasm; and the Grainger piece, with its rhythm of the sailors' shuffle, brought back all wandering attention.

The hit of the afternoon, from the children's point of view, was, not the Tchaikovsky composition, but Mr. Theodorowicz's playing of the solo violin part. A number of times he acknowledged their continued applause, and finally Mr. Burgin repeated part of the piece.

The Wagner "Tannhauser," with the flare of trumpets and sonority of organ tones, caused one young man, aged eight or nine, to exclaim, "Gee, that was great; that was fine." When asked what made him think so, he didn't exactly know, but he guessed it must be because it was a little like "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean!"

The concert is to be repeated this afternoon. H. L.

Jan 27 1927

The program of the Symphony concert this week will contain two unfamiliar works. Prokofeff, it is said, wished to write his "Classic" symphony in the manner of Mozart. Composed in 1917, it was produced at Leningrad in 1918. Mr. Koussevitzky brought it out in Paris in 1923. It was then described as written for a small orchestra. The Gavotte has been arranged for the piano. Aaron Copland's Piano Concerto in one movement was written at Mr. Koussevitzky's suggestion. This will be the first performance. Mr. Copland will play the piano part. The other number on the program will be Schumann's Symphony in B flat major No. 1, which was performed here recently at the concerts of Friday and Saturday and on last Monday night.

Cyril Maude, leaving the United States, making an emotional farewell to the stage, said that he would never play again, never, oh never. He was going to enjoy his declining years in retirement, with books and flowers. The London newspapers announce his reappearance on Feb. 25 at His Majesty's Theatre, in a new play by Walter Hackett.

Wallace Goodrich will conduct the orchestra of the New England Conservatory tomorrow night in Jordan hall. Schumann, symphony B-flat major, No. 1; Vaughan Williams, fantasia on a theme by Tallis for double-string orchestra; d'Indy, prelude to the second act of "The Stranger"; Liszt, piano concerto No. 1, E-flat major; Leon Vartanian (class of 1927), pianist.

This evening Edwin Otis, a baritone, will give his first song recital in Steinert hall. He has prepared a program, beginning with Beethoven's "Adelaide," continuing with some German songs, and ending with American songs by Beatrice Parkyns, Mabel W. Daniels and Kontz. Frank Luker will be the accompanist.

GEORGE AND CLAUDE

Notes and Lines:

"Truth is stranger than fiction," for that Catalina ewim is the real thing. Here's our old friend Claude Melnotte, the humble hero of "The Lady of Lyons," come to life again with hardly a detail missing: the humble cottage, mother's anxiety, much at stake, for Claude is competing in a shooting fest (hurry-scurry music of the "Johnny Comes Marching Home" sort), the entrance of her dear boy who radiantly announces—stage centre—"Give me joy, dear mother, I have won the prize."

Doesn't it fit to a nicety, the recent thrilling drama of George? Here we have even Col. Damas to the life—the guiding genius etaking "the young idea" as did Hastings: Maybe there's a Pauline in the background. We are concerned only with the finale, for—Oh boy!—stage pictures will seem tawdry, even the angels will weep for joy when George Young triumphantly breezes into his home with "Mother, I have won the prize!" OLD TIMER.

SOILED SYNCOPATION

(Jazz players call their impromptu caterwauls "putting the dirt in.")

O queer cacophonies,
And strange saxophonies,
Oft have I paused in wonder
As ye the welkin sunder
With muted miaows
And moaning crows
And weird embroidery
Of chromatidory,
From Texan steers.

Incomprehensible
To me, insensible,
Did seem till late inquiring
I found your bands desiring
To throw a pack o' dust,
Fag and tobacco dust
Into, alas,
Thy muted brase,
Crashing and clattering
And set on scattering
Dust in our ears!

—A. W. in the Daily Chronicle, London.

The second of Ernest Schelling's concerts for children will take place in Jordan hall next Saturday at 11 A. M.

Irene Scharrer, pianist, will give a recital in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. She will play Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Schumann's Sonata in G minor; Chopin's Barcarolle, Sonata in B flat minor and some preludes. Last season she played at a Monday night concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and gave a recital. In private life she is Mrs. Guerny Lubbock, the wife of an Eaton master.

Roland Hayes will sing in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon. The People's Symphony orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor, will give a concert in Jordan hall.

Mme. Tarasova and the Boston Sin-

fonietta, conducted by Arthur Fiedler, will give a concert in Symphony hall next Sunday evening. Her program will include songs of "Pagan Russia," "Moscovia," "Modern Revolutionary Russia"—"Lemonade," a Bolshevik song burlesquing social graces, and a group of "Juet Peasant Songs." When the great war broke out she was in Germany as a student of painting. She returned to Russia, became interested in the music of peasants on her grandmother's estate, made a concert tour across Siberia, then came to the United States. Having given concerts in Europe, she made last summer a tour of Spain.

Jetson-Ryder, baritone, will give his first recital here next Monday afternoon in Jordan hall. For several years he was organist and choirmaster of St. Barnabas Church, Falmouth. Last season he gave recitals in Europe, and toured the United States to the Pacific coast. His program is varied and interesting.

We mentioned a few days ago the appearance of Lydia Lipkowska as Gilda at the Paris Opera. On Jan. 9 she sang in a concert at London. The Times said that enjoyment was derived from the skillful performance of a difficult feat. "She did not conceal the fact that the difficulties were there; indeed, she was rather inclined to linger over them so that we might fully appreciate her skill. That does not make for rhetorical singing. Not all her songs were really coloratura pieces. They ranged from airs by Glinka and Moussorgsky to 'Una voce poco fa' and the Bell Song from 'Lakme.' But somehow the singer managed to make them all sound as if they were in the same class of show-pieces. Mme. Lipkowska's technique is excellent and her notes are clear and pure; but there is no warmth or color in her voice by means of which she might differentiate between various styles of music and avoid producing a feeling of monotony."

It was in the fall of 1909 that Mme. Lipkowska first sang at the Boston Opera House. Ralph Lyford was then an assistant conductor. He held that position through the five seasons. It seems that he has been in Geneva, Switzerland, perhaps is there now. A correspondent of the Musical Digest writes:

"Some of the performances of the opera season in progress in Geneva have been entrusted to the baton of Ralph Lyford, an American, who was preceded by publicity and who has had published in America articles in which he laments the deplorable state of opera in Europe. That he has been unable to improve the condition of things is no doubt to be judged from the reception the Geneva press has given him. Le Journal remarking on the lack of cohesion in the ensemble. 'Here,' continued that paper, 'it is necessary to name Ralph Lyford, conductor. For the confusion that more

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than once reigned in the orchestra and manifestly disturbed the people on the stage, Mr. Lyford is the only one responsible."

We are inclined to believe that this adverse criticism was unjust.

Three afternoon recitals will be given at the Women's Republican Club, 48 Beacon street, for the benefit of the South End Music School: Feb. 7, Monday, Madeleine Monnier, violinist; Feb. 28, Monday, Salevi Walcvitch (Russian songs); March 21, Monday, Bruce Simonds, pianist.

Alexander Kipnis, bass of the Chicago opera company, will give a recital at the Women's Republican Club, Sunday, Feb. 6, at 8:45 P. M. Songs by Handel, Schubert, Wolf; a group of Russian folk songs and Wotan's farewell from "The Valkyrie."

Ohi wise man, grievous is rebirth in a new existence, and the dissolution of the body in each successive place where we are reborn. I am subject to birth, to decay, to disease, to death—it is right, being such, that I should strive to attain the cool great deathless Nirvana, the tranquil, the free from birth and decay, and sickness, and grief and joy; surely there must be a road that leads to Nirvana and releases man from becoming.—From "The Distant Epoch" ("Durenidana").

HERKIMER DE SENECHUTE

They were discussing at the Porphyry the rejuvenation and the renewing of youth by the Steinach operation, gland transplantation, the use of lights, electricity and so on. The physician agreed with Dr. Morris Fishbein that all these schemes are without proper scientific foundation.

Mr. Gollightly was sad. He had been reading Mr. Wells's cheerful prophecy that as time went on men would live longer and retain their vigor; but Eugene Gollightly values the gross and the material—he is for the flesh pots and synthetic gin, even when a cocktail tastes as furniture polish smells.

Old Auger, who had been boring a new member by discussing the Nicaragua—Mexican question, asked Mr. Herkimer Johnson what he thought of this gland transplantation business. The eminent sociologist shook his head: "No, I would not live always, nor do I ask to stay. I was counting up the men and women dearest to me, who have gone through the door into the next room during the last ten years. They are not to be replaced. One makes acquaintances in his latter years; he does not make friends. Mr. Auger, do you remember the miserable condition of the Struldbrugs seen by Capt. Lemuel Gulliver in the Kingdom of Luggnagg? Read Gulliver's account of them, and thank your stars you are not immortal on this whizzing ball. As we are now, slight will fall, teeth will be missing, walking will be a task. Memory will be only an occasional flash. You will at the last be dependent on a nurse, if you are so unfortunate as to be wifeless. You will be a care and a bore to your daughter, if she is living. There you'll be; peevish no doubt, foolishly garrulous or morosely silent. Allah in his infinite wisdom has appointed the day of relief for every one, soon after birth or at eighty. Allah be praised, and may he give us a peaceful ending while we are in possession of our faculties and are not public and private nuisances. This room is full of ghosts; the ghosts of those who once drank with us, laughed, were jocular or wise. Have their places ever been filled? Is there a sadder line in English verse than 'All, all, are gone, the old familiar faces'?"

No one spoke for a moment. Mr. Johnson put on his overcoat and went into the street. Fortunately he did not hear Mr. Gollightly's flippant remark: "I say, old Herkimer is getting dotty. Let's go into the library. I have some pre-war stuff in my bag."

Sir Rennell Rodd, speaking to the Modern Language Association in London, said: "I remember an Italian of the old school, observing that he did not appreciate the young women of the present day. They reminded him of indifferent photographs—too much exposure and too little development."

WHERE IS "DOC" ANYWAY?

(The Woburn Daily Times, via G. F. B.)
Mr. Rogers of Winchester will be at his office all winter. Not going to Florida. It is reported that he has gone.

As the World Wags:

Our new minister believes in the social mission of the church, and he was going to have the Thursday night meet-

ing be a discussion of the moral rightness or wrongness of what the United States is just now doing in Nicaragua. But the debate broke down because in talking with members and friends of the church he could not within seven days find one who was suited with what is going on in Nicaragua to lead the discussion on that side.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballad Vale.

As the World Wags:

A flapper, asked if she had read Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage," replied: "No, is it another 'Scarlet Letter'?" H. W. ABBOT.

VARIA

As the World Wags:

It's a wrong Jane that has no yearning. Peggy Hopkins Joyce has certainly been the wife of many a party. A fool and his honey are soon parted. Nothing could be worse than spending the night in a day coach or choking to death on a life saver. Absence makes the heart go wander. If you want to get an idea of what a standing army really looks like, visit the lobby of a film theatre on a Sunday night. Clothes make the man. Factions speak louder than herds. Don't judge a cook by her lover. Don't even try to figure out to what you owe your success—if you're a success, you don't owe. Levity is the soul of wit. The missionary, brave, but wary, faced the Zulu group. "Cut off his head," the chieftain said, "and we'll have some noodle soup."

AHRIZ GHARTARZHON.

As the World Wags:

The nervous city gentleman went hunting and accidentally shot a cow. The farmer who owned the heifer rushed out and raised hell and several other objections. While the nervous city gentleman was trying to explain how it happened, he accidentally shot the farmer. The coroner arrived two hours later. Explaining both tragedies, the nervous city gentleman accidentally shot the coroner. Came the sheriff. The nervous city gentleman explained all three killings. "You see, it was like this"—but the sheriff had dived into a nearby well.

OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

Modern woman's fondest wish is to be weighed and found wanting.—Arkansas Gazette.

To nag her husband is a wife's privilege.—Marylebone Magistrate.

VICTIM, NOT CRIMINAL

As the World Wags:

Some day, in some place, some one with some pretense of adding to the increasing store of human knowledge will psycho-analyze that modern product—the bandit. His good and bad qualities will be catalogued so that denuded of clothes, apart from his gun, and denarcotized, the student of period fashions and of epochal history may experience little difficulty in concluding from his studies and analyses that the bandit was the victim of class consciousness.

Men and women cursed with this blight, in whom the urge to melodramatic thought and action is absent, experience difficulty in living ordinary lives. Not so with the bandit. The press, the public, and even those who live that law may not perish, all help the bandit to realize and to appreciate the consciousness of the class to which he is made to belong.

Banditry became the fashion when "yeggman" disappeared with the passage of time. The "yegg" had a vocabulary and a code, in this day well known, but class-consciousness has prevented the bandit from acquiring both.

If it were not for class-consciousness, banditry, as a trade, would cease. Caveat lector. J. D. RUSSELL.

Boston, Jan. 21.

EDWIN OTIS IN

By PHILIP HALE

Edwin Otis, baritone, gave a recital in Steinert hall last night. Frank H. Luker was the accompanist. The program read: Beethoven Adelaide; Mendelssohn, Auf Flügeln des Gesanges; Brahms, Minneleid; Wolf, Trümpfung; Vaughn Williams, The Infinite Shining Heaven, Youth and Love, and Silent Moon; Parkyns, Le Portrait; Rachmaninoff, The Isle; Mabel W. Daniels, The Villa of Dreams; Dvorak, Songs My Mother Taught Me; Kontz, Sleigh Song.

What possesses a man in the year of our Lord 1927 to sing "Adelaide"? One might expect to see on the same program Harrison Millard's "Waiting" and that mushy German song once a favorite with tenors, "When the Quiet Moon Is Beaming." "Adelaide" is like other romances of its period—it was composed in 1791 and was easily popular.

It was popular in at least one recent form, 28 with the piano, 11 with guitar accompaniment, there were many transcriptions, 16 for piano for four hands. As Vincent d'Indy said, here is another proof that the public at all times reserves its favor for mediocre works, passing indifferently by the side of the truly beautiful. There are even legends about the "discovery" of "Adelaide."

Furthermore "Adelaide" is for a tenor and it was first sung by a tenor.

Mr. Otis has a good voice. He is at his best when the music calls for straightforward, virile delivery. Even then he is often unable to hold a line without stressing unimportant words. Take his singing of Mendelssohn's pretty song, which does not call for marked emphasis, but should be sung throughout with beauty of tone and as in a reverie. Mr. Otis laid a strong emphasis on the first and last words of each musical sentence. This see-sawing was noticeable in every line. The result was a loss of poetic feeling, also an exasperating monotony.

He showed appreciation of varied sentiments; that is to say, he interpreted to a pleasing degree the fine songs of Vaughan Williams, but in the inferior one by Beatrice Parkyns he fell again into the trick of recurring and unmeaning emphasis.

He is young and has time before him. It is not enough in these days to know the notes of a song; to sing them accurately; to vary a strenuous delivery with gentle murmurings; to conceal one's individuality and not express it with the aid of poet and composer. That Mr. Otis already is aware of this was shown by his singing of the songs by Vaughan Williams and the song by Miss Daniels. At present he is only just entering a thorny path.

Mr. Luker accompanied in a delightful manner. There was a small and very friendly audience.

Hans Ebell and Gertrude Ehrhardt Please Large Audience

Hans Ebell, pianist, and Gertrude Ehrhardt, soprano, gave a concert together last night in Jordan Hall, to which they drew a large and well pleased audience.

Mr. Ebell began the concert with Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata—what harm is there in the old familiar title, even though Beethoven himself never used it? Suggestive of the music it surely is. Later he played a Bach prelude and fugue, Chapin's G minor ballade and an arrangement by Rachmaninov of a Kreisler "Liebesleid"—very pretty music prettily played; and, to close the group, Liszt's twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody.

It was in this last piece that Mr. Ebell, to some minds, did his best work, for he appreciated the fact that this music has poetry in it and racial flavor, as well as opportunities for display. Since the audience were strongly set on hearing more, Mr. Ebell added two pieces.

He also accompanied Miss Ehrhardt in her first group of songs, "Wir Wandelten" and "Botschaft," by Brahms, a "Hebrew lullaby" by Saminsky, and a song of his own, a setting of verses from Blerbourn's "Pierrot's Marionettes Theatre." Though the song disclosed, at a first hearing, no unusual musical beauties, it has at least feeling in its favor, and an intelligent attempt to express the sentiment of the words.

Much the same qualities mark the four songs by Mr. Nicholas Slonimsky, with which Miss Ehrhardt closed the concert, "Autumn" by name, "Eternal Circle"—two very good texts from the Russian, and Oscar Wilde's "Silhouettes" and "La Fuite de la Lune." In every case Mr. Slonimsky has sought music suggestive of the poem, especially in the matter of accompaniments, brilliantly conceived—he played them excellently last night.

Mr. Slonimsky has written songs remarkably singable, with no intervals that can't be managed easily, and with a correctness of declamation—barring a curious slip in Wilde's second poem—that ought to make some of our native song-writers blush. The pity is, these songs, intelligent and sound, are wanting in melody of beauty or of expressive force.

They pleased, none the less, and the singing, too. Miss Ehrhardt, singularly skillful at enunciation, did her best to find the right expression, but her voice, of a pretty natural quality, lends itself not to readily to the suggestion of varying moods.

R. R. G.

14TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 14th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto

No. 3 for strings, Prokofiev, "Classical" symphony (first time in Boston); Copland, concerto in one movement for piano and orchestra (first performance); Schumann, Symphony in B flat major, No. 1 op. 38. Mr. Copland was the pianist.

After a virile, strongly rhythmical performance of Bach's music, came the "Classical" symphony of Prokofiev. Were those who were disturbed by the "Scythian" suite and "They are Seven" of this composer, reassured by the word "Classical"? Did they enter the hall free from fear of the "Wild" Russian and his splendid savagery? The statement that his idea in this symphony was "to catch the spirit of Mozart and to put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his scores," did not inspire confidence or kindle joyful anticipation, for one remembered that the Stravinsky of the latter years insists that he is writing in the manner of Bach. And with what dire results!

Prokofiev's symphony turned out to be a delightful little work, fresh, melodious, vivacious, with significant themes; masterly, not pedantic treatment of them; charming orchestration achieved by apparently simple means, but showing consummate skill. The first movement and the finale were in many measures truly Mozartian in mood, the Larghetto and the Gavotte were more modern but in no way aggressively contradictory. The piquancy of the two middle movements was especially enjoyed by the audience, warmly applaudive of the whole work, as it had been of the Suite by Bach.

One should be sorry for Mr. Copland. His "Music for the Theatre, played here late in 1925, was much more to his credit than his Symphony for organ and orchestra heard earlier in that year. One hoped to note continued progress in the invention of thematic material; in firmness of control, so that one could say he was leaving the experimental state and writing with surety, no longer relying on what he thought would attract attention by novelty and audacity.

If this concerto shows the present condition of Mr. Copland's musical mind, he is on the wrong track. One is not easily annoyed in these days by a free use of dissonances, by daring juxtapositions of tonalities, if they are effective; if they serve in establishing a mood, contemplative, fiery, sombre; if there is a revelation of strength, however barbaric, of beauty, however strange and fantastical. In this Concerto we found little to attract, little to admire, much to repel.

Jazz is not the monster it has been called; it has already had its uses; it has stimulated symphonic composers to greater rhythmic energy and freedom. It all depends on the use made of this form of music. There must also be originality in the "tune" and in the treatment when it is allowed to influence a work of importance. Mr. Copland is not yet an adept in this field.

The Concerto also shows a shocking lack of taste, of proportion. The first measures are proof enough. After thunderous, blaring measures in which one brass instrument vies with another in arrogant announcement—announcements without logical connection, though the composer says this introduction proclaims the principal thematic material—there are gentle, purposeless measures for the piano, which is struck by fingers apparently directed at random, as a child amuses itself by making noises when it is restless in the room.

We do not doubt Mr. Copland's honesty of purpose; it is the purpose, the musical scheme that is to be deplored. Yesterday some in the audience laughed, a self the Concerto were a huge joke played on the hearers, also on Mr. Koussevitzky, who, as Mr. Copland says, suggested to him the composition of it.

The question comes up legitimately: Does Mr. Copland hear music in this way? Is his musical speech natural or acquired? His next composition may answer satisfactorily these questions.

Let us not forget that the leading English reviewers characterized Schumann's Symphony in B flat when they first heard it as belonging to the "Broken Crockery School." Our objection to Mr. Copland's broken, crockery is that it is not of the first quality.

This Symphony of Schumann's was eloquently performed, so eloquently that one forgot the various adverse judgments that have been passed upon it from the days of Chorley and Davidson to those of Vincent d'Indy.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. The program of Feb. 11 and 12 is as follows: Langendoen, Variations for strings on a Dutch Theme of A. Valerius; Brahms, Piano Concerto No. 2, B flat minor (Moriz Rosenthal, pianist); Elgar, Variations on an Original Theme. Mr. Langendoen is a violinist in the orchestra.

Who has not heard a sad, sweet, plaintive tenor, or a sentimental lady singer of a baritone singing with great expression one of the many settings of music to Heine's "Du Bist wie eine Blume"?

Thou'rt like a lovely floweret,
So void of guile or art.
I gaze upon thy beauty,
And grief steals o'er my heart.
I fain would lay, devoutly,
My hands upon thy brow,
And pray that God will keep thee
As good and fair as now.

Heine's verses are not easily translated. We have given Charles Godfrey Leland's version.

Why quote the verses at this late day? Apropos of what?

Because Mr. Nathaniel Jessel, writing from Engliens-les-Bains to a London newspaper, says that this "delicious piece of mock-romantic bathos" has been proved to have been inspired by a white pig. Mr. Jessel also quotes Charles Lamb comparing roast pig to "a flower."

Who "proved" the porcine inspiration of Heine?

A good many years ago we heard in Germany another story about "Thou'rt like a flower," that Heine wrote the verses in mockery of an effeminate young man, a sissy, a Willie-boy.

We are gullible, but we do not believe that Heine thought of a pig, roast or in the sty, or of any sissy named Johannes, Georg, Claude or Percy.

Speaking of exquisite musical verse, let us not forget McGonagall, the Bard of Dundee. Again we quote from his complete works:

"The banks of Tay are beautiful by Dundee

As anyone who looks can see.
I have not been to America or Rome.
They are too big a journey from home;
But Dundee would put them in the shade

For beauty and for its marmalade.
For honest men and bonnie lassies
You do not need magnifying glasses,
They are quite plain for anyone to see
Walking about the streets of Dundee."

Why is there no McGonagall Club in Boston? Why is McGonagall not represented in Prof. Copeland's copious Anthology?

OUR DAILY SHORT STORY

As the World Wags:

Chadwick listened, tense, eager. He heard low talk. That's why he listened—except on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Suddenly the voices ceased. Chadwick dived into the shrubbery.

"Now!" rasped the hoarse whisper, and on the breeze came the echo, "Now!"

All was quiet. "The sound of the silence," gasped Chadwick, and sneezed. Pandemonium ensued. Two shots were fired; three were swallowed. A man was shot in the poplars. Another was half-shot.

"Will you have one or two lumps?" asked Cynthia.

"Yes!"

And the next day it snowed.

OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

THE N. E. H. F.

As the World Wags:

The report coming to hand of the convention of Non-Elastic Hat Flitters, held in the shade of the Bell in Hand, it is interesting to note that henceforth none of the N. E. H. F. banquets will be preceded by the appetizing cordial of GIN AND BITTERS. The reason for this, it appears, is that the foreign delegate who instigated this relish of "Odd Man Out" was methodically absent at the tossing of the coin, but omnivorously omnipresent at the tossing of the can. A foot note adds that "can" is used figuratively only, and that all the delegates with the exception of the foreign person referred to abided by international rules and drank from the prescribed diminutive glassware. He, it appears, is of retiring habits and small stature, and so took position at the rear of the line-up and tossed his provocative from a stein.

Liqueur glass or stein, it is of little import and so pointed out as far as tossing tactics are concerned with this callous individual, and much gratification was evinced by the members at large at the invitation extended to him by Mr. McTavish for entering his name for the next "Gathering of the Clans" to be held at the estate of His Grace the Duke of Gargyle.

The aforesaid gathering being coincidental with the next convention of the N. E. H. F. and the contest open to all comers being the "Tossing of the Taber," the contestant referred to will be backed to the limit.

Since the bill for gin and bitters amounted to more than the cost of the banquet and had to be reimbursed by the rest of the delegates, a commission was appointed to investigate the formulae of service adopted by the responsible parties. The commission's findings were to the effect that while the interior of the pewter mug retained every

pristine element of reflective power there was found at the base of all the smaller vessels a considerable amount of peony seed, salt and garlic.

A certain Rory O'More, who conveyed the sparkling lubricant from the head mixer (an esteemed gentleman of very worthy habits) comes in for the greater share of condemnation; he has been summarily dismissed from the precincts. There is a note tracing this malevolent servitor's operations to the haunts of San Juanito, where he was caught greasing the cue tip of their champion billiard player.

Addenda testify that the results of the convention were disappointing so far as achieving the convention's objectives went. In no wise did the items arrived at atone for the physical torture that followed the banquet. All in all, a report of ephemeral significance.

RAINBOW GOODYEAR.

I am inclined to believe that the personality which animates each of us is immeasurably ancient, having been forged in many fires, and that as its past is immeasurable, so will its future be. . . . Unless we have lived before or the grotesque incongruities of life are to be explained in some way unknown to us, our present existence resembles nothing so much as a handful of what is known as "printer's pie" cast together at hazard and struck off for the reader to interpret as he will or can.—H. Rider Haggard.

C. E. C., writing to the Observer of London, asks the date when the story, about the curate's egg became current; also the name of the bishop whose guest was so unfortunate. What a thirst for knowledge! Who first sprung the old negro minstrel gag: "Mr. Bones, how do you spell 'stovepipe'?"

In nearly every case the hen-pecked husband has been a mother's darling, and has lost the power of looking after himself.—Dr. C. W. Kimmins.

If I was requested to re-read "Waverly" I should charge 50 guineas for the feat.—Arnold Bennett.

The only way to be really orthodox is not to think at all.—Dean Inge.

A dispatch from Vienna: "Four bakeries in the vicinity of Vienna have been obliged to close down, owing to the very considerable reduction in the consumption of bread, pastry, etc. It is said that no fewer than 200,000 girls and women in this city have stopped eating bread in order to keep slim; some have so starved themselves that they are seriously ill."

"The new fashion is all the more remarkable as before the war a certain amount of plumpness was considered desirable."

Symphony Orchestra Assists in Schelling Program

At Jordan hall yesterday morning, Ernest Schelling conducted the second of his third annual series of children's concerts, assisted by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The program included Schubert's military march, the Allegretto Scherzando from Beethoven's eighth symphony, the Allegro con grazia from Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the Weber-Berlioz "Invitation to the Dance," and the Polovtsian dances from Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor."

Mr. Schelling goes on with his good work of bringing up the symphony audiences of the future. One feels confident that the little girls who hum a Tchaikovsky melody with Mr. Schelling will never grow up to be the dear old ladies who denounce Mr. Koussevitzky's introductions of new music, and who flock out of Symphony hall in the middle of Tchaikovsky, Brahms and Beethoven symphonies.

Yesterday Mr. Schelling enlightened his young listeners on the subjects of tempo and rhythm in music. The importance of rhythm was made clear in several striking examples. Mr. Schelling cited the facts that rhythm catches the attention before even melody or harmony, and that the most unmusical people are especially apt to keep time to music with their feet.

As is customary at these concerts, the children joined in the performance by singing one selection—this time, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The orchestra, too, stepped out of its usual role, when the Russian members sang "The Volga Boat Song" in their native tongue.

The musical selections were introduced by Mr. Schelling with just enough explanation to help the young audience

Henry Russell's volume of reminiscences, published in this country by Little Brown & Company is of peculiar interest to Bostonians, for he was director of the Boston Opera company for five seasons (1909-10, 1913-14). They that knew not the man will find entertaining reading, for Mr. Russell writes in a lively manner and with a sense of humor; he has been on familiar terms with singers, male and female after their kind; he has associated with dukes, duchesses and all sorts of aristocrats in and out of England, and been a friend of Eleanor Duse, and that brilliant cad, D'Annunzio.

Let us first see what he has to say about his operatic adventures before he came to Boston, where he had a great opportunity provided for him by an extraordinarily generous patron.

Finding out that he could not be a singer, Mr. Russell became a teacher of singing. He announced in London that he was a teacher in a "pathological sense," having studied the art of breathing and the physiology of the throat. He made this statement when suit was brought against him for libel. He had expressed forcibly his opinion about his own singing teacher, one Beyer. Mr. Russell thus gained publicity; the newspapers made fun of the trial. Singers, actors and actresses became his pupils; politicians consulted him. Rachel, Lady Dudley was one of those who enjoyed his instruction. She wore a string of very large pearls at her lessons. He often told applicants that they never could sing, "for there are two things about which the gods commanded me to be outspoken—food and singing." Alice Nielsen was a pupil; she sang for a duchess and for the king. In London Mr. Russell was earning from £150 to £200 a week. He went to Rome and taught there. Two chapters are devoted to Duse and D'Annunzio. Mr. Russell helped Duse's voice: "The discovery that my hands had for her a curious healing power was verified." She named him "The Secure Hand," and was ever grateful.

Mr. Russell, having spent two years in company with Duse, realized that his fundamental ambition was to be a director. He began to give operatic performances in London, but was peculiarly unsuccessful. He lost all his savings and money of his friends. There was Miss Nielsen, "with a pretty voice and an attractive stage presence." He came with her to the United States, and produced, under the management of the Shuberts, that delightful opera "Don Pasquale." How amazed he was at the first breakfast served him: grapefruit, porridge and cream, fish cakes, eggs, pancakes and syrup, "and at least a gallon of coffee." He doubted, therefore, the artistic sensibilities of the nation. "Don Pasquale" went on the road. "Distances were appalling, the hotels were filthy and the food was uncatable * * * hotel-keepers considered us 'a heap of good-for-nothing peanut-eating dagoes who chattered like monkeys in a cage.'" Lord Grimthorpe gave him money to visit America again, and there was a season at New Orleans; and later a tour of the United States. The company was stranded in New York. George Young, Nordica's husband, who had promised to befriend him, told him that, owing to the failure of the Knickerbocker Trust Co. he was broke. (Mr. Young told us in Boston that he and Mme. Nordica had previously given Mr. Russell \$60,000. Mme. Nordica confirmed the statement.)

Then Mr. Russell bethought him of Eben D. Jordan, who had enjoyed the performances of the San Carlo Co. in Boston. Mr. Russell went to Hot Springs, where Mr. Jordan was staying. The latter gave him a check for \$20,000 and told him that he was thinking of building an opera house in Boston. "My friend Frederick Converse * * * was a delightful man, a talented composer, and so enthusiastic about the new project that he worked unceasingly until sufficient support had been promised to Jordan." Mr. Russell here remarks that the American business man is a romantic adventurer; Mr. Jordan "treated me with much more deference than one receives from an office boy." Mr. Russell pays him, deservedly, a glowing tribute for his princely support and his passion for music.

"Tickets for the first performance were eagerly bought from speculators at unheard of prices by people from all parts of America." The reason is given for Mme. Nordica being chosen as the first star, though Mme. Farrar thought it her right. (In a previous and amusing chapter on "Prime Donne" Mr. Russell, saying that Nordica was one of his best friends and an adorable woman, adds: "If anything happened to displease her, whether it was for or against the interest of the opera, (she) would have her way. The same applied to Mme. Eames . . . Geraldine Farrar, who never should have been classed with the great singers of the world, was pampered and spoilt under the Conried regime.") As for "Gioconda," the opera of the first night, "The American critics were unanimous in their praise of the production, with the exception of, I believe, a reporter of a Hearst paper."

"It was my ambition to give the finest performance in the world . . . I think I may say that we maintained a high standard of excellence. During the six years of my direction we never once disappointed the public."

There is a story about Weingartner, as a guest conductor; there is no mention of Caplet. "It would take long to tell half my amusing experiences in the Boston Opera House." Would that Mr. Russell had thrown overboard two or three chapters to tell this plain, unvarnished tale! He does tell how he spread a report that Maeterlinck would be present at the production of "Pelleas and Melisande"; how a chorister registered at the Lenox Hotel as Maeterlinck. "One of the leaders of Boston society asked me in a tone of irritation why I insisted on giving an opera which neither interested the public nor drew money into the theatre." He replied that he gave Debussy's opera for the pleasure it afforded him.

He speaks of Mme. Alda, with "flashing dark eyes and beautiful teeth," being "a better actress" and having "a finer musical intelligence" than Melba, with whom he had not been on speaking terms for several years. Mrs. John L. Gardner begged them to be friends for art's sake. Mme. Melba "has always been known for her shrewd business acumen," so she thought "it was extremely profitable to be on friendly terms with a manager who could offer such tantalizing sums as \$2500 for a single performance." Among all the artists who appeared under his direction Miss Garden was "certainly the most fascinating." There is mention of how the "puritanical element" of the audience was shocked by the realistic acting of Miss Garden and Vanni-Marcoux in the second act of "Tosca"; how the Mayor requested that the "exhibition of Scarpia's morbid desire" should be toned down. Mr. Russell should have added the line of

one who reviewed this modified performance: "Scarpia kept one foot on the floor."

Mr. Russell admits that, through Mr. Kahn, he hoped to be the director of the Metropolitan Opera House. "It is a pity for the future of America that Kahn is not Minister of Fine Arts."

"When, through the indifference of Bostonians, the war, and the death of Eben D. Jordan, the institution was allowed to die, I know that Kahn regretted it far more than anyone else except myself." Mr. Jordan withdrew his support some time before his death. Were the Bostonians indifferent? The last performance was on March 28, 1914. The war broke out in August of that year. Mr. Russell at Monte Carlo, making preparations for the next season, was notified in September. He says that owing to financial conditions the opera house would not open. This he considered "a most unfair proceeding both to the artists and everybody concerned."

"I did not in the least blame my friend Jordan. . . . When people said that the Bostonians were not giving adequate support I have seen men shrug their shoulders and laughingly say: 'It is Jordan's baby.' . . . Had the war not endured, I am certain that Jordan would have tried once again to open the Boston Opera House." Hope told a flattering tale.

Although Mr. Russell went to California, hearing that an opera house was to be built in San Francisco, he was disappointed. He returned to England, then spent a winter in Rome. There is a curious chapter about Maeterlinck, Georgette Leblanc and Debussy; how Georgette was virulent and would not live in the house with Maeterlinck and his girl-wife; how Mr. Russell came to this country with Maeterlinck; about the dramatist's experiences as a parlor lion in New York society, as a lecturer, and as a writer for the cinema at Santa Monica.

There is a chapter about Mr. Russell's engagement of an opera company for Mme. Melba in Australia, where he got into trouble by his speech at the Rotary Club in which he mourned the predominance of musical comedy in that country and referred to it as a prostitution of art. The Evening Herald printed the headlines: "Russell Attacks the Morality of Our Chorus Girls." This, too, is amusing.

In "Riviera" he speaks of his farm, lying like an outpost of the Basses Alpes, with Monte Carlo nearly 2000 feet below; how he longed to build an open-air theatre; how James Gordon Bennett, hearing him playing on the piano the overture of "The Mastersingers," shouted: "For God's sake stop that noise, Russell! Strike up the Soldiers' Chorus and we will all join in." It was Bennett who said to him: "My experience is that the only people who read the critics with avidity are artists who are jealous of each other."

The final chapter is entitled: "The Future of Opera and Singing." Thus ends an uncommonly entertaining book of operatic adventures, gossip, anecdotes and shrewd reflections.

P. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M.—Roland Hayes, tenor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M.—People's Symphony orchestra. Mr. Mason, conductor.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M.—Nina Tarasova, singer of folk songs, and the Boston Sinfonietta, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M.—Jenson-Ryder, baritone. Aubert, Silence, Old Spanish Song and Chanson de Mer; Haydn, She never told her love; Legrenzi, Che fiero Costume, Valle de Paz, Flor di dolcezza sei; Handel, Si tra ceppi from "Bernice"; Quilter, Fair House of Joy; Rachmanineff, As fair is She as Noonday Light; Wolf, Verborgeneheit; Strauss, Zueignung; Carpenter, On the Sea Shore of Endless Woride; Old Irish, arr. by Hughes, She moved thro' the Fair; arr. by Harty, Black Sheela of the Silver Eye; Wagner, Horton, Une Priere (dedicated to Jenson-Ryder); Coningsby Clarke, The Mother's Heart; Homer, The Pauper's Drive.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Francis Philip Frazier, North American Indian singer, lecturer and entertainer. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M.—Myra Mortimer, contralto. Dowland, Come Again, Storace, Peaceful Slumbering. John of Fornsete, Summer is a-coming in. Morley, It was a lover and his Lass. Ballad of 17th Century, Lord Rendal. Schubert, Auf der Donau, Wiegengesang, Am See, Nachtgesang, Aufloesung. E. C. Sharp, Japanese Death Song. H. A. Murphy, The Heron. M. Besley, The Fairy Children and Canterbury Belle. Schindler, From a City Window. A. Mendelssohn, Aus dem Nachtlid Zarathustras. Sinding, Maria Onadenmutter, Roeschen biss den Apfel an, Raedlose Liebe.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M.—Percy Grainger, pianist. Bach, Prelude and Fugue, A minor (not from the "48," but a separate work); Bach-Grainger, Chorale Prelude, "O Mensch, bewein dein Suede gross" (originally for organ). Paradies, Toccata in A. Scarlatti, Sonata in B minor (No. 33 in A. Longo's edition). Handel, "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations. Schumann, Sonata, G minor, op. 32. Brahms, Ballad, G minor, op. 118, No. 3; Intermezzo, E flat, op. 117, No. 1; Rhapsody, G minor, op. 79, No. 2; Intermezzo, C sharp minor, op. 117, No. 3; Rhapsody, E flat, op. 119, No. 4. Liszt, Liebestraum, No. 3, and Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12.

to listen with understanding. There can be no doubt that much is being accomplished at these apparently frivolous entertainments, for Mr. Schelling manages to make his points and to be amusing at the same time. The musicians, representing just about half of the Symphony orchestra, play as beautifully for their youthful hearers as ever they do for mature audiences.

The next concert will take place on Saturday, Feb. 11, at 11 o'clock, when the program will include works by American composers, among them MacDowell, Chadwick, Carpenter and Deems Taylor.

E. V.

IRENE SCHARRER

Irene Scharrer, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall before a large and delighted audience. Bach, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, G minor; Chopin, Nocturne, F major; Liszt, Liebestraum, No. 3, and Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12.

Chopin, Barcarolle, Preludes, F sharp minor, F major, B flat minor, Sonata B flat minor.

Miss Scharrer must conceive the term "chromatic," as applied to Bach's fantasy, in the sense that it has to do with color. Colorful indeed she made Bach's music, with scales in its course that flashed and sparkled in glowing contrast to others crystal-white, with arpeggios that dazzled in their turn or else rippled along in tones just cool and clear. Bits of melody, here and there, she let float to the top of the tonal surge, melody delightfully sung. It was all, or most of it, strangely beautiful.

But it sounded not too much like Bach. For though he was writing a fantasy, Bach after all was so past a master of form that, however free and fanciful he might choose to be, he was not likely to write music that straggles. In this very chromatic fantasy he hewed pretty straight to the line; a clear melodic design underlies every bar of it—a design that Miss Scharrer, in her love for color preferred not to bother with.

Short pieces seem to suit her best. The andantino of Schumann's sonata

she let sing exquisitely, with marvellously deft delication of the figured accompaniment. Surpassing any other recent pianist she managed the awkward light and shade of the scherzo, from her it leapt and bounded with a dazzling brilliancy and rhythm quite unlike the usual stamping and bounding. Brilliantly, too, she played two of the preludes, the third with an ethereal quality of sound in its song that did one good to hear.

In longer pieces; on the other hand, Miss Scharrer seems to lack patience to plan them through. Like Carroll's Queen of Hearts who shortened the famous trial when bored by shouting "Skip all that!", Miss Scharrer has a way, in a fugue or a sonata, of closing her ears in transitional passages that are not marked by melody. She hurried such passages yesterday in the first and last movements of the sonata, and she had not been to the pains to find for them her usual beautiful tone. Though she did not drive the fugue too fast, parts of it, when the subject was not in evidence, she failed to treat lovingly—"skip all that!" she appeared, like the queen, to want to say, and get on to something lovelier.

In the Chopin sonata, very likely, Miss Scharrer saw her way through more clearly. She placed it unfavorably for everybody to hear, at the very end of her program.

A. H. G.

Capt. Peter E. Wright, basing his charges against Gladstone on hearsay, named Laura Bell and Mme. Brassine among the women with whom the statesman was infatuated. Laura Bell, before she married, had a house in Wilton place, where, as W. Carew Hazlitt puts it, "she received her gentlemen friends, like a modern Aepaola or Phryne. The late Marquis of — was a noted figure there, and he often came on his white pony." When Laura married Thistlethwaite, her house was in Grosvenor square. Hazlitt says that it was a singular household. Thistlethwaite and his wife, a very pretty little woman, did not see much company, and did not agree very well. Every evening there was a sort of state dinner at 8, and a costly dessert, and only those two, one at one extremity of a long table, and the other at the other. The latest occasion on which they came before the public was in a sort of petty cause celebre, which T. won, arising from Laura's extravagance and a huge bill sent in by a West End firm for dress.

There was an absurd story that Thackeray named his Laura in "Pendennis" after this woman.

Capt. Wright, again on hearsay, mentions Mme. Brassine, a French actress, and says that Gladstone was 72 years old when he was unduly interested in her. Their meeting, then, must have been about 1881 when Maria Brassine was 54 years old. She left the stage in the late fifties or early sixties. She was famed for beauty of face and figure. But was this Mme. Brassine, the handsome woman with ebony black hair, who for many years delighted the audience of the Palais Royal? Was this woman who, undoubtedly, conversed on affairs of state with Gladstone, a younger, but not necessarily fairer Mme. Brassine?

Then this story of the beautiful Russian woman sent by the Tsar to influence Gladstone! It reminds one of Louis the Fourteenth sending Louise de Keroualle to Charles the Second of England. Louise hoped to be England's Queen. As Duchess of Portsmouth, she sometimes dressed in male attire, wearing "a coat of pigeon-breast and silver brocade . . . breeches having at the thigh slashed seams to show red and silver lace," according to the bill presented by W. Watts, mercer to the Duchess.

Gladstone did not make the Russian, Mrs. Novikoff, a duchess, though it is admitted he wrote to her, probably on postal cards, as was his habit.

Suppose that Gladstone found pleasure in talking with Mme. Brassine, in conversing affably with Laura Bell, in corresponding with the Russian lady, what of it? Socrates was a great and good man, yet when he was told that the beauty of Theodora was beyond description, that she kept open house, he said to his friends: "We ought then to go and see her, for it is not possible to comprehend by hearing that which surpasses description. Will you not be quick and follow me, then?" Socrates discoursed with her nobly, questioned her, gave her excellent advice about the way she should treat her lovers, and laughingly, invited her to call on him. Xenophon tells the story at pleasing length in his "Memorabilia."

An entertaining book of a historical nature could be written on the influence of women in political affairs and in bringing on wars. Neeta H. Webster in

her "French Revolution: A Study in Democracy" makes bold to say: "The role played by courtesans in the earlier stages of the Revolution has never been properly estimated by historians, but for the co-operation of these women from Theriogne de Merlecourt down to the humble fille de joie, it is doubtful whether the great scheme of the Orleanistes—the defection of the army—could ever have been realized."

So William Horace Lingard is no more. He died on Jan. 13, at the Charterhouse, London, of which he was an inmate. He was in his 90th year. His first appearance on the stage was made 75 years ago, when he was paid 15 shillings a week. In 1857 he made the first gravedigger to Charles Keane's Hamlet. Having been with Charles Mathews, having toured the variety theatres, he came to the United States and remained here for some years. Many of us remember his songs, his make-up as this or that celebrated man. When we first saw him, the beautiful Alice Dunning, who later won fame as an emotional actress, and amusing little Dickie Lingard were with him. After he returned to England he played in comedy and was on the stage as late as 1926.

Two "world-famous" singers appeared at the Albert hall yesterday afternoon—the "world-famous" prima donna, Mme. Guggliemetti, and the "world famous" Russian bass, M. Zaporozetz. Both answered the description, for, of course, the public knows what to expect from world famous singers—especially when they happen to be a soprano and a bass. The one is expected to go as high as the other goes low; the soprano's voice must exceed the range and the speed of the average singing voice, and the bass the range (at the other end) and endurance. The soprano's program must include "the mad scene" from "Lucia," the bass's the Volga boatmen's song.—Daily Telegraph, Jan. 17.

As the World Wags:

Can any of your Latinist readers give me the Latin phrase which will translate "Pulling his weight," as in the expression: "He's not pulling his weight?" PONDUS.

GOOD OLD BEN!

As the World Wags:

I noticed a few days ago, on the birthday of Benjamin Franklin, that a prohibitionist gave Franklin's remarks on the advantage that he experienced when a young printer in London in abstaining from the beer which was furnished the workers in his shop. Perhaps the prohibitionist would not be so much pleased with these later words of Franklin: "We speak of conversion of water into wine, at the marriage of Canaan, as a miracle. But this conversion is performed every day by the hands of God before our eyes. Behold the water which flows from the skins upon our vineyards. There it enters into the roots of the vine to be changed into wine, a constant proof that God loves us, and that he loves to see us happy." This is what the great and wise Franklin thought of "the Demon Wine." C. E. S.

As the World Wags:

"Another earthquake in southern California—about as far from San Francisco as New York is from Boston."

New York to Boston, 229 miles. San Francisco to Los Angeles, 471 miles; Los Angeles to San Diego, 125 miles. Distance from San Francisco to southern California, 597 miles. L. R. R.

Only people in a deplorably clementary stage of musical culture have favorite tunes.—Bernard Shaw.

"A POSTHUMOUS TRAGEDY"

(From the Indianapolis Star)

TELLS OF TRAGEDY—Mrs. Wallace Probasco, whose husband was found wounded in the apartment of Mrs. R. H. Ingersoll, New York. Mrs. Ingersoll had killed herself before shooting Probasco.

SINFONIETTA IN FIRST CONCERT

Nina Tarasova and the Boston Sinfonietta, Arthur Fiedler, conductor, gave a concert in Symphony hall last evening. The program included:

Haydn, Symphony No. 2, D major Russian songs of the 15th century; V. V. Lanoff, "The Persistent Lover," "The Illusion," Gouffier, "The Tiny House," Glinka, "Hush, My Passion," "The Fickle Maiden"; Honegger, "Pastor d'Ete"; Glinka, "Kamarinskaya"; Russian folk songs, "The Birch in the M."

"The Tartar Lull," "The Beggar's Blessing," "Down Peter's Road," Ponchielli, ballet music from "La Gioconda." This was the first Boston concert of the Infonietta, a group of 22 musicians led by Mr. Fiedler from his fellow members of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The symphony hall seems a vast place in which to hear a "little symphony," yet when the hearer had adjusted himself to the absence of the sonority of a full symphony orchestra, there was much to be gained from hearing the "London" symphony as it must have been heard in Haydn's day. It took on added grace and an appealing personal quality, in spite of certain roughness in the execution.

The orchestra was heard to better advantage in the Pastoral D'Ete. This was performed for the first time in Boston, although not new, having won the Verily prize in Paris, six years ago. It is a peaceful summer scene that a neegee has here described, a pastoral of much charm though not without a certain drowsy effect. There is little to suggest the composer of the "Pacific 231."

Mme. Tarasova wore brilliant costumes to sing her folk songs, which she reduced with brief outlines. Some changes were made in her program which were difficult to follow, since all her songs were sung in Russian. Of great interest was the group of folk songs used as themes by great composers. Most familiar was "The Birch in the Meadow" which Tchaikovsky used in his Fourth Symphony with an effect far transcending that of the original. Others were "The Tartar Archangel," used by Rimsky-Korsakov in "The Invisible City," and "Down Peter's Road," a postillion's song which Stravinsky has made use of in "Petrouchka."

Mme. Tarasova is not a good singer, but she is a great entertainer. Her song, rather strident voice has a thrilling quality which is perfectly suited to the singing of folk ballads, though without that haunting emotional appeal of her superior gifts as a pantomimist, is a voice not too far removed from a coon-shouters of vaudeville. Even Mme. Tarasova has the faculty of holding an audience spell-bound through songs in a foreign tongue. There was an audience of good size, which applauded with great enthusiasm.

E. V.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

Mr. Mason planned a program for the ninth concert of the People's Symphony orchestra that proved interesting very far, and often of genuine charm. It began with a delightful performance of Mozart's overture to the Marriage of Figaro, a performance headed by the fitting spirit of light comedy. Not all conductors feel this comedy; they make the music heavy-ted.

For rhythm—those listeners yesterday with ears in their heads, if they de use of them, must have felt satisfied that rhythm did not await the th till these 19-20s. In that single picture of Mozart there are countless ties of rhythm, but they are not obvious that they hit one full in the 6.

After Mozart, Mr. Mason found a new Handel work to play, a concerto in G major (Valter Poole) and orchestra. The wonder is it has not been played before, pieces for viola being scarce, and this music being beautiful, with a st movement like a stately yet live procession, the second a noble song, and the third with a delicious Irish lilt about it that set a listener to wondering if Handel was ever by way of hearing fish air?

Out of this last movement it seemed yesterday, both soloist and orchestra might have made more. Not quite at its ease in the first movement either, Mr. Poole played the andante very beautifully, with rich tone, with elegant phrasing, and—of prime importance, with warmth. This slow movement Mr. Mason accompanied admirably—the end was exquisite—and the imposing first movement he made both sonorous and august.

A second "new" work came after, an "Elegiac Poem" by Frederick S. Converse, written only a year or two ago, but already produced in Cleveland. It began with a melodious passage most artfully orchestrated that established, from the first bar, the elegiac mood. And his same mood Mr. Converse re-established in the course of the poem as often as he wished, and he brought it all, after a resounding climax, to a beautiful close.

But before the climax Mr. Converse had moments when he strove to throw off the elegiac mood, moments of rebellion, of struggle. To express them, he used orchestral color at hand, glowing expertly applied. But this conflict, at a first hearing, seemed compelling than the melancholy

that could not be shaken off, and the final resigned acceptance of what must be. The poem was sympathetically played and warmly applauded; Mr. Converse had to bow his acknowledgments many times.

After the intermission Mrs. Louis Cornell played Rubinstein's D minor piano concerto. She played it well, with facile technique and sound routine. But this concerto, old fashioned indeed, but not yet an "antique," needs more than routine to make it march today. It needs a pianist of the most brilliant virtuosity, and one as well who does not disdain the flamboyant romanticisms in which it was conceived. Pretty tunes and passage work—Rubinstein had more in his mind, or else pianists years ago were the more deceived.

Both Mrs. Cornell and Mrs. Poole were roundly applauded by a large audience. The concert closed with Chabrier's "March Joyeuse." R. R. G.

ROLAND HAYES

A crowded, packed-to-the-stage Symphony hall welcomed Roland Hayes, tenor, yesterday afternoon. The program: Brahms, "Auf dem Kirchhofe"; "Bei Dir Sind Meine Gedanken"; Wolf, "Benedict die Seilge Mutter"; "Nun Wand're Maria"; Faure, "Le Secret"; Debussy, "Mandoline"; Santoliquido, "Erinnl"; "Persian Poem No. 3 (Abu-Said)"; Griffes, "Rose of the Night"; "Symphony in Yellow"; Roger Quilter, "I Will Go With My Father A-Ploughing"; Sio-minsky, "La Fuite de la Lune"; "Silhouettes" (accompanied by the composer); a group of negro spirituals, "I Feel Like My Time Ain't Long," "It's Me," arranged by Gustav Klemm; "Hold On" (Hall Johnson) and "Witness" (Roland Hayes).

There would seem to be no more musical person or more sensitive soul among singers than Roland Hayes, not for him are the bombast, the fireworks of arlas and florid showpieces; his are the fine-textured, sensitive songs, the songs of deep emotion, which become stately-sweet, pathetic, and generally quite absurd under any but master-treatment. A sentimental lingering on a sustained tone, a touch of vibrato, and behold!—the lily is painted! Mr. Hayes gives us unpainted lilies. Thank the gods of song for such a singer!

The second group brought the beautiful, unparalleled voice which enchanted the audience to the very end. After he had repeated the exquisite "Mandoline," there were many regrets that "Erinnl" also could not have a second hearing.

Exotic, lotus-eating Griffes passed by, dreaming of yellow omnibuses and great barge-loads of yellow hay by the Thames. An atmosphere of gentle melancholy envelops him—one feels he might be a musical Poe. After this group Mr. Hayes offered an engagingly humorous sketch of untrustworthy, but very human, nature, eliciting many a smile and chuckle from the delighted auditors.

Now came the negro spirituals,—and Mr. Hayes's finest efforts in exquisite, wonderfully various nuance and tonal-coloring. Perhaps one reason for the love of these beautiful songs lies in the emotional appeal of their rhythms; to an auditor properly sensitized to art, they represent in addition the serious expression of an ardent love and unquenchable faith. After the announced group was sung, Mr. Hayes gave but two extra pieces. W. A. C.

Flute Players Club

The Boston Flute Players Club gave a concert yesterday afternoon at the Boston Art Club. The program was made up of Brahms' Trio in E flat, op. 40, for piano, violin and French horn; Roussel's "Joueurs de Flute," for flute and piano; four songs by N. Sionimsky, and Jongen's Piano Quartet. The artists were Gertrude Erhart, soprano; Gaston Eicus, violin; Alfred Zighera, cello; Willem Walkenier, horn; Jean Lefranc, viola; Georges Laurent, flute, and J. M. Sanromá, piano.

The last three items on the program all bore the notation "first time." This was no doubt accurate in the case of Mr. Sionimsky's songs, but with Roussel and Jongen was it not a little misleading? Presumably it meant "first time at these concerts." And might not as much have been said of the Brahms?

This Trio was easily the high spot of the afternoon, and the club deserves great praise for giving the town an opportunity to hear it. Here is Brahms at his most ingratiating, with charming thematic material and masterly treatment; even the Scherzo free of the heavy touch which so often afflicted the master. A more sympathetic and revealing performance would be hard to imagine. Messrs. Eicus, Walkenier

and Sanromá might have been playing together for years, so complete was their artistic union. Mr. Eicus, newly come this season to the Symphony Orchestra, is an admirable chamber performer, displaying marked beauty of tone and sensitiveness of phrasing, and merging unobtrusively into the ensemble. His associates were of similar quality and disposition. Mr. Walkenier's horn was a marvel of mellowness, and Mr. Sanromá, who on more than one occasion has impressed the present reviewer as a better technician than musician, exhibited in this instance most commendable musicianship.

Jongen's Piano Quartet was wisely removed as far as possible from comparison with the Brahms number, but the program was not long enough to save it. At least, if the first movement is a fair sample of it, it is a banal and thick-voiced piece of music. A musician may be a native of the Continent of Europe and yet fall short of greatness.

Roussel's little pieces for the flute, entitled, "Pan," "Tityre," "Krishna," and "M. de la Pejaudie," proved delightful bits of characterization. Even the last, dealing with a gentleman with whom we are not acquainted, was revealing. Of course much of the success of these sketches was due to their performance. Mr. Laurent, having elected to play the most thankless of musical instruments, constantly surprises us by the subtleties of art he achieves with it.

Mr. Sionimsky's four songs, "Autumn," "Eternal Cycle," "Silhouettes" and "La Fuite de la Lune," for which the composer played the accompaniments, are successful evocations of mood in a familiar style. As a group they suffer somewhat from monotony; the moods are too much alike. Miss Erhart sang them charmingly. L. A. S.

UESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

Many of us saw an illustrated advertisement in the New York Times Book Review of Jan. 23, in which a wife returning with her husband from a dinner or a party nags him because he had been speechless, had not said a word, had not opened his mouth, while other men had shone in conversation. The young husband certainly is dejected, glum, as portrayed by the artist, while the wife shrinks into a corner as if her John had been consuming vast quantities of garlic.

We are inclined to think that John is not in doleful dumps because he had not read the advertised book, but because he wore a plug hat with a black butterfly tie. When he went into the cloak room he became aware of his lamentable error, his shocking solecism. The artist drew only a half-length portrait of John, but we suspect the husband of another enormity; of sporting a stovepipe with a dinner coat. If he had memorized the scrapbook from cover to cover, his fatal mistake would have made him speechless, eager to leave the scene of his disgrace, careless of what his Anna Maria might say.

ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

As the World Wags:

Word reaches me that one of my friends, feeling inordinately lonesome in London on Christmas eve, took some liquor in a hip-flask to a night club and filled his glass surreptitiously under the table in order to kid himself into a belief that he was at home in the land of the free. DOROTHE.

THE CLOCK

(From the Observer, London.)

Tick-tock, says the clock;
Birth-death, says Life;
And all the stars in their courses go
To the tune of that mighty to-and-fro,
The pulse of the universe, fast or slow—
Tick-tock.

Ebb-flow, says the Sea;
Winter-spring, says the Year;
So, with alternate left and right,
The Spirit marches in the night,
Onward into the infinite—
Tick-tock.

Time-space, says Fate;
Good-evil, says God;
For so it is the world contrives:
It is the pendulum that drives,
Until the changeless hour arrives—
Tick-tock.

Girls are interested in the world and people, not in the world of affairs.—Miss Faithfull.

As the World Wags:

The interesting news item from Annecy, France, in recent papers, of the Bossons glacier giving up Dr. J. Bean's pistol, lost 56 years ago, reminds one of the poignant short story, "Mrs. Knollys," by Frederic Jesup Stimson ("J. S. of Dale"). This fine story was published in the Century Magazine, Vol. XXVII, pages 146-152, in the early eighteen-eighties, and must be included in one of Mr. Stimson's books or in some collection of short stories. LOUELLA D. EVERETT.

As the World Wags:

The rotogravure section of The Herald for Jan. 23 displayed a picture of a religious procession, with letterpress underneath stating that the procession was in celebration of "the acceptance of Christianity by the Church of England." Holy St. Mencken! Doubtless this will earn The Herald mention in a section of "Americana" in a contemporary journal.

Possibly such startling action was impelled by the paradox that Mukerji quotes that churches are buildings filled with people who would be equally shocked to hear Christianity denounced or to see it practised.

Malden. GORDON E. GATES.

SOCIETY NEWS FROM MAINE

(Rockland Courier Gazette)

Clifford Mank made a trip to Northport recently.
Mrs. Lester Mank visited Mrs. Charles Mank Wednesday.
L. Mank made a business trip to South Waldoboro last Tuesday.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

(After George Moore)

She had a trick of twisting her fingers . . . Her face was longish, with well cut lips, and smudges of disbelled for eyes. In a walking suit she looked rather gamine, and in evening dress like a piece of gilded wood. The staff of her soul was strong coffee, and she smoked devotedly, but the feeling of wine she had somehow missed. Perhaps this was because she could get drunk on words, and because a certain sustained minor dominant seventh on a muted clarinet made her soul reel for days afterward. As for religion, she felt that heaven would be a dreary place without a lover and rather comical with one. If you had asked her, she would have abolished all known heavens in favor of a spiritual acid accompanied by a psychic base, floating about in a sublime chemical passion; but this may have been because she knew nothing about chemistry. She thought seven times nine were 45, and that lamb chops were evolved by kindly agriculturists somehow without hurting poor little lambs . . . Posterity described her as "Dorycot frelabo, wi temakon scene, lstarab hup" . . . which is to say, "This lyric was written by an unknown woman." ALI SAN.

Every age has its advantages which no other years can bring.—The Rev. A. Wellesley Orr.

SNAKES ALIVE

As the World Wags:

The note in your column of Jan. 26 regarding the Sea Serpent recalls to me an experience of the passengers on the S. S. New England (among whom were James K. Hackett and Mary Mannerling) in the fall of 1899. Capt. James McAuley, who was a well-known commander (now deceased), reported the occurrence and it was given a prominent position in the Boston newspapers. It happened that on a clear afternoon about three days before the ship's arrival at Boston a strange object was passed, having a head projecting from the surface and a body with serrations along the spine; it passed near the ship. Having reached a point about 20 feet from the stern, it changed its course and went "due south." The Liverpool newspapers took a skeptical and amused view of the matter, one going so far as to inquire if Capt. McAuley saw the "serpent" before or after dinner. Thereafter at any mention of the "serpent" Jimmy developed signs of an attack of apoplexy. TIM O'TOOLE
Portland, Me.

NOW APROPOS

As the World Wags:

The short answer of Pantagruel to the long question of the Cocqugrues, as set forth by Andrew Lang, recommended to the arbitrators:
"Will you let another kick you, and will you ask his neighbor if you deserve the same?"
"Nay!"
Another to the "Sweet Land of Liberty" warblers:
"May one man drink if his neighbor Name."

eth:

E. S. B.

CHICAGO OPERA CO. GIVES 'AIDA'

By PHILIP HALE
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Opening night of the Chicago Civic Opera company. "Aida," opera in four acts by Giuseppe Verdi. Mr. Polacco, conductor. The cast was as follows:

Charles Marshall
Cesare Formichi
Virgilio Lazzari
Alexander Kiparis
Lodovico Oliverio
Clydia Muzio
Cyrena Van Gordon
Louise Loring

"Aida" was probably chosen for the opening night because it is, first of all, a brilliant spectacle, composed by Verdi for a spectacular occasion. Audiences are entertained by the triumphal procession, by the sacred evolutions performed by ballet dancers in the temple, who dance later with abandon, throwing aside decorum, in their joy at welcoming Radames, the Conqueror. "Aida," again, is full of melodies, also tunes—some one has said that a tune is a melody which is over-ripe. The late John F. Runciman in a billous mood wrote of "chameless Salvation Army hymns," but audiences like the hymns to which the priests and others shout in the first act and in the second. There is a wealth of beautiful melody in the opera there are stirring ensembles even when the action halts. (It has been well said that there is no real drama till the Nile scene, when the spectator wonders whether Radames will turn down the haughty, yet forward Amneris, or turn traitor for the sake of his dear Aida. As Aida is the woman that is more alive, so is Amneris the fine fellow of the opera. Radames, the High Priest, the King are stock figures. Even the Messenger has more character, owing to the few haunting orchestral measures before he tells the news about the barbarous Ethiopians.

The opera also excites curiosity; not the story and the music which are known to all, but will Aida be coal-black or appear as a seductive brunette, for in operatic performances the Ethiopian princess has been known to change her skin as if she came from the Congo. Will the players of the long trumpets break and crack? Will Radames dismount gracefully from his perch on high, to bow before the King? Will the boat on the Nile behave itself? Will the priests be close shaven, or will they sport imposing beards?

Of course the management was wise not choosing an unknown opera for opening night. Hearing a well-known lyric drama the audience will be with the proper emotions; they also have the pleasure of indulging in comparisons. "Ah, you should have heard Campanini as Radames!" or "Do you remember when that funny little man Russitano took the part of Radames in Mechanics building?" or "I shall never forget the performance led by Blonboni at the Boston Theatre." An opera new to the Boston public disconcerts, perplexes, no matter if it has been applauded throughout Europe and been a dozen years in gaining a performance in this city.

The choice of "Aida" was fully justified by the splendor of the production and the excellence of the performance. The music worked its old-time spell. It is doubtful whether Boston has ever known so vivid and artistic a representation when all things are taken into consideration. Stage settings, properties, stage management, solo and chorus singing, dramatic action and orchestral eloquence. The credit is due in large measure to Mr. Polacco, whose readings of the score and care for the singers were worthy of all praise. He conducted as a skilled musician, keenly sensitive to dramatic requirements, appreciative of lyrically poetic pages, a master of ensemble, with an authority that is well-trained orchestra gladly and fully recognized.

The scene in the temple was singularly impressive; the Nile scene was conspicuous for the watery similitude and the charming lighting. The triumphal procession was admirably arranged and carried out.

Mme. Muzio's Aida was, on the whole, the finest portrayal from the dramatic standpoint that we have seen in any country; it was so full of nuances, constantly in the frame from the time she first encountered the jealousy and scorn of the princess. Irresistible in her tempting of Radames to a traitorous act, she was pathetic in the great scene with Amneris. She sang not as a valiant glorious priest a donna, thoughtful only of purely vocal effects, but as one revealing the soul of the woman, who, for the time a slave, was yet the daughter of a king.

Mr. Formichi, whose Amneris was seen here for the first time, by and by, G. Minor.

and South America. Last season it was seen here all too little. It is a pleasure to know that his abilities as actor and singer will be more exercised in the present fortnight. There have been baritones who sang skilfully the music of Verdi, but were lay figures with a voice; there have been baritones who acted the part of Amneris with power, but whose voice and vocal skill were not equal to the task. As actor and singer, Mr. Formichi last night gave a memorable portrayal of one of the most picturesque figures in all opera.

Mr. Marshall has improved greatly as a singer since we first heard him. He no longer relies on vocal power and long held stentorian high notes. He has learned the importance of what may be called rhetorical song.

Miss Van Gordon sustained well the part of Amneris, using her beautiful and sonorous voice with dramatic effect.

The other roles were well filled; the chorus was a feature of the performance.

The house was completely filled with an enthusiastic audience in holiday mood.

The opera tonight will be Alfano's "Resurrection" with Mmes. Garden, Jackson, Claessens, Shear and Messers. Anseau and Formichi. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Patsy," a comedy in three acts by Barry Connors. The cast:

Bill Harrington..... Charles I. Schofield
Mrs. William Harrington..... Florence Pendleton
Grace Harrington..... Edith Speare
Patricia Harrington..... Florence Shirley
Billy Caldwell..... Day Manson
Tony Anderson..... Walter Gilbert
Sadie Buchanan..... Kathleen Wallace
Francis Patrick O'Flaherty..... Frank Charlton
"Trip" Busty..... William Gerald

For those who find a secret, unadmitted attraction in advertisements of "The Book of Etiquette," "How to Develop a Charming Personality," or the advantages of placing Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle, here is the story of a girl who gave in and sent for "wise and witty sayings." The little patsy is the ugly duckling of an American middle class family in the wash its own dishes stratum. She is hopelessly submerged by the elder sister, and decides that her only hope of ever becoming a life of the party is to memorize her book and add wit to her conversation by the synthetic method. A splendid mixture results. If Patricia got all her wise cracks from the book, Mr. Connors should publish it for the benefit of other patsys. There was a perfect "wise and witty saying" for every crisis in the Patsy's struggles with sister Grace.

The thing that is hard to swallow in this play and others of its type, is that the Cinderella sister is always made so infinitely the more attractive. Why does the playwright never give an inkling of the elder sister's charm? After all Grace is a great belle, who has captured a Caldwell (of the butler class) and has kept the nice young Tony adored by the Patsy in love with her for four years. She must have had some charm or intelligence. If so, it does not appear in the play. Miss Speare brought out all her disagreeable qualities. Everyone agreed with the Patsy when she said: "If it wasn't for you our family tree would die. You're the sap."

The little sister as played by Florence Shirley is most charming and avoids a wonderful opportunity to be too cute for anything. In fact she is really such an attractive little patsy that it is very hard to believe that she is cavalier to the general in her own home town. She is another Maggie Wylie. The only people in the theatre who think she "lacks charm" are the cast. Her scenes with Tony, who tutors her in love, are very good, and everyone feels an inclination to cheer when she catches him on the rebound.

The Patsy's father, when the play opens, is a worm on the brink of turning. His final scene of rebellion is grand, but can worms turn after 25 years of the straight path? Anyway, this one does, successfully. The worm was well played by Mr. Schofield except that his manner of speaking his lines made you periodically suspect him of drinking a little. Especially as that was what you'd do yourself with such a wife.

Mrs. Harrington is a "what will people think of us" mother who has concentrated on her elder daughter with dreadful results. Scene follows close on the heel of scene in the Harrington menage. When the patsy emerges from it with her nice young man, you feel with her that it is a "triumph of mind over matter." Florence Pendleton did the mother who thoroughly enjoyed her own dramatics for 25 years, very well. She made everyone feel an intense sympathy for Pop, the down-trodden salesman as mother and Grace made a painful ascent into the country club class.

All in all a most pleasant evening will be enjoyed by all at The Patsy. It is a play that mother can see, and not dull either.

R. H. G.

NEW HARK THEATRE—"The Triple Cross" play in three acts by Edward E. Paramore, Jr., presented by Homeric Productions, Inc., staged by Alexander Leftwich. First time on any stage. The cast:

Earl House
Gladya Feldman
Margaret Wycherly
Natcha Rambova
James Spottswode
Nelle Fillmore
Richard Coolidge
Martha Madison
Calvin Thomas
Carlton Rivers
Brandon Evans
Frederic Burt
Artie Kaufman

To give an account of a mystery play that does not give the mystery away is so tough an undertaking that the disclaimer course would appear to be not to attempt it. Anyway, it is not worth while for the story of this "Triple Cross," its mystery aside, really does not matter.

It deals with some stolen bonds that belonged to one Miss Anne Dowling, who with her grandmother, was living in the house of her trustee, Walter Marston. Miss Anne herself was innocent as any lamb; by no stretch of the imagination could suspicion light upon her. A pert young reporter also kept herself unspotted.

But of the others not a single soul escaped. The old lady from the first moment had an air of knowing more than she had a right to. An upstanding young Californian could not explain some dubious circumstances. The trustee himself had moments when people wondered. Even the detective himself—not mentioning such naturally suspicious characters, as the bootlegger and the butler—did not hold himself above reproach. "Triple" cross, the title has it; sextuple call it, rather.

For two acts of it one could not ask deeper mystery. The play took place, for the most part, on a lighted stage; people could see what went on. But when the lights were quenched, awful things went on in truth, with unknown persons creeping about on all fours, ready to spring at each others' throats, or shoot them down like dogs. Women in the audience screamed aloud; perhaps many a man would have liked it. The dramatist made the effect he tried for—he gave thrills in plenty.

He did better, for he wrote two acts with real theatrical skill, and, as well as thrills, he furnished good entertainment. His people, talking always right to the point, talk amusingly—full of cute little wisecracks, "ain't yer," as the detective said to the old lady. And they talk strictly in character, of a rough and ready sort. Probably some day Mr. Paramore will write a good comedy that will not need any thrills.

Of the latter some people may think there are too many, before the end of act three. Also an ending something "snappier" after the evening—this word comes first to mind—could be found to good advantage. But though there may be too much of a good thing, lovers of mystery plays should not miss "The Triple Cross." And people who do not relish them will find themselves diverted.

The play is well acted throughout, by Miss Wycherly with real distinction, by everybody with conviction and a keen sense of characterization.

R. R. G.

HAROLD LLOYD IN 'THE KID BROTHER'

Harold Lloyd is in town as "The Kid Brother." One might say Harold Lloyd is all over the town as he is appearing at the Fenway, Washington Street Olympia, Scollay Square Olympia, the Capitol in Allston, and Central Square in Cambridge. The cast:

Harold Hickory..... Harold Lloyd
Mary Powers..... Jobyna Ralston
Him Hickory..... Walter James
Leo Hickory..... Leo Willis
Olin Hickory..... Olin Francis
Randall..... Constantine Romanoff
"Flash" Farrell..... Eddie Boland

You may as well pack up all your laughs and take them along to see "The Kid Brother." You'll need them—you can't help yourself. Where, oh, where, does Mr. Lloyd find all his gags, rare, snortingly funny gags that trip upon each others heels they come so fast and are so spicingly amusing.

It is like all the funniest stories you have ever heard rolled into one, with hardly time to catch your breath between points. There is scarcely a moment one's face can relax into a semblance of repose. "The Kid Brother" moves so solemnly through his ordeals and they are so comical.

The fabric of which the plot is made is hardly perceptible. The Hickory family is the representative family of

the town. The money is stolen and the sheriff is denied the privilege of going in search of the offenders.

The burden of redeeming the family honor and the town funds falls on the shoulders of the Hickory boys, and with guns and horses they dash off to bring back the culprits—all except Harold, who is told he might get hurt.

And so the tale unfolds, punctuated with plenty of laughs, drama, clever acting, a very pretty love story and some more laughs. Harold, of course, rescues the money, selects the guilty person and gets the girl.

The cast is particularly well chosen. Jobyna Ralston, with curls and a naive manner, is admirably suited to play opposite Harold Lloyd. Constantine Romanoff is a powerful villain and a very good one. Eddie Boland makes "Flash" Farrell stand out even in an exceptionally competent cast. Father and brothers Hickory could not have been better chosen. Harold Lloyd may have liked the part of "The Freshman" better (this is my own deduction), but "The Kid Brother" is a masterly piece of comedy workmanship.

C. M. D.

"VALENCIA" OPENS AT THE ORPHEUM

Mae Murray's Latest Film Has Spanish Locale

"Valencia," Mae Murray's latest venture has the feature picture shown at Loew's Orpheum Theatre yesterday.

Under the direction of Dimitri Buchowetzki, the famous Russian director, she displays some of the best work of her career in a role more vivid and colorful than any that have previously fallen to her lot.

It is the romance of a Spanish gypsy who falls in love with a sailor, and is pursued by the Governor of Barcelona. The play is gorgeously costumed and staged, with hundreds of people in picturesque Spanish garb, reproductions of castles, and an entire street in Barcelona.

The cast includes Lloyd Hughes in the leading male role, Roy D'Arcy as the villainous Governor, Max Berwyn and others.

JETSON RYDER

Jetson-Ryder, baritone, well accompanied by Carrol Hollister, sang the program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall: Silence, Vieille Chanson Espagnole, Chanson de Mer, Aubert; She Never Told Her Love, Haydn; The Fiero Costume, Legrenzi; Flor di dolcezza sei, Del Valle de Paz; Si tra ceppi, Handel; Fair House of Joy, Quilter; As Fair Is She as Noonday Light, Rachmaninoff; Verborgenhelt, Wolf; Zueknung, Strauss; On the Sea Shore of Endless Worlds, Carpenter; She Moved Thro. the Fair, arr. by Hughes; Black Sheela of the Silver Eye, arr. by Hart; Une Priere, Wagner; Here's the Mother's Heart, Coningsby Clarke; the Pauper's Drive, Homer.

Mr. Jetson-Ryder brought an exceedingly good voice to hearing yesterday a voice excellent throughout its range though its low tones are not the most powerful ever heard. They carry, none the less, for Mr. Jetson-Ryder has given this voice wise training. All resonances he has learned to mingle in just proportion, to the benefit of an unusual even scale and of real flexibility.

Since, along with this flexibility, Mr. Jetson-Ryder has learned to sing in any range all vowels clearly and freely, he has developed an organ with which he can do easily whatever he will. Comfortable management of breath, too, and a happy way with consonants, must set down as features of Mr. Jetson-Ryder's able technique.

Since he enunciates so distinctly, it is to be hoped that Mr. Jetson-Ryder will move a step or two farther along the line of fine diction. For words, after all, need more than enunciation—they need inflection, emphasis, color. If Mr. Jetson-Ryder would consider, say, just the sound of "splendor," not to mention its meaning, he would increase 10-fold the effect of Handel's air, taking similar thought he could make more of the Wolf song. If he would value a hint as to the proper delivery of Viola's touching words about her sister, let Mr. Jetson-Ryder hear Charles Lamb's comment on Hamlet's reading of those lines.

Quiet songs of comfort, the best of old songs, and the new songs of the modern world.

ONLY With the... "Zeigunung" With the... from close attention to the... of significant words, he ought to be able to add an appearance of dramatic force to his present wide vocal equipment.

Mr. Jetson-Ryder sang to an audience of good size, one very cordial, too.

R. R. G.

ROONEY FAMILY

Pat Rooney, as clever as ever, Marion Bent and their son, Pat Rooney, 3d, with a company of 18 dancing girls and an orchestra, are heading this week's attractive vaudeville entertainment at Keith's Theatre. From the opening until the close of the evening's show the stellar acts, replete with song, dance, comedy and music, provoked applause that was answered with encores.

In a delightful revue entitled "Rooneyisms of 1927-28," the dancing of young Rooney demonstrated to the satisfaction of all that he is a real "chip off the old block." The "Rooneyisms" included everything from the old waltz to the Charleston, and the act never would have ended it "Pa" Rooney had not jokingly inquired what more the Bostonians desired. Although Pat Rooney is the headliner yet the other entertainers are excellent.

There is comedy galore in "The Mahatma," by Herbert Warren & Co. Lottie Atherton gives an excellent dance offering. She is at her best in dancing up and down stairs. There are Morton and Betty Harvey in melody; the Ward Brothers as two English comedians who create uproarious laughter over American indoor sports and win generous applause by their dance numbers; and then Hyde and Burrill present something different in singing, talking and dance music. Billy Hallen in "It's All Applesauce," and Jim Jam Jems in "Crownland," complete the vaudeville bill.

Gish in Role of Hester Prynne

Lillian Gish in "The Scarlet Letter," adapted from the novel by Nathaniel Hawthorne and directed by Victor Seastrom, is the feature picture at the State Theatre this week.

The cast is as follows:

Hester	Lillian Gish
Rev. Dimmesdale	Lars Hanson
Prynne	Henry B. Walthall
Giles	Karl Dane
Mistress Hibbins	Marcelle Corday
Pearl	Joyce Coad

Once again we have a screen version of a famous novel that is not faithful to characters, action or depth of the original script. It is hard to judge "The Scarlet Letter" as a picture standing on its own merits because Hawthorne's Hester Prynne was such a remarkable person and Lillian Gish only expresses her nobility in a few of her scenes. Perhaps if it wasn't for this comparison, "The Scarlet Letter" would be more acceptable.

Lillian Gish did grasp every bit of pathos and courage of the real Hester Prynne in her dramatic walk from the jail to the scaffold and her final scenes with the Rev. Dimmesdale were extremely well done. There is real ability in Miss Gish if directors would not make her look like a sick kitten so often.

The acting honors go to Karl Dane who plays the part of Giles. Here is a positive character that dominates every scene. He is not handsome—almost the contrary—but Giles stands out as a fine sympathetic person with a delightful sense of humor.

Maybe the Rev. Dimmesdale had everyone fooled. It is taking him at a disadvantage to be familiar with the original story but it seemed that he looked very guilty in most of his big scenes especially when the entire population of Boston was looking at him.

Roger Chillingworth is cut to a few short scenes in the screen play but what he does is well done by Henry B. Walthall.

The photography is super-excellent throughout the entire picture and so we seek out and find the cameraman—Frank Sartov.

"THE MUSIC MASTER" OPENS AT STATE

Film Adapted from Charles Klein Play of 1900's

"The Music Master" at the State Theatre this week has been adapted for the screen by the son of Charles Klein, who wrote the original play. The cast:

Anton Von Barwig	Alec B. Francis
Helene Stanton	Lois Moran
Beverly Cruizer	Nell Hamilton
Andrew Cruizer	Norman Trevor
Jules	William T. Tilden

The costumes and settings are picturesque and refreshing in this play that is in the best approved manner of the weepy drama of 1900. Alec B. Francis plays the role that David Warfield made famous and being a particularly likeable person, Mr. Francis leaves a warm feeling of friendliness and everyone is glad he found his daughter.

The story, as you probably know, is about a music master who searches the world for the wife who had left him and his little daughter. After 16 fruitless years he is rewarded.

Lois Moran plays the daughter admirably. She is beautiful, and clever with a rare sweetness of manner that should take her far in the picture world.

The direction is restrained and in the most part well done—there may be a little too much kissing for our present dramatic appetite but Allan Dwan probably was true to the script.

"Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl" Heads Bill

Melodrama of the popular pattern projects itself through the picturing of Theodore Kremer's romantic thriller of a decade or more ago, "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," which is the toplier of the photoplay bill at the Modern and Bacon theatres this week. Madge Bellamy and Allan Simpson are seen in the leading roles. The associate picture is a version of Arthur Somers Roche's mystery story, "Finger Prints," starring Louise Fazenda in one of her comic slavery parts, with a cast comprising Helene Costello, John T. Murray and Myrna Loy. News pictures and a short comedy also are being shown.

Mr. Kremer's play needs introduction only to the younger theatregoers. To the more mature the story is sufficiently familiar. But its plot is compiled from a tried and true formula treating of the trials of the ambitious working girl hedged about by the fences of poverty and perils of predacious men. But Bertha of the story is blessed with strength of will as well as virtue, and she comes victorious from her difficult test through which she endures the most trying adventures framed in a sequence of exciting and speedy action.

Mr. Roche's story bristles with mysterious incidents within a spooky house that has trick stairways, secret panels and other ingenious devices to trap the unwary. Portending tragedies develop into hilarious comedy, however, and humorous incidents threaten grip results, all to the tune of delectable confusions to the spectator, and in summation composes more than an hour of lively amusement.

CONTINUING PLAYS

HOLLIS—"Judy," musical comedy with Patti Harrold, Robert Armstrong, Laura Hamilton, Frank Beaton and others. Third week.

COLONIAL—"Sunny," Charles Dillingham's musical production with Marilyn Miller, Jack Donahue and others. Fourth week.

MAJESTIC—"What Price Glory," film version of the Stallings-Anderson war play.

PLYMOUTH—"Loose Ankles," smart farce by Sam Janney. Last week.

SHUBERT—"Castles in the Air," musical piece with Bernard Granville, Roy Cropper, and others. Second week.

TREMONT—"Old Ironsides," Lawrence Stallings's story of the frigate Constitution. Last week.

WILBUR—"Queen High," musical version of "A Pair of Sixes," with Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit, John Hazzard and others. Ninth week.

REPERTORY—"If," Lord Dunsany's fantastic comedy. Last week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," Arnold Ridley's thrilling mystery play. Sixth week.

CASTLE SQUARE—"Girl Overboard," John Craig's play starring Mary Young. Last week.

"The Potters" at the Metropolitan Theatre this week with W. C. Fields in the part of Pa Potter is taken from the play of the same name written by J. P. McEvoy and presented at the Plymouth Theatre, New York, Dec. 8, 1926. The cast:

Pa Potter	W. C. Fields
Ma Potter	Mary Alden
Mamie	Ivy Harris
Bill	Jack Egan
Red Miller	"Skeets" Gallagher

Perhaps it is the comparison with the hilariously funny etage Potters that robs the film Potters of half their joy.

The screen is swept clean for the work of the star, W. C. Fields, and he is very able as Pa Potter, the wage slave who dreams of sudden wealth. Aside from the coffee pot that boils over in the opening scene—Mr. Fields is the only convincing player. Jack Egan as Bill might have been good if he had had more of a chance and "Skeets" Gallagher as Red was completely buried under ponderous comedy.

Where was the love story that enhanced the plot on the stage and brought out its share of human failings and bravado? Where was the preoccupied sincerity of Ma Potter who loved Pa even if he was an old failure? Where was the dramatic and soul satisfying episode showing a villain treating another of the tribe to his own medicine?

W. C. Fields rises above the average mediocrity of the play and causes enough pleasure to make it worth while but—this film should have been excellent. Fred Newmeyer directed, a graduate of Harold Lloyd comedies. A few other assets make one wonder if the sets could have been as uninteresting as they seemed and the action as stilted.

Dec 3 1927

So dentists in solemn convention at Chicago wish to be known henceforth as "gnathologists." According to Dr. McColum of Los Angeles—he shudders at the sound of "tooth-carpenter"—a gnathologist is "a person versed in the science of the masticatory apparatus." Why not, the thoughtless may ask. An undertaker is now a mortician; a barber has long been a tonsorial artist; a real estate agent is a "realtor." Why humiliate a gnathologist by calling him a dentist, tooth-carpenter, snag-fencer?

There is an objection. The Greek word "gnathos" means strictly "the lower jaw." Herodotus tells us that long after the battle of Plataea, the Plataeans found on the field a skull without any seam, made entirely of a single bone; "likewise a jaw, both the upper bone and the under, wherein all the teeth, front and back, were joined together and made of one bone." Now in this passage the lower jaw is "gnathos." Surely your dentist, our dentist, everybody's dentist should be able to make a nice set of false teeth, upper and lower, of china or porcelain. (It is said that on Cape Cod a neatly-fitting, complete set is considered an appropriate gift for bride or bridegroom.)

Furthermore, "gnathos" also means a greedy fellow, so that "gnathologist" might frighten the thrifty and lead them to prefer suffering or unsightliness. The parasite in a comedy of Terence's is named Gnatho. And "gnathos" has another unpleasant meaning to those in terror of a dentist's tools. One definition is the point, edge of a deadly weapon.

Think not for a moment that we do not hold dentists, even "dental surgeons," in high esteem. As the years glide past, as many dig their graves with their teeth, a dentist should be regarded as a best friend. Women, seated in the chair, often confide in him; ask his advice about investments; tell him anecdotes in disparagement of their husbands.

Let us remember the words of old Bulwer in "Man Transform'd, or The Artificial Changeling":

"Hence the Art Cosmetique, although it be a part of Medicine that makes little to the necessity of life, yet it conduceth to the conveniences of a better life, deservedly, and by good right doth now and then engage Physicians, not only to repair and patch up a decayed and lost beauty, but to preserve that which is enjoyed, and the Obligation lies more strong upon them where the party hath attained to almost all the degrees of beauty, it being more pitty then, she should have any blemish in a mouth."

We regret to say that old Bulwer spoke like a misogynist when he reached women of certain countries forerately pulling out their teeth:

"For women who have more need and such a monumental restraint of the tongue, in contumelious despatch of Nature's Law to break the hedge, and make so foule a gap in it."

As the World Wags:

The other day a man sat in on a "movie" comedy and laughed at all the sub-titles. But when the lights came on his warden found him, poor fellow, OSWALD OF WESLAYAN.

STRANGE AND DISTURBING NOISES

As the World Wags:

Why should there not be a musical Litany? "From all Copland concertos and others of the same sort, Good Lord deliver us."

We heard some sort of a piece of Mr. Copland's a year or two ago. I like to forget the impression it made upon me at that time. Now we have heard his concerto. Last Saturday night the generous audience politely laughed; that was all. It ought to have been a case of tears, rather than laughter. I fear that some of the listeners didn't appreciate how insulting the piece was. We hear so much about prohibition nowadays; let us have a little prohibition against the awful sounds made sometimes in the name of music.

Boston. CLAYTON JOHNS.

FASHION NOTE FOR THE OPERA

As the World Wags:

A fashion note from Paris yesterday said that men must not—oh, they absolutely shall not wear spats with tan shoes. This seems most drastic to us. No spats with tan shoes. What, not even when wearing full dress at the opera? R. H. L.

NOMINATING WILL ROGERS

As the World Wags:

The Hon. Will Rogers, Mayor of Beverly Hills, California, citizen of these United States, and comprehensive grasper of mundane fundamentals, expressed himself within a day or two in such terse, clear-visioned terms in New York, as quoted in The Herald of Jan. 29, that I nominate him to succeed the Hon. Kellogg now in office as Secretary of State of these United States, to be dispensed with, under the undoubted dispensing power of the President. There was considerable criticism of the exercise of the alleged dispensing power of the Stuart Kings, but it would seem that there would be little in regard to the exercise of the dispensing power of the President, in this particular, recently affirmed, as it has been, by the Supreme Court. A good many years ago I nominated Mr. Peter Dunn, then better known as Mr. Dooley, for the same office, but without effect. Yet within no great number of years I have read the expression of like opinion by one of the better known American statesmen, he being at the moment a successful politician now dead, thus coming under the definition of Speaker Reed. Perhaps something can be done about this. ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

What a pity that Artemus Ward is dead, not to be consulted by President Coolidge! Artemus called on Abraham Lincoln at his "humstid" in Springfield, Ill.

"How 'bout my Cabin't, Mister Ward?" sed Abe.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen is devoid of politios. They hain't got any principles! They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North and South. Showmen, sir, ie honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters, and see small billes! Ef you want a Cabin't as le a Cabin't, fill it up with Showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax fligger porfeshun musn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these vains."—Ed.

We have yet to see whether the painted legs of Barcelona will penetrate to these chillier shores. It does not sound a very comfortable custom—but then fashion takes no account of comfort. Nor is it a new one: did not R. L. S. tell us of Queen Vaskehu, of the Harnqueas, so highly decorated that, "before she was grown prim, her log was one of the chief sights of Tai-o-Hae"?—London Observer.

'RESURRECTION'

Boston Opera House—"Resurrection;" opera in four acts by Alfano. The Chicago Civic Opera Company. The cast:

Dimitri	Fernand Anseau
Caterina Mikallovna	Mary Garden
Sofia Ivanovna	Lorna Doone Jackson
Matrona Pavlovna	Alice d'Hermanov
An old servant	Anna Correnti
An old peasant	Maria Claessens
Station Master	Antonio Nicolich
First Peasant	Lodovico Oliviero
Second Peasant	Jean de Keyser
Third Peasant	Max To
A Peasant Woman	Florence Mignon
La Korabiewa	Maria Claessens
Fenitchka	Anna Hamlin
La Rosada	Alice d'Hermanov
La Rouge	Clara Shear
L'Ourse	Lina Calvo
Pedia	Helen Freund
Crief Jaffer	Desire Defreire
Simphon	Cesare Formich
Kritzi	Antonio Nicolich
Vera	Florence Mignon
An Officer	Jose Moieca
A Cossack	Antonio Nicolich
Conductor	Roberto Moranzoni

A very large audience went out last night to hear "Resurrection," and report has it that all the cities to be visited by the company on tour are clamoring to hear it, too. Since history does not make mention of too frequent productions, even in Italy, of this 20-year old work, it would seem safe to infer that its present vogue is due to Miss Mary Garden.

When her admirers witness "Resurrection" they get the worth of their money as they can at no other opera; this piece is a one-man—or, rather, a one-woman—show if ever such was written. One person, a baritone, has a short air to sing quite on his own account, and presently he joins the tenor in a brief duet. But for the rest of the time the one woman holds the stage; the long list of characters merely give her cues, or else furnish her with atmosphere and background.

So last night her admirers saw Miss Garden first as a very young girl, scarcely more than a child, but old enough withal to fall into a frenzy of love. Next they looked upon her in the throes of despair, abandoned by her lover, hunted from her home in disgrace. In the third act they found her disgraced indeed, a drunken courtesan in prison, diverting her fellow prisoners with tales of her gay days, leering at her repentant lover, flouting him, and finally rolling on the floor in an agony of shame. In the last act, on her way to Siberia, the audience viewed her restored to decency, tending the sick and needy, rejecting her lover for principle's sake, finding her comfort in prayer.

These varied aspects of a single character Miss Garden suggested with skill, imagination and, on the whole, restraint. Perhaps she was most suc-

cessful in the prison scene. But, indeed, throughout she did all any woman could do with the material at hand. For as a singer, though she was in good voice and sang for the most part well, she could not shine, because she had little to sing worth singing, and as an actress she labored under the disadvantage of the text being, because of an awkward orchestration and playing sometimes too loud, but seldom understandable. That she made the effects she did speaks in high praise for Miss Garden's pantomime.

She had a long array of people to keep her, all extremely able actors. Mr. Formiche sang well, and Mr. Anseau probably did all that could be done with a fatuous role. Mr. Moranzoni, by the same argument, gave what life he could to music of very slight moment. The chorus sang excellently.

The stage settings were admirable, the most notable being the scene outside the station, so chilly and still it made one shiver to see it. In the prison scene the stage manager made a successful effort to galvanize the chorus into an appearance of life and individuality.

R. R. G.

ancis Philip Frazier, lecturer and singer, will give an entertainment in Jordan hall tonight for the benefit of the North American Indian Missionary work.

Myra Mortimer, contralto, will sing in Jordan hall tomorrow afternoon, a group of old English songs, a group of little known songs by Schubert, and songs by Sharp, Murphy, Besley, Schindler, A. Mendelssohn, Sinding and V. E. Bendix.

The celebrated St. Olaf Lutheran Choir will sing in Symphony hall tomorrow night.

Next Saturday afternoon Percy Grainger, pianist and composer, will play in Jordan hall, music by Bach, Paradies, Scarlatti, Handel, Schumann, Brahms and Liszt.

Sunday concerts: Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Fritz Kreisler, violinist. Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra.

chestra. Women's Republican Club, 8:45 P. M. Alexander Kipnis, bass of the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

Giordano's opera, "La Cena delle Beffe" ("The Supper of Jests") will be performed tonight by the Chicago Civic opera company. It will be the first performance of this opera in Boston. Sem Benelli's drama of the same name, known in this country as "The Jest," was written in 1909. The next year saw his "Love of the Three Kings," which Montemezz turned into an opera. "The Jest" has been described as a skillful "blending of the grotesque and the ludicrous with the terrible, the tragic and the sublime." It is the story of the revenge taken by a weakling Ginevra on two brothers, Neri and Gabriello, who had for a long time persecuted him. (A weakling appears in several plays by Benelli. In "The Bookworm," in "The Mask of Brutus," in "Rosamunda.")

Giordano's opera was produced at La Scala early in 1925. The chief characters were represented by Lazaro, Franci, Badini, Autori, and Mmes. Carmen Melis and Valobra. Toscanini conducted. It was said at the time that the scenes of ancient Florence, the beautiful costuming and stage tableaux were "the perfection of artistic harmony."

Act I—A supper is about to be given at the command of Lorenzo the Magnificent to reconcile the two brothers Neri and Gabriello with Ginevra. They had robbed him of the beautiful Ginevra, and thrown him tied in a sack into the Arno; they had afterward pricked him with their swords. The supper brings not peace but bitter jesting. The three are burning with passion for Ginevra. Ginevra incites Neri to go to the Vaccareccia, a quarter where jesting might easily bring on death. Neri accepts the challenge; puts on his armor and strides away, leaving his green cloak behind him.

Act II—This cloak now plays an important part. The scene is in the house of Ginevra. Since her abduction she has been Neri's mistress. It is morning. Neri has not returned. Ginevra, wearing the green cloak, had entered her chamber the night before and remained there. Ginevra thought it was Neri by her side until a maid tells her it is noised about that Neri has gone mad. There is a powerful scene between Ginevra and Ginevra, when the latter discloses his identity. She is both shocked and fascinated, for Ginevra had been her lover. Neri rushes in wounded. The servants think him mad, when he cries out that he has won his wager and will make Ginevra pay. One of the latter's jests is the spreading of the report that Neri is mad; another is that Neri is borne away to a subterranean vault of the Medici, bound and a prisoner.

Act III—Neri is bound to a chair. Men he had slighted; women he had betrayed, come in and mock him, but Lisabetta, in love with him, begs him to feign madness, but to be quiet, that he may thus gain his liberty. Ginevra is disturbed by the thought that Neri is really insane; yet his desire for vengeance is not satisfied. He says to Neri: "Poor Neri! You are mad! Listen. I might, I will go to Ginevra. If you are mad you will not come there. If you are not mad I'll meet my death, but I'll go." Neri, pretending to be mad, leaves with Lisabetta. Ginevra, sitting in the chair, laughs hysterically.

Act IV—Ginevra had lied to Neri. Knowing that Gabriello is consumed with a hopeless longing for Ginevra, he leads the former, wearing his (Ginevra's) red cloak, to go to her. At the opening of this act Neri taunts Ginevra with her unfaithfulness. (A serenade is sung "off stage" by one of her admirers.) He commands her to be silent, while he hides behind a curtain, purposing to kill Ginevra. "There is no escaping the hideous denouement which comes with such swift in the next room. You have seen a red-cloaked figure enter. In a few seconds there are screams, and Neri rushes out, poignard in hand. At the other side of the room stands Ginevra facing them, trembling at the consummation of his revenge. He has made a fratricide of Neri."

A critic (Italian?) has written of Benelli: "When this poet touches the chord of rancour, of jealousy, of vengeance, of deception, of dissimulation, of hidden torment, his lyric instrument gives out tremendous sounds." Another has characterized "The Supper of Jests" as "a fine piece of livid tragedy with the turgid blood of the Renaissance coursing through its veins."

Concerning the quality of Giordano's music in this opera there has been a difference of opinion. Herbert Hughes, an excellent musician, one of the reviewers for the Daily Telegraph of London, heard the opera at the San Carlo, Naples, conducted by Marinuzzi, a performance "superb in every detail." Mr. Hughes found little or no special interest in the music. "Five tenors (one comico, and one singing off), four baritone (one comico), one bass, three sopranos, and two mezzo sopranos are required, not one of whom sings a song so beautiful that it is worth remembering for its own sake. You may search in vain for any real creative independence in any ensemble or in any purely accompanying music."

On the other hand, the London Times's correspondent, writing from Milan, began his article by stating that the opera is "certain to pass into the universal repertory with universal interest." He added: "Giordano may justly be considered today (1925) the foremost of living opera composers. . . . The contemporary of Puccini, but in the opinion of the writer, far the superior of Puccini in inventive musicality, Giordano has had Puccini as his chief popular rival; Francesco Cilea was once a robust second. . . . It is to be noted that Giordano has never shown himself a prolific composer as compared with a dozen well-known men. Giordano, in fact, has steadfastly declined to write opera as a business; has refused proudly to commercialize his art and his gifts for mere profit to music publishers, to impresari, or to himself. His scores have

been brought forth with long intervals between them; evolved with a detached, fastidious, slow and self-critical musicality. But each one (with a single possible exception) has added to his popularity and honor. . . . 'La Cena delle Beffe' seems to me far and away the best work that Giordano has put forth—a distinct addition to his reputation. Here, as before, we perceive the musician who has something to say; musical ideas, a true sense of what is drama in music; musical thought along with mastery of merely musical vehicles and mechanics. The score is remarkably terse. Hardly any act exceeds in time 20 minutes. But every page counts."

Well, we shall hear what we shall hear. Giordano, so far, has been best known in Boston by his "Andrea Chenier" and "Madame Sans-Gene."

"JEWELS OF THE MADONNA" GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "The Jewels of the Madonna," opera in three acts by Wolf-Ferrari, performed by the Chicago Civic Opera Company. Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

The cast was as follows: Forrest Lamont Gennaro Rosa Raisa Mallella Giacomo Ranni Carmela Augusta Lenka Bialoe Lodovico Oliviero Cecilio Jose Moieca Stella Anna Hamlin Concetta Lorna Jackson Serena Alice d'Hermanov Rocco Antonio Nicolich

The performance brought with it pleasant memories of the years when Boston justly boasted of its own opera company; when this city was not dependent on visitors from New York or Chicago. When "The Jewels of the Madonna" was first performed here the leading singers were Messrs. Zenatello and Vanni-Marcoux; Mmes. Edvina and Gay. Later Ferrari-Fontana was seen as Gennaro; Polese, Blanchard and Ancona as Rafaela; Mmes. Carmen Melis, Amnden and Stanley as Mallella; the part of Carmela was taken a few times by Mme. d'Alvarez.

The spectacular features of the performance, the very vulgarity of many pages gave the opera immediate popularity in this city as in other cities of the United States; yet those who knew the refined nature of the composer by his operas "Le Donne Curiose," "The Secret of Susanna," and especially his oratorio on Dante's text "La Vita Nuova," wondered how he could stoop to this deliberate manufacture of cheap and sensational music, for a remarkably repulsive libretto. It was not pleasant to find Wolf-Ferrari at work to keep the pot a-bolling. Surely his poverty and not his will consented.

Here we have a woman of the people, persuading her lover, a decent and devout blacksmith, while she herself is in love with the swaggering leader of the Camorristi, to steal the jewels of the Madonna, for Rafaela had offered to steal them for her. When Gennaro has stolen them, she bedecks herself, and, seeing in him the image of Rafaela, abandons her body to Gennaro in a scene described by the librettists with

a realism that would translate the scene that is necessarily toned down for English-speaking audiences. Last night Gennaro merely knelt at Mallella's feet. In the early performances at this opera house actor and actress were not so reserved. It is not necessary to be of the Roman Catholic faith to be shocked by this sacrilegious scene. Even the free-thinker must realize this peculiar degradation of passion.

When the music is most effective, it is rowdy, as in the music for the crowd in festal mood. There is little or no tonal revelation of character. The pages for the melodrama are not truly expressive; they are the hack work of a well equipped musician. The music for the leading figures has little distinction, little pathos, little charm, no true passion. Perhaps the one honest feature of the work is the first orchestral Intermezzo, which was delightfully performed by the excellent orchestra led by Mr. Moranzoni, who conducted throughout with a skill and a fervor that should have been devoted to a better cause.

Mme. Raisa acted with appropriate spirit, not emphasizing unduly the inherently low nature of Mallella. We have seen Mallellas that were more vixenish and at the same time more fascinating in their waywardness. She was at times as if she were playing a role, not feeling it intensely. She sang effectively, at times brilliantly. Mr. Lamont gave a faithful impersonation of a simple soul tormented by the worthless child of the gutter. In the second act he showed unexpected dramatic force—exerted quietly—in his temptation, his rushing to do the shameful deed, in his return where an anxious anticipation was mingled with horror at his act.

Leigh Hunt wrote a long poem, "The Story of Rimini." The story of Mr. Rimini, the baritone singer, is not so poetic. He is an actor of considerable ability; as a singer, with a naturally good voice, he has not learned how to use it acceptably, for he seems unable to emit a sustained tone in a melodic line.

Miss Lenka had a thankless, lachrymose part as Carmela, dreary music; she had only to look sad.

The chorus was sufficiently vivacious, not to say boisterous, as the composer wished. The management of the crowd in the first act did not give the picturesque impression of early performances. There was bustle enough, but too often the singers made their remarks to the audience. The ecclesiastical music was a relief. We missed the impressive entrance in single file, far back on the stage, of the straw-hatted Camorristi, fine fellows, i. e. blackguards all, singing cheerfully to their tinkling, plucked instruments. The second act was beautifully lighted.

An audience that filled the opera house was enthusiastic.

Tonight Giordano's "Supper of Jests" will be performed in Boston for the first time. Mmes. Muzio, Norena, Pavloska; Messrs. Cortis, Montasanto, Lazari, with M. Polacco, conductor.

"FAUST" ENJOYABLE

Gounod Opera Draws Large Matinee Audience

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Faust," opera in four acts by Charles Gounod, presented by the Chicago Civic Opera company, Frank St. Leger, conductor. The cast:

Faust	Charles Hackett
Mephistopheles	Vanni-Marcoux
Marguerite	Edith Mason
Valentine	Richard Bonell
Martha	Maria Claessens
Siebel	Clara Shear
Wagner	Gildo Morelato

The melodic opus, "Faust," of Gounod attracted so large an audience to the Opera House yesterday afternoon that heads by the dozen could be counted even in the students' pit, that uppermost recess at either side of the house.

The performance was worthy of the support and enthusiasm of this crowd, too. There was nothing frowzy about it, nothing indifferent. From first to last curtain it was a balanced, well managed performance, with singing and acting well above the average. A great performance, no; too many rare elements form the subtle component parts of the quality "great" in an operatic whole, but an eminently enjoyable performance it was.

Quite evidently the singer in whom most interest centered was Vanni-Marcoux, popular in Boston since the days of the Boston Opera Company, when he helped make many a performance successful, even memorable. On entering yesterday he was greeted with an ovation. As Mephistopheles, he again demonstrated his art. His acting was subtle and imaginative; his singing is secondary to it, but he has the ability to diminish the defects of his voice and create a very artistic effect as singing-actor.

The Faust of Charles Hackett was acted with exceptional finesse and sung well, despite nasal tones. At no time during the performance did his imagination fail him. As the old philosopher he was the embodiment of withered

manhood wrestling with despair and futility. Under the tutelage of Mephistopheles he blossomed out as an ecstatic, passionate lover, never out of control of his tutor, yet never losing his identity as an individual. Always he held a nice balance between the moods of his role.

Edith Mason as Marguerite sang beautifully and looked charming, although her acting seemed somewhat close to the stage director's chalk line, with too little of her own imagination added. Perhaps she was not in the mood yesterday afternoon; not until the third act did she seem to get into character.

The roles of Valentine, Martha and Siebel were admirably taken by Richard Bonelli, Maria Claessens and Clara Shear, respectively.

The movement and grouping of the various choruses were effective, as was the ensemble singing, on the whole. The conducting of Mr. St. Leger, too, was admirable, and much appreciated by the audience.

H. L.

Feb 4 1927

'LA CENA DELLE BEFFE' SUNG

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Chicago Civic Opera Company. First performance in Boston of "La Cena delle Beffe," an opera in four acts. Libretto by Sem Benelli; music by Giordano. Mr. Polacco conducted. The cast was as follows:

Glannetto Malespini	Antonio Corti
Neri Chiamante	Luigi Montesanto
Gabriello Chiamante	Theodore Ritch
Il Tornquinci	Giovanni Poles
Il Calandra	Antonio Nicolich
Fazio	Desire Defrere
Il Trinc	Lodovico Oliviero
Il Dottore	Virgilio Lazzari
Lapo	Jean De Kever
Il Cantore	Jose Mojica
Ginevra	Claudia Muzio
Lisabetta	Eide Norena
Ladomine	Lorna Doone Jackson
Fiammetta	Anna Hamlin
Claudia	Clara Shear

Benelli's drama might have for a motto the lines of Poe:

"Much of Madness, and more of Sin, And Horror the soul of the plot."

The story would have fascinated Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists. Glannetto, the weakling, bent on revenge, was a man for Cyril Tourneure, whose two tragedies turn on fearful vengeance. "The mixture of the grotesque and the offshoot with murderous deeds is again "Elizabethan."

When Benelli's play was performed in 1919 at New York, over four hours were consumed. When Toscanini brought out the opera at La Scala in December, 1924, the time of the actual performance was eighty-five minutes. The libretto, while it may lose in subtlety and lack Flemish detail in the delineation of character, gains by the condensation made by Benelli himself; gains for operatic purposes. Opera and psychology do not go hand in hand. In the libretto every stroke tells. Each episode is strongly expressed. Here is a drama in music; not music for which the drama is only a pretext; not a long symphony with a text.

It is a savage drama, a story of Florentine hatred and passion. The persecution of Glannetto by the brothers, Neri and Gabriello; his hideous revenge for the brutal jest, the physical injury the two had played upon him. They had taken away his betrothed, Ginevra, on the eve of the wedding. She became Neri's mistress. The revenge of Glannetto was two-fold; it was believed in the streets that Neri had gone mad after his adventure in the wine shop of a dangerous quarter where he went to win the wager proposed by Glannetto. Through this invention of the weakling Neri, bound and in a prison subterranean vault, was mocked. By another lie, Neri was led to kill his brother.

Giordano's music is first of all theatre music, to emphasize the text, to accompany the situations. It is seldom lyrical. It is wholly without sensuous charm even in the love duet of the second act, when there is an attempt at amorous ecstasy. The purely declamatory lines have little distinction. Twice does Giordano abandon his apparently express purpose; in the concerted music sung when Neri is in the chair, tormented by the mockers and the doctor, while Glannetto is cynically amused, while the voice of the plying Lisabetta rises above the chatter; in the serene song off stage while Neri waits impatiently for his victim. Did Giordano remember how the song of the gondolier singing a line of Dante's, is dramatically a contrast to the tragic scene of Rossini's, in which Desdemona sits fearful of Othello's jealousy? And so the few measures for Ginevra at the beginning of the fourth act are not without a certain charm. There are here and there unusual and fascinating bits of orchestration.

But the play is the thing; it is the play that interests. The performance was often unnecessarily, often appropriately, bolsterous. Mr. Montesanto

gave a vigorous portrayal of Neri, the man of violence, singing and declaiming violently. In the vault, bound with ropes, his singing was eloquent in its reserve and its expressiveness. Mr. Corti, for a weakling, was powerful in vocal emissions and gave a faithful idea of Glannetto's character. Neither the jesting of the brothers nor that of the snake-like Glannetto could be called examples of "first-class humor," but the Florentine "beffe" could hardly appeal to the sensitive. As Benelli pictures Neri and Glannetto, the former seems the better man. Mme. Muzio did her best to make Ginevra vocally interesting. She was pleasing to the eye. An agreeable feature of the performance was the singing of Mme. Norena with her pure, fresh, sympathetic voice. Mr. Lazzari was a capital Buffo physician. Mr. Polacco conducted with his customary skill and gusto.

There was a very large audience; there were many curtain calls.

The opera tonight will be "Tristan und Isolde": Mmes. Alsen and Van Gordon; Messrs. Marshall, Bonelli and Kipnis. Mr. Polacco will conduct.

SIoux INDIAN IN CONCERT PROGRAM

Francis Phillip Frazier, full-blooded Sioux Indian, arrayed in the colorful ceremonial dress of his tribe, gave a delightful program of Indian narrative and song before a large and interested audience in Jordan hall last evening.

Through his remarkable voice, perfect enunciation and interpretative ability, this graduate of Oberlin and Dartmouth colleges carried his audience to the sunset land, where rippling waters, blazing camp fires and painted teepees formed the background. It was while at Dartmouth that he acquired his vocal talent as a member of the college glee club. Now he and his wife, who also is a full-blooded Indian, are working as missionaries for the betterment of their people.

His program, with Richard Mallaby at the piano, was as follows:

The Sun Worshipers	Loomis
Sunset Song	Troyer
From Ghost Dance	Lieurance
Lullaby	Lieurance
Love Songs	Lieurance
By Weeping Waters	Lieurance
Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute	Cadman
Bear Song	Unharmonized medicine song
Indian Hymn	Arranged by Murray
America in the Sioux language	Lieurance
By the Waters of Minnetonka	Lieurance
My Task	Ashford

The poet Clare in his "Shepherd's Calendar" took a cheerful view of February.

"The snow has left the cottage top;
The thatch-moss grows in brighter green;
And caves in quick succession drop,
Where grinning icicles have been;
Pit-patting with a pleasant noise
In tubs set by the cottage door;
While ducks and geese, with happy joys,
Plunge in the yard-pond brimming o'er."

But in Boston we do not hear "the mavis thrush with wild delight," muttering "to see the day so bright, fragments of young Hope's poetry."

Clare did not sing the behavior of the ground-hog, and for a good reason: he knew not the marmot. When did the belief in the ground-hog as a weather prophet first excite attention? Who first voiced the belief?

A famous firm of dealers in all forms of pig meat put full trust in it, for on Feb. 1 it sent out this letter:

"Tomorrow being Ground Hog Day we hope that this box of Chicago ground hog will cast no shadow on your breakfast table." A neat jest—what? For the box contained pork sausages.

Yet there is folklore in Great Britain and on the European continent about February prophets in the animal kingdom.

When the cat in February lies in the sun, she will creep behind the stove in March.

In Scotland "hogs" are sheep which have not been shorn.

"February, an ye be fair,
The hoggs'll mend, and naething pair (lessen).
February, an ye be foul,
The hoggs'll die in lika pool."

If bees get out in February, the next day will be windy and rainy.

FEB. 2 CANDELMAS DAY

Country Almanac for 1676:

"Nay, 'tis an omen bad,
The yeomen say,
If Phoebus shows his face
The second day."

"If Candelmas day be fair and clear,
There'll be twa winters in the year."
"The hind has as lief see his wife on the bier,
As that Candelmas day should be pleasant and clear."

The shepherd would rather see the wolf enter his fold on Candlemas day than the sun.

Sir Thomas Browne, curious about all things in the heavens, on the earth and in shallow and deep waters, wrote in his stately manner: "There is a general tradition in most parts of Europe that ferreteth the coldness of succeeding winter from the shining of the sun upon Candlemas day, or the purification of the Virgin Mary, according to the proverbial distich:

"Si Sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante."

In its scholarly review of a recital by John Charles Thomas, the Springfield Republican of Jan. 31 spoke of "Verdi's magnificent aria 'Esi Tu' from the 'Bulls in Maschera.'"

HEINE AGAIN

We spoke recently of two stories about the inspiration of Heine's poem "Du bist wie eine Blume"; that he wrote it, having seen a beautiful pig; that the verses were written in bitter mockery of an effeminate young man, a "Clara," a "Willie-boy."

As the World Wags:

Apocryphal of the traditions you mentioned, are you familiar with the pretty one told in Wencklebach and Mueller's "Glueck auf"? This tells of Heine's finding in the woods a pretty girl who, on her way to the city to seek work, had been robbed of her cloak and purse. The poet took her to a friend and this woman gave the girl shelter. When Heine was about to leave the city he wrote these lines and put them into the girl's hand when parting from her.

This may never have been "proved" to be the correct version, but don't you think it preferable to the pig version given by Mr. Nathaniel Jessel?

Haverhill. BLANCHE CARRIER.

THE DUKE'S PERFECT DAY

As the World Wags:

Henry Ford does me no favor by pulling that there 5 day week stunt.

Sunday is all I crave and if I have another one like the last I would just as soon work all the time. I got up at 9 o'clock, took a bath and picked up a book. It happened to be a Gideon Bible with the B and C's liberal hearted brother brought us from his last trip. He explained as how he had to leave the hotel in a hurry to catch a train, and when he unpacked at are house he happened to notice it. That would of got by if I hadn't seen him unwrap it from a 1/2 doz. towels which he said he was presenting to a friend named Statler. Ennyway I opened the book at random and happened to hit where it says, "And on the 7th day shall ye rest," and I was appreciating the passage when I hear a very familiar voice saying, "I want you to go down to the storeroom and in the bottom trunk you'll find a black velvet dress which Mlle L'Yvette (formerly Sophy Schmidt) is going to make over for me." D'jeever go down in one of those dungeons and eat spider webbs and have a lioning board fall on your foot? Well, I wasn't making much headway when the janitor blows in an I told him I would give him 2 bits if he would give me a hand. I found out damn quick that trying to give a janitor 25c nowadays was like offering a steno a lift home in an open Lizzie; the gentleman passed me up like as if I was poison ivy. After 1 1/2 hrs. I got the damn dress and when I get upstairs I'm asked wether I was playing croquet. My next instructions was to wash the dog as I had been promising to do it since early in July. I tried to get out of that job by tellin her the hound would catch his death of cold as soon as he smelt the air and she says she'd rather have him die smelling the air than us die smelling him. As dinner would'n be ready till 1 o'clock my next job was to take the baby out in the buggy and when I passed Mrs. Huggins house I should stop in an borrow some pie tins. I forgot wether I was told pie tins or tie pins so I did'n stop an told the B and C she wasn't home. DUKE BAKRAK.

AN OLD WHEEZE MODERNIZED

She—How did you happen to ask me for a dance? I don't know you.
He—Just my weakness, Kid; gentlemen prefer blondes, you know.
She—But I'm no blonde.
He—Sall right, sister; I'm no gentleman. Let's go. JAZBO.

BOSTON OVER ALL

(From the Des Moines Register.)

"It is known only in an extremely small circle of scientific men that pernicious anemia has in the last two years been cured by dirt alone," declared Dr. Bloodgood. "This fact was told me a few days ago by Dr. Warfield T. Longcope, of Johns Hopkins University, who further added that on account of the working out of this dirt by Dr. Minor of Harvard, it is difficult to find a case of pernicious anemia in Boston."

ADD "SOCIETY ITEMS!"

(Valentine, Neb., Republican)

We are very glad to be able to say that Grandma Shelbourne is better, although still confined to her bed.

Grandpa Ashburn's leg is better, but the X-ray shows a clot of blood on the bone. We hope it will soon disappear.

Feb 5 1927

We recommend to sticklers for the direct and simple style of writing this sentence from Gertrude Stein's "Composition as Explanation":

"When to look, when to look up and around, when to look down and around, when to look around and around and altered."

As Miss Stein aptly says: "It is very likely that nearly every one has been very nearly certain that something that is interesting is interesting them."

Some one asked recently what the Latin equivalent for "pulling one's weight," as in a boat, would be. No one in Boston has answered, but "H. D." suggested in the Observer (London) of Jan. 16 "the following metrical translation: Ut qui remum, pondus sine pondere, tractat, leaving it to commentators to decide whether 'pondus' is in opposition with the subject 'qui' or the object 'ramum.'"

D. J. Courtney wrote: "As a rendering of 'not pulling one's weight,' 'Levi Brachio Agere' might suit your correspondent (Cic. ad Attic. XVII)."

ADD STRANGE NOISES

As the World Wags:

In "Peacocks and Pagodas" we read (p. 115):

A story is told of a well known musician who left the Queen's hall after sitting through an ultra-modern symphony, almost in the state of collapse. When he got home he sank into a chair and exclaimed: "For God's sake, somebody, bring me a whiskey and soda and play me the chord of C major!" J. P. CUSHING.

WRIGHT AND MRS. LANGTRY

As the World Wags:

In Mrs. Langtry's recently published book, "The Days I Knew," she takes occasion to mention her acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone in words of the highest respect and appreciation, emphasizing grand qualities, his religious principles, and the value of his advice and instruction.

He was honestly proud of his interest in her affairs when she was struggling to gain a foothold in the favor of the English people, and why should she not be? Mr. Gladstone was premier from 1868 to 1874, and from 1880 to 1885; again in 1886 for a brief time, and still again in 1892 to 1894, when the Earl of Rosebery defeated him in his final effort.

It was in 1881 that Mrs. Langtry made her professional bow before a London audience, at the Haymarket, as Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," and soon all England was paying homage to her beauty.

Gladstone was then in his second term, and the recipient of the love and respect of the British Empire. When later he chose to pay tribute in the most respectful manner possible to her qualities of mind and person, Mrs. Langtry naturally listened with gratitude to his words as she would have reverently done to Solomon himself. One of the things, among many, stuck in her memory, and does no doubt to this day, and that was: "In your professional career, you will receive attacks, personal and critical, just and unjust. Bear them, never reply, and above all never rush into print to explain or defend yourself. And I never have." This I personally know to be true. Not until the publication of her book, has she ever condescended to notice any kind of attack, however scandalous or untrue.

During all my business connection with Mrs. Langtry in London, throughout Great Britain, and in this country, I never heard the name of Gladstone even mentioned. When she opened the season at the St. James Theatre in London in January, 1890, and the theatre was filled to its capacity with royalty, titled people by the hundred, and notables of many literary and art circles, Mr. Gladstone was not present, although he had been premier but two years before and was again two years later.

It would greatly astonish me if Mrs. Langtry does not still follow her preceptor's advice and ignore the innuendo of this latest muck-raking traducer.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

As the World Wags:

Does John of the high hat and dinner coat know the French language?

The Pelham Languages Institute asks:

Could you make an intelligent answer if your dinner companion said, 'Entre nous I have been looking forward to meeting you vis-a-vis for I heard you are an courier with the latest books.' Wouldn't a stout heart quail at that? Should answer as my friend the traffic officer does when I tell him anything of interest, 'OH! BY GOSH!'

A HELP IN TIME OF TROUBLE

As the World Wags:

I must tell you of a happening in Boston last evening. A machine came dashing down the boulevard and went through the stop lights. The cop put up his hand, but the machine kept right on going. Then the cop blew his whistle. The car finally stopped in the middle of the block. The cop jumped on the running board and informed the driver he was going to book him for not stopping for lights, for driving on the wrong side of the street, and for speeding. Just then friend wife on the back seat piped up: 'Oh, officer, don't mind him, he's drunk.'

DEE CHESTER.

As the World Wags:

Probably Mr. Mukarji does make the statement attributed to him by Gordon E. Gates of Malden regarding those 'who would be equally shocked to hear Christianity denounced or see it practised.' But is he its originator? I first noted it in Samuel Butler's 'Way of All Flesh,' chap. XV, page 65, long before I ever heard of Dhan Gopal Mukarji. M. S. DICKEY.

Arlington.

THE GREAT LOVER

As the World Wags:

First flapper—'I think Valentine's day will be awfully sad this year.'
Second flapper—'Why?'
First flapper—'It's the first since the death of Valentino.'
Portland, Me. G. A. E.

As the World Wags:

'Humph' was an explosive of my female sister (she is more than middle-aged) as she read 'W. E. K.'s' remark in your column, among other criticisms of the shortness-of-dress-fashion: 'No Faune a l'Apres Midi has anything on me.' Now I would be the last person, or Faune, to change the covering condition of even my sister, but I really would like to know whether the medical fraternity has had more to do by reason of that painful complaint of 'water on the knee.' X. L.

ADD "SCHOOL BOY HOWLERS"

(Noted by "G. K.")

On the approach of the Queen, Sir Walter, seeing that the path was muddy, laid down his cloak so that she should not soil her shoes. After she had passed over, the Queen said, 'Oh, I'm afraid I've spoiled your cloak, Sir Walter.' Upon which Sir Walter, looking at the cloak, replied, 'Dieu et mon drot,' which, being interpreted means, 'God, and you're right.'

A PARISIAN DUEL

One of the combatants yesterday morning was a well-known journalist, who had as one of his seconds the French representative of a British news agency, recalls the days when every newspaper man was a swordsman and a pistol shot and when Clemeenceau and Rochefort were feared almost as much for their prowess on the field as for their vigour with the pen. There were no casualties yesterday, but one of the principals, M. Michel Georges Michel, nearly shot himself in the foot by mistake.—London Observer.

CROWDED HOTEL

A travelling correspondent, 'Old Soak' writes: 'One night in the middle of the week last summer, I stayed at the hotel in Shawano, Wis. When I asked the clerk for a room he answered: 'I'm very sorry, Mr. Soak, but all I have left is our room with the bath.''

From the Hollywood Film Mercury: 'The recent destruction of the old Century plant, which will never bloom again, furnished material for the opportunists of Hollywood, than which there is no town more plentifully endowed with which.'

Now we know who writes the captions of the films.—London Observer.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wagner's 'Tristan and Isolde,' Chicago Civic Opera Company. The cast:

Tristan	Charles Marshall
Isolde	Alexander Kipnis
Kurvenal	Ella Aisen
Melot	Richard Howell
Bangaene	Dashie Defrere
A Shepherd	Cyrena Van G r'o
The Helmsman	Louis Derman
A sailor's voice	Antonio Nicolich
Conductor	Jose Motich
	Giorgio Polacco

Last night, for the first time in four years, there was set on a Boston stage Wagner's wondrous poem of love—that poem that demands for its rightful interpretation a wider variety of qualities, and finer, than perhaps any other lyrical stage work extant.

Of the amorous passion on which the poem is based adequate enough interpreters may be found with comparative ease. But where to find men and women of the rarely poetic imagination that will enable them to feel, and then to suggest, the wild romance of these figures of a mythical past, that Irish princess, with love and revenge tearing at her heart, who journeyed in an ancient ship to Cornwall's fertile shores, to wed the weary king—the princess who gave a death-draught to her lover and drank of it herself?

They must not bear themselves like folk today, these men and women of olden times who behaved so wildly. By their bearing they must make their doing seem inevitable; and by their insight they must make it sympathetic. They must bear themselves beautifully, furthermore, if they would not weary their spectators, for in Tristan there are many moments empty unless the eye is filled. Beauty, and expressiveness—not an instant may they lag—beauty and significance of pose and motion, of voice and song, in the pictures on the stage, in the orchestra below in the pit. Of beauty and expressiveness, what opera manager can command so much? He must do what he can, or Tristan must go unsung.

There was beauty on the stage last night, especially in the second act, where the old stone tower, with its ivy, and the tall drooping trees made an exquisite picture—a setting, too, justly atmospheric. The ship, on the other hand, seemed inappropriately fantastic and needlessly unsuggestive of a ship at sea.

In the orchestra, too, there was beauty—beauty of sound and beautifully moulded phrases. But Mr. Polacco, as seems to be his way with Wagner, heard phrases and passages so sensitively that he lost his sense of the whole. He prepared great episodes so carefully that they lost their place, to the damage of the surge and flow; a virtue in Italian opera thus proves a defect in Wagnerian drama.

Sometimes it happened, furthermore, that Mr. Polacco, in his determination to give the singers fair play, let sharpness of accent go by the board. There were also times when he drowned out significant points by too much sound. How many listeners heard Brangaene tell what she had done with the potions?

Of the singers Mr. Bonelli did the best, singing admirably and offering a remarkable characterization of the faithful Kurvenal. It was a disappointment not to be able to see what he would do in the greater opportunities of the last act. Mr. Kipnis also sang extremely well, and so did Mr. Mojica; Mr. Defrere made of Melot a personage.

Miss Aisen, a singer of uneven excellence, happiest in her quiet moments, gave an adequate impersonation of an angry woman and later of a woman in love. The potion scene she managed with genuine skill. Mr. Marshall sang carefully, and on the whole expressively, acting with dignity and repose. Of Brangaene, Miss Van Gordon made little.

The audience, very large, showed warm enthusiasm. R. R. G.

PERCY GRAINGER

Percy Grainger, the pianist, played yesterday afternoon to an audience in Jordan hall that filled every nook and cranny. Including a good part of the stage.

He ended his program with Liszt's 12th Hungarian Rhapsody, which, as well as the 3d Liebestraum, came too late in the day for everybody to hear. But for once this did not matter, for Mr. Grainger had already played a rhapsody, that of Brahms in E flat—

Arthur Honegger's opera, 'Judith' will be performed for the first time in Boston next Friday night. Produced as a play with incidental music at the Theatre du Jorat, Mezieres, Switzerland, in September 1925, this play was performed as an opera at Monte Carlo on Feb. 17, 1926. The composer conducted. The chief singers were Mlle. Bonavia and M. Tilkin-Servais. The first performance in the United States was by the Chicago Civic Opera Company at Chicago on Jan. 27, 1926.

This will not be the first appearance here of Judith as an operatic heroine. Arthur Pougin in his 'Dictionary of Operas' mentions a 'grand lyric drama, 'Judith and Holofernes,' or the Siege of Bethulia, performed in Boston by a singing Hebraic company, entitled 'The United States Opera Company.' Pougin adds: 'We do not know the names of the authors. The work was produced under very singular conditions; if the company announced itself in English, the programs were printed in Hebrew, which, no doubt, was of convenience to the majority of the auditors, and the opera was sung in German.'

Does anyone remember this performance? Can any one give additional information?

For Honegger's opera, the librettist, Rene Morax, based his story on the book 'Judith' in the Apocrypha. There are three acts. The women of Bethulia open the opera with cries of despair which are answered by Judith's prayer and the sonorous phrases of Ozias, an old man of the city. As Judith is about to leave on her patriotic errand, the chorus accompanies her in song. In the second scene Judith, alone with her servant, makes supplication to Jehovah. The camp of Holofernes is next shown. There is a savage chorus of soldiers. Judith enters. Holofernes, in drunken slumber, is decapitated. She returns with his head. In the last act the Hebrews are victorious in battle. Judith sings her sadness and remorse.

Judith is described in the Apocrypha as the widow of Manasses, who died in the barley harvest from sunstroke. At the time of the siege she had been a widow for three years and four months. She had made her a tent on the top of her house; put sackcloth on her loins; she wore her widow's apparel. Her husband had left her gold and silver, men servants and maid servants, and cattle. 'She was also of a goodly countenance, and very beautiful to behold. There was none that gave her an evil word; for she feared God greatly.'

The Bethulians were athirst, for the cisterns were dry. They feared the attack of the enemy. Judith lifted up her voice. 'I shall do a thing which shall go throughout all generations to the children of our nation. You shall stand this night in the gate, and I will go forth with my waiting woman; and within the days that you have promised to deliver the city to our enemies, the Lord will visit Israel by mine hand. But inquire not you of mine act; for I will not declare it unto you, till the things be finished that I do.'

To visit the camp of Holofernes, she put off her dress of mourning, and 'washed her body all over with water, and anointed herself with precious ointment, and braided the hair of her head, and put on a tire upon it, and put on her garments of gladness, wherewith she was clad during the life of Manasses, her husband. And she took sandals upon her feet, and put upon her bracelets and her chains, and her rings, and her ear-rings, and all her ornaments, and decked herself bravely to allure the eyes of all men that should see her.'

Arriving at the camp, questioned by the first watch of the Assyrians, she said that she had fled from the Hebrews; that she would show Holofernes a way whereby he could go and win all the hill country without losing the body or the life of a man. She was taken to the tent of the captain, and Holofernes came out from his canopy of purple and gold and emeralds and other precious stones. They all marveled at the beauty of her countenance. At first she would not eat of his own meats or drink his own wine; for she had brought with her parched corn, lumps of figs, fine bread, a bottle of wine and a cruise of oil.

After three days she went out at night and washed herself in a fountain. On the fourth day, she was urged to join in a feast prepared by Holofernes, for he had said to Bagoas, his eunuch: 'Go now and persuade this Hebrew woman, which is with thee, that she come unto us, and eat and drink with us. For lo, it will be a shame for our person if we shall let such a woman go, not having had her company: for if we draw her not unto us, she will laugh us to scorn.'

She came, drank and was merry. 'And Holofernes took great delight in her, and drank much more wine than he had drunk at any time in one day, since he was born.' He was at evening on his bed, filled with wine. Judith took down the captain's falchion from a pillar, and laid hold of the captain's hair. 'And she smote twice upon his neck with all her might, and she took away his head from him, and tumbled his body down from the bed, and pulled down the canopy from the pillars, and anon she went forth, and gave Holofernes his head to her maid. And she put it in her bag of meat, so they twain went together according to their custom unto prayer, and when they passed the camp, they compassed the valley, and went up the mountain of Bethulia, and came to the gates thereof.'

The head was hung on the highest place of the walls. The Assyrians were in dismay. The children of Israel rushed out and slew them. Judith sang a thanksgiving in which she and the people spoke nobly of her.

'And many desired her, but none knew her all the days of her life, after that Manasses her husband was dead, and was gathered to his people. But she increased more and more in honor, and waxed old in her husband's house, being an hundred and five years old, and made her maid free, so she died in Bethulia; and they buried her in the cave of Manasses.'

husband

Reviews 7
Myra K. K. K.
and great choir
on 10/10/24
a m 10 5

Judith has been for many years a heroine of tragedies and operas. There are operas, bearing her name, by Kozeluch, Levi, Naumann, Lefebvre, Serov, Scheel, Goetze, not to mention others; composers have written incidental music for the tragedies.

Some have wondered if the narrator in the Apocrypha was not too reticent if Judith to save Bethulia did not sacrifice herself. It is strange that Pierre Bayle, curious in all matters, did not consider this subject in his article "Judith." Having said that the story is "a pious legend," he discussed the worth of a good reputation to women in general.

A remarkable drama "Judith" by Henry Bernstein was produced at the Theatre du Gymnase, Paris, on Oct. 12th, 1922, with Mme. Simone. Judith; France Ellys, the maid; Jacques Gretilat, Holofernes. In this drama, Judith is restless in her widowhood, though she protests her devotion to her late husband. Her maid has had lovers. Judith asks her the most intimate questions, yet she will not listen to the young Saaph, brave and handsome, who woos her. He tells her of his purpose to slay Holofernes in his camp. She answers it would be madness; he himself would be slain. She herself will do the deed.

Bernstein's second act is one long act of passion. Holofernes is clad in an Egyptian. His face is clean shaved, while his generals are bearded in the Assyrian fashion. He courts her eloquently; tells her of his riches, his power. Three palaces are his; the one at Kandarlug contains a hundred and twenty rooms for his own use. Judith is more attracted by him, she grows coquettish. Her maid Ada, inflames her by her praise of the chief captain. At last she gladly yields: "Come, Night! Take your prey in the dark. It is no more Yaoudith, you understand! I'm a woman, a woman, a woman." But Judith slays Holofernes, to the horror of Ada, who keeps shrieking: "She has killed her lover!"

She and Saaph leave the rampart of Bethulia at night. He has disguised her self-abandonment. On the way to see the head of Holofernes hanging by the hair, Saaph stabs himself. Then as a thunder claps up, Judith apostrophizes the head, "Holofernes behold me. My head, never have you appeared to me more august. Magnificent as I kneel before you. His lips have moved; his face is alive; happy you are. God favors you with a new miracle. Say to me, master, my lover, 'What art thou?' Answer, I must know. The lightning is too quick. What no longer do you look at me? The crows have ravaged the face, have eaten the eyes." She runs away, in the centre of the storm, the thunder shake the valley.

Bernstein's drama has been played in an English version in a few cities of this country. It is not possible to believe that the translation was in any way literal, or that the stage directions were faithfully followed.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M.—Fritz Kreisler, violinist. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M.—People's Symphony orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor.

Women's Republican Club, 46 Beacon street, 8:45 P. M.—Alexander Kipnis, Russian bass of the Chicago Civic Opera Company and the Berlin City Opera. Handel, *Alcibiade* e parte from "Arlofante." Schubert, *Gute Nacht*, *Der Wanderer*, *Abschied*. Wolf, *Benedictus* *dis sel' ge Mutter*, *Ein Staendchen* *euch zu bringen*, *Verschwiegene Liebe*, *Koenigliche Gebet*. Russian folk songs, *The Rainbow*, *The Log*, *Night*, *The Volga Boatman*, Wagner, *Wotan's Farewell* from "The Valkyrie."

MONDAY—Women's Republican Club, 46 Beacon street, 3:30 P. M.—First of three afternoon musicales for the benefit of the South End Music School. Madeleine Monnier, violoncellist; Arthur Fiedler, pianist. Miss Monnier won the "prix d'excellence" at the Paris Conservatory when she was 17 years old. She has played with the leading orchestras of Paris.

TUESDAY—Symphony hall, 3:15 P. M.—The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Tuesday afternoon series. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Women's Republican Club, 3:30 P. M.—Concert under the auspices of the Massachusetts Public Interests League. Mrs. John T. Coolidge, soprano, will sing songs by Chausson, Brahms, Clara Schumann, Rachmaninoff, Hure, Massenet and Debussy. Jean Bedetti, violoncellist soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will play music by Boccherini, Couperin, Senaille, Hure, Delune and Popper. Arthur Fiedler will be the accompanist.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M.—Fifteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor; Mr. Rosenthal, pianist. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 11 A. M.—Third of Ernest Schelling's concerts for children; with members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M.—Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

and he had played it as it should be played but seldom is, any more than are the rhapsodies of Liszt, as music, that is to say, not show.

Free of any ambition to exhibit his speed and paces, Mr. Grainger let the opening martial measures ring out with all their sturdy power. Mystery he found in the passage that hurries after; and the agitation that comes of broken rhythm he let sound agitated, not as though he had lost his beat. Of the lovely A flat Interlude he made the beauty manifest with dazzle and glittering tone to brighten this Interlude that falls flat at the hands of nine people out of ten. Crisply Mr. Grainger played the quickened march as he let it draw near from afar, but not once did he hurry the rhythm, and presently he contrasted it with falling cascades of sparkling sound beyond the power of any man not a virtuoso born. He ended the rhapsody in splendor, with crashing, clamor, still—a blaze of triumph.

As Mr. Grainger played this rhapsody so he played other pieces by Brahms, the G minor ballad, the first and third Intermezzos from opus 117, and the G minor rhapsody—with searching insight into their musical and emotional content, with rhythm so perfect anything else would seem unthinkable, his tone throughout adapted with the utmost niceness to the matter in hand.

Mr. Grainger's performance of the rondo of Schumann's G minor sonata ought to be recorded, to serve most other pianists as an object lesson of the way in which one theme is meant to yield to another or to passage work—no jerks whatever or pointless though

too pointed pauses or obvious preparation; he made it evident, rather, that Schumann's mood had changed.

Mr. Grainger began with early music, a Bach prelude and fugue in A minor, a chorale prelude for organ, "O Mesch, bewein!" arranged by himself, a charming toccata by Paradies—a marvelous study in tone and rhythm—a Scarlatti sonata, in B minor and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith." Delightfully he played them every one, not too boisterously, but without any vain attempt to make a piano into a harpsichord. Finer playing has not come to a hearing here this many a day.

R. R. G.

MARY GARDEN AS 'MELISANDE'

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House, Chicago Civic Opera Co. Afternoon performance: "Pelleas et Melisande," lyric opera in five acts; text by Maurice Maeterlinck; music by Claude Debussy. Mr. Polacco conducted.

The cast was as follows:

Pelleas Jose Mojica
Golaud Vanni-Marcoux
Arkel Alexander Glin
The Little Ynold Helen Evans
The Phreldian Antonio Nicol
Melisande Maria Claessens
Genevieve Maria Claessens

When Mr. Hammerstein brought out Debussy's opera at the Boston theatre in 1909 with Dalmores, Dufranne, Vie-

ulle, Miss Garden and Mme. Gervine-Reaché—how beautifully she read the letter!—the music was as a stumbling block to many. There would probably have been a small audience, if Miss Garden had not been in the cast. If it had not been noised abroad that the opera was "unusual, queer."

Mr. Henry Russell produced the opera at the Boston Opera House early in 1912. There was Gertrude Leblanc with her stained-glass window poses, there were Maria Gay and Miss Fisher, Messrs. Riddez, Vanni-Marcoux, Lankow and Mardones. They moved about on an absurdly cramped stage, so that Golaud in the first scene stood close to Melisande when he was wondering what and where the unknown person was.

We mention this production because Mr. Russell in his volume of memoirs just published states that the Bostonians were "entirely apathetic about Debussy's masterpiece"; he was obliged to announce that Maeterlinck would attend the production, the interest in "Pelleas" was dead by the time the third performance was reached; "one of the leaders of Boston society," irritated, asked him why he insisted on giving an opera "which neither interested the public nor drew money into the theatre."

Mr. Russell, nobly reticent, does not name this "leader in Boston society." Was she in the audience yesterday afternoon?

One is tempted to ask if the opera itself would have drawn the great audience yesterday if Miss Garden had not played Melisande. If it were announced that she would take the part of Arline in "The Bohemian Girl," no doubt the theatre would be equally full; the enthusiasm still greater.

It is pleasant to believe that the pathetic story and Debussy's incomparable music also had much to do with filling the house. It is needless to dwell on the fascination of the music; the perfect example of music wedded to text. There are works that in successive periods stand out in operatic history; "Don Giovanni," "Tristan and Isolde," "Othello," and "Falstaff," "Pelleas and Melisande." The composer of the sixth to glorify the next period may now be a little child.

The performance yesterday justified the applause and the many calls before the curtain. It was in 1902 that Miss Garden first appeared in Paris as Melisande. Her portrayal of the enigmatic heroine, whose country was nameless, whose presence in the forest was unaccountable, who was born to suffer and die she knew not why, is still fascinating, indescribably pathetic. Only occasionally was there a suggestion of the mannerisms that have encrusted her in other roles; of the artificiality that turns simplicity into affectation. The opera itself is a dream within a dream; dream-music for a legend heard in a dream. And Miss Garden until the moment she confesses her love for Pelleas and responds to the youth's passionate cry "Ta bouche" as he feels death approaching is not a woman of clay and fire as women of this earth.

Mr. Mojica's Pelleas has been warmly praised here, and justly. He is romantic in face, figure, speech, movement and gesture. He does not play Pelleas; he is Pelleas, sport of destiny, doomed for all his gentleness and grace; young Pelleas of a far off country, unchronicled throughout the ages.

The representation of Golaud by Mr. Vanni-Marcoux was an extraordinary study of suspicion checking the tenderness of maturity towards youthfulness; of jealousy culminating in blind fury; of remorse still mingled with the agony of doubt. Remarkably distinct enunciation gave emphasis to dramatic questionings, bitter accusations, torturing self-reproach.

The wise old Arkel, wise in understanding and pity, and Ynold in one of the most painful scenes in all opera, were parts adequately taken. Miss Claessens read the letter in a matter of fact manner. Mr. Polacco conducted in the necessarily poetic spirit, appreciating fully the wondrous beauty of the score.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR

Boston Opera House—Donizetti's opera "Lucia di Lammermoor." Presented by the Chicago Civic Opera Company. Cast: Lord Henry Ashton Richard Bonelli
Lucia di Lammermoor Maria Kurenko
Edgar of Ravenswood Antonio Cortis
Lord Arthur Bucklaw Jose Mojica
Raymond Virgilio Lazzari
Alice Alice d'Hermanoy
Norman Lodovico Oliviero
Conductor Frank St. Leger

One of the greatest lyric pieces left us by the Rossini-Bellini-Donizetti school is this tragic "Lucia," an operatic version of Scott's novel, "The Bride of Lammermoor."

A time there was, when every tragic story concerned only the great—dukes and earls could die of broken hearts, lovely ladies of rank and fashion could, languishing for their lovers, perish amid scenes of pathos and to the accompaniment of sighs and laments. This opera follows the type very closely. Credit must be given Donizetti's librettist, however, for rejecting the needless

multiplication of characters and the hopeless involved intrigue of most of the works of his contemporaries. Simple, straightforward, the plot moves through its four incidents: The love-pledge of Lucia and a suitor in disfavor with her family; the marriage forced on her by her brother; her mad murder of her husband; her lover's death when he hears that she, too, has died.

Here is an opera, moreover, in which music as well as action is heightened to a climax—where the last act really moves to tears, and all save the bored and—may we say too sophisticated?—come away feeling more the beauty and emotion of the music than delighting in the display of the singers.

The beauty of the music was amplified by stage, by orchestra and chorus. Mr. St. Leger felt the lit and flowing grace of Donizetti's tunes, and lent them all the glory of restrained but superbly supporting accompaniment.

Of the singers, first place goes to Mr. Cortis. To his beautiful tenor voice he adds a most charming presence, the blessings of sure intonation and delightful phrasing, and easy grace in his display passages. Mr. Bonelli was a well-nigh perfect Lord Ashton, and Mr. Mojica was repugnant enough to deserve many deaths. Mme. Kurenko did not offer a very convincing or thrilling Lucia—only in the so-called "mad-scene" did she rise to much. Her voice has no grateful smoothness, her trills do not round deftly, her coloratura passages are too artificial. The little flights of display do not come of themselves, but seem tacked on at some effort. The lesser parts were far more than satisfactory.

W. A. C.

We read in Mr. W. B. H. Dowse's account of the ancestors, descendants and connections in England, Massachusetts and Ireland of Lawrence Dowse of Legbourne, Eng., singular conditions of a bequest made by Dr. Francis Dowse, who died at Nether Wallop, Hants, in 1760.

He left to the parish of Wallop (provided they do not suffer my pyramid to be injured) the interest of £1000. "I order that out of the said interest money that the boys and girls of the said Parish are taught to read and write and cast an account a little way, especially those who cannot pay for schooling or learning, but they must not go too far least it makes them saucy, and the girls all want to be Chamber-maids, and in a few years you will be in want of Cooks."

Men and women who were past their labors were also to be helped. The money was to be distributed by 12 of the heads of the parish, "or as the majority of the jury (meaning the 12 men), and if they do not do justice I cannot help that."

"I give this charity provisionally that my Pyramid shall be kept in good order and the iron rails painted every second year at the charge of the Parish, and if the Parish boys do climb or injure it they shall not only be deprived of their learning, but shall also be punished, and if the Parish do not keep the Pyramid in good repair this Charity shall cease and be void and subsist no longer."

We suppose that this "pyramid" was the good man's monument in the graveyard, as Milton wrote that Shakespeare's "hallow'd reliques" needed no "star-pointing pyramid." Dr. Dowse's is still in good condition. Rude boys, apparently, have neither climbed nor injured it.

LUCRATIVE NONSENSE

As the World Wags:

The comment of a supreme court justice on Bud Fisher and his Mutt and Jeff cartoons must have been a surprise to many.

"These cartoons," said his honor, "are puerile and senseless. I don't see how anybody can pay money for that nonsense."

And still that nonsense enables the famous cartoonist to earn \$250,000 a year!

How is this possible?

It is possible because the world sorely needs some real fun, something to laugh at. Laughing is the best antidote for gloom, fatigue, depression, melancholy, sadness, discouragement, even despair and misanthropy. Hamlet or Tristan and Isolde will hardly make us laugh (when properly delivered), but nonsense will. At all times people have laughed at farces, burlesques, parodies, travesties, witty papers, caricatures, at the Italian Pajazzo, the English Punch and Judy, the German Hanswurst, and, last but not least, at the circus clown. And what irresistible power has been causing all that laughter? It was nothing else but nonsense, pure and simple.

Gustav Mahler, a man as serious as they make them, and one conspicuous by the highest qualities of human mind, often used to tell me that, in real fun, blooming nonsense must be the condition sine qua non.

Well, there are individuals, and even whole nations, who are not quick in grasping the sense of—nonsense.

Is it possible that the honorable magistrates, clothed with the high office

Judicial authority, should have lost the wholesome faculty of laughing? That would be most regrettable. But here is hoping that they may concede, once in a while at least, to smile at the nonsense of this world.

EUGENE GRUENBERG.

DUNDIE'S BARD

the World Wags:
Four quest for a complete copy of Gonagall's outpourings evidently has an successful; I see you quoted from complete works in The Herald Jan. 23. McGonagall was a picturesque figure in my schoolboy days in the city of "Marmalade, honest men and bonnie lasses" (we will forget the jute for the present). I recall a "banquet" given the illustrious bard. It was well advertised with the exciting information that McGonagall would be presented with his portrait in oils. Whether the banquet was an elaborate affair or not—(probably the repast consisted of tuppenny ples and porter)—I do not remember, but this much is an established fact, Poet McGonagall did receive his portrait in oils—a small snapshot immersed in a bottle of paraffin oil. It was probably after this crowning glory that his lyrical genius blossomed afresh.

Belmont. D. P. W.

AT THE HATTER'S

As the World Wags:
My teacher went to the store to buy a hat. The clerk took my teacher's old hat, peered inside to see what he would see, and then put the hat on the counter. Now, let's see, said the clerk, I guess something like this will look good on you, and he put a nice new hat on my teacher's head. No, said my teacher, looking in the glass, that won't do. So the clerk took the hat away and brought another. Again my teacher looked in the glass. No, said my teacher, I don't like that one. And the clerk took that one away and brought another. No; that won't do at all, said my teacher. Now the clerk was a nice man. He brought hat after hat, but none would do; so as the clerk didn't have any more hats to show my teacher he took up the old hat and put it on teacher's head. I'm awfully sorry, began the clerk, but before he could finish my teacher looked in the glass and said, I will take this one.

ORACLE.

"DAISIES WON'T TELL"

As the World Wags:
Your column has upset me in regard to my past sentiments towards the daisy. All these years I have believed that the daisy was sure to spill the beans; I can prove it by a song popular some 23 years ago, written by a western composer, Mrs. Francis Potter of Omaha. It went something like this:

"If ever you cherish a secret rare,
Tell it to the rose or the lily fair—
But tell nothing to the daisy."

Memory falls me here, but these lines followed apace:

"The daisy has a heart of gold,
But the daisy tells secrets"
(Memory again falls me.)

Were we of the trans-Missouri country all wrong about the daisy when we sang this song? Or are the daisies of New England a conscientious, tight-mouthed species, quite unlike their long-tongued western sisters?

A TRANSIENT.

MY HERO

As the World Wags:
He boarded a northbound car the other evening and I wondered where I had seen him. Surely . . . somewhere some time . . . and then I knew. For every captive princess in her guarded castle; for all the hopes forlorn and the gallant causes lost; for that mystic Golden Pledge and the loved dead Elaine he had some time fought. With a rapier edged with Death and froth of lace at his wrists, the cool, green dawn had found him waiting his challenger. That Legion of which Adventure is the pass word, knows him, and all the chivalry of all the ages, but never in reality had I seen his face before. The car halted and he got off. I noticed then that he wore a checkered cap, slightly disreputable, and that his coat was wrinkled. He probably operates a rooming house and has a wife and too many children, but for one moment, unbelievably beautiful, the hero of all my best loved stories lived for me, and I glimpsed that perfect thing—the substance of my dreams.

HONEY.

FRITZ KREISLER

Fritz Kreisler gave his first Boston cital of the season in Symphony hall sterdar afternoon, assisted by Carl amson, pianist. The program:

Mozart, Sonata, B-flat major, No. 15; aye, Sonata, E minor; Corelli, "La fa," theme and variations; Chausson,

"Poeme"; de Falla, two "Canciones Populares," "Dance Espagnole."

The usual capacity crowd turned out to hear the great violinist. It seemed impossible for so many people to find footage even in this spacious hall.

Mr. Kreisler's program was well chosen for a Sunday afternoon audience—not too hackneyed, and not too taxing for the occasional music-seeker.

The little-known Mozart Sonata was enjoyed in Mr. Kreisler's eloquent rendering. This is not strictly Mozartian music, except for the charming allegretto, for it is music of sentiment rather than of Mozart's usual crystalline purity and serenity.

The Ysaye sonata is for violin alone. It was a graceful gesture for Mr. Kreisler to include in his program the work of the virtuoso, his only rival now no longer active on the concert platform.

This is rather a long work for violin unaccompanied, and perhaps more interesting from the violinist's standpoint than from the listener's.

On the whole, the program was of a pleasing, easy-to-listen-to character. There was no contrast until the de Falla selections, which were a delightful change from the rather too uniformly pleasant music preceding them. The two songs and the Spanish dance are not typical of de Falla at his most modern, unless perhaps Mr. Kreisler and Paul Kochanski in transcribing the music have rid it of possible dissonances. But it is vivid, vital music, and it is good to see Mr. Kreisler taking an interest in present-day composers.

E. V.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony orchestra gave its 10th concert of this season at Jordan hall yesterday afternoon, with the following program:

Goldmark, Overture "Sakuntala"; Steindl, Nocturne for orchestra, Op. 7; Nagel, Invocation, for strings, organ and harp (first performance); Saint-Saens, concerto for violin and orchestra in B minor; Glazounov, dance scene.

It was an interesting program of its kind. Mr. Mason conducted the works of Goldmark, Saint-Saens and Glazounov; in between Messrs. Steindl and Nagel, respectively, conducted their own compositions.

Albin Steindl, who is a violinist in the Chicago Civic Opera Company orchestra, was also the assisting artist of the afternoon, playing the violin solo part of the Saint-Saens concerto. He scored rather better as a violinist than as a composer. His Nocturne is an addition to musical literature, but not an outstanding one. His playing, however, was enthusiastically received. He produces a tone of good emotional quality, though he seems also to be subject to a nervousness that tells in his phrasing and gives the impression of the violin's mastery over him rather than his mastery over the instrument. If the impression has no relation to fact, it is a pity it exists. The audience recalled him several times, and he responded with two encores.

Rudolf Nagel's "Invocation" has in it some interesting themes, which are in places effectively treated. On the whole, however, the piece is somewhat lengthy for its material. It suggests a depth to purgatory that one would prefer not to believe existent. Mr. Nagel is 'cellist in the Peoples' orchestra, and was for several years with the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Mr. Mason conducted with his usual efficiency. As has been said before in these columns, what seems the one needless obstacle to a fuller aesthetic enjoyment of these concerts is the wholesale and violent tuning on the stage. Mr. Nagel, for instance, took

his place in the conductor's stand, picked up the baton, and with an audience before him anticipating the opening measures of a new composition by a familiar musician, actually turned to the organist and ordered several measures of tuning! Mr. Mason does not actually order the tuning, nevertheless he allows time for it at every slight opportunity. The net impression is almost more tuning than tune.

The program next week will list works by Haydn, Chadwick, Herbert, Verdi and Nicolai. Dorothy Peterson Raynor, soprano, will be the assisting artist.

H. L.

ALEXANDER KIPNIS

Alexander Kipnis, bass, sang this program last night at the Women's Republican Club, accompanied by Raymond Coon:

Handel, Al sen ti stringo e parto, Si tra i ceppi; Schubert, Gute Nacht, Der Wanderer. Abschied; Wolf, Benedelt die

selige Mutter, Ein Standchen euch zu bringen, Verschwiegene Liebe, Koniglich Gebet; Russian Folk songs, The Rain-bow, The Log, Night, The Volga Boatman; Wagner, Wotan's Farewell, from "Die Walkure."

Not all bass singers can safely come forward to sing a program of songs. Too often their voices have only their deep solidity in their favor, and bass singers, it sometimes happens, have temperaments quite in tune with their tones. Too much solidity, if unrelieved, as everybody knows, can pall.

But behold in Mr. Kipnis a deep bass who can make free with songs to his heart's content. As well as low notes stout enough to support a men's quartet, he has at the upper end of his voice head tones so light and sweet any tenor might envy them. Of greater value, for a singer of songs, than either of these extremes, Mr. Kipnis can produce throughout his scale tones moderately strong that rejoice in a resonance no less than superb. With vocal technique he is amply equipped.

Since nature has blessed him with the gift of temperament as well as with a noble voice, Mr. Kipnis has the power to hold an audience—a large one, like last night's—in the hollow of his hand. Primarily an opera singer, he is disposed at present to carry opera house methods with him to the concert hall. When he sees an effect before him, he makes that effect so decisively it would tell to the remotest seat in the topmost gallery. If he fancies a measure soft, say, he sings it very softly indeed, and not always with just cause. A rapid pace he sometimes hurries to a run—Abschied!—and he allows a very wide freedom in the matter of pauses. This often is the way with opera singers when they raise their voices in songs. Some learn finer ways, and when they

do then, then at last we have song-singing to be remembered. Mr. Kipnis, very likely, is one of those singers who will learn. He has everything at his command, for the simplicity and the nice sense of style he at present lacks are easily to be acquired by a singer of his abilities.

R. R. G.

Feb 8, 1917

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is For brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment upon the head, That ran down upon the beard, Even Aaron's beard: That went down to the skirts of his garments."

Here's Mr. John McCormack saying that Mr. Edward Johnson is the greatest tenor now living in Agope, Irope, Orope and Europe, not to mention Madagascar and the United States. Mr. Johnson, blushing coyly, says that Mr. McCormack is "Vaseline princeps" (as an office boy, knowing Latin by sound, used to say, and with what an air!) After you, my dear Alphonse! Mr. Johnson went on to say that there is no "greatest" tenor: Brown is great in one line; Robinson is great in another; and so is the admirable Jones.

Occasionally we receive a letter from some one thirsting for information: "Who is the greatest pianist?" There is no "greatest"; there are many excellent pianists, there are a few that are remarkable. One answers questions of this nature according to his personal tastes and prejudices. Mr. Johnson thinks that when Caruso was alive he was the greatest tenor. Caruso had a wonderful voice. When Italo Campanini was alive he not only had voice; his art as singer and actor was finer than Caruso's. As far as pure singing is concerned, Bonci in his prime, as a lyric tenor, was to be placed above Caruso.

Mr. McCormack and Mr. Johnson are both to be enjoyed. Apropos of the performance of "The Daughter of the Regiment" tonight, Mr. McCormack took the part of Tony when the opera was heard at the Boston Theatre 17 years ago. (He made his first appearance that season as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor.")

Whiskers have become so rare that when we see them we suspect the wearer of being a Bolshevik.—A. G. Gardner.

APROPOS OF NEW ENGLAND SAYINGS

As the World Wags:

Since I left Maine I have never heard the expression "single team" for one horse, "conniption fits" for hysteria, "butt'ry" for closet, "dingmali" (a tree or door creaking in the night with the wind), and "ro'd" for street or path.

DOVER FOXCROFT.

"Dingmali" is not to be found in Wright's great dictionary of English dialect. Was the word ever heard in Massachusetts?—Ed.

I occasionally exhort the clergy of my own diocese to learn to conjugate "I am firm, thou art obstinate, he is pig-headed."—The Bishop of Hereford.

INDIVIDUAL PRONUNCIATION

As the World Wags:

Pronunciation now having its innings in the forum makes one wonder if the individual is conscious that he speaks differently from the majority. In western melodrama and novels, the plainsman always says "bar" for bear, and "thar" for there, but during years of residence in the West, I never heard anybody speak that way. Yet they probably do it somewhere out there, as reproduction by the dramatist and writer for years must be based on fact.

I always had the same idea about "mounting" for "mountain," but a friend of substantial station in the financial district always calls it so nor will he admit it. Another friend calls me "Robbingson" and swears he doesn't. It is fascinating to guess a person's native state by studying phonetics. Here are a few; some seem fantastic, but are heard constantly—the gentleman in "Pygmalion" could name the very block in which you were born, but I shall be satisfied if somebody tells us to what state these belong, and why they should differ amongst near neighbors all descendant from the same parent stem:

Corporation, kopperation; raw, roar; saw, soar; ma, mar; Omaha, Omerhar; squire's, equare-sez (fact); Pierce, Purse; Concord, Conk-ud; Framingham, Fra-minum; Waltham, Wal-tham (accent on the last syllable); sit, set, stone, stun; Woburn, Woo-burn; Peabody, Pee-b'dee; spoon, spuhn; Stoneham, Stun-um; road, rud; Quincy, Quinzy; umbrella, am-brill-lo (fact); district, deest-rick; Malden, Maldiing; rhubarb, roo-bub; and so on.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

A BEETHOVEN CLOCK

A correspondent writes:

"For several generations there has been in my family a clock which has a full figure of Beethoven, standing near a muslo desk on which there is manuscript music. He is in a pose of meditation with a quill pen in his hand. The clock is a drum resting on a lyre beside which are other instruments, etc., etc. In my childhood my father and mother talked of how in the early years of their married life they took a trip to Boston to be present at the opening of a great hall, muslo hall, in which, owing to a Beethoven celebration of some sort, there was the original of the clock of which ours is in facsimile. Can any one of your readers inform me when these clocks were on sale and who made them?"

Boston Muslo hall was dedicated on Nov. 20, 1852, but without special reference to Beethoven. In December 1870, there was a week of various musical performances in Boston commemorative of the centennial anniversary of Beethoven's birth. The Handel and Haydn Society with the Harvard Musical Association gave a concert of works by Beethoven in Muslo hall. Are there "Beethoven clocks" now in Boston? Was the statue of the clock like the statue that stood for many years in Muslo hall, only in a necessarily smaller form?—Ed.

HIS TRIBUTE

Alfred Holness of England, a man of property, in his bequest to his wife, saying that her labors with him for over 40 years had been "loving, faithful, untiring," added these words in his will:

"Without her splendidly intelligent support, counsel, and unswerving devotedness I never could have accomplished that which, through God's goodness, I believe I have been enabled to achieve. As her grateful husband I venture to affirm that there can be but few parallels to the example afforded by her gentle life and influence as a wife, as a mother, as a loving congenial companion, and a true friend."

"The fragrant memories of her beautiful Christian character will assuredly be devotedly cherished long after both mother and father have passed away. On looking over these many years I can only testify that in sunshine or in storm my beloved wife has been my truest friend on earth, standing by me bravely in days of stress and difficulty, and rejoicing with me, too, when success attended our united efforts."

I should not like to be a shareholder in Hollywood at the Day of Judgment.—R. F. Cholmelcy.

The film involves the minimum mental activity, in comparison with a very vast amount of gratification.—Barbara Low.

The White Star names all end in "ic." "Emetic" or "Soporific," or even "Cathartic," would do.—G. B. in Journal American Medical Association.

332 pages

108-109

for plays
revised

268, 1927

266, 1927

There are lovers of books, indiscriminate lovers, who wish the "complete works" of authors. This wish is easily gratified when these "complete works" are in one volume, as in the little one thus entitled by the whimsical Max Beerbohm when he clothed his first essays in covers. The complete works of Artemus Ward are to be obtained in one volume. How many authors deserve the

wish, the craze of collectors for everything that A, B and C put into print? There stand on a shelf 14 volumes of De Quincey in their shining red backs and covers. All that one reads and re-reads could be contained in three or four. There stand the 12 thick volumes of Hazlitt; one could easily spare the "Essay on the Principles of Human Action," and replace it by the writings of Hazlitt collected for the first time by Mr. P. P. Howe, and are not in the "complete" edition. The "Works of W. E. Henley," alas! are not complete. One misses articles contributed to the Pall Mall Magazine; the famous one on R. L. Stevenson; the essay on slang; even a few characteristic poems are missing; yet one cannot have too much of Henley.

When a man has a great name there is search after his death for writings not to be found in a "standard edition." His waste-basket is emptied. There are enthusiastic buyers for this flotsam and jetsam; and so there will be interest in "Stories and Dramas" by Leo N. Tolstoy, translated from the Russian by Mrs. Lydia Turin, Mrs. H. M. Lucas, C. J. Hogarth, and published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The articles were written at various times from 1851 to 1910. A few plays are included. "The Nihilist," a little farce; "The Contaminated Family," a comedy in five acts, etc., etc. These stories and plays were recently published in Russian, and for the first time, in Paris. The Moscow publishers who purposed to celebrate the centenary of Tolstoy's birth in 1925 by issuing a complete edition of his writings were suppressed by the soviet government.

Was the publication of the present volume a pious work? Should Tolstoy, jealous of his fame, have destroyed the manuscripts not published in his lifetime? Tikhon Polner, the Russian editor, thinks that the 13 articles "afford 13 expressions of the changes in Tolstoy's spiritual life—from his restless and richly talented and many-colored period of youth to his dry and didactic and apostolic old age." If one wishes to study certain steps in Tolstoy's intellectual and spiritual development, this volume will be of value. To those who are interested only in his art, a few of the articles will give pleasure.

Among the few is first of all "Oasis," a short and unfinished story, but one that is singularly vivid. An old man tells how in his youth he fell in love with a woman. The memory comes to him after many years; after she had tired him and others by a visit of 10 hours, accompanied by her silent daughters and her insufferable, loud-voiced husband. The narrator's nephew wonders if there could ever have been anything between his uncle, now absorbed in politics, cards and official duties, and this Anna Vasilievna, who has sticky hair and a wide parting, whose manner is far from pleasing, whose one occupation is how to be "comme il faut." The uncle says of the early romance: "In all our lives, but especially in my life—Sahara desert that it is—there have been oases. And this one was perhaps the best. Quite the best." One is reminded of Conrad Warneer, in Leonard Merrick's novel, calling on the woman that once was Mary Page.

Tolstoy's "Story of Yesterday," his first literary work (1851), is an attempt to describe the spiritual side of my life during a single day." It has been said that Russians will sit up all night discussing eternity and the ex-

istence of God. Tolstoy's story is constantly indulging in speculation when others would be doing something. In this early work of Tolstoy's the account of the servant Dmitri is noteworthy, while the pages about sleep and dreams remind one of Marcel Proust's reflections on sleep, unconsciousness, and insomnia. "How Love Dies" tells of a young fellow, an idealist, "a stranger to passion and to sinful pleasures," whose virginal innocence attracted both a charming countess so that she fell in love with him, and a courtesan who resembled her in looks. A general and a prince tempted the youth, who on his way home from a cabaret and brothel, "began to cry like a child as he recalled the feeling of innocent love which, only two short hours ago, had been filling his soul with enthusiasm and dim longings, and realized that the time for such love had passed never to return again." It is a pity that here and there, Tolstoy indulges himself in cheap moralizing, which lessens the effect of the story. There is a curious digression on gypsy music.

Tolstoy is again a moralist in "The Quail" for the quail has no idea that "land is not common property but supposes, in its ignorance, that land is meant for the benefit of all." Much better than this "prose poem" is "Varenka," a charming little study of a child's mind. "How Russian Soldiers Die" is a tale of the author's Caucasian experience. The original title was "The Alarm."

The play "The Contaminated Family," written in 1863, is the longest piece in the book. The family has been contaminated with revolutionary and silly ideas by a governess, a tutor, and a wooer of the daughter. As a play, it is poor, but it has interest in showing Tolstoy as a reactionary. He thought highly of his comedy; read it to a group of literary men in Moscow; tried to have it produced at the Imperial Theatre. The management put him off with the excuse that the end of the season was near. Tolstoy, insisting, said if the production were deferred, the comedy would lose its purpose and force. There was no production, fortunately for the dramatist.

The concluding articles are about the philosophy of history, about Single Tax, and agrarian relations of the period (1910). Henry George is quoted. "The whole thing," argues Tolstoy, "lies in recognizing private property in land as a crime. You and M. V. talk of thieves, but the thieves are all the landed proprietors. . . . The best people among the territorial slave owners understand that this can't go on and recognize that they are sinners. And the chief point is that the people know that they are being deceived, and know that the land-owners are sinners and thieves. . . . the peasants know, as well as they know that the sun rises each morning, that the land is God's, and they know, not by reflection, but in their own bones, that they cannot live without the land, and that only by working all their life on the land and making a bare livelihood can they bring up children, just such people as yours. And suddenly they understand quite plainly that the land is taken from them by people who don't work."

CASELLA WILL CONDUCT 'POPS'

Alfredo Casella, prominent in the new symphonic school of musical composition in Italy, has signed a contract to become the regular conductor of the Pop concerts in Symphony hall, according to an announcement made last night. He is internationally known as a conductor and composer, and is one of the most brilliant pianists that Italy has produced.

Casella is now visiting the United States to conduct his own music on several important occasions. On Jan. 14 and 15, as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he received one of the greatest ovations ever given a visiting conductor when he conducted his "Partita" and his ballet, entitled "La Giara." "La Giara" is about to be presented at the Metropolitan Opera House.

In Europe Casella became famous not only as a composer, but as conductor of the foremost orchestras of Paris, Rome

and other cities. During his visit to the United States in 1921 and 1923 he presided as guest conductor over the orchestras at Boston, Philadelphia and other cities. In Boston he conducted his rhapsody, "Italia."

He will visit Boston next week to conduct Respighi's concerto at the regular symphony concerts, to inspect the Pops library and to make plans for the Pops season, which will open on May 2.

Casella's career shows him an artist of astonishing versatility. Born in Turin in 1883 of notably musical parents, he began to study piano at the age of 4.

His aptitude as a small boy for chemistry and electricity was such that a scientific vocation was contemplated for him. At 12, however, he definitely

dedicated himself to music. He entered the Paris Conservatory, where after studying the piano under Diemer, he took the first prize in 1899. His master in composition was Faure.

In Rome in 1916, he founded the "Society of Modern Music" and a similar society in 1923 together with d'Annunzio and Mallipiero. Through these, concerts were given in Italy, France and England. He was music critic for the *Homme Libre* in Paris, and founded a periodical, "Ars Nova," in Rome, dedicated to the cause of music.

FAMOUS AS PIANIST

In several concert tours, Casella conducted such orchestras as the Colonne, Lamoureux, and Philharmonic in Paris, Mengelberg's "Concertgebouw" in Amsterdam, the Orchestra of the St. Cecilia Society in Rome, etc. In America, Casella has conducted the orchestras of Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Minneapolis, Cincinnati and Cleveland.

His qualities as piano virtuoso are well known on both continents, from innumerable orchestral appearances and recitals. These facts attest one of the most brilliant artists of our century, both in the creation and in the performance of music.

RUSSIAN PROGRAM

Mr. Koussevitzky, liking for the Tuesday concerts programs of time or place, came yesterday in his course to his native Russia. Since not everybody shares his taste for programs either localized or strictly dated, there were people who went yesterday to Symphony Hall only with misgivings; too much of that peasant who dances and thrusts forward his face inflamed with vodka—no Russian composer, a noted critic swore some years ago, could write a piece of music without bringing him in—too much of him might grow tiresome.

But these people might have spared themselves their worry. The concert yesterday sounded much like any other concert. Is it that nationalism is not so significant an element in music as people have been disposed to believe? Or it may be that, these late years, all the world has been so admiring of all things Russian that all music now sounds as though a Russian, real or near, had written it.

It is possible, too, that Mr. Koussevitzky did not choose to bring forward music markedly native. He began the concert with Moussorgsky's prelude to "Khorovantchina," very pretty music, illustrating a sunrise, following it with Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic poem "Sadko," a poem of the sea which has the misfortune to be the work of a man who wrote another poem of the sea far better.

From Prokofiev's suite, "The Love for Three Oranges," Mr. Koussevitzky chose three movements of agreeable music, and from Stravinsky's more famous suite, "The Fire Bird"—Mr. Eugene Goossens, indeed, has just pronounced it a "classic"—he also played three. They sounded pretty, all these six movements, and so oddly alike in character that the more and the less noted composers were easily confused. Mr. Koussevitzky closed the program with Tchaikovsky's fourth symphony, in F minor.

Yesterday was an afternoon of refined and sonorous playing, though not of a warmth to rouse the audience to enthusiasm. But with the symphony Mr. Koussevitzky set himself to remedy matters. He worked, he worked hard, something after Fricka's manner, when, by Bruennhilde's account of it, she drove to the rock for her interview with Wotan. He must have succeeded, for the audience, forgetting its manners, applauded this first movement heartily.

R. R. G.
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — "The Daughter of the Regiment," opera by Donizetti. The cast:

Maria	 Maria Kurenko
Solpizio	 Edvard Kotreuil
Tonio	 Charles Hackett
Marchioness	 Maria Claessens
Hortensio	 Vittorio Trevisan
Corporal	 Guido Morelato
Conductor	 Frank St. Leger

Probably most people for its failure and opera last night was from the wildflower, nor "Pagliacci." There was a decadent turn some in attendance, though, a third from sake's sake, and perhaps there were young folks there because their elders had told them of "La Figlia's" charm.

Charm the opera had in plenty, 30-40 years ago. Though Donizetti's music, even in its heyday, may not have seemed distinguished in its melody, or full in orchestration, harmonically rich, tunes it had extremely agreeable to hear. But last night only Mme. Kurenko knew how to treat them; she sang her sentimental songs exceedingly well, musically, with sweet voice, and not without pathos.

She felt its piquant rhythm, too, at all events in the first act duet. But since nobody else did, the young fry must have wondered at their elders' taste, for if ever music was written that cries out for rhythmical treatment, it is early Italian opera; its power to move depends upon it largely, if the opera is serious, its sparkle is works that are gay.

As for gaiety—Mme. Claessens had the right comic spirit; she made the lesson scene funny. And Mr. Cotreuil knew what to do. Mr. Hackett, to complete the record, sang in a way to please many people, and Mr. St. Leger conducted painstakingly. A turn of Mr. Moor's cunning hand over the stage, above all in the scene of the marchioness's rout, would have done the performance good.

"Pagliacci" followed, with this cast:
Canto Charles Marshall
Nedda Claudia Muzio
Tonio Cesare Formichi
Beppe Lodovico Oliviero
Silvio Desire Deffere
Conductor Henry G. Weber

The performance of the first act, which ended only at 11 o'clock, was excellent, true to type in every detail, for all the world like every other performance of the opera heard this many a year. Only Miss Muzio, a dramatic singer instead of the more

customary light soprano, furnished an element of variety. She gave Nedda unusual theatrical force, and sang with fine voice and stirring effect. Mr. Formichi acted quite like other Tonios and fully as well; he sang far better than most. In the approved way Mr. Marshall also made his effect.

There was good singing from Mr. Deffere. Mr. Weber conducted with much vigor, rhythmically, too, with feeling for the drama in which this opera, coarse as it is, abounds. The audience was very large.
R. R. G.

The symphony concerts this week will be devoted to our old friend, the late Johannes Brahms: His "Tragic" overture; Piano Concerto, B flat major, No. 2, and the Symphony, D maj, No. 2. There will be nothing to disturb the composure of the audience; nothing to arrest the early afternoon or evening digestion. Mr. Copland is in New York; this week no "ultra modernist" need apply. There can be peaceful folding of the hands; a complacent smile cast around, as of one saying: "Everything is safe. No cause for alarm. Nothing but dear old Johannes, you know."

Mr. Rosenthal will play the concerto by Brahms. He first appeared in Boston, in the Music Hall, in 1888. An orchestra was conducted by Walter Damrosch. Mr. Rosenthal was then 26 years old. He played Liszt's Concerto in E flat and solo pieces by Henselt, Schumann and Liszt. "Master" Fritz Kreisler also then made his first appearance here. He was in his 14th year. Mr. Rosenthal's last performance at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was on April 11, 12, 1924, when he played Chopin's Concerto in E minor. Sickness prevented his appearance here in 1896. Stricken with typhoid fever, he went from Boston to Chicago, where he barely escaped death. In 1898 he played here with the orchestra Scharwenka's Concerto in B flat minor; in 1906 Liszt's Concerto in E flat.

A NUISANCE IN SYMPHONY HALL

Notes and Lines:

How long has the management at Symphony hall allowed smoking in the corridors at the Friday afternoon symphony concerts? Many of us women like to walk during the intermission, or to talk in the corridors with friends. Not until this season, unless I am mistaken, have young men puffed cigarette smoke in our faces. At present our pleasure is marred by this rudeness, and the symphony concerts are turned into the "Pops."

M. S.
Notes and Lines:
Glancing through the merry old

of Play, "The Shelf"

By PHILIP HALE

Plymouth Theatre: First performance in Boston of "The Shelf," a comedy drama in three acts by Dorrance Davis, brought out at the Morosco Theatre, New York, on Sept. 27, 1926. Produced by Atlantic City by William B. Friedman, Inc., late in June, 1926. The play opened in Philadelphia on Sept. 13 of that year.

The cast last night was as follows:

Stanley Risdale	Lonis Kimball
Emma Smith	Florence Earle
Mrs. Chetswold	Lea Winslow
Miss Battersby	Thelma Ritter
John Wendham	Wright Kramer
Caroline Wendham	Lee Patrick
Stella Amaranth	Frances Starr
Salvino Custard	Lawrence Leslie
Senator Risdale	Arthur Brown
The Rev. Herbert Chetswold	Donald Meek

Mrs. Stella Amaranth, having had two husbands, one of whom blew out his brains, the other divorced her—arrives at Kiwanisport, a small city inhabited by conventional men and corseted women. She brings with her distressing European habits that are regarded as immoral: breakfasting in bed at a late hour and indulging herself in perfumed baths. We are told that she has called down on her head the scorn and hatred of the women by selling at a church fair for the organ fund her kisses; a dollar each for bachelors, two dollars for married men. The rector thus spent eight dollars. The fund was increased by over \$250. The wives could not forgive her; they reproached her for having "sex-appeal"; the unmarried women envied her.

Living at Wendham's house, she continues to make trouble. We meet there old stage friends whom we have seen for many years in as many plays; Wendham, whom she had at a personal sacrifice kept out of jail; his daughter, Caroline, betrothed to Stanley, who in turn is infatuated with Stella; the rector, who has been often pictured in Punch and reminds one of the timid curate in Judy, who dared not complain of his egg at the bishop's table; the rector's intolerable, nagging, censorious wife; the Senator, who is tricky in politics—a senator in every country has been fair game in the theatre since Brabantio.

The situation into which all these characters are thrown by the dramatist are also familiar. For example, the abuse heaped on Stella by Mrs. Chetswold; the jealousy of Caroline who breaks her engagement, although every spectator knows it will be renewed in the last act; the attempt of Risdale and Wendham to make money by the sale of land for a park, if the Governor will sign the bill; the rector putting his own money and money for the church organ in the scheme; the wild appeal to Stella, who, once having been engaged to the Governor, may vamp him, either "platonically" as is suggested, or otherwise as Mrs. Chetswold hopes and expects.

Stella is broke. She needs the money offered her if she succeeds; but she will not prostitute herself. Finally, taunted by Mrs. Chetswold with being no longer desirable, by being "on the shelf," she is piqued. Her vanity takes her to the Governor. He signs the bill. She leads the assembled company to believe that she succumbed. She lies, for she cannot confess the truth. He did not even hold her hand. So she will go back to Europe. No. She will not marry the senator, but he engages a suite on the same steamer.

The excellent performance makes one regret the poverty of the play, its loose construction, its dealing with the conventional and familiar in the conventional and familiar town. The dialogue better than the general plan; and it was spoken by all with the assurance of those appearing in a sparkling comedy of surprises. Fortunate dramatist to be thus rescued!

Miss Starr led one to accept at once the existence of Stella; what is more to sympathize with her, to defend her from slanderous tongues. She has what the woman accused her of having. Even the rector was not only chivalrous towards her; he felt that he too could be a sport. She played with charming lightness, and in her refusal at first to degrade herself by visiting the Governor, she was dramatically indignant without falling into melodrama.

Mr. Byron was again carefully natural, suave, cynical. One has seen rector-like Mr. Meek, vaillant over tea cups, easily overcome by the perfume of a woman, often accompanied by a grenadier of a wife; rector with the smug face of a natural born comedian. An amusing sketch; but let Mr. Meek beware lest he fall into the trick of mugging. The others in the company helped save the play, while the audience was greatly entertained.

BORIS GODUNOFF

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Chicago Civic Opera Company. Boris Godunoff with the following cast:

Boris Godunoff, Czar of Russia Vanni-Marcoux
Feodor, his son Clara Shear
Xenia, his daughter Anna Hamlin
Prince Shuisky Jose Mojica
Gregory, the pretended Dimitri Antonio Cortis

Pimenn, a monk and chronicler Virgilio Lazzeri
Vagabonds Edouard Cotrenell
Varlaam Lodovico Oliviero
Missail Cyrena Van Gordon

Marina, beloved of Gregory Maria Claessens
The nurse Thelma Ritter
Tchkaloff, secretary of the Duma Desiro Defere

Official of the police Antonio Nicolich
The board of the court Louis Derman
A bumpkin Theodore Ritch
The board Krusteloff Giuseppe Minerva
The inn keeper Alice D'Hermonoy

Jenitsi Gildo Morelato
Lavitski Antonio Nicolich
Technikovsky Florence Misgen
Peasant girl Gloriosa Polacco
Conductor

Those who hold that opera singers cannot act should have an opportunity to see "Boris Godunoff" as performed last night. Had the music been omitted there would still have been a great effect. Eloquent gesture added the excellent singing, and magnificent scenery added still more to a splendid presentation.

Modest Moussorgsky wrote this music-drama when at the height of his powers—when he had suffered much, far too much, but still before his excesses had weakened him. It is his greatest work, yet it shows his insufficiency as a composer almost as badly as any other. In no place is orchestra taken from the task of slavishly accompanying the chorus or singers, nowhere does a hint of counterpoint show, seldom a new harmonic thought. The greatness, if greatness there be in the work, is to be found in the successful use of this sort of musical-recitation discourse in a long drama.

The drama is rooted in Russian history, dealing with events following the death of Ivan the Terrible. The savage force of the action sweeps along with little relief—there is not a scene that does not pile up emotion for the final outburst that brought gasps from yesterday's audience.

The singing actors last night deserve the highest praise, with one exception. How could Marina as portrayed by Mme. Van Gordon be Gregory's beloved lady? Even a poor lad who had been in a monastery should not become infatuated with a lady who could more easily have persuaded the audience that she was Marina's mother, or perhaps match-making aunt.

Marina was beautifully portrayed vocally, but alas! not well to the eye.

Mr. Vanni-Marcoux did not act Boris and his madness—he was Boris. When he cried that he was suffocating it was a marvel that all who heard and saw did not feel suffocated too. Pushkin modeled his "Boris" after "Macbeth"; Mr. Vanni-Marcoux portrayed his "Boris" as few actors can "Macbeth."

Besides Mr. Marcoux, Mr. Mojica as Prince Shuisky; Mr. Cortis as Gregory; the old Pimenn; Varlaam and Missail—who will withhold praise from them in the scene at the Inn?—in fact, the innkeeper, the Tzar's children, all the minor characters were splendid in action as well as in voice. Would that all music-dramas could have the wonderful fortune of this "Boris Godunoff."

There were few cuts, and the performance occupied almost four full hours. In spite of this, most of the audience remained to the end. No more proof of their interest need be adduced.

W. A. C.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Money from Home," comedy in three acts, by Frank Craven. Presented by A. L. Erlanger. The cast:

Jennie Patrick	Robert Arnold
Nannie Bauer	Camilla Daiberg
Hermann Bauer, her uncle	John Revold
Newton Chester	Frederick Graham
Mrs. Chester	Adora Andrews
Dr. James Durham	Frank Craven
"Jakey" Galt	John Dixie
George Peters	Leo Donnelly
Bell Boy	Beacher Zebbs

Mr. Craven sets his scene among the Pennsylvania Dutch. For his first act he penetrates to the very kitchen of a farm house, a country kitchen, so life-like that the very smell of onions seems to permeate the air. And he has peopled it with men and women right in keeping, an old milkman and his wife—photographs, no less—a pert young niece none the more attractive for her service as waitress at a summer hotel, and her small town suitor. To them enter rich New Yorkers because their car has broken down, former boarders at the hotel, well drawn portraits in their turn, who furnish pleasant contrast and also take a hand in the plot.

For a plot there is, and a definite one, as neatly unfolded in this admirable first act as the most exacting spectator could ask. The waitress, tired of washing dishes, makes off with her small inheritance for a short life but a gay one in New York. There she meets one Dr. Durham, a doctor of sorts at all events, who, to make a long story short, marries her, to some extent for love, but

still with a keen eye to the main chance.

This second act plays entertainingly enough. But Mr. Craven changes his manner too often. After the realism of the first act, the consciously light touch of the second act's early scenes seems not in place. Still less so is the approach to "crook" drama that follows on, only to end in a certain quirk after the fashion of a movie finale.

The company returns to the kitchen for the third act, to the betterment of the play. There is real drama here, for the doctor at last has let his heart get the better of his head—but how explain his past and his wife? Circumstances help him. This last act draws, after a few moments toward the end that lag, to a close of genuine charm.

Too bad it is that Mr. Craven, a man of observation mightily keen, a man who senses character, one who can write dialogue homely as the milk pails his people fill and scrub, yet terse and to the point—too bad that Mr. Craven cannot make bold to do away with futile plots. They weaken his plays, in all else so very good.

Mr. Craven played the doctor excellently. For the waitress who wanted her fling Miss Arnold had charm in plenty, also individually. To repeat the names of the cast is not necessary, for there was no one on the stage who did not act extremely well. Rarely, indeed, is acting seen so uniformly good and free of exaggeration.

R. R. G.

LE MAIRE'S REVUE

At the Tremont Theatre. Monday evening, Feb. 7, 1927. Le Maire's Affairs, a new revue, with Sophie Tucker, Ted Lewis and Lester Allen, and many others.

Lord Tennyson's brook may well be immortal but we suspect that it has a pair of rivals in Sophie Tucker and Ted Lewis. And though they be directed from the channels of the two-a-day to the more gaudy purlieu of what Mr. Rufus Le Maire is pleased to call a new revue, they are always the same. That is, the portion of their performance which is greeted by the whole-hearted approval of the audience hasn't changed in the slightest detail in the last 10 years at least. Both Miss Tucker and Mr. Lewis appear as characters in skits in "Le Maire's Affairs" and they do not do badly at all. But what arouses the cheers of the populace is what they have been familiar with for far longer than it would be strictly polite to calculate. Miss Tucker sings "Some of These Days," a ballad which appeared in 1910, and the house goes wild. Mr. Lewis, for his part, stops the show cold with his familiar imitation of a small town band on parade, which he prefaces with, "Is the police force ready? He is? Let's go!" In the face of this sort of thing criticism is obviously futile.

Even reporting Le Maire's Affairs is not so simple, for "Affairs" is what the producer calls his numbers, and they total thirty. But before we get lost in the welter of details, we must have a word to say for Lester Allen, who is as adept and versatile a comedian as we have seen since we fell out of the cradle laughing at some of the jokes the authors gave him to work with. His costumes were masterpieces in the art of caricature and, with the possible exception of Beatrice Lillie, we do not know anyone who can get as much out of an intrinsically bad line as he. When he has something like his "imitation of John MacCormack giving an imitation of me giving an imitation of him if he was me," the result is worth sitting through much duller things than any of the surrounding numbers in this show to see.

The show is extensively advertised as "the cleverest and costliest revue ever staged." The former adjective might well be considered unjustified, but if the actors, musicians and stage-hands all belong to the union and are paid by the hour, we can quite understand the latter. The curtain rose at eight, and when this reviewer left at eleven there were still six "Affairs" to come.

The costumes, too, must have cost money, but we suspect Mr. Rufus Le Maire of saving a little legal tender by having Mr. Charles Le Maire (whose name indicates a relationship to the producer) design them. Utterly lacking in either taste or originality, they were only crude attempts at being suggestive most of the time. The show opens with the hackneyed scene in which members of the chorus dressed to represent Extravagance, Lure, Satire, etc., walk across the stage, and, as though that were not enough, later on the Heavenly Bodies—Mars, Comet, Moon, and all that sort of thing—had to be represented.

As to the music, the featured number is "I Can't Get Over a Girl Like You Loving a Boy Like Me," which Boston's dance orchestras have made us familiar with while the show was enjoying its six or eight months' run in Chicago. John Price Jones, a young man with a pleasing personality, sings "Bring Back Those Minstrel Days," a tune with a lot of swing, in an engaging manner. The rest of the new music

is undistinguished in every way, and the orchestra almost invariably played in deafening tones. In fact, the musicians in the pit and Ted Lewis's Musical Clowns on the stage seemed to be having a competition to see which could make the more noise. We don't know who won, but an unfortunate actress called Colleen Adams had our idea of the toughest job we know. She had to follow Ted Lewis, after he had created pandemonium with the small town band act, and try to make herself heard over the pit orchestra's rebuttal.

Mention must be given to Miss Olive Brady, who is a dancer of rare grace with a lovely figure when she is allowed to leave it alone. It seemed to us a tragedy that a girl with her possibilities as a real dancer should be made into a contortionist. She almost made a "Danse Acrobatique" beautiful. Higher praise than that we do not know how to bestow.

But in the face of the audience's tremendous enthusiasm we fear we are sounding a bit peevish. We are not. We only wish to give an idea of what they were enthusiastic about. And our theory of the reason for the success that the show is bound to have here is that it is never allowed to lag for an instant, and the players present their tattered material with an almost unbelievable verve and sincerity.

O. C. T.

St. James Theatre. "The Show Off." A transcript of life in three acts by George Kelly. The cast:

Clara	Edith Sneath
Mrs. Fisher	Florence Pendleton
Amy	Florence Shirley
Frank Hyland	Frank Charlton
Mr. Fisher	William Gerald
Joe	Day Manson
Aubrey Piper	Walter Gilbert
Mr. Gill	John Winthron
Mr. Rogers	Frank S. Peck

George Kelly is fast becoming a dramatist of the family album type, for each of his last three plays contains minutely detailed portraits of people so much within the realm of universal acquaintance that the characterization calls to mind stuck-up Cousin-Jo or insufferable Aunt Chrystal.

"Craig's Wife" and the "Show Off" are still within Boston's memory and "Daisy Mayme" lies in the offing. The "Show Off," that comedy of middle-class manners and humors—surmounted and embellished by a boor, a man suffering from a bad case of enlarged superiority complex, is an undertaking for the St. James players but they carry it off with finesse as they have done with all their previous offerings.

In drawing Aubrey Piper and his family Kelly has an opportunity to bring humor, pathos, shrewdness and a mild satire into play. Of course, Aubrey is exaggerated but this over elaboration only serves to bring the truths closer home. Just how many homes sport and support such men whose natural conceit has become an ailment? Would we be surprised to learn that there is much of his overbearing characteristic in many of us? How about the boy who rides "no-handed" by his sweetheart's home? And we can always fall back on Kelly's own line concerning the fact that "there never was a man who thought he couldn't sing!"

Walter Gilbert has a fat part. At first we felt that he was merely reciting lines but as he went on we were more convinced that he was truly depicting a self-centred man. He was not unctuous enough—we did not really dislike him, but we pitied his wife who was fool enough to love and take him seriously. Nothing in his characterization made the lines of Clara, that he was only some one "who longed to be important," stir any pity for him in us.

Florence Pendleton did remarkably well with her picture of the middle-class mother, never resting her hands, irking her daughter into marriage and then tiring to shelter her. Her pussy-footing and her subdued anger were particularly true to life. Natural was the scene when she learns of her husband's stroke. Overcome for a moment, she reverts immediately to the carrying out of the daily routine of life.

Miss Shirley is cute and appealing.

Her part is a difficult one this week for she, with her sob stuff, has to work against the laughs which Gilbert gets. She takes firm hold of her lines and comes through.

REPERTORY THEATRE—"Tornado," drama in three acts by Edward Knoblock and Anthony Blake. The cast was as follows:

Anthony Blake	William Kershaw
Annabelle Wilson	Robert Hamerton
Mona	Mary Schwell
Gunga	Henry Jewett
Sir Francis Ravenhill	Ruth Taylor
Mary Ravenhill	Agnes Elliot Scott
Nora Shannon	Edith Roberts
Col. Watts	Ray Phillips
Capt. Ralph Barclay	Augusta Gill
Ethel Newlands	William Mason
Col. Newlands	Louis Leon Hall
Dan Dara	Elmer Hall
Capt. Stevens	William Foy
Police orderly	Myles Nuttall

No self-respecting dramatist of today should meet his Maker without a tri-

angle play in his hand. Mr. Knoblock and Mr. Anthony Blake are ready. They have given us a rather elderly husband

the big strong type with a heart of

gold and no sense of humor, his charming

young wife who has been living

a blameless and boring existence, and

last and most important, a handsome young man with dark curly hair, and no money at all.

The scene is laid in Africa, where Sir Frances Ravenhill is Lieutenant-Governor of a colony. Now it should be immediately noted that not one of the native maidens with flowers in her hair appears on the stage. A play of the tropics with no native to twisting or curling is almost unbelievable, though there are two native servants who speak their African dialect with a marked American accent. But the African atmosphere is kept under control remarkably well. The routine and formality of Marx Ravenhill's life might be found in any government official's circle.

When the play opens, Mary has just returned from a hunting trip where she and her friend Nora Shannon escaped for a time the many social duties at Government House. Her husband had placed their expedition in charge of the romantic young captain. Six weeks in the jungle and the inevitable. As the movie have it, "came the dawn." With Mary's return to civilization she faces her problem. There is her husband's position. A scandal would ruin his career as well as the captain's. A woman of character, Mary decides to give up romance. At this point, fate and Mr. Knoblock step in.

Capt. Barclay is officially ordered to Government House, and brings with him the native guide who went on the hunting trip, a villain of deepest dye, wanted by the police of the neighboring French colony for several little murders.

Don Dura Las spied on the lovers in the jungle. Blackmail, consternation, an attempt to help Don Dura out of the country which fails when the police catch him. The tornado is gathering.

Mary watches the tornado coming near. Capt. Barclay is a lover well suited to her. He is romance, all she has missed. Her husband loves her and in this play he is a human being and a shadow. Can she stay on as "one of the housekeepers of the world?" This is a new play, never produced before on any stage, and the answer is thoroughly modern. She stays.

Ruth Taylor is excellent as the lovely lady who found the way of the transgressor more than usually hard. When she leaves the stage, the play sags, so it is just as well that she is present in one continuous. Agnes Elliott Scott, the family friend, pours oil on troubled waters very gracefully.

Harry Jewett makes Sir Francis a perfect bulldog. When he says, "Mary, I have committed the unpardonable sin. I have bored you," you feel that her protest is a polite gesture. Mr. Jewett's method of delivering his lines happened to fit the character.

Augusta Gill is a wonderful poisonous female. If tones could kill, her husband should certainly die when she says, "Gorgie, darling." William Mason, as her protesting husband, makes you realize just what the phrase "a dog's life" means.

Don Dura, played by Louis Leon Hall, is not only a very convincing native but a thoroughly sinister villain. Daylight or dark, you'd hate equally to meet Don Dura.

Guy Phillips makes Capt. Barclay handsome and brave, but unconvincing as Mary's passionate lover. His ardor is too controlled for one who would count the world well lost for love.

The play is good theatre, and holds the attention in spite of a rather dragging last act. The ending, with husband and wife taking up their everyday life after the exit of the dashing captain, is novel enough to please very well.

Adolphe Menjou in "Sorrows of Satan"

D. W. Griffith has adapted Marie Corelli's novel, "Sorrows of Satan," into several reels of infernal splendor. At the Metropolitan this week. The cast: Prince Lucio de Rimanz... Adolphe Menjou... Geoffrey Tempest... Ricardo Cortez... Mavis Claire... Carol Dempster... Princess Olga... Lya De Puttil.

Mr. Griffith is a detailist. In summing up his latest work one marvels at the perfection of a small scene, the way a woman walks across the floor, the tenseness of a moment that in itself is not so important. The huge scenic effects are as glaringly artificial as a dowager hung with paste diamonds.

The scene of Lucifer expelled from Heaven is bewildering only because the wings prove that many, many barnyards were stripped of their feathers so that they could be made.

The story concerns a boy and a girl (Ricardo Cortez and Carol Dempster) in a chilly boarding house trying to make a living by writing. Next we see them in a warm lunch room with only two rolls and two cups of coffee between them and starvation. Carol adds her bit to the cheerful scene by crying over a poem Ricardo has written about her. The lunch room and its atmosphere shows Mr. Griffith's power

as a director. The room is redolent with appetizing odors.

But all pleasant things must end in "Sorrows of Satan" and next we find the girl and the boy back in the dreary place they live, one across the hall from the other. The boy begs to be allowed to visit the girl instead of going to his depressing room but she is firm and proper. A little note written in a moment of repentance, the approaching steps of the landlady and the two find themselves together. The love theme blossoms, the boy announces he would sell his soul for money and Adolphe Menjou makes his appearance in "a pleasing shape" as Satan. Even so, he is a conscientious being who hopes mortals will not fall even as he unfolds bacchanalian scenes to tempt.

Lya De Puttil has a thankless task. Her heart-shaped face is more of a relief than it is supposed to be, but Carol Dempster is made to cry and cry and grow gaunt and sickly as she picks desperately at a huge typewriter. We can't help but feel that Mr. Griffith would have had a more realistic drama if he had modernized his heroine a little. Much too soupy as it is. Any girl on her own with an ounce of gumption would go get a nice job as a waitress instead of starving to death—and write her masterpieces between orders of ham and eggs.

There are baronial halls, a wedding, a suicide, the regular Griffithian rain storm, which is wet, and a happy ending with the bad little boy being taken under the canopy of the good little girl's protecting arm.

Adolphe Menjou thinks. One doesn't feel that he is terribly impressed with his part as Satan but he does it in workmanlike manner. Ricardo Cortez is inspired to do some acting and fortunately Mr. Griffith gives Carol Dempster a chance to show her depth and restraint before the tears get the better of her—all of us. C. M. D.

THE AHEARN FAMILY STOPS KEITH SHOW

Whoever would have thought seeing quiet, unassuming Will Ahearn and his sister, Gladys, do their clever rope spinning act at Keith's a few seasons ago, that in the year 1927 this same pair would stop the show and be called out again and again for encores? While the feature of the act is rope spinning, Will does some excellent eccentric dancing, his pretty sister has some attractive steps in her routine and the young brother does his share of rope spinning also. Their material is vastly improved, not only the manner in which Will Ahearn delivers his gags, but the way in which the whole act is routinized. These brothers and sister must have worked hard and it looks as though they were going to reap their reward. Something has been said about their appearing in Frank Fay's revue this summer, so vaudeville may lose them soon.

Harry Carroll and a company of 12 have an entertaining act which combines fast dancing and tuneful songs composed by Mr. Carroll. Mr. Ahearn stepped into this act and he and Carroll have an amusing little turn of their own. Jacques Renard and his Lido Venice orchestra were given an enthusiastic reception and his selections were well chosen. Andrew Jacobson, Mr. Renard's accomplished saxophone soloist, gave a bit too much of himself. He was excellent and should have left them wanting more. Yorke and King, a familiar act in "The Old Family Tin Type" kept the audience in uproars of laughter. Smith and Strong, a singing duo billed earlier on the program, stepped into this act and the four made a merry quartet. The entire bill at Keith's this week is first rate.

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Sunny," Charles Dillingham's musical production starring Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue. Fifth week.

MAJESTIC—"What Price Glory," Lawrence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson's, famous war play in screen form. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, and Dolores del Rio are the leading players. Fourth week.

PARK—"The Triple Cross," new mystery play by Edward Parmore, Jr., with Margaret Wycherly, James Spottswood and Natacha Rambova. Second week.

SHUBERT—"Castles in the Air," combination of operetta and musical comedy with Bernard Granville, Roy Cropper, Thais Lawton, Era Briggs and others. Last week.

WILBUR—"Queen High," musical version of "A Pair of Sixes," with Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit and John Hazard. Tenth week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," mystery play by Arnold Ridley with Mr. Clive's company. Seventh week.

BUSTER KEATON IN COMEDY AT STATE

"The General" Is Picture of Civil War Days

2110 1527
Shakespeare yesterday I became aware of the fact that Lady Macbeth would never have made a vaudeville actress. In one passage she yells: "Out, out! damned spot!"
WOOF-WOOF, THE BLOODHOUND.

MUSIC AND GOOD BEHAVIOR

Notes and Lines:
I don't know much about music beyond the fact that Mr. Zimbalist does not, as I had ignorantly supposed, play solos on the cymbals. But I have infested concert halls long enough and often enough to qualify as an expert on perfect behavior, and it seems to me there are respects in which even those who, in Boston, are what some of my neighbors always call "habichos" of symphony concerts stand in sore need of improvement.

Friday afternoon concerts—no longer disguised under the delusive name of rehearsals for the real bon ton performance of Saturday evening, begin, at least theoretically, at 2:30. I note that several hundred people customarily arrive at a somewhat later hour, later even than the several minutes of grace which are in fact accorded, and come trailing in at the first break in the initial number, prolonging that interval unduly and irritating both Mr. Koussevitzky and me. Surely, it is as possible for almost every one else to be in his seat promptly as it is for me to be there. I shouldn't object to the belated advent of three or four who had suffered from flat tires or traffic jam, but is there sufficient excuse for the threescore and ten, to put the number pretty middling low, who regularly stream in at the first informal opportunity?

The infiltration usually extends to about 3 o'clock. There is a period from then to about five minutes before 4 o'clock in which I can find little or no fault, save with the sufferers from chronic coughs who haven't had the consideration to remain at home, and the fidgety young thing who has the seat next to mine and who flips program leaves continuously and feverishly without apparent method. I have cursed this young person inwardly for the past four years; likewise prayed that she might subscribe for a seat somewhere else. All in vain. If she only read her program book—which, my dear sir, is well worth doing—it would be a consolation; but she appears to be interested only in the ads, and in those but to a limited extent. Mostly she just flips the leaves.

Then begins a period of defiltration, usually starting with the front row on the floor. I note that this invariably begins at 3:55, and suspect that a 4:15 train has something to do with it. As a result there is a twilight zone toward the close of the concert, which is like unto the one at its beginning and in which one of my temperaments is moved to a state of mind inconsistent with any but the very worst of the modern compositions.

But this isn't really what I started to say. My main thesis is that, with all our bad behavior at concerts, we are on the whole more polite than foreign auditors appear to be. I note that the most ridiculous modern cacophonist who comes before us to play what he calls music will usually provoke riotous applause, so that he can come back and bow to us at least twice, and certainly is never booed or hissed; whereas I read in the program notices that the compositions now hailed as undoubted masterpieces were coldly received, or worse, when they were originally played at the Gewandhaus and other alluring places abroad.

Now that cuts both ways. The time may come when these discordant productions, which sound to me like bedlam in the nursery, will be hailed as the magna opera of a classic school, just as we have come to like things which early German audiences greeted with silent scorn, or active sibilants; but at least no Boston audience will be

held up to ridicule for its failure to know the weeds from the wildflowers, or for having hurled a decadent turnt, or two at some honest pioneer.

No. We appear to take it for granted that every pioneer is a genius, even when he doesn't look or sound like one; and we give him a glad hand, just as we should have done for Wagner and the immortal Ludwig. We may have no consideration for each other's comfort, but the artist has nothing to fear. He will be clapped in and clapped out, even when nine-tenths of the paraders in the corridors at intermission will be heard saying that to produce such stuff is a direct insult to an intelligent gathering. It looks as if we were indiscriminating; but is that any worse than to be so confoundedly discriminating that we pretend we think every new thing is bad—which seems to be what happened in French and German concert halls in days which now pass as a sort of Augustan age?

THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED

MR. BANG.

Mace's Crossing.

NEXT SUNDAY'S CONCERTS

Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Mme. Galli-Curci. Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra. Boston Art Club, 3:30 P. M. Boston Flute Players Club. Copley-Plaza Hotel, 8:15 P. M., concert by Felix Fox, pianist; Jessie Symonds, violinist; Henri Marcoux, baritone, and Harrison Potter, pianist. Boston Art Club, 8 P. M., Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano, and the Symphony ensemble.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Civic Opera Company. Afternoon performance, "Carmen," opera in four acts by Georges Bizet. Giorgio Polacco, conductor. The cast was as follows:

Jose		Mr. Anseau
Morales		Mr. Deferere
Zuniga		Mr. Corelli
Carmen		Miss Garden
Frasquita		Miss Hamlin
Mercedes		Miss Jackson
Escamillo		Mr. Rimini
Micaela		Mme. Mason
Dancarlo		Mr. Deferere
Ramendado		Mr. Moica
Lillas Pastia		Mr. Corelli

Incidental dances by Miles. Shermont and Samuels and corps de ballet.

Not long ago Henry de Montherlant, writing a preface for Merimee's "Carmen," reported a conversation he had had with Don Celestino apropos of a performance of the opera by a French company at Madrid. "We laughed," said the Spaniard, "especially when the portrayal of Carmen began to dance."

"But the music?" "No, that's not true Spanish music. It is sad music. Nor did Don Celestino like Merimee's story. "A Frenchman cannot help speaking badly of Spain. The Spanish soldier, Don Jose, deserter, smuggler, brigand, assassin. The Spanish woman? Carmen, coquette, thief, wanton, an assassin in the intention. "Carmen" inaugurated the series of works in which Spain is represented as the country of gypsies, guitar players, toreros. Haven't we engineers, advocates, physicians as good as those of other lands?"

The fact remains that Spain will not have Bizet's opera. It is said that the Cubans also frown on it.

The libretto of "Carmenclita and the Soldier" used by the Moscow Company that visited Boston, is far more interesting and dramatic; the arrangement of Bizet's music incites a swifter movement of the action; the stage settings and the stage business were striking; nor will one soon forget the naturalness and intensity of the Russian interpreters.

Nevertheless Bizet's "Carmen" will be

on the stage for many years to come, for it has all the elements of popularity.

The performance yesterday was with one exception most excellent. It was to be regretted that Mr. Rimini was allowed to sing the music of Escamillo. His voice was constantly unsteady; his acting was inexpressive.

The Carmen of Miss Garden and the Don Jose of Mr. Anseau are familiar to our opera goers, but it seemed as if yesterday they acted with even greater brio and sang with even greater intensity than in preceding performances. Miss Garden put aside certain kittenish ways that more than once have marred her portrayal of the gypsy. Mr. Anseau again sang and played with irresistible force. The voices of Miss Hamlin—the daughter of that fine artist, the late George Hamlin—and Miss Jackson were delightfully fresh; as women they were pleasing to the eye.

One of the chief features of the performance was Mme. Edith Mason's portrayal of Micaela. The quality of her voice, the purity of her intonation, the significance of her phrasing, and the appropriate simplicity of her acting were beyond all praise.

There were pleasing innovations in the stage business; the stage settings were singularly effective; the ballet was brilliant. Chorus and orchestra responded to Mr. Polacco's every wish, which was to bring out all the details and the general spirit of Bizet's score.

The very large audience was justly enthusiastic.

"RIGOLETTO"

Capacity Audience Hears Verdi's
Opera in Evening

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Rigo-
letto," opera by Paves and Verdi. The
cast:

Duke of Mantua. Antonio Cortis
Rigoletto, his hunchback jester. Richard Bonelli
Gilda, his daughter. Elde Noreni
Giovanna, nurse to Gilda. Anna Correnti
Maddalena, his sister. Lorna Doone Jackson
Baddalena, his sister. Lorna Doone Jackson
Monterona. Desiro Deffere
Rosa. Ludovico Oliverio
Marullo. Gildo Morelato
Count Ceprano. Antonio Nicolich
Countess Ceprano, his wife. Alice D'Hermanoy

Page. Clara Shear
Leshar. Gildo Morelato
Cen. Roberto Moranzoni

dances by corps de ballet.
and swiftly moving tale of
active and philanthropic duke,
crippled jester and his victimized
daughter, was unfolded last night to a
critical and appreciative audience which
packed the house.

Stage technique of a high order
marked the production, from the gay
and graceful opening scene in the
palace, where preening courtiers and

half-glimpsed dancers acquitted them-
selves in admirable ensemble, to the
final act of lightning, thunder, and
orchestral crescendo, when Rigoletto, no
longer mocking jester, but half-crazed
victim of a curse and of fate, descends
in a sudden psychic crash from his pin-
nacle of triumphant revenge to the
abyss of hopeless grief.

The three all-important parts were
well rendered, the duke debonair and
unchanging, the jester a role of slowly
culminating transition, while Gilda was
perhaps more effective in the clandestine
love scene than in the later scenes of
realized betrayal. Miss Noreni, youth-
fully naive, of manner and warm and
spirited of voice, was heartily applauded
in the Caro Nome. All roles were ex-
cellently cast for eye as well as for ear.

H. F. M.

"DON GIOVANNI"

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House, Chicago Civic
Opera Co. "Don Giovanni" or "Il Dis-
coluto Punito," a "dramma giocoso" in
two acts. Book by the Abbe da Ponte;
music by Mozart. Mr. Polacco, con-
ductor.

The cast was as follows:

Don Giovanni. Vanni Marcoux
Donna Anna. Rosa Raisa
Don Ottavio. Charles Hackett
Commendatore. Alexander Kinnis
Donna Elvira. Louise Loring
Leporello. Paolo Ludikar
Masetto. Vittorio Trevisan
Zerlina. Edith Mason

When Mr. Vanni-Marcoux took the
part of Don Giovanni at the Boston
Opera House, fourteen years ago this
month his associates were the admir-
able Emma Destinn, John McCormack,
the incomparable singer of Mozart's
music, Miss Amsden, Miss Nielsen and
Messrs. Didur, Ta Vecchia and Mar-
dones. Felix Weingartner conducted.
Last night, Mr. Ludikar replaced at
short notice Mr. Lazzari as Leporello,
on account of Mr. Lazzari's sickness.
Mr. Ludikar was seen in this role when
Mr. Vanni Marcoux played the Don
at the Boston Opera House on March
11, 1914.

The production last night was a cu-
rious one as far as scenery and cos-
tumes were concerned. The scenery
was of the futurist order, seldom ef-
fective, never beautiful, often of dis-
tressing ugliness. The most tolerable
of the settings were that of the festival
scene with the two balconies, and that
of the graveyard, where the imposing
status is invited to supper. On each
side of the stage, and remaining, were
what were supposed to be houses with
balconies and holes intended to be doors.
The back set was changed to suit each
scene. There were nightmare trees, or
what one might take to be trees, in the
scene of the serenade. This peculiar
arrangement no doubt brought shorter
waits, but the settings were of such a
nature that the stage was as a rule
dimly lighted, and facial expression of
the singers was wholly lost. It is said
that in Chicago lights from on high are
used; that the Boston Opera House is
without them.

The costumes were also singular. Don
Giovanni and Don Ottavio dressed after
the period of Henry the Third of
France. Donna Anna and Donna Elvira
wore the cumbersome dress pictured so
often by Voltaire; a trying costume for
the two actresses.

The performance was interesting in
many ways, for some of the chief sing-
ers were more familiar with the operas
of Verdi, Puccini, and still more mod-
ern composers, than with the music of
Mozart. Mme. Raisa, for example, was
out of her element.

She made a brave endeavor to sing
melodic lines, to phrase in the
manner that becomes Donna Anna,

but the endeavor was vain. The
tones were often sharp, the intonation
not always secure. Nor did she have a
lively sense of Donna Anna's character.
It is not necessary to accept the theory
of E. T. A. Hoffman; that Don Juan
had seduced her; that she still loved
him, and her rage, her thirst for
vengeance came from his abandonment
of her. Leave this theory aside; it re-
mains that she in her sorrow for her
father, with her cries of vengeance
on the murderer, was a tigress. Mozart
gave her an aria early in the opera that
portrays this nature. Mme. Raisa was
far from suggesting this sombre, stately,

noble figure. With her, Donna Anna
was as tame a creature as the lacry-
mose Elvira.

Miss Loring and Mme. Mason were
more fortunate in their treatment of
Mozart's music and thus giving char-
acter to Elvira and Zerlina. Miss Loring,
with a voice of pure and sympathetic
quality, sang effectively in a role where-
in singers of greater reputation have
failed pitifully. Mme. Mason was a
charming Zerlina, singing with delight-
fully musical intelligence and beauty of
tone. As an actress she abstained from
turning Zerlina into a hoyden, and gave
a pleasing picture of youthful simplicity,
gentle coquetry, and tender devotion.

The Don Giovanni of Mr. Vanni-Mar-
coux is familiar to the older lovers of
opera. Last night he was always a
picturesque figure, acting with vivacity
and grace. He sang the serenade with
an unexpected sentiment, and was gal-
lant in wooing and in bravado. The
swiftness with which he delivered the
recitatives, and his remarkably clear
enunciation, gave animation to scenes
that in the past have been boring.

The Leporello of Mr. Ludikar was ad-
mirably conceived, free from undue
clowning. His resonant, well-controlled
voice, his ability to color the text by
expressive nuances, gave more than or-
dinary point to his account of his mas-
ter's triumphs as an amorist in many
lands. A lively Leporello, not a pon-
derous one, as Edouard de Reszke
played it.

Don Ottavio is often a poor, weak
fish, waiting anxiously for his chief aria,
"Il mio tesoro"; one standing by and
doing nothing. Mr. Hackett showed us
an Ottavio who was, after all, a man.
He sang his two arias tastefully. His
control of breath in "Il mio tesoro" and
the charm of his phrasing were note-
worthy. He well deserved the many
calls before the curtain. The other parts
were adequately taken.

Mr. Polacco should be warmly praised
for his artistic interpretation of Moz-
art's score. It was his task to give a
"Mozartian" performance, "Mozartian"
in the letter and in the spirit. This task,
a labor of love, did not daunt him.

The theatre was filled completely from
top to bottom.

DEATHS

Mrs. William Seymour

NEW YORK, Feb. 10 (AP)—Mrs.
William Seymour, formerly May Daven-
port and wife of the director of "Tre-
lawney of the Wells," died at the Hotel
Remington here today. She had suf-
fered an apoplectic stroke while atten-
ding a rehearsal of the production.

We thank several correspondents for
information concerning "Slovenly
Peter." The original German was writ-
ten by Dr. Heinrich Hoffman. We are
indebted to Houghton Mifflin Company
for a copy of "Slovenly Peter," trans-
lated by Annis Lee Furness; the pic-
tures and verses as remembered by the
children of Ralph Waldo Emerson;
illustrations by Edward Waldo Emerson.

This translation was made about 65
years ago by Annis, a young girl,
daughter of Dr. William H. Furness.
(She afterwards translated the "Old
Mam'selle's Secret" and other novels.)
Dr. Furness gave a copy to Emerson for
his children. "Years after, when it was
wanted in the family for the next gen-
eration, the old copy had been lent and
lost, and the later translation was not so
good, with the pictures coarsely re-
printed, and a sequel less charming
added. The sisters recalled the verses,
and the elder wrote them out for her
nephews and niece in her clear hand-
writing, and the brother reproduced the
pictures with unexpected exactness from
memory."

SLOVENLY PETER

Fie! naughty wild and slovenly Peter!
I fear he never will be neater.
For many many many weeks
No water has been near his cheeks;
And 'tis a year now I declare
Since he has let nurse comb his hair.
And then those nalls, 'tis very clear
They've not been cut at all this year!
It is no wonder that all cry,
O naughty slovenly Peter, fie!

The little volume—the illustrations
are extremely amusing—also contains
"Cruel Frederic," "The Wild Hunts-
man," "Paulino and the Matches," "The
Blackamoor," "Rocking Philip," "Young

William," "Johnny Look-in-the-Air,"
and "Flying Robert."

As the World Wags:

"Pop," said the professor's son, "Why
th' cock-eyed perdition do I haft a
always go to them damn classes?"
"My son! my son!" the prof. said,
sadly, "you have split an infinitesimal!"
OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

HOW ABOUT LOT'S CASE?

As the World Wags:

Can't something be done to stop these
fellows from saying such terrible things
about great and good men who are no
longer with us? First there was Wash-
ington, then there was Gladstone. Be-
fore long they'll be telling us that Noah
drank to excess, or that Solomon had
too many lady friends. There ought to
be a law or something against it.
C. O. L.

HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR

As the World Wags:

When we were boys, and at the din-
ing table or pantry, we were urged not
to slather butter on our bread. Too
much butter would be fattening, it would
be selfish, and it would be a waste. We
were told that too much food is too
much. We were disposed to pull the
blinds down on the night at 9 o'clock,
and burst into public view again at 7
o'clock, against parental admonition
that bed should begin at 8 o'clock, the
day at 6 o'clock. For our own good, in
training for the future, we should prac-
tise self-discipline, be bold in well doing
and adjust ourselves to proper sched-
ule, that in later years we might be-
come men of full stature.

We were told not to leave sleds on
the dark steps, shoes on the piano or
peanuts in the washstand. Tidy habits.
We were invited into the wisdom of
reaching school within time limits, caus-
ing no irritation or gum boils among the
teacher's back teeth, bringing home re-
ports indicative of bulging ambition in
learning and respectability. If we had
an apple we should share it with others
who selfishly would want it all. If we
shoveled snow and earned 10 cents we
should put half of it in the bank and
buy a substantial necktie with the
other. Withal, let it be said, we won
approval when sowing valuable seed;
we were commended whenever a good
habit showed green above the surface.

Grown to young manhood we con-
tinued our own schooling, punishing
ourselves against exhilarations which
were pleasant and pleasing but which
were not good for us. If we had the
price of a 25-cent cigar we should not
be soft, we should content ourselves
with a nickel cigar—of nickel or of
leafy et cetera. We should permit our-
selves but one cigar a day, for other-
wise we'd be forming a bad habit. We
must continue on, building good habits
for the future.

All such things. What I am getting
at is this: Having arrived at the half-
century mark, I am wondering where
this sublime future is, ahead, and when
we shall reach it, when we shall arrive
at the age of full stature at which
we may behold our habits and enjoy
them, the job done.

Perhaps Mr. Herklimer Johnson, the
sage of Clamport, would tell us when
this is to be; when we shall graduate
from school, the work of preparation
all done; when our structure will be
complete, furnished, enabling us to
move in and hang a wool-threaded
"Home, Sweet Home," on the facade of
the living quarters.

We ourselves know, however, that
the time is not yet for our final ex-
aminations; that although habits may
be appearing one by one in glad rail-
ment, we have yet to deal with inclina-
tions which, although highly reprehens-
ible and condemned by the advisory
board, are glued to the year. Who
among us, for example, would scorn a
quiet chance to fasten the neighbor's
bell ringing eternally. It is humiliat-
ing to contemplate, but I just know
that the time may yet come when I
shall itch to sally forth into the moon-
light night and get one more brick
or coalball at the neighbor's feline vo-
calist, contributing scenic and orches-
tral effects to one more coloratura aria
of the opera season on the woodshed
roof. Inclinations are of pesky tenacity!
Fitchburg. H. C. P.

XMAS

As the World Wags:

In the most beautiful book in the
world, the Book of Kells, written by
Irish scholars in the eighth century, and
in which surely there is no disrespect,
the name of Christ is given as XPI,
"and upon it is lavished with all the
fervent devotion of the Irish scribe
every variety of design to be found in
Celtic art, so the name which is the
optime of his country's faith is also
the optime of his country's art."
L. X. CATALONIA.

As the World Wags:

I see that the United States govern-
ment has published a bulletin on the
subject of "The Caper Industry in Al-
geria." The Charleston is apparently

of American origin, but perhaps Africa
has reasserted itself in the Black Bot-
tom. M. G. B.

ADD "ROUGH RIDERS"

As the World Wags:

An interesting letter in The Herald's
Mail Bag described diligences in France
100 years ago and asked is any one re-
members them? Yes, I do, although I'm
not quite 100 years old. I remember
going in Bourgogne with my mother to
visit relatives in the summer. After
leaving the railway, we had to make
quite a journey in the diligence to reach
the little place called Grands Champs
with the chateau having 500 windows,
which to me then was a great curiosity.
The diligence was a very interesting
vehicle and still remains so in far-away
places where the railway has not
reached. Of course, it is getting rarer
every year. The ride in the diligence
was a great joy to me as a child, and
the recollection of it is very vivid in
my memory.

EMILIE ALEXANDER-MARIUS.

226/12 1927

15TH CONCERT

RV CVMDHONV

By PHILIP HALE

It was a grand and glorious afternoon
for the Brahmsites great and small,
assembled in Symphony hall to do
homage to their patron saint. The
program of the 15th concert of the Bos-
ton Symphony orchestra led by Mr.
Koussevitzky, comprised the "Tragic"
overture; the second piano concerto
and the second symphony by Johannes
Brahms.

Overture, concerto and symphony of
Master Johannes, all in one afternoon!
"My darling, what wouldst thou have
more?" Yet one of Brahms's composi-
tions for the voice might have been
added to swell the joy of the faithful.

It is not easy to see why some ad-
mirers of Brahms class the "Tragic"
overture among his lesser orchestral
works. It is not necessary to ask
whether he had any particular tragedy
in mind; or whether, as the extractors
of sunbeams from cucumbers, would
have it, not being content with the
sombre nobility of the music, our
Brahms endeavored to portray in those
a hero struggling against fate. The
title "Tragic" is enough; the tragic
mood is firmly established and im-
pressively expressed. The choice of
the symphony for "An Afternoon with
Brahms" was a happy one. By reason
of the tincture of Mendelssohn in the
first movement, and the genial mood in
the pages that follow, one is tempted
to answer Brahms's own statement to
Dr. Blüthner—"I do not know whether
I have a pretty symphony"—in the af-
firmative.

Let us remember that when this sym-
phony in D major was first performed
in Boston nearly fifty years ago the
audience thought the music perplexing,
cryptic. John S. Dwight, the oracle of
the audience in 1879, declared in print
that he could conceive of Sterndale Ben-
nett writing a better symphony; Sterndale
Bennett of all men in the world!

The third and fourth movements of
the concerto in B-flat major are well
worth playing and hearing; the Andante
has the quiet, gentle spirit of the
Brahms in better mood, when he was
not over-anxious about thematic de-
velopment, when he was not afraid lest
he should not be recognized as Beet-
hoven's immediate successor. No pian-
ist however gifted can make the first,
long-winded Allegro, tolerable and to be
endured. Nor has the second movement
marked charm or distinction.

It was not Mr. Rosenthal's fault, nor
was it the fault of Mr. Koussevitzky,
that the first half of the Concerto was
a weariness to the flesh and spirit. Mr.
Rosenthal was especially fortunate in
his interpretation of the Andante and
the fascinating Finale with its intox-
icating Hungarian rhythms and melodic
suggestions. He has the Brahmsian
traditions in his fingers and in his mind.
And when he played this concerto he
played as one having authority.

Mr. Koussevitzky holds the music of
Brahms in high esteem. By his regard
for pages that should be sung, by his
recognition of dramatic qualities that
have not appealed to other conductors
whose fetishistic adoration was so timid
and obsequious that they did not do
Brahms justice, he is an admirable in-
terpreter of the composer.

The concert will be repeated tonight.
Next week there will be "A Friday
Afternoon with the Respighi Family."
Mr. Respighi will appear as composer,
pianist and conductor. He will play his
piano concerto in the mazy mood
while Mr. Casella will conduct. Re-
spighi's Second Suite of "Old Dan-
ce and Airs," the overture to his opus
"Belfagor," as well as the concen-
to will be performed here for the first time.
Mme. Respighi will sing his "Sun-
set" (after Shelley's poems). "Fountain of
Rome" will bring the end to this in-
teresting concert.

Honegger's "Judith" and Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi" Given

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Civic Opera Company. Double bill: "Gianni Schicchi" opera in one act; libretto by Gioachino Forzano, music by Giacomo Puccini; conducted by Roberto Moranzoni. "Judith," an opera in four scenes; book based by Rene Moral on "Judith" in the Apocrypha; music by Arthur Honegger; Giorgio Polacco, conductor.

The cast of Puccini's opera was as follows:

Gianni Schicchi	Mr. Rimini
Lauretta	Mme. Norena
La Vecchia	Mme. Claessens
Rimuccio	Mr. Charles Hackett
Orlando	Mr. Oliviero
Sella	Mme. Jackson
Simon	Mr. Nicolich
Marco	Mr. Lazari
La Ciesca	Mme. D'Hermanov
Spinello	Mr. Trevisan
Amantio di Nicolao	Mr. Polacco
Perino	Mr. Morelato
Guccio	Mr. Toffi

Puccini wrote a triptych of one-act operas, with contrasting subjects, to be performed together: "Il Tabarro," a Grand Guignol shocker; "Suor Angelica," rude and affected mysticism for female voices; "Gianni Schicchi," with a farcical subject. The three were performed for the first time on any stage at the Metropolitan Opera House in December, 1918.

The three were performed together by the Chicago Opera Company in March, 1920. In "Gianni Schicchi," conducted by the Marinuzzi, the part of Gianni was then taken by Mr. Galeffi; that of Rimuccio by Edward Johnson, while Miss Herbert took the part of Lauretta and Mme. Claessens that of La Vecchia.

In the 30th canto of his "Inferno," Dante saw among those in the tenth chasm, who were there for counterfeiting the persons of others for wicked purposes, "that mad spirit," Gianni Schicchi:

"He who goeth yonder undertook, That he might gain the lady of the herd, To counterfeit in himself Buoso Donati, Making a will and giving it due form."

The commentator Benvenuto tells the story on which Forzano based his libretto; "Buoso Donati of Florence, although a nobleman and of an illustrious house, was nevertheless like other noblemen of his time, and by means of thefts had great increased his patrimony. When the hour of death drew near, the sting of conscience caused him to make a will in which he gave fat legacies to many people, whereupon his son Simon (the 'Ottimo' says his nephew), thinking himself enormously aggrieved, suborned Vanni Schicchi dei Cavalanti, who got into Buoso's bed, and made a will in opposition to the other. Gianni much resembled Buoso." Gianni did not forget himself. He put this clause into the will: "To Gianni Schicchi I bequeath my mare." Now, this was "the lady of the herd," and "none more beautiful was to be found in Tuscany; it was valued at 1000 florins."

In the opera Donati has been dead for some hours. A young man hands the will to his mother and demands that he shall marry Schicchi's daughter. When the will is opened, it is found Donati has left everything to charity. Schicchi is consulted. Only those in the room know Donati is dead. The corpse is hidden. Schicchi gets into the bed and imitates Donati's voice. He dictates a new will, in favor of himself, and becomes the heir, to the wrath of the others.

There are those who believe that Puccini's future fame will rest on this amusing, vivacious work. For here he wrote with the utmost sincerity, as in "Marion Lescaut" and "La Boheme"; not as in later works with one eye on the public, thirsting for immediate popularity. It is a question whether the Italian genius in music is not more at home, with few exceptions, in comic than in serious opera. Rossini's "Barber" lives, while his "Othello" is forgotten; his "William Tell" seldom performed. Donizetti's lighter operas have now more life than his more ambitious works. "Faust" is the crowning glory of Verdi's illustrious career.

In "Gianni Schicchi" there is a delightful use of technical skill in the characterization of the persons in the drama. The score is alive, full of comic verve. The lyrical measures, sung delightfully by Mme. Norena and Mr. Hackett, music, suggestive at times of the earlier Puccini. Mr. Hackett also sang in an enthusiastically spirited manner the long solo. The expectant heirs, male and female, acted with gusto. Mr. Rimini, who fortunately had few sustained measures to sing, proved himself a capital comedian.

This was the cast of "Judith":

Judith	Miss Garden
La Servants	Miss Shear
La Pleurieuse	Miss Loring
Holopheme	Mr. Formichi
Ozias	Mr. Cotreuil
Basque	Mr. Molica

In "Judith" was originally a play with incidental music. The play was brought out in Switzerland; the opera later at Monte Carlo. As an opera, it is a succession of scenes that are briefly presented, not elaborated. The story is familiar and has inspired many painters, dramatists, composers.

Miss Garden may now justly call herself "The Celtic Head-Hunter," for she has added the head of Holofernes to that of John the Baptist. In Bernstein's play Judith apostrophizes the exposed head, as Salome apostrophizes John's. But neither Honegger nor the librettist indulges in sadistic rapture over the gory trophy.

It is immaterial whether or not Honegger has Jewish blood in his veins. It was natural that having a Jewish legend he should bethink himself of ancient music handed down in synagogues. There are suggestions of this music in the first chorus of the Bethulian women as there is a barbaric ferocity in the music of the Assyrian soldiers.

Honegger is, naturally, a modernist in opera as in purely orchestral works. There are pages of screaming dissonances, the question is, "Are they pictorially or dramatically effective?" Pages of amazing difficulty for the performers. Do these difficulties add to the intensity or the splendor of the musical thought? The subject of the tragedy is not a suave one. It is not necessary to ask how far Judith went in her endeavor to beguile Holofernes. Commentators and dramatists differ concerning this interesting question.

But in this opera there is no sensuousness. Holofernes is here a cave-man; Judith has no time for wooing in seductive song, unlike the Delilah of Saint-Saens.

Is "Judith" an opera? Not in the conventional sense. It is still a play with music to heighten the dramatic speech; or it is after the manner of the old melodrama as Benda found it.

The scenes are short: the first within the walls of Bethulia; the women waiting, while Judith in an upper chamber of her house purposes the delivery of her people, prays, and hedecks herself in gorgeous attire. She departs. In the second scene she, with her maid, is on the way to the camp. The third is in the tent of the Assyrian general; the final is again in Bethulia, with an exultant chorus and rejoicing dancers. The settings of these scenes were most effective.

It is not easy to speak of the music except that it is singularly impressive. Here is no conventional aria; no duet; yet the song sung off-stage by Mr. Molica has a melancholy, haunting beauty, as mistress and maid rest for a moment on their journey. The unconventional choruses emphasize the situations, especially the chorus of waiting women in the first scene. The orchestration is unusual, even for Honegger. It does not always have marked significance; at times it seems detached from anything that is doing on the stage. Solo woodwind instruments give a peculiar color that suggests the East. The introduction to the final scene is charming.

Miss Garden's Judith must be ranked for its artistic worth with her Melisande; widely different as are the roles. It was Biblical in its simplicity, in its spirit of patriotic and religious devotion, its fierce exultation as through her the God of Israel triumphs. Mr. Formichi's portrayal of Holofernes was splendidly barbaric. The choruses were surprisingly well sung, when the difficulty of the music is considered. Mr. Polacco conducted in a masterly manner. The great audience was intensely interested.

The operas today will be "La Boheme" for the matinee; "Il Trovatore" for the evening.

G. N. writes that, going into a bookshop in Boston he asked for a copy of the "Christmas Carol." The clerk, all attention, asked: "Is it a bird book?"

Mr. E. D. Fraser writes apropos of pigs and hairless dogs as hot water bottles, that pigs are still in general use in Scotland. He quotes the Scotch poet, Murray:

"Noe that cauldrie winter's here
There's a pig in ilka bed."

Mr. J. J. Keevil calls our attention to Darwin describing in 1833 the Argentine: "Little hairless dogs are in great request to sleep at the feet of invalids."

RHAPSODY IN E MINOR

"Oh, why did I ever marry you?" she wailed as the airplane crept by.

"Because you loved me," he suggested in a high-pitched voice. He was a baseball pitcher.

"Ah, but love is like a rose. It wilts," "So does lettuce," he shouted down the elevator shaft.

"Yes," she remonstrated, as she drove her hycle into a filling station. "But there's one kind of lettuce that will not wilt."

"What kind?" he asked (as you knew he would).

"Wilting lettuce!"

The package was returned unopened. GEORGE THE RED MAN.

As the World Wags:

More information about Cornelius Vanderbilt. He is shining his own shoes and cooking his own food in order to add that much money to the \$3,000,000 he is collecting to pay off his indebtedness. We've baked bread and peeled potatoes and done lots of the work around the kitchen and shined our own shoes, all our life, Cornelius, and, do you know, we're still shy \$37.85 on our three million.

R. H. L.

FALSE ALARM

(Translation by Christopher Morley in the Saturday Review of Literature)

I sit here tonight
Fortified in my own particular silence,
Denny, the sheep-dog, lies in the next room,
And sometimes, when he stirs,
The tinkle of his license tag
Seems, for the dreadful tithing of a second,
The preliminary tocsin of a telephone call.

In that bursting schism of the mind
My whole wary garrison leaps furious
To defense
And my walls bristle with armored
paladins
Ready with reasons why I shouldn't do
Whatever it is
Whoever might want.

As the World Wags:

I enclose some of the verses of a song which my father, who is nearly 98 years old, remembers hearing sometime in the 50's or 60's. He thinks that it was sung by a man named Couch or Crouch. Can any one of your readers tell me where the words and the music are to be found?

II. E. P.

I know a little hand,
'Tis the softest in the land,
And I feel its pressure bland
While I sing.

Lily white, it's resting now
In the hair above my brow
As a dove might fan my brow
With its wing.

I know a little foot,
Very cunningly 'tis put
In a dainty little boot
Where it hides.

I know a little heart,
It is free from guile or art,
And I own it every part
For all time.

REFRAIN

That dear, dear hand of her, her I love.

Was the singer Frederick Nicholas Crouch, composer, vocalist and violinist, best known by his song "Kathleen Mavourneen," one of a series, "The Echoes of the Lakes," published about 1838. Born at London in 1808, he died at Baltimore, Md., in 1896. He led an adventurous life; choir singer at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, orchestral player, inventor of zincography while he was traveling for a firm of metal brokers, entertaining as "The Irish Lecturer," conducting in Portland, Me., Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, a soldier in the confederate army during our civil war. He was the father of the notorious Coral Pearl, who living a gay life in Paris, for a short time on the stage, is supposed to have suggested to Zola his Nana.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

A vaudeville lady whose acquaintance with de luxe hostilities was until recently extremely limited, was raving to a friend about the elegance of a hotel she had just lived in. "Honest, Gert," asked the wondering friend, "was it as well as that?" "Swell!" said Gert. "Kid, when you walked into the lobby it felt just like a shot in the arm."

JAZBO.

"HUDJUCKS"

As the World Wags:
Maine seems to be the corner of our land where queer words and phrases arise or persist.

One day in camp our guide announced that he would have for the next meal "bannocks treated in hudjuks." This proved to be "camp corn bread served in broken pieces." I fail to find any trace of "hudjuks" in the dictionaries at my disposal.

R. F. CHENEY.

Southboro.

"Hudjuks" ("hudyucks") is a dialect word in Worcestershire and Herefordshire, England. It means "a mess, litter; an untidy heap." It also conveys the notion of slovenliness, laziness, as in the verb: "E goes hudyuckin' along as if 'e 'adn't got no life in 'im."—Ed.

BEDTIME STORIES

PERCIVAL THE KREEM-PUFF

By SNOWSHOE AL

About 5 years ago, up in Nome, Alas-

ka, a guy named Percival Fraich—wuz shot an' killed. It caused kwia a rumpos, but nobuddy ever found out hoo did tha shooting, er wot it wuz all about. My konsence bothers me, so now tha trooth kums out. It happened this way: Me an' Krazy Kelly had a small cabin on tha edge uv tha town. This Percival fella wuz a travellin' salesman for tha Konsolidated Canary Bird Importers, Inc., an' he loked tha part. He mooved Intuh tha cabin akross frum us wun nite, an' we kood hear him talkin' baby talk tuh a squirrel on tha roof. Krazy Kelly loked at me. "I understand," sez he, "that this kreem-puff muncher will only be in our midst fer a few days, but durin' that period he better not let me ketch him pushin' a doll carriage around." Tha next day me an' Krazy wuz sittin' at our table with a quart bottle uv real 20 year old Bourbon between us, wen this corset advertisement rushes Intuh our shack kinda wild-eyed. He gave wun look around tha room, grabbed tha bottle an' went like a bat outta hell fer his own cabin. "I shall bring it back in a minit," he howls over his shoulder. "Go easy on it, pardner, it cost 20 bucks!" yells Krazy. About 5 minits later tha Kold Kreem Kid returns with a sweet smile on his face. He set tha bottle down on tha table again. Haff uv tha kontents wuz gone. "Thank yew, very, very, very much fer tha use uv tha fluid," sez he; "yew see, I diskovered sum spots on my overcoat, and I— BANG!!

"SEEING AMERICA" BY BURTON HOLMES

The glory of America's scenic beauty in forest, lake, stream, canyon and mountain was depicted last night by Burton Holmes in a travelogue "Seeing America by Land Cruise," before an audience which packed Symphony hall. The cruise took 29 days and the lack of friction among the 70 members of the party testified, according to the lecturer, to the "travel poise" of Americans.

The "land cruise" train left New York. The same Pullman cars were used by the members throughout the trip. Swinging into the southwest the wonder of the Painted Desert unrolled before the awed gaze of the party. By illustrated slides, deftly and delicately colored, and motion pictures Mr. Holmes gave the lecture a continuity that maintained maximum interest. The Grand Canyon, that mystery of the southwest, was extolled by the lecturer, and his pictures of the chasm drew rounds of applause. The Yosemite valley and the wind-blown, maldenly modest, Bridal Veil waterfall, the lofty crags and steep precipices, were entertainingly related by Mr. Holmes.

A short trip through Canada where beautiful Lake Louise held the party enthralled for two days brought exclamations of pleasure from his auditors as different "shots" of the expanse of water were shown by the lecturer. The lecture will be repeated this afternoon.

2613 1527 THIRD CHILDREN'S CONCERT PLEASURES

Yesterday morning the third of the series of children's concerts under direction of Ernest Schelling took place in Jordan hall. Wallace Goodrich conducted in the absence of Mr. Schelling, and was assisted by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The program included:

Chadwick, Jubilee overture; MacDowell, "To a Wild Rose, to a Water Lily;" Carpenter, "The Hurdy Gurdy;" Converse, witch dance; Taylor, "Looking Glass Insects;" Foster, "Way Down Upon the Swanee River;" Herbert, American Fantasy.

Mr. Goodrich proved and able substitute for Mr. Schelling in conducting this program of American music.

Interest was enlivened by the presence in the audience of two of the composers whose works were played—George W. Chadwick and Frederick Shepherd Converse.

Mr. Converse conducted the orchestra through the witch dance, taken from his score for the moving picture of Percy Mackay's, "The Scarecrow"—as Mr. Goodrich pointed out, the first score to be composed expressly for a film. The music was played by the Conservator at

Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps, his wife, will be seen tomorrow night in the former's "Mozart," a comedy in three acts, with music by Reynaldo Hahn.

The play was produced at the Theatre Edouard VII, Paris, in December, 1925, with Mme. Printemps taking the part of the 22-year-old Mozart. Mr. Guitry introduces in his comedy Baron Grimm and plays the part; the dancers Vestris and Mme. Guimard, also Mme. d'Epinay.

The plot is purely fantastical except in these few instances: Grimm was not so devoted to Mozart in 1778 as he was in 1763, when the glorious boy astonished him. He then gave him letters of introduction, served him in many ways. Grimm in 1778 was more interested in the Gluck-Piccini controversy than in Mozart's ambition to compose for the Paris Opera, but he did introduce him to the Duc de Guisnes, who was addicted to the flute, whose daughter played the harp. For them Mozart composed the concerto that has been performed in Boston many times. Young Mozart had anything but the gay time as an amorist, as a Cherubino, represented in this comedy.

It is true that in 1778 Mozart was in love, or thought he was, with Aloisia Weber of Mannheim, but he did not leave Paris for love of her; his mother, who had not been well in that city since her arrival, died in his arms on July 3. He did not have the heart to remain there longer, and his father urged his departure.

In Guitry's comedy we find Mozart confessing to Mme. d'Epinay, Grimm's mistress, that love is more essential to him than music. The women are infatuated with him; the serving-maid, Marie Annede Pons, betrothed to the Comte de Chambrueil, Marie Madeleine Guimard, the famous dancer at the opera, and the middle-aged Mme. d'Epinay herself. The men are all jealous, and it is Grimm who sends Mozart away to Salzburg. "Mozart bids adieu to the four women grouped in the drawing room, with their jealous men, lynx-eyed, watching for a sign which will betray the secret that each guards in her heart. Which one was Mozart's mistress? All? None? Which one?"

The comedy is described as "full of harmony and grace, sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse," with charming incidental music by Hahn, endeavoring to write in Mozart's manner.

In 1778 La Guimard was in her 35th year. Mme. d'Epinay, having lived with Rousseau, later with Grimm, in 1778 was 52 years old. It is a curious fact that Grimm in his "Correspondence Litteraire" has nothing to say about Mozart's second visit, while at the time of the first visit he trumpeted his praise of the young prodigy.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The "exquisite musical verse" setting forth the charms of Dundee, quoted in the World Wags column of The Herald, prompts me to send an equally priceless inspiration glorifying, this time, our own Boston. I cannot supply the author's name, but believe the poem had its origin not in Boston, strange to say, but in California. This masterpiece was set to music, printed, copyrighted, and submitted to one of the Boston music publishers. I quoted it, about eight years ago, as an example of the activity of the so-called song sharks, i. e., people who make a lucrative business out of putting music to effusions like the following:

BOSTON, ALL NATIONS' PARADISE

Boston's all of the nations' paradise,
There's no difference shown between the black and white,
And you will have to admit that they are alright,
That's just what put the city of Boston in the light.
You talk about your New York and your great Broadway,
Get on Tremont street in Boston, that's where you'll stay,
You take a trip down Court street into Scollay (sic) square,
And you'll find ev'ry nation to greet you there.

Take Madison Square Garden and Yellowstone Park,
I will take the Boston Commons (sic) after dark.
They talk about London, New York and gay Paree,
But Boston is the place where I'm longing now to be.
To seek the pleasures and sights that are there to see,
Different resorts and theatres each day in the week;
To stroll thro' the Hub City and dear Park Gulo (sic)
You can't equal our Boston nowhere you go.

Chorus
Now talking 'bout Seattle and New Orleans,
Boston is the place where you get your good brown beans.
Men and women that's divorced all over the world,
In Boston find another boy or pretty girl.
You can stop and listen to this song if you will,
I will tell you something about Old Bunker Hill—
The Hill sits in East Boston, just off the bay,
Where freedom's right is offered all who'd come and stay.
We fought for Liberty and won a brave, game fight,
That's why they call Boston all Nation's paradise.

I have looked in vain on the map and in the itineraries of the local sight-seeing automobiles for "dear Park Gulo." Perhaps some of your readers can tell its whereabouts. C. R.

Olivia Cate, the pianist, who will play here tomorrow afternoon, gave a recital in Jordan hall two seasons ago. She has been studying with Matthay of London, the teacher of Myra Hess and Irene Scharrer.

Joyce Bannerman, a soprano, who will sing here next Tuesday evening, first studied in Cleveland, her home, and later went to Italy. In 1922 she pursued her studies in London, where she first sang in public two years later. She has given a recital in New York.

Alexander Brailowsky, the pianist of next Wednesday afternoon, is not a stranger in this city. He played here for the first time on Nov. 24, 1924, and gave a second recital on Jan. 30, 1925. Mr. Brailowsky, whose reputation is high in European cities, especially in Paris, where he has given many recitals, was born in Kiev, Russia, 28 years ago. His father kept a music shop and gave piano lessons. The boy's talent was recognized by relatives who sent the family in 1891 to Vienna, where he studied with Leschetitzky. When the war broke out the family went to Switzerland and remained there until the armistice, when it went to France. Mr. Brailowsky has played in Scandinavian countries, Spain, South America.

The Flonzaley Quartet will play next Wednesday evening for the first time in Boston a quartet by Ernesto Halfter. This Spanish composer was born at Madrid in 1905. He studied the piano when he was very

young, and wrote little compositions which he showed one day to Adolfo Salazar, whom he knew to be the champion of the young Spanish school. Halfter studied with Salazar until the latter sent him to Manuel de Falla, under whose guidance he developed and became one of his most brilliant pupils. Although so young, he has produced a great deal: Two Esquisses Symphoniques, two "Portraits" for orchestra, Sinfonietta for Little Orchestra, Quatuor in D minor (1923), Sonatina, Fantasia for quartet, Preludes Romantiques for four violins, Three Sonatas for piano, Three songs, Five Heine songs, a Comic Opera in one act, etc., etc.

Gladstone Jackson, who will lift up his tenor voice in song next Friday evening, is a member of the faculty of the School of Religious Education and Social Service of Boston University.

Evelyn Howard Jones will play the piano next Saturday afternoon for the first time in Boston. He was born at London in 1877. Having studied the piano at the Royal College of Music, he went to Germany and continued his studies under Jedliczka and d'Albert. He came before the public when he was 9 years old. At the age of 14 "he was chosen as one of a dozen out of 900 applicants for an open scholarship at the Royal College of Music. On his return from Germany he was offered a professorship at that institution. He resigned his professorship after the war was over to go on concert tours. When he was still young he was the founder and first conductor of the New Symphony Orchestra, now the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra. His first appearance in New York was on Jan. 16, 1926; in Canada, (Toronto) on Feb. 2 of that year. He had played in Paris the year before.

Mr. Jones took a leading part in establishing the Federation of Music Clubs in London. According to Mr. Eaglefield-Hull, Mr. Jones is best known as an interpreter of music by Bach and Brahms. P. H.

Orchestra, when "The Scare Crow" was shown at Jordan hall four years ago, and was also used with the film in motion picture theatres. It is fresh, living music, which immediately caught the fancy of its young hearers.

The MacDowell selections were introduced with colored slides of the hills of Peterboro so beloved of the composer, setting the pastoral mood of the music, which was played as orchestrated by Frederick Stock.

Mr. Goodrich read John Alden Carpenter's amusing words of introduction to the "Adventures in a Perambulator," from which "The Hurdy Gurdy" was taken.

The Tenniel illustrations for "Alice," thrown upon the screen, added merriment to the gyrations of the "Looking Glass Insects" from Deems Taylor's suite, "Through the Looking Glass." "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" was sung by the children, who also joined in "The Star Spangled Banner" at the close of Victor Herbert's "American Fantasy."

The last concert of this series will take place on Saturday morning, Feb. 26, at Jordan Hall, when the Flonzaley quartet will play, lending distinction to a program of dance music.

E. V.

'La Boheme' and 'Il Trovatore' Given as Closing Performances

By PHILIP HALE

The fortnight of operas performed by the Chicago Civic opera company, ended yesterday with Puccini's "La Boheme" in the afternoon and "Il Trovatore" in the evening. The performance of "La Boheme" was a brilliant one in every way. The cast was as follows: Mimì, Mme. Mason; Musette, Miss Shear; Rudolph, Mr. Cortis; Marcel, Mr. Montesanto; Colline, Mr. Lazzari; Schaunard, Mr. Polese; Alcindore, Mr. Trevisan; Benoit, Mr. Oliviero; Mr. Polacco conducted. Selma has the opera been so well produced, acted and sung. Mme. Mason charmed the great audience by the beauty of her singing and the artistic simplicity of her acting, for simplicity is indispensable to a just characterization of Mimì. Miss Shear's conception of Musette was an agreeable departure from the ways of many previous singers who in song and action made the girl a noisy creature of farce-comedy. Mr. Cortis not only did full justice to Puccini's music, he acted intelligently and in the final scene was genuinely pathetic. The other men were excellent in their respective roles. It is enough to say that Mr. Polacco conducted the stage settings were more interesting, more effective than those to which Boston has been accustomed. The audience was enthusiastic and with good reason.

In the evening a large and well pleased audience saw "Il Trovatore" conducted by Mr. Weber. The singers were Mme. Muzio, Mme. Lenoka and Messrs. Lamont, Bonelli and Cotreuil.

Thus ended a short season that will long be remembered with pleasure. Two unfamiliar operas were produced. "La Cene delle Beffe" has the advantage of an intensely dramatic libretto. Glordano's music is at the best, theatre music; at its weakest it does not lessen the interest in the drama. Honeggers "Judith" is a curious work, to be remembered chiefly on account of the portrayals by Miss Garden and Mr. Formichl, and the manner of the produc-

tion. "The Daughter of the Regiment" was unknown to many. The performance hardly justified the revival. There was a great audience to hear "Don Giovanni," with Mr. Marcoux as the rakishly hero. The grotesque, incongruous stage settings did not prevent enjoyment of Mozart's music. Will not the company next season give us "The Marriage of Figaro?" The return of Mme. Muzio, Mr. Marcoux and Mr. Formichl was most welcome. Among the new singers were Mmes. Norena, Loring and the baritone, Mr. Montesanto, whose sonorous voice was at times unduly forced. Under Mr. Polacco's guidance he should be of value in the future. Mmes. Norena and Loring are already of decided value, and Loring is already of decided value.

It is unnecessary to speak again in praise of Mme. Muzio, of Miss Garden's Melicande and Judah, of Mr. Mojcas Pelles, of Mr. Hackett's part in "Gianni Schicchi," of the excellence of the chorus and the orchestra conducted by Messrs. Polacco and Moranzoni, or even of the sumptuous setting of the stage and the intelligence shown in the stage management. Many will be glad to know that Mr. Marcoux has been re-engaged for next season.

The weather itself was propitious. Even the ground hog showed interest in the season. The audiences as a rule filled the theatre.

There are apologies that, tactless, on lacking in grace, enlarge the previous offense. It is a pleasure to find that the editor of "The Realm of Music," published in the Rockland (Me.) Courier, was "dismayed" by a typographical error in the column. It will be seen that this editor was not content with a correction in public.

"It was in the item concerning Miss Marian Marsh, and read: 'her sense of interruption.' I don't need to say that this should have been: 'her sense of interpretation.' I have already talked with Mrs. Marsh and find that I have the forgiveness of the Marsh household in general."

People who have no money always seem to have motor cars.—Judge Randolph.

LITTLE

I am the sister of him
And he is my brother.
He is too little for us
To talk to each other.

So every morning I show him
My doll and my book;
But every morning he still is
Too little to look.

—DOROTHY ALDIS.

I think I might have been a better man if I had not been such a good boy.—Prof. S. Alexander.

TAXI FAVORITISM

As the World Wags:

I was glad to see the editorial of last Saturday concerning the imposition of the 10-cent insurance tax charged by certain taxi companies in Boston. May I ask why at the Boston Opera House during the fortnight of opera, taxi companies that do not charge this tax were not allowed to stand near the opera house, while the companies that do

Charge it were close at hand, so that many patrons of the opera were compelled to pay 10 cents in addition to the regular fare?
There seems to be a concerted plan to injure the business of the more reasonable companies. L. S. D.

Centenarians are neither attractive nor useful.—Dr. Mathias Nicoll.

As the World Wags:
Looking up a law case, I asked my boss if a girl was still a minor after she had attained the age of 18. He said: "No, after that she's a gold digger." FRIEDA MAE.

A NEBRASKA ORGY
(From the McCook Tri-Weekly Tribune, McCook, Neb.)

New Year's night, the Night Hawks Club had their annual dinner at the Keystone Hotel. The tables were in charge of Mesdames Cazier, Dorwart and G. A. DeMay, and were pretty indeed with Christmas candles in fancy sticks, many poinsettias, and snow. The manner of choosing partners was rather unique. Each lady was given a gentleman's old shoe and had to find the owner. When the gentleman put on the old shoes, they reversed the plan and had the ladies wear the shoe they took off. And excellent dinner was served in the banquet room. Mr. W. O. Cazier was toastmaster. In his own happy and clever way he sprung many jokes on the different members. After dinner all went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Stokes, and a very informal quiet evening was spent, a few danced, some read, and all found their own diversion, which was enjoyable after the Christmas rush. At 11:30 Mrs. Stokes served coffee and cake, after which "good nights" were said.

Far too many girls want to be private secretaries.—Dr. Westaway.

TO MY TEACHER
As the World Wags.

My teacher read us a story. It was about a man who climbed up a high smokestack and couldn't get down. . . . Pretty soon lots of people came to help the poor man down, but nothing could be done about it until the man's wife shouted, Unravel your sock, Jim! So Jim unraveled his sock and let the string down. . . . When teacher got that far with the story he said, Now can any little boy or girl tell me why the man on the smokestack unraveled his sock and let the string down? A little girl said, Yes sir; I know; the poor man wanted his wife to have the string. No, no, said teacher. . . . Now supposing I was on top of the smokestack and I let a string down, what would you think? And a little boy said, We would think it was kind of funny that you never told us you had a wife. . . . You don't get the point of the story at all, said teacher. There I am up there and I want you to tie something on the string that will help me down; now what would that be? . . . I know; said a little girl, A rope! . . . That's it exactly, said my teacher. And how did you know it was a rope I needed? Because, said the little girl, you read all of the story to us day before yesterday.

ORACLE.
Although we have been married twenty years I do not know her yet.—Dr. Benjamin Parsons.

As the World Wags:
May I suggest for your stimulating column an historical inquiry into the costuming of supes in grand opera and the anachronisms of makeup and deportment which result therefrom.
The magnificent spectacle of the great square of the Kremlin in the recent performance of "Boris Godunov" was no exception—six to eight inches of the bottoms of modern trouser legs and a swaggering athletic gait of the figures in the retinue of the Tsar caused the usual ripple of amusement in the audience. A perfect pictorial effect was thereby needlessly spoiled.
I remember in my own case as a student a number of years ago appearing in one of the processions of "Lohengrin" with my spectacles still in their usual place, which, had I faced the footlights—and I undoubtedly did—must have sparked startlingly in such a setting. EUCALYPTUS.

Wireless is a stratagem for producing a monstrous national inactivity.—R. E. Stevenson.

FIRST CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY
As the World Wags:
We see much in print about the kind of history taught in the schools. What I want to know is, what kind of geography is taught? One can forgive Crevecoeur for placing Nantucket, in his

"Letters from an American Farmer," north of Boston in 1780; he wasn't a native; but what about a western man describing an old-fashioned Thanksgiving in Belchertown "in the Berkshires" in 1926?
And now comes a writer in the Independent saying that Gail Loughlin was born "in Robbinston in the extreme north of Maine on Passamaquoddy bay." That turns the St. Johns river to other end up, or else it drives Portland down on top of Boston. We have nothing to do with the first proposition, but if the second is coming, we should like to have time to make up the beds, slick up a little, and get our skis out. West Newton. H. S. M.

GALLI-CURCI
At Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, Amelita Galli-Curci, coloratura-soprano, gave a recital, assisted by Homer Samuels, pianist, and Manuel Berenguer, flutist.

Mme. Galli-Curci sang the following songs:
Musette, XVII century French; Ragion sempre addita, Stradella; Deh vieni no tardar, from "The Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; "The Gypsy and the Bird" (with flute) Benedict; Nuages, Laparra; No quiero casarme, Spanish folk-song; Madrigal, Faurdrain; Sevillana, Maasennet; A Page's Road-Song, Novello; Little Dorry, Seppilli; The Second Minuet, Besly; Shadow Song from "Dino-rail" (with flute), Meyerbeer.

Mr. Samuels' piano selections were: Whims, Schumann; Reverie, Debussy; Polonaise Americaine, Carpenter.

The first question of those who did not hear yesterday's recital probably is "Did she flat?" Somehow this crime among singers, which by some people is deemed a cardinal one, has become associated with Mme. Galli-Curci to such an extent that interest in her singing is rarely expressed without mention of it. Yes, Mme. Galli-Curci did sing flat in a few of her songs, once or twice offensively so.

But what of it? She has been known to sing flat ever since she has been heard here, and still the crowds come to hear her until not another person can find room to stand in the large hall. For who among the singers of today is like her in the richness of other qualities? She has so many vocal virtues to counterbalance the one sin, surely even those who take full measure of offence at flat tones can forgive her the few moments during which her insufficient number of vibrations may annoy their hearing.

Mme. Galli-Curci is, despite her fault, a marvelous artist, a singer with a voice of truly rare beauty. Her marvelous range has no rough places, her voice goes up and down the scales with the flexibility of a canary's throat and the sweetness of a thrush's tones. To back this vocal equipment, Mme. Galli-Curci has mind, emotion, imagination, taste, great charm. So long as she holds all these qualities at pitch, the public will be drawn to her, flat tones or no flat tones.

Yesterday Symphony hall was crowded to the doors. Over 300 extra seats had been placed on the stage, and as many more would have been needed to accommodate those who stood along the sides of the hall. At times the audience was wildly enthusiastic.

Mr. Samuels, too, gave much pleasure, both with his piano solo selections and his beautiful accompanying. H. L.

FLUTE PLAYERS

The Boston Flute Players' Club gave a concert yesterday afternoon at the Boston Art Club. Let us all offer this body thanks. When, without it, should we have had opportunity to hear a Schumann piano quartet, in these present days when most chamber music organizations, more royalist than kings themselves, look askance at a poor, unoffending pianoforte?

The Flute Players also merit thanks for letting us hear one more piece of Schumann's music before it yields to its doom and dies—a doom pronounced some years ago, but this music that Schumann wrote, like King Charles the Second, takes a long time a-dying. The quartet yesterday, fresh and beautiful, was admirably played by Heinrich Gebhard, Gaston Elcus, Alfred Zighera and Jean Lafranc. It is always a treat to hear Mr. Gebhard play in chamber music; well he knows his art.

For new chamber music as well as revived we are dependent of the Flute Players. Yesterday they brought forward three little pieces by Walter Piston for flute (George Laurent), clarinet (Gaston Hamelin) and bassoon (Abdon Laus).

Before ever he journeyed to Paris, Mr. Piston had proved his skill at making a few instruments answer the purpose of many. His hand has gained in cunning. With a flute, a clarinet and a bassoon

at his disposal yesterday he secured a depth and a variety of sound quite extraordinary.

With the same tendency to economy, which in music if in nothing else, is now the fashion, Mr. Piston made use of themes so thin and slight that, for the life of him, he could not do much with them. In the first piece and the third he did achieve a certain mild jocoseness. Avoiding, apparently, sentiment, and surely any beauty of melody, it was not easy to guess what he would be at in the second. It would be interesting to hear what Mr. Piston would do if, the next time, he would rush into downright extravagance. He and the performers were cordially applauded.

Otto G. T. Straub seemed recklessly lavish of means after Mr. Piston, for, to present 15 old German love songs, he called to his aid a soprano (Gladys de Almeida), a baritone (Charles Bennett), a piano, a harp (Mrs. Seth T. Crawford), a violin, a viola, a cello, a flute, a clarinet and a horn (William Walkenier). He set his songs with a wealth of melody—some of it, especially the simplest, very charming. He wrote skillfully for the voices, and with his declamation he took intelligent care. Though so many instruments seemed excessive for the accompanying of simple songs—sometimes they made too much noise for the good of the text—Mr. Straub put them all to use; every instrument on hand contributed something definite to the wealth and variety of sound.

Though he made an interesting experiment, to his praise, Mr. Straub suggested rather that he had written music as he felt it ought to be written. One listener, nevertheless, could not help feeling a disproportion between the means and the end. Because, too, of the lyrical nature of the verses, which permitted no dramatic force, Mr. Straub could not be dramatic when he knew he must try to be if only to relieve monotony. A few of those songs, instead of 15, and those more simply treated, would have served Mr. Straub's real talent better.

The excellent performance—Miss de Almeida was especially happy—was conducted by the composer. The audience applauded heartily. R. R. G.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor, gave its 11th concert of the present season yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. Dorothy Peterson Raynor was the soprano. The program comprised Haydn's Symphony, No. 2, D major; Chadwick, "Angel of Death," a symphonic poem; Victor Herbert, Love Scene from the Serenade Suite, op. 12; Verdi, Aria "Ritorna Vincitor" from "Aida"; Nicolai, Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

This was a well-arranged program for a Sunday, or any, afternoon, and it was no wonder that the audience applauded singer and players. Haydn's symphonies are too little played here; when they are performed, the most familiar are, as a rule, selected; but there are delightful symphonies by Haydn that are not known to the audiences of our concerts. It was well to be reminded that Victor Herbert, an accomplished cellist, wrote other music than that for the theatre. It was good to find Mr. Mason paying attention to local composers, and to hear again the merry overture to Shakespeare's comedy—or farce, as some will have it. Mr. Mason is a musician of broad views and fine taste as well as a sane conductor; eclectic in his arrangement of programs, though in his own compositions he shows the refinement and the influence of the French school—but not the school of the younger and greatly daring exponents.

Mr. Chadwick's symphonic poem, as it known to many, was suggested by French's bas-relief, "Death and the Sculptor." Herbert's "Serenade" Suite was published in 1891. Mrs. Raynor, a Bostonian, whose musical education has been in this city, has a fresh and pleasing voice.

In Paris, drivers of street cars tested for color blindness, rapidity of reflex, muscular strength, power of concentration. We read that the dummy of an elderly woman is thrown down in front of a tram going at full speed to see whether the driver can avoid running over it.

If there were tests in Massachusetts for chauffeurs there would be no need of a dummy, for the experiment is made daily on pedestrians male and female. A pedestrian is occasionally killed, probably to encourage the other chauffeurs, as Voltaire said the English shot Admiral Byng "pour encourager les autres."

ON A PANTRY
Her pantry was her poem
And I saw how it could be,
What with earthenware and china...
A very poetry.
Crocks make an ideal epic
If you've ever seen them on
A pantry shelf a-sunning
In a warm midwestern sun.
Little crystal goblets
Like fat Bohemian men,
And gooseberries and currants
Compressed into a jam,
Are quick as any lyric,
As magic as a word;
A spoon can tell a story
Quicker than a sword.
Her pantry was a poem
One might be jealous of...
There's poetry in pewter
That can't be got in love.
David Sortor

A birthday comment that might have been put more kindly:—
"The ex-Premier, who is engaged in planting a new orchard, spent the morning in his study."
The Observer (London).

A SACRED RELIC
A shirt once worn by Beethoven came into the possession of a family in Cambridge through the late A. W. Thayer, the biographer of the great man. There was also in the house an article of furniture, used or misused by the composer. The man of the house is dead. The house is not now occupied by the surviving member or members of the family.

Does anyone know where this shirt is at the present time? It should hang on the conductor's stand at the gr-r-r-and Beethoven festival to be held in Symphony hall. It would inspire the conductor and the orchestra. Perhaps Mr. Ernest Newman, who is coming all the way from London, could be persuaded to address this shirt in well-chosen words. Perhaps the trustees, at the beginning of the first concert, will walk down the aisle in solemn procession, with the shirt as a banner.

We hasten to add that when we saw the shirt it was clean and otherwise in good condition.

It would be interesting to make a list of Beethoven festivals that have been held in Boston. There was one in December, 1770, in which the Handel and Haydn Society with the Harvard Musical Association took part. When the Ninth Symphony was performed under Mr. Zerrahn's direction, there was a chorus of 550 singers; the orchestra numbered 64. The solo quartet was composed of Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. C. A. Barry, W. J. Winch and Mr. Rudolphsen. There was a pecuniary loss of over \$500. Absit omen!

FOR OUR HALL OF FAME
Soren Humble has been proposed and elected. There were several letters in favor.
Mr. Harold Hill Blossom, director of "the Exhibition of Sculpture and Gardens," proposed by L. R. R., needs no letters of recommendation.
There are credentials for Goldie May Ketchell of Stanford, Montana, proposed by A. E. M.

ALCOHOLISM—PAST AND PRESENT

As the World Wags:
There is nothing more changeable than the "isms" that confront us. The Bolshevism of today is as different from the anarchism of yesterday as anarchism was from the "mob-incendiarism" of the times of William Lloyd Garrison, who was arrested by the mayor of Boston for inflaming a riot through abolitionism. Take alcoholism, for example. The appellation remains the same in all ages, but how stands the effect? I quote from the eloquent writers of the days of Garrison.

"There are several instances on record, authenticated by the most unexceptionable testimony, of habitual drunkards having been burnt up, by the intense internal heat of their bodies, owing to long and excessive use of ardent spirits. And the fact is satisfactorily explained by considering that alcohol is highly inflammatory and combustible. We have noticed several of these cases in this work, which was stated and testified to by learned and honorable witnesses. The following case is in confirmation of the fact that alcohol is combustible, and that it is fully capable of producing such effects as have been before stated. The case to which we allude is that of the burning of the blood of an habitual and obstinate drunkard. A medical student prevailed on a man, long given to intemperance, and who had for some time drank with great excess of rum, and eaten very little, to be drunk. A pint bowl of the blood of the drunkard was touched by a match, when a conflagration immediately ensued, burning with a blue flame for about 30 seconds."

Ye gods! What would the same experiment reveal today. Take a mortal who imbibes freely of the modern boot-

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Amelita Galli-Curci, soprano, with Homer Samuels, pianist, and Manuel Berenguer, flutist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. Peoples Symphony Orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor; Dorothy Peterson Raynor, soprano. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 150 Newbury street (Dartmouth street entrance), Boston Flute Players' Club, Mr. Laurent, musical director. Schumann, Quartet, E flat major, op. 47 (Messrs. Gebhard, Elcus, Lefranc and Zighera). Walter Piston, Three Pieces for flute, clarinet and bassoon (Messrs. Laurent, Hamelin and Laus). Otto G. T. Straub, Old German Love Songs: a cycle for soprano, baritone and eight instruments, piano, harp, violin, cello, flute, clarinet, horn (Mme. de Almeida, Charles Bennett and Messrs. Gebhard, Elcus, Lefranc, Zighera, Laurent, Hamelin, Walkenler and Mrs. Seth T. Crawford, harpist). Mr. Straub will conduct the first performance of his cycle.

Copley-Plaza Hotel, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Felix Fox, pianist, Jessie Hatch Symonds, violinist, Henri Marcoux, baritone, and Harrison Potter, pianist. Franck's violin sonata; piano pieces by Debussy, Chopin, Fox (Impromptu-Serenade and Fantaisie Lyrique—first time), Wagner-Liszt, Dohnanyi. Mr. Marcoux will sing Verdi's "Eri Tu" and songs by Chausson, Debussy, G. Faure, La Forge, Beach and Cadman.

Boston Athletic Association gymnasium, 8 P. M. Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano, and the Symphony Ensemble, Mr. Vannini, conductor.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Olivia Cate, pianist. Mozart, Fantasia, C minor; Bach, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Granados, La Maja et la Rossignol; De Falla, Andaluza; Milhaud, Copacabana from Saudades do Brazil; De Falla, Danse Rituelle du Feu; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 27, No. 1; Chopin, Nocturne, C minor; Waltz, A flat; Scherzo, B minor.

Symphony Hall, 4 P. M. Harvard Glee Club's concert for young people.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Joyce Bannerman, soprano; Arthur Fiedler, pianist. Donaudy, Quando ti rivedro and Quand'li tuo diavol nacque; Cimara, Stornello, Sibella, La Giraletta; Mozart, Dove Sono from "Le Nozze di Figaro"; Schubert, Nacht und Traume and Liebesbotschaft; Strauss, Heimkehr and Heilmliche Aufforderung; Gluck, O tol, qui prolongas mes jours, from "Iphigenie en Tauride"; Chausson, Amour d'Antan; Foudrain, Les Abelles and L'Oasis; Szuic, Mandoline; Rogers, The Journey; Kramer, Now like a lantern; Head, A Piper; La Forge, Hills.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Juliette Gauthier and Edith Margaret Small in "The Habitant of Old Quebec." Recitation of poems. Songs of the Canadian people and the Eskimo sung by Miss Gauthier to the accompaniment of a small harp.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Flonzaley Quartet. Haydn, Quartet, D major, op. 76, No. 3; Ernesto Halffter, Quartettino for strings (ms. first time in Boston); Schumann, Quartet, A major, op. 41, No. 3.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Davison, conductor; Dusolina Giannini, soprano. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Otterino Respighi, composer, pianist and guest conductor. Alfredo Casella, conductor for Mr. Respighi's piano concerto. Mme. Respighi, mezzo-soprano. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Gladstone Jackson, tenor; Reginald Boardman, pianist. Handel, Sound an Alarm; Schubert, Faith in Spring, Die Post, Rastlose Liebe; Schumann, Ihre Stimme, and Auftraege; Franz, Spring and Love Love in Spring; Widor, Mon bras pressait. Old French Song arr. by Wekerlin, Mon Petit Coeur Soupire; Foudrain, La Chanson des Cloches and Chevauchee Cosaque; Ballantine, Loves Creed; Griffes, By a Lonely Forest Pathway and The Lament of Ian the Proud. Song, May day carol arr. by Taylor; Homer, Sheep and Lambs; Quilter, Go, Lovely Rose; song, Never till now, arr. by Corder.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Evelyn Howard-Jones, pianist. Bach, d'Albert, Passacaglia; Bach, Prelude and Fugue, G sharp minor ("Well-Tempered Clavichord" Book 1); Bach-Howard-Jones, Fuga alla Giga; Beethoven, Sonata, E major, op. 109; Ravel, Le Gibet; Debussy, Masques; Ireland, Amberlil Wild Brooks; Bax, Burlesque; Brahms, Scherzo, E flat minor, op. 4; Intermezzo, B flat minor, op. 117, No. 2; Capriccio, C sharp minor, op. 76, No. 5; Waltzes.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert. Mr. Respighi, composer, pianist and guest conductor.

legger's beverage, and submit him to the same test. Would a pint of his blood meekly emit a pale blue flame for the length of half a minute? I am of the opinion that, at the very scratching of a match, a mere thimbleful of his life's elixir would cause such a violent red blast that the majority of inoffensive dyes, within a radius of 80 miles would be blown into eternity. Of course this is merely the opinion of the writer. Our predecessor on the evils of alcoholism wrote more in accordance with the facts of his times. These times we are living in don't seem to record such bleeding facts. But we may rest assured that, without any blood effusions, "alcoholism" today would readily blow up the 18th amendment.

WALTER SCOTT HOWARD.
Buzards Bay.

ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

As the World Wags:
We was in a speak easy that was breakin the Volsted law all into little pieces a sellin hootch an white mule an beer rite across the bar an havin downed a cupple of drinks of hootch I says to the bartender, "Say buddy, toss us a package of humps will ye?" And the barkeep says, "We can't sell cigarets here. We aint got no license."

BILL OF SPA.

KANSAS NOTES

(Collected by J. P. H.)

J. Harley Meephas moved into the Poor House for the winter instead of going to Florida to look after his investments there as he had originally planned.

Abe Fishhien of the Gents' Toggery won the automobile in the raffle at the

Al Pine entertained the Fire Department boys at the New Acropolis House last night in celebration of his approaching marriage. He was presented with a silver helmet in recognition of his years of service with the department.

THE GUITRYS IN "MOZART"

By PHILIP HALE
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in Boston of "Mozart," a comedy in three acts by Sacha Guitry. Music by Reynaldo Hahn. Produced at the Theatre Edouard VII, Paris in December, 1925.

The cast last night was as follows:
Mozart.....Yvonne Printemps
Grimm.....Sacha Guitry
Marquis de Chambreuil.....M. de Gardin
Vestris.....M. Marionne
Un laquais.....M. Chanoit
Madame d'Epinau.....Mlle. Ritchy
La Guimard.....Mlle. Leclerc
Marie Anne de St. Pons.....Mlle. Senac
Coe Servante.....Mlle. Senac
M. Raoul Labis conducted the competent orchestra as he did in Paris, and in Paris Mme. Gallois took the part of Madame d'Epinau.

This comedy, one of the Dresden-China order, an intimate comedy requiring for its full enjoyment a small stage and a little theatre, is also a comedy logue and not of action, is also a comedy that might be described as fantastic. It is true that the chief characters lived, moved and had their being; that Mozart visited Paris a second time; but he went there to have his music per-

formed, not as a Cherubino in quest of amorous adventures. It is true that Baron Grimm, Mme. d'Epinau, Vestris and La Guimard were in Paris; but Grimm no longer was interested in Mozart. It is true that Mozart left Paris; but not because Grimm, jealous, practically drove him out of the city; he left because his mother died there and his father urged his return. Was Mozart drawn to anyone of these fair women in the comedy who meet the M. Guitry's Mozart more than half way?

We know that he could eat at Mme. d'Epinau's when he pleased; no doubt he knew Vestris and Marie Grimard, for they danced in Noverre's ballet, "Les petits riens," for which he wrote music, but his letters do not acquaint us with it. He complained that Grimm and his mistress looked on him as a child.

The sorrowful adventures of Mozart during this second visit would not suggest a comedy. They were tame. The young man was bitterly disappointed;

leaving, he was heart-broken, by reason of his mother's death, not because he farewelled any Parisian woman of high or low degree.

But M. Guitry thought of his charming wife in the role of Mozart; then there must be not only one intrigue, but several women must look favorably on the visitor. That Grimm, at the time, was more interested in the Gluck-Piccini controversy than in the young composer and had no cause for jealousy on account of Mme. d'Epinau—who, having left Rousseau, was living with Grimm as his mistress, a middle-aged blue stocking—this fact did not concern M. Guitry. If Mme. d'Epinau and other women did not tempt Mozart, they should have done so; this was enough for the ingenious dramatist, hence the comedy. So we find love scenes, scenes of jealousy; and the question arises, was any one of the forward women, young or old, favored by Mozart; if so, which one?

It is an amusing little play, that is, in the first two acts. The third falls below the preceding ones in vivacity and interest. The performance was thoroughly delightful. Mme. Printemps is the personification of youth whose one ambition is women to win. Graceful, charming, she does not force the note in her acting but plans with the delicacy, the elegance, the finesse that one associates with the French school of comedians. She sings easily and most artistically, with an unusual control of breath, pure intonation, clearness of enunciation and a rhetorical intelligence that renowned lieder singers might well envy: witness her singing of the letter, the music of which, by the way, is M. Hahn's best contribution. In her reading of the dialogue in gesture, in suggestive silence and repose she is, indeed, admirable.

M. Guitry, in his make-up and many of his comments, his irony, his common-sense, reminded one of Benjamin Franklin in Paris as described by Herman Melville in his "Israel Potter." He is a master of technique, the technic of routine; yet, though every gesture every inflection of the voice is studied, his art gives the impression of almost careless spontaneity. Whether he is the Grimm, who quarreled with Rousseau the cynical Grimm of the "Correspondance Litteraire," is immaterial.

The other members of the company were excellent in their respective role with the exception of the portrayal of the Marquis. One imagines him a younger man, more of a gallant; Mme. Gallois shone especially, for her part is more carefully written, and in it of greater variety in expression. The dances were gracefully performed. It was amusing to hear Grimm speak of "these modern dances." The stage setting was according to the period, handsome without vulgar sumptuousness. Lovers of fine acting should see "Mozart," if only for the opening scene of conversation.

The audience, which was of good size, in view of the huge auditorium, was enthusiastic after the second act, and evidently pleased throughout.

PARADISE FOR TWO

Richard Dix in "Paradise for Two" is a whipped cream sort of a comedy with vanilla flavoring. At the Metropolitan Theatre this week and Director La Cava claims this concoction. The cast:
Steve Porter.....Richard Dix
Uncle Howard.....Edmund Breese
Sally Lane.....Betty Bronson
Maurice.....Andre Benamer

There is nothing particularly original or startlingly funny in "Paradise for Two," but withal it is a pleasant picture with which to while away a few hours.

OLIVIA CATE

Olivia Cate, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall: Mozart, Fantasia, C minor; Bach, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Granados, La Maja et la Rossignol; De Falla,

Andaluza, Milhaud, Copacabana; De Falla, Danse Rituelle du Feu; Beethoven, Sonata, Opus 27, No. 1; Chopin, Nocturne, C minor, Waltz, A flat, Scherzo, B minor.

Fresh from her studies in England, Miss Cate has brought home with her singularly beautiful tone. Scales or chords, octaves, or passages in arpeggios, she makes them all a delight to the ear, they sound, uninterruptedly, so firm, clear and sweet. To make sure of tone thus consistently fine, Miss Cate must have done much intelligent work developing freedom of wrist and independence of fingers.

Now that she has learnt wrist management so well, Miss Cate might, to her advantage, try to achieve her results in a manner less pronounced. To her pedalling, furthermore, she might will lend further attention. Too often yesterday she allowed herself an audible tap of the foot, and, what is more disturbing, in the first movement of the Beethoven sonata, she was not always careful to keep the harmony pure.

This sonata Miss Cate played something as though she felt she must, for proprieties' sake, do the master homage. All its varied beauties, in any case, she did not bring to the fore. Nor was she happy with Mozart's fantasy, though it was plain enough that she had planned every bar of it conscientiously—so conscientiously, to be honest, that all its fancifulness got smoothed away.

May it be that Miss Cate, going a step beyond the run of modernists—who, it is said, usually approve of Mozart—finds her warmest liking for the music of Bach, after that of today? The Bach fantasy, at all events, she played delightfully, as colorfully as Miss Scharrer herself, but also with a remarkably clear exposition of the underlying design. And although, as is natural in one of her years, she felt the fugue in a rather small way, Miss Cate marshalled the recurring theme and the intermediate passages in a musically well-ordered manner beyond the power of many a pianist more noted. Here was admirable work.

Quite as well Miss Cate played the French piece and the Spanish ones, deftly, rhythmically, with dash. When she comes to recognize that "dash"—of its kind, to be sure—fits Beethoven and Mozart as well as Milhaud, she will have acquired the one thing needful to ensure her a position on the concert stage.

R. R. G.

'ALIAS THE DEACON'

KEITH ALBEE ST. JAMES—"Alias the Deacon," comedy by John B. Hymer and Le Roy Clemens. Produced here in November, 1925, at the Hollis, under the title "Weeds." Berton Churchill played the principal role then. It opened at the Sam Harris Theatre, New York, on Nov. 24, 1925, under the present title. The St. James cast:

"Brick" McGooty.....Winfield Hatt	Walter Gilbert
The Deacon.....Harold Chase	Day Manson
Tony.....Frank S. Peak	Frank S. Peak
John Adams.....Kathleen Wallace	Florence Shirley
A Brakeman.....Joe Lee	Joe Lee
Phyllis Haliday.....William Gerald	William Gerald
Willie Clark.....Florence Pendleton	Florence Pendleton
Mrs. Gregory.....Edith Squire	Edith Squire
Luella Gregory.....Charles I. Schofield	Charles I. Schofield
"Bull" Moran.....Frank Charlton	Frank Charlton
"Slim" Sullivan.....John Withrop	John Withrop
Ed King.....Ursula O'Hare	Ursula O'Hare
Mrs. Pike.....Frank Lindsay	Frank Lindsay
Deputy.....	

When a local stock company does a play which has already been presented by another troupe, interest is centred on how "so and so" was in "such and such" a part, rather than on the plot and story of the piece. Walter Gilbert's "Deacon" was well thought out and artistically executed. It is unquestionably one of his best parts.

Florence Shirley makes a pleasing picture as the Widow Clark. The stage director, Charles Schofield, has a nice "fat" part, that of a hard-boiled prize fighter, which both he and the audience relished.

A. F.

PEABODY PLAYERS TO REPEAT "DISRAELI"

Depicting the social triumphs and political astuteness of Lord Beaconsfield, the only Jew who was ever prime minister of England, the play "Disraeli" will be given a repeat performance by the Peabody Players at the Peabody House Theatre on Thursday evening. Irving Rogosin, young Jewish student in the junior class at Northeastern law school, will take the part of Disraeli.

CONTINUING PLAYS

Colonial—"Sunny," musical comedy starring Marilyn Miller, co-starring Jack Donahue and featuring Clifton Webb. Sixth week.

Hollis—"Money from Home," Frank Craven's new comedy with Mr. Craven and Roberta Arnold in leading roles. Last week.

Majestic—"What Price Glory," Stallings-Anderson war play film form with Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Costello. Fifth week.

Park—"The Triple Cross," thrilling mystery play by Edward G. Bremer, Jr., with Margaret Sullavan, James Spottwood and Patricia Rambova. Last week.

Plymouth—"The Shelf," comedy by Dorrance Davis starring Frances Starr. Last week.

Tremont—"Le Maire's Affairs," starring Ted Lewis, Sophie Tucker and Lester Allen. Last two weeks.

Wilbur—"Queen High," Lawrence Schwab's musical comedy success with Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit and John Hazzard. It enters its 11th week tomorrow evening.

Copley—"The Ghost Train," mystery melodrama which is breaking records for Mr. Clive's players. It begins its eighth week tomorrow evening.

MIL JANNINGS IN "FAUST" AT STATE

Barbara Bayes Is Notable Stage Attraction

Goethe's "Faust" may have lost some of its poetry in the Ufa production played at the State Theatre this week but, fantasy, drama and sublime tone have been retained to a remarkable extent. Directed by F. W. Murnau, the

evil spirit, called Mephisto, Emil Jannings as Mephisto, Gosta Ekman as Faust, Camilla Horn as Gretchen, Freda Richard as Mother, William Dieterle as Valentin, Yvette Guilbert as Martha. "Faust" is a promise of what the cinema holds for the future. The production of this picture always with its mystery and deftly molded drama. The best of all time is made of the heavenly powers and the spirit. Faust's soul is the stake. As we see Emil Jannings as an angel shadow that rolls into the sunlit stage where Faust is the learned, beloved teacher. Dancing steps are led, a plague settles over the villain. In developing the characters of "Faust," Mr. Murnau has tried to be true to Goethe's ideals. Faust is portrayed as an idealist, he has magnificence. His eager striving to perfect himself leads him to the Evil Spirit, regardless of the consequences. The production carries all the artistic values possible. He signs his name to Mephistopheles with a drop of blood and goes among his people and stem the rush of the plague. Faust is stoned. Is it any wonder he turns his back on his intellectual life, grasps his youth back again in pursuit of all the pleasures of the senses? Gosta Ekman is an intelligent, sensitive Faust, giving the audience all the fineness and nobility of the character.

Jannings as Mephistopheles is from the malignant form he introduces and becomes a gay companion to Faust and justifies his use of humor. He plots and plots a plague men and a few women. He has all the sensuous delights of the East and because he is a pessimist he finds his true love. He is a man of contradiction and mischief. Scenes with Yvette Guilbert, his love, his sportiveness, his wit. Camilla Horn as Marguerite is young, beautiful, and her great love for Faust is shown through all her trouble. Her face, distorted with agony, through space to call Faust to her. It is a most graphic picture stroke. It is a picture that lives up to the final, in so far as it is able. Our opinion would be that the picture had us before it became so good. The photography is excellent. The lighting is remarkable, the scenes are as if the smoke spouted from the smokestacks and the houses crowded together. Bayes is another attraction at the State Theatre this week. With five new marvelous amount of energy, and undiluted charm she has her audience clamoring for more.

C. M. D.

CARROLL VANITIES

The Earl Carroll Vanities, fourth edition, came to Boston yesterday, to the exceeding great joy of an audience that packed the Shubert Theatre, as the saying is, from pit to dome. The revue came direct from its famous 13-month run on Broadway and proceeded to get down to business without a hitch or a stop.

The show was here last year, but the "edition" has been so enlarged, added to and improved, that it is practically a complete new volume, filled from cover to cover with attractions. Based on the sure foundation of an exceptionally good-looking and agile chorus, gorgeously and ingeniously costumed and trained to the minute, is an elaborate superstructure of songs, dances, comedy and all the things that go to make up a highly successful revue.

Joe Cook was the bright particular star in the comedy line and his acts were greeted with practically incessant laughter. His reading of "The Little Yellow Bird" story was excruciating. He was ably seconded by Frankie Heath, Johnny Dooley, Smith and Dale and the Avon Comedy Four, transplanted direct from vaudeville, made no end of a hit. The songs and choruses went with a zip and snap that was refreshing and the speed with which the numberless acts succeeded one another would have been bewildering had it not been for the smoothness and precision with which the mechanism worked.

Probably as a concession to Boston, tightness were the only wear—obviously so—with the exception of the wrestling scene where the opposite condition prevailed. "Tarzan's" antics made up for that, however.

With such a wealth of "features" on the program a mere enumeration is out of the question, but the cafeteria scene, the "Pearls, Fan and Shawl," the Hanging Gardens of Babylon and the finale of Act One call for special mention. Yes, for the T. B. M. or anyone else who likes a piteous vision of pretty girls, melodious singing, uproarious comedy, color, "go" and a total absence of anything savoring of amateurishness, the "Vanities" is an ideal prescription. It's the real thing. J. E. P.

BERT LYTELL

A legion of Bert Lytell's screen friends turned out to greet him at the opening of his first in-person-vaudeville appearance in Boston in many seasons at Keith's last night and gave him act, "The Vallant," a splendid ovation.

Lytell has long been a stage favorite, even though his screen followers have multiplied to millions, and Boston vaudeville lovers found him better than ever. His vehicle, a playlet which was proclaimed especially pleasing at a Lamb's Gambol in New York, where such little things are subjected to the harshest criticism, was constructed around his peculiar performing abilities, affording him fine play for his best efforts. His surrounding company has been especially selected for his own type, and will be seen with him throughout his week's engagement at Keith's and during the limited time he will remain on the speaking stage before returning to the screen.

Helen Carlson has an act which puts spectators on their tip-toes. She is clever in the air, daring in her wire stunts and is one of the leading features of the bill, in a place made necessary by her stage accessories, and for the sake of variety in arranging the program.

Willie West and McGinty offer the hilarious comedy of the week's bill in a screaming farce entitled "A Billion Builders' Blunders." The act has been going big all over the Keith circuit and Boston took it with a roar—of laughter.

Ethel Clifford, comedienne, in a clever repertoire of new song specialties pleased her audience to recall proportions and the interpretations of the newest foreign dancing steps by Juanita and Poco was an excellent exhibition of grace and rhythm with harmony. Murdock and Mayo presented the combination singing and dancing act that completed the entirely fine bill of acts to which were added the picture novelties of the week.

If one is so pitifully mistaken as to crave a life of extreme old age, there is Siberia for a dwelling place. A Viennese journalist, returning from that country, gives these names: (Miss) Uskanov, a village musician, 103; Schebek, a Pole, died at Orsk when he was 111. Candidas Schukov, who was wounded at the siege of Sebastopol, is now 112 years old; his father lived to be 157. Ierosina Suprotomala is 139. One of her uncles died at the age of 155.

(A person living in a well equipped ice house or a houseboat at the north pole might live to be 200, if a polar bear did not bring an untimely end.)

Yet some doubting Thomases ask if reports in newspapers are always trustworthy.

"Neither can I approve of, nor follow the practice of artists giving impressions of the different countries they visit. An actor's business is to create impressions, not to receive them."—Sasha Guitry (Montreal Star, Feb. 8).

It appears that there is a new slang expression in London, in conversation and in print: "Frothblowers," i. e., beer drinkers. There is a Frothblowers' anthem: "Your friends are my friends, and my friends are your friends."

In the good old days this bar-room wheeze had meaning: "Boy, hold that beer glass higher down. The bottles is the profits."

THE FATE OF THE "ACROSTIC"

As the World Wags:

Here is an English lady writing from Ambleside: "Makers of tours are now so frequent and such vulgar people who would really rather see a fishpond than a lake, that all this sweet country is swarmed like a water-drinking place." She has something to say about the prevalence of slang. She declares, it has "superseded language." Of authors she writes: "Literary lords and ladies contrive to be just as vulgar and flippant as the Greeks whose province they invade." And she has this to say of fashions: "The fault of the reigning fashion when carried to its extreme, even for the youngest and handsomest, is, to say the truth, indecency." The English lady speaks in a way familiar to Americans. We know something of the vulgarity of the "tripper" or maker of tours. Also of slang, and the indecency of the reigning fashion. But this good lady wrote all this in the 18th and early 19th century. I have simply been quoting from the book, "The Letters of Lady Louisa Stewart," or, at least, from the review of it by Hugh Law which appears in the Irish Statesman, Jan. 29.

Critics of human life seem to keep on making the same old remarks, no matter what age or country they may be observing. Pointing with alarm is nothing new.

Not to write the foregoing, however, did I take my pen in hand, but to ask that you print the appended verses:

WHY THE BOSTONIAN LOST OUT

A poor sad soul at Peter's gate
One day came up to learn his fate.
He was from Boston. And the Saint
Asked if he ever used, "I ain't."
"No, no," this here Bostonian wight
Made answer—and with all his might—
"Nor have I'er said 'raw' for raw,
Nor 'stun' for stone, nor 'saw' for saw.
"In fact," said he, "though no announcer,
I've been a quite correct pronouncer."
"Hum," said St. Peter, "that's not bad,
But here's a record stern and sad."
And through the gate he shoved a note.
A lump rose in the sinner's throat,
For there quite plainly to behold,
He saw what made his blood run cold:
"Go down, go down among the lost.
You always, always say ACROSTIC!"
DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Does Mr. McCarthy really believe that the "reigning fashion" is "indecent"? Does he put on blinders, when he takes his daily walks abroad? Does he object to slang, which is often graphic, picturesque? We should be sorry to think that this "poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" is seriously disturbed by the sight of legs—that is, if they are shapely, sculptural.—Ed.

FROM RUM TO WORDS

As the World Wags:

The communication from Mr. Lansing Robinson in your column of Feb. 8th reminds me of the pleasing stories we have heard from ministers and others regarding the non-prevalence of drunkenness in the large cities of England. I have read an account given by a prominent New York pastor on his return from a visit of some months there, in which he said that during all his sojourn in England he had "never seen an intoxicated person," the fact being that he had been living among people of his own station in life and had not seen anything outside the atmosphere he was living in. If that person had been with me some time ago and walked the streets of "brutal Bootle" (Liverpool) between 8 and 12 P. M., he would have seen a large number of "trianglefooted" citizens.

In like manner, if Mr. Robinson should spend some time in Maine's small towns

and farming districts, associating with the common people, as I have done, he would find every single verbal instance he has given commonly employed, with the exception of the word "Quincy," which I have heard pronounced "Quinchy" by an old seafarer in Southwest Harbor. "Purse" for Pierce is very common here, as is "thar" for there, "mounting" for mountain, "chickling" for chicken, and so on.

Nothing very wonderful when you consider that in England (a country that Mr. Robinson may have visited) are Yorkshire and Lancashire, whose inhabitants, living side by side for centuries, have each a separate and distinct dialect.

Yorkshire—Lancashire.
Massachusetts—Maine.

TIM O'TOOLE.

MORE "HOWLERS"

The Sunday Times of London has been publishing schoolboys' "howlers." Some of them seem new:

A boy was asked to "Give Alfred the Great's view of modern life if he had survived to the present age." "If Alfred the Great survived to the present age he would be such an exceedingly old man that his views on any subject would be quite worthless."

Scripture examination: "Who was Sarah?" "Sarah was Abraham's half wife, otherwise mid-wife, sometimes called concubine." "Who was John the Baptist?" "John the Baptist was a four-footed runner of Christ."

Mr. Rowsby Woof, who plays the fiddle in London, has been nominated for honorary membership in our Hall of Fame. What a pity he is not a baritone singer! Woof! woof!

As the World Wags:

The hydro-electric syndicate of Maine asks for a law permitting the sale of its surplus power outside the state. This may do what the sale of Maine's surplus lobsters did. Fifty years ago big lobsters could be bought here for five and ten cents apiece. Since local fishermen began to supply the big city restaurants, lobsters in Portland are as rare as the dodo. G. A. E.

JOYCE BANNERMAN

Joyce Bannerman, soprano, to the accompaniment of Arthur Fiedler, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

1. Quando ti rivedro, Quand'il tuo diavol nacque, Donaudy; Stornello, Cimarosa; La Girometta; Sibella; 2. Dove Sono, Mozart; 3. Nacht und Traume, Liebesbotschaft, Schubert; Heimkehr, Heilmich Aufforderung, Strauss; 4. O toi, qui prolonges mes jours, Gluck; 5. Amour d'Antan, Chausson; Les Abelles, L'Oasis, Fourdrain; Mandoline, Szulc; 6. The Journey, Rogers; Now Like a Lantern, Kramer; A Piper, Head; Hiels, LaForge.

Miss Bannerman brought a voice to hearing last night of great natural beauty, a voice, in its medium and low ranges, of unusually strong, rich quality. In these regions Miss Bannerman delivers her tones freely; her highest notes she manages with less skill, to their consequent lack of body. If she would set her mind to remedying this defect, as well as to brightening the impressively dark timbre of her fine middle register, Miss Bannerman would have at her disposal a dramatic soprano voice the like of which is not to be heard every day.

But a dramatic soprano, to deserve the name, needs more than a great voice. She needs a quick sense of the words she sings, to give them the force the librettist had in mind. To do the composer justice, she must be sensitive to his melody, since it is through their melody first of all that the great ones sought their expressiveness.

To be dramatic is not given to everybody with a voice. But every singer with voice enough can acquire the two essentials of dramatic singing without which the finest frenzy of bawling is but a vain thing, she can pronounce the words properly and she can place the musical and rhetorical accents where they belong. If only this much she will do, composer and poet can be reasonably content with her efforts; their own, at least, will not be spoilt.

Miss Bannerman would better her performance of the Mozart air if she would give closer thought to its text. Take the very first phrase—its accent rightly falls on the first syllable; by her undue stress of the second, behold the shape of the phrase undone, and, thereby, its beauty, and its expressiveness, too, a trifle? A detail? Good singing is based on attentiveness to details, above all when classics come into play. With her admirable voice, her technique on the whole very good, and her distinct enunciation, Miss Bannerman has it in her power to sing twice as well as she sang last night, if only she will recognize the value of detail. Her songs she sang more successfully than the two great airs. But even so, she seems a singer meant to work along broad lines. R. R. G.

26/1/1927

The Symphony concerts this week are of an unusual nature, for one man, Otterino Respighi, will appear as guest conductor, composer and pianist. Furthermore, Mme. Respighi will sing one of her husband's compositions. We believe that early in the history of this orchestra, Mr. Henschel, the first conductor of the organization, appeared one week in a triple capacity, for he could play the piano; he could also sing—in his own manner, which was more conspicuous for intelligent interpretation than for purely vocal charm; and his wife was an accomplished singer.

Mr. Respighi, who now visits Boston for the first time, is known here, and favorably, by his suites "Fountains of Rome," "Pines of Rome," and his first suite of old airs and dances originally for the lute; though to some his "Ballad of the Gnomes" is a more remarkable work. At the concerts this week "Fountains of Rome" will be heard again. "Sunset" (Shelley's poem), to be sung by Mme. Respighi, has been sung here with the accompaniment of a string quartet, first by Eva Gauthier, six years ago, later by Amy Ward Durfee in 1925.

The compositions to be heard for the first time in the city are the piano concerto in the Mixolydian mode, which Mr. Respighi will play while the excellent Mr. Casella will conduct the performance. This concerto was played by Mr. Respighi for the first time anywhere at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in New York, on Dec. 31, 1925; the second Suite of Old Airs and Dances, and the overture to the opera "Belfagor," which has an amusing subject founded on an old legend, used in various countries by dramatists. Machiavelli wrote a story with this demon as the hero.

Former conductors of this orchestra did not look favorably on the appearance of guests acting for them. When the Philharmonic Society of New York imported four in a season, among them Edouard Colonne, Mr. Higginson suggested to Mr. Gericke the advisability of bringing them to Boston, for the deficit had been larger than usual that season, and he thought public interest thus aroused might be beneficial. Mr. Gericke objected to the plan, on the ground that the different visitors would work injury to an orchestra accustomed to the permanent conductor. Mr. Higginson offered a vacation of four weeks to Mr. Gericke with a continuance of his salary, but he was obdurate. This led to a lamentable disagreement between the supporter of the orchestra and its conductor.

We are not recalling idle gossip; we heard the story from Mr. Higginson. The final result was that although Mr. Higginson had stated publicly—was it at the dedication of Symphony hall?—that he hoped Mr. Gericke would be the conductor as long as he lived, the latter thought it best to resign his position in the spring of 1906, and Dr. Muck came to rule in his stead. It will also be remembered that Mr. Gericke was not pleased when Vincent d'Indy was invited to conduct the concerts of Dec. 1st and 2d, 1905, and the following concerts of the orchestra in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and New York. In fact, he was not in Boston when Mr. d'Indy conducted here.

It was not jealousy that led to Mr. Gericke's behavior on these occasions. He was not a man to be influenced so unworthily; not one

"Too fond to rule alone, Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne."

Mr. Gericke honestly believed that he orchestra which he had trained and shaped for its world-wide reputation would suffer from rehearsals and interpretations to which it was not accustomed. No doubt he was mistaken, grievously mistaken; but his error was in the interest of art as he saw it, not merely a personal grievance.

There have been other conductors at these concerts, as when a composer has been allowed to conduct his own composition, as in 1923, '24, Frank Bridge, Stuart Mason, Henry Hadley, Ernest Schelling; in 1925 Henry Elchheim. And in the late seasons, Bruno Walter conducted the concerts of March 30, 31, 1923; Georg Schneewicht the concerts of March 7 and 8, 1924; Henry Hadley those of Feb. 6 and 7, 1925; Michael Press those of Jan. 15, 16, 1926; Eugene Bossens those of Jan. 22, 23, 1926; while Mr. Casella conducted concerts only

It is a good thing, this appearance occasionally of a guest conductor, especially when he is of an enviable reputation, or a composer of high standing in the musical world; much more to be desired than the engagement of some prima donna, whose operatic arias or groups of songs usually play havoc with the arrangement of the orchestral program, and seldom are in sympathy with it. It may also be said that these guest conductors in certain instances make the return of the permanent conductor all the more welcome.

The Harvard Glee Club will sing in Symphony hall tonight, music by Bach, Vulpius, Des Pres, Webbe, Williams, a folk song arranged by Holst, Monteverdi, Mozart, Sullivan (four choruses from "Patience"), Tchaikovsky, Handel. Dusolina Giannini will sing songs by Brahms, Respighi, Guarnieri, "Vissi d'Arte" from "Tosca" and four Italian folk songs arranged by Vittorio Giannini.

Tomorrow night in Steinert hall, Gladstone Jackson, tenor, will sing. The program includes songs by Handel, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Widor, Fourdrain, Ballantine, Griffes, Homer, Quilter and several folk songs.

The subject of Burton Holmes's illustrated travel talk in Symphony hall tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon will be "To Norway via Iceland."

Next Saturday afternoon Evelyn Howard Jones of London, pianist, will play music by Bach-d'Albert, Bach, Bach-Jones, Beethoven, Ravel, Debussy, Bax, Brahms.

Next Sunday afternoon the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, will sing choruses by Beethoven, Ippolitov-Ivanov, Negro Spiritual arranged by Fisher and Cesar Franck's 150th Psalm. Sophie Braslau will sing songs by Rimsky-Korsakov, Rubinstein, Sadere, Respighi, Ravel, Dubois, Purcell-Moffat and Manney.

The program of the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra next Monday night, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, will be as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 for three string orchestras; Beethoven, Symphony No. 4; Rimsky-Korsakov, Sadko; Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin"; Ravel, "The Waltz."

CONCERNING MEXICO

"Only the other day a man showed me a superb map of Mexico and the United States (as we used to call them in our dear old-fashioned language) up to about the canon of the Colorado. I said to him: 'It is very beautiful, and the contours stand out. The rivers are of a bold blue; the swamps are green; the mountains brown. But I do not see the division between the United States and Mexico.' He said to me: 'It has not yet been put in because of the League of Nations—a funny reason.'—Hillaire Belloc, "On Truth and the Admiralty."

BRAILOWSKY

By PHILIP HALE

Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon. His program read as follows: Beethoven, Thirty-two Variations, C minor. Debussy, Suite "Pour le Piano." Chopin, Scherzo, C sharp minor, Waltz A flat major, Mazurka, A minor, Prelude B flat, Ballade, A flat, Nocturne D flat, Polonaise A flat. Wagner-Liszt, Chorus of Spinners from "The Flying Dutchman" and the "Tannhaeuser" overture.

Pianists and all other players of instruments who doubt feel obliged to pay homage to Beethoven in this memorial year, so it is not surprising that Mr. Brailowsky put music by the great man on his program; but why the 32 Variations? Beethoven himself thought little of them, for when he heard Miss Streicher playing them one day, he asked the name of the composer. When he was told that the Variations were his own, he made this comment on his work: "O Beethoven, what an ass you were!" No doubt Mr. Brailowsky conscientiously did what he thought was his duty, but the chief pleasure in hearing the Variations, no matter who plays them, is counting them as they run on, to see if one is omitted, purposely or by accident.

The dominant characteristic of Mr. Brailowsky, if one judges from his former recitals and the one of yesterday, is extreme brilliance. This and the dash associated with marked technical proficiency easily excite applause. It does not mean that Mr. Brailowsky does not possess other praiseworthy qualities. His interpretation of Debussy's Sarabande in "Pour le piano" showed imagination, as his performance of the other portions of the Suite were examples of glittering bravura. By the way, this Suite was first played in Paris (25 years ago; in the year of our Lord 1927 deep-

thinkers in Paris are debating the question whether Debussy was an "impressionist" in music). Mr. Brailowsky's playing of Chopin's Mazurka was poetic, one that will haunt the memory.

He is a pianist delighting in strong contrasts, too often alternating between extreme loudness and extreme softness. He does not appear to be a past master of nuances. He draws in black and white, rather than paints in colors.

The audience of good size was enthusiastic.

Flonzaley Group Presents Spanish Composer

The Flonzaley Quartet last night in Jordan hall, set forth an admirably planned program. They began it with a classic, Haydn's quartet in D, op. 76, went on to what the composer, Ernesto Halffter, was pleased to call a "quartetino," and ended the evening with Schumann's quartet, A major.

This Ernesto Halffter, it appears, is a very young and very precocious Spaniard, a pupil of De Falla. If one were so rash as to judge his quality by a single hearing of his quartet's first movement, it would be easy to set him down as a young person of few musical ideas, and those few mighty paltry—a young person of sufficient smartness, however, to trick his material out with tonal color, the sort of harmony in fashion, and with varied rhythms all common enough, till he made of it a piece by no means unengaging.

With a "vecchio minueto" he scarcely bettered the impression. But with his third movement he showed himself in a different light. Unashamedly marking it "sentimentale," Mr. Halffter wrote music with genuine sentiment suffusing it. He began it with a passage for 'cello that arrested the attention, a passage introducing two themes of real charm, themes capable of creating atmosphere.

His short finale he began quite in the lively mood of a Haydn finale, but in its course he made use of a wider range of rhythms than Haydn would have held with—not to mention harmony—and he also retarded his pace for a page or two to make room for a slow episode very attractive.

If Mr. Halffter has written other music as agreeable as these two movements, pray let us hear it soon. The audience applauded it, not like Beethoven's brother, "just to show they are acquiring taste"—in this case the taste for modernity. They had every air of liking the music.

It was brilliantly and sympathetically played. Where suave song was most in order, so were the other quartets. Those movements demanding more of rhythm and force went not so notably. The audience showed enthusiasm.

R. R. G.

REPEAT RUSSIAN FOLK DRAMA, "SNOW MAIDEN"

Performance at Symphony Hall Under League of Neighbors

The "Snow Maiden," or "Snegurotchka," a Russian fantastic drama in four acts by Alexander Ostrovski, was repeated by request last night at Symphony hall with the same success which marked its first presentation last December. Included in the special features were the Russian Balalaika orchestra, a ballet and the Polish Slavonic chorus. The entire performance was under the personal direction of Dr. Kasimir A. Kovalsky, and was given under auspices of the League of Neighbors, Fellowship of Faiths and Union of East and West.

The cast of 100, with admirable accuracy, presented the Russian dances, songs, scenes and folk-lore and clothed in gorgeous historical costumes, made a favorable impression on the large audience.

26/1/1927

There should be room occasionally for a murder story on other pages than the first of The Herald. We are indebted to H. B. D. for the following letter:

"Browsing in a bookshop recently I noted the book on 'Murders' mentioned in The Herald of the 14th. I remember well the excitement about the Smutty Nose murder when it occurred. The story as I received it from a prominent citizen of Kittery, Me., differed somewhat from Mr. Pearson's version.

"A friend and myself with the Kittery gentleman our guest were cruising in a small yacht on a trip to the Isles of Shoals, where we examined the house, since destroyed, where the crime was committed. We saw the room in which the meals were served; it was also the sitting room. There was a grease spot on the wall where the accused man used to sit in his chair back and lean his head.

The bedroom where the murder took place was about 10 feet square with one window in it. Our guest informed us that two, not three, women lived there, and the man was a frequent visitor. The surviving woman said the murder was committed in this small bedroom. While it was being done she ran out of the house in her nightdress, taking their little dog with her. She spent the rest of the night in a chasm in the rocks of the shore, averring that the warmth of the dog pressed to her bosom saved her from freezing to death. The man was tried for the crime. He proved an alibi for that evening for all the time except one hour. The jury convicted him, claiming that he could have rowed seven miles to the island, committed the murder and rowed back to Portsmouth all in one hour, which, of course, was an utter impossibility. The man was duly executed.

"After the trial the surviving woman went to Sweden, her native country, where she died not long afterwards. On her deathbed she confessed that it was she that killed the woman. The motive would seem to have been jealousy."

NOT FOUR-LEGGED

As the World Wags:

In last Saturday's Herald there appeared in your column: "Mr. E. D. Fraser writes apropos of pigs as hot water bottles, that pigs are still in general use in Scotland."

There is certainly nothing strange about using hot water bottles for bed-warmers. In regard to the word "pig," it is a word in general use among speakers of the Lowland Scottish language, to denote an earthenware crock or jug. In the excellent "Dictionary of Lowland Scotch," by Dr. Charles Mackay, which was published by Ticknor & Son of 211 Tremont street, Boston, in 1888, the following meanings are given of "Pig": an earthen pitcher or other vessel, a flower pot. Piggerie, a place for the manufacture of crockery or earthenware. Pigman or pigwife, a hawker of crockery. From the Gaelic "pigeadair," a potter or manufacturer of pottery. The English term "pig iron," iron in a lump, seems to be derived from its coarse nature, as resembling the masses of clay from which crockery and earthenware are formed by the similar agency of fire.

In Allan Ramsay's Scots Proverbs, we have:

"She that gangs to the well wi' ill-will Either the pig breaks or the water will spill."

Gloucester.

JAMES DUQUID.

No; "pig iron" is not derived as suggested above. The term is applied to cast iron in pigs or ingots, as first reduced from the ore. The lateral moulds or channels were called pigs. The largest furrow was called a sow. Originally sow iron and pig iron referred only to difference in size. The explanation just given is a later adaptation of the terms. The term "pig iron" goes back to the middle of the 17th century; "pigs of silver," still earlier.—Ed.

SCOTLAND UEBER ALLES

"Scotty" of Medford writes to the same effect and tells these stories:

"An English buyer who wished to save a long walk from the main road to the farmhouse asked a boy by the roadside if his father had any pigs. 'Aye,' I saw some back o' the dike the ither day—meaning some broken dishes thrown out. Being later taxed with conveying false information, the boy defended himself: 'Weel, I didna ken that swine wis ca'd pigs.'

"In my boyhood days, a favorite reading at Band of Hope and similar celebrations recited the amusing tale of the English lady traveling in Scotland who was asked by the maid if she would like a pig in her bed. Her astonished refusal was met with assurance of the comfort to be attained. Asking the girl if she herself took a pig to bed brought further bewilderment: 'Na, na, leddy; pigs are only for the gentry; me an' my neibor lassie lie on cauff (chaff).'

"What, two in a bed and the calf between! Chaff in those days was the filling for mattresses in common use, feathers being only for the 'gentry.'

"My old friend the pig, in these later days, flattened on one side and equipped with a screw stopper, has blossomed out in the advertising pages of the magazines at a price which should clinch his claims to being only for the 'gentry.'"

THAT

(A NOVEL WRITING BY ELINOR GINN)

In the outside office were exactly forty-three stenographers, Behind heavily panelled doors of solid rosewood, John Sallow paced up and down his office, for though John Sallow was born of the streets, John Sallow loathed any one who trotted up and down his magnificent office. The faint scent of

...obsessed him, and his strong nose-trills quivered. When he should at last crush her to him—(Stop! me if you've not read this).
MAIL STUDENT.

MRS. JOHN LANE

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in the Sunday Times (London) of Jan. 30, pays tribute to Mrs. John Lane, the widow of the publisher. Mrs. Lane was the daughter of Julius Eichberg, once prominent in the musical life of Boston, a man famed for his wit. His daughter inherited it. Lane was her second husband. Mr. O'Connor writes:

"I had not seen Mrs. John Lane, whose death is just announced, for many years, but she remains a very pleasant and a very enduring memory. She was rather overshadowed by her husband, who as a publisher and especially of books that were considered daring in his day—they would be regarded as quite tame nowadays—was nearly always in the newspapers. As a matter of fact, he was—though a very clever fellow and responsible for the creation of many literary reputations, among others those of Beardsley and Max Beerbohm—intellectually and culturally quite inferior to her. She had a very brilliant wit and a very brilliant pen. It was astonishing how, with her American birth and early training, she understood the niceties of English character and life so well."

DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

As the World Wags:
Two Yiddish boys were walking along a dock. One of the boys fell in and began yelling, "Hel-up! Hel-up! Hel-up!" The other Yiddish boy said, "Phwat ye yelling fir?" The first: "I can't swim." Well, said the second, "Nayther kin I, but O'm not tellin' the world about it."
MERELY P.

HARVARD GLEE CLUB

The Harvard Glee Club gave a concert in Symphony hall last night, with Dr. Archibald T. Davison conducting, and Dusolina Giannini, soprano, as soloist. The program:

Bach, "Come Thou, Oh, Come"; Volpius, "An Easter Hallelujah"; Josquin de Pres, "Ave, Verum Corpus"; Harvard Glee Club; Brahms, "Am Sontag Morgen," "Immer Leiser Wird mein Schlummer," "Von Ewiges Liebe"; Respighi, "Stornellatrice"; Guarnieri, "Caro, Caro el Mio Bambin"; Puccini, "Vissi d'Arte," Miss Giannini; Webb, "Glorious Apollo"; Vaughan Williams, "The Turtle Dove"; Hampshire folk song, "Swansea Town"; Monteverde, "Madrigal"; Mozart, "O Isis and Osiris"; Sir Arthur Sullivan, four choruses from "Patience," Harvard Glee Club; Anthony Young, "Phyllis Hath Such Charming Graces"; Haydn, "The Mermaid"; Rachmaninoff, "In the Silence of Night," four Italian folk songs, Miss Giannini; Scottish folk song, "The Hundred Pipers"; Tchaikowsky, "The Nightingale," Handel, "How Beautiful are the Feet," from "The Messiah," Harvard Glee Club.

The concert was Miss Giannini's, as any occasion must be to which she lends her rich vocal gifts. The warmth and ease with which she sings appeared to move the glee club to greater freedom and spontaneity than is usually possible for them in their Symphony Hall concerts. It was only in

their first group of old church music, which opened the program, that they showed signs of the academic stiffness and lack of complete enjoyment in singing, which appear to be the worst bugaboos of Dr. Davison's well-trained choir. For the more popular numbers, the Gilbert and Sullivan selections, the hearty "Swansea Town" and the "Hundred Pipers," they mustered a whole-hearted enthusiasm that brought thunderous applause. Of course these songs have more appeal for an audience than the "Ave Verum," in which they encompassed the difficulties of a slow pianissimo admirably, if self-consciously.

Miss Giannini proved herself an able interpreter of Brahms, and delighted with her modern Italian selections. However she was distinctly at her best in the Italian folk songs arranged by her by Vittorio Giannini. E. V.

Feb 19 1927

The sight of brave young men going up and down the streets of Boston, hatless and not ashamed, is pleasing to the lover of the picturesque and the student of cephalology. Let us dismiss at once the base, unworthy theory of the Philistine that these bareheaded youths are thus seeking a remedy against dandruff; nor do we accept the statement that they have been led to abandon hats in order to resemble the glorious Apollons pictured in advertisements of collars and hair-smoothers. Is not the practice against the standardization of the hat; a revolt against the hat-tors insisting on the soft, slouch hat as "worn by our best people?"

It is pleasant also to note that the majority of the fair youths appear unconscious of their lateness. They

glory in their freedom, as Tolstoy might in his "Ode to Independence"? "Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare. Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

It speaks well for Bostonians that few of these gallant young men have heads running up to a peak, sugar-loaf heads. There are square heads, broad heads, narrow heads, round heads, short heads, long heads but, as yet, we have not seen the sugarloaf variety, or the dog's head found among the ancient Scythians (See the observations of Megasthenes, Pliny and other learned men), Tartars; the Canicpites of India; the dog's head seen by one Euphemus on certain islands in Signor Mussolini's sea—once known as the Mediterranean; the brutish idolaters reported by Marco Polo as living on the island of Angemai, and "killing and eating every person not being of their own nation whom they can lay their hands upon." No; the heads of our young men are orthodox.

A superficial person might think that the naturally sensitive would shrink from this cephalic exposure. It is not given to every one to brave the questioning look of passers by, the ribald jests of rude boys. Occasionally a certain timidity may be noticed, as when a man attempts for the first time to smoke a briar-wood pipe in the street.

TRIBUTE TO A WIFE

As the World Wags:
The tribute to the wife of Alfred Holness, which you quoted in The Herald, recalls the letter Eugene V. Debs wrote to his wife when they had been 20 years married.

During one of his presidential campaigns he found himself in the hotel where they had passed their bridal night. Very busy and overtired, he sat down and wrote to her:

"You have grown more beautiful and more precious to me with each passing year. It is many years ago since first we came under the roof of this old hotel, as bride and groom, and it seems to me that from that day to this we have enjoyed together an unbroken honeymoon. When I took you as my wife I did not lose you as my friend and comrade, and the years that tra behind us have borne beautiful testimony to the sweetness and sanctity of our love. I think of you every moment, and enclose you in my arms this night in spirit."
A. S. B.

FIRST, SHE COUNTED 50

As the World Wags:
A Chicago gentleman complains that when he asked his wife for some spending money, after she had taken complete charge of their \$75,000 bank account, she hit him over the head with a telephone, struck him with a paper weight and fired two shots at him. It's a good thing he let it go at that or she might have lost her temper and done something real mean. J. O'D.

"DID," NOT "MAY"

(The Gate City and Constitution Democrat, Keokuk, Ia.)

As the World Wags:
"A marriage license has been issued to Harry Davis and Ruby May Jump, both of Keokuk." NICE KITTY.
Ruby has jumped into wedlock. Shall she jump into our Hall of Fame?

As the World Wags:
Can you find for me a poem of which I remember very little and am not sure that little is correct.

"So many ways that wind and wind. So many creeds. But all this old world needs Is the art of being kind."

St. Petersburg, Fla. A. F. D.

As the World Wags:
Somewhere I have read that one can judge the intelligence of people by their conversation; that is, the highest form being the exchange of ideas, the second pertaining to things and the third the discussion of people. Can you help me trace this idea to its source?
SARA SPECTER.

As the World Wags:
Special—Washington, D. C. A suspicious looking character was seen lurking about Washington early this morning, wearing large shell-rimmed glasses on his nose and large snowshoes on his feet. He aroused the curiosity of secret service men by mumbling, "Ha ha—O, iz that so?—ha ha—we'll see about that!" while sprinkling cockroach powder over the Capitol steps.

When informed of the matter, President Coolidge is reported to have said, "The country has never before been so prosperous—I am in favor of further tax reduction."—THE POTOMAC MUD TURTLE.

THE DUKE BUYS A NEW BUS

As the World Wags:
Seems the ole bus has shot its bolt (an a loddie other parts) and I'm hooked for a new buggy. Tha agent we bought it from in tha fall (1922) tols us if we

LOOK good, are of it we had get \$500 on a trade in, any time after 4 yrs. So I was gonna put 400 bucks to it on the stall ment plan and get a new one. Seams he made a slight error in hiz figgers, az he is \$40 out of the way. If we buy gas at one station, tha next station aint close enuff, which ta me looks like tha complaint is gas-tretus. We use ta get 8 miles to tha gallon, now we get 8 gallons to the mile. One smart aleck agent insulted us terribly by saying he wood allow us \$3 bucks, with tha understanding we wood hafta keep tha ole wun. Another bird iz very ankshuss to do bizness with us az he claims he haz a customer by tha name of Warshovsky, who is lookin fer a car just like ares. I liked this bird's ear, but it aint got a vanity case or a flour vase in it, so tha B. and C. claims tha engine cood'n be much good. Tha nex place we looked tha bird was xplainin to me how much better tha car wuz this year since they changed tha distributor, and tha B. and C. busts in with, 'Tha old distributor waz a relation to one of her cousins.' Aint that hot? Also this guy's car has got an 8 day clock. Most of em don't run after tha second day. These automobile guys are way ahead of any Scotchman in the world. It seems evrything on their cars is extra, and when ya buy any accessories you are forced ta buy two that ya dont need. Their called freight an war tax. Its juss my luck, one outfit waz gonna give us a cigar lighter an I always smoke cigarettes. Ennyway, tha B. and C. has decided wich car I like an were gonna close tha deal on the 15th of tha month, wich iz tha day tha ghost walks. This car has got a compartment, wich I xplained I cood use to hide a cupple boddies, an I waz tole, "Yes, papa, tha baby's milk boddies."
DUKE BAKRAK.

There is a great deal to be said for both men and women having a great deal more of that glorious thing "nothing to do."—G. K. CHESTERTON.

Respighi Conducts Orchestra in Performance of His Own Works

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Ottorino Respighi, as guest, conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its 15th concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was made up of compositions by him. His piano concerto in the mixolydian mode, which he played while Mr. Casella conducted, was performed here for the first time, as were his arrangement of Old Dances and Alms for the flute, Suite No. 2, and the overture to his opera, "Belfagor." Mme. Respighi, his wife, sang "Il Tramonto" (after Shelley's poem). The familiar "Fountains of Rome" ended the concert.

The celebrated composer was warmly greeted when he came upon the platform, and it may here be said that the great audience was enthusiastic throughout the concert. As pianist and conductor he is without airs and graces; playing without outward manifestation of his importance; conducting in a simple manner, but knowing what he wished from the orchestra, which followed his directions with what might be called an affectionate regard; for during his sojourn in Boston and at rehearsals Mr. Respighi has not only won the respect of the players—and members of an orchestra are not easily deceived about the proficiency and the character of a composer and conductor—but by his charm of manner, his honesty, his good fellowship he has won their warm personal regard.

The concerto, which he wrote in the summer of 1925 for his first appearance at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in New York, the last day of December in that year, is more or less based on plain-song. Thus the first theme is taken from a Gregorian chant, which is developed ingeniously, at times with a noble solemnity. More than once in this concerto is the suggestion of the basilica, yet here and there there are measures of Italian sensuousness, not incongruous, not disturbing the prevailing spirit of the concerto; which would be still more effective if several cadenza-like passages for the piano were shortened. The embroidery for the piano when the chief theme is developed by the orchestra is rich and in place; but the measures referred to give one the suggestion of diffuseness. Nor does the final movement in passacaglia form constantly conform in its variations to the mood of what has gone before. There is a wealth of material in the concerto, beautiful, also impressive pages, but there are superfluous measures especially for the piano, and more than once the hearer loses the thread of the discourse.

The second suite of alms and dances of the 16th and 17th century is delightful, not only on account of the old melodies themselves, but by reason of the musicianship and imagination shown by Mr. Respighi in his transcription. He has skillfully avoided two pitfalls; he neither tried to be archaic, for audiences in 1927 cannot hear as

did the cavaliers, noble dances country folk of bygone centuries; has he endeavored to arrange the a as the old composers for the lute woun. "If they were living today." The old musical flesh is now well dressed but, not in costumes of its period, not in gaudy raiment of later years. The lively, stirring dances are interrupted by a movement in which the middle section is an air of serious, not austere beauty; music for a solemn feast or festival occasion; music that might serve as a prelude to a reading of Miltonic verse.

The overture to "Belfagor" is a picturesque presentation of the two leading subjects of the opera, which was brought out at La Scala, early in 1923. Music to picture the purpose and arrival of the demon who wishes by personal experience to learn if married men are necessarily unhappy, and thus disturbs for a time the joy of a loving pair, and the portrayal in tones of the pure and faithful maiden and the discomfiture of the demoniacal Belfagor. It is brilliant music well suited to go before the raising of the curtain in an opera house; not so theatrical as to be out of place in the concert hall.

Mr. Respighi's music for Shelley's singular poem "Sunset" has been sung here at least twice with a string quartet. It is a poetically musical composition, without vain attempt to express in a pseudo-realistic manner the incidents and tragic suggestion of the story told in verse. It is rather an improvisation on a reading of the poem; the expression of the composer's thoughts about the story and the conclusion drawn from it. The music itself is a poem, a rhetorical eloquent transcription of lines that are at the end an example of Shelley, philosophizing, not inspired to sing a lofty song. Mme. Respighi showed fine appreciation of text and music. To her the vocal portion of the composition was an integral part, not a vainglorious solo, but for symphonic treatment. Her charming simplicity of manner was an agreeable feature of the performance.

Mr. Respighi gave an eloquent interpretation of the familiar "Fountains of Rome," as was to be expected.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, "Sadko"; Elzar, "Enigma Variations"; Sibellus, "The Swan of Tuonela"; Respighi, four preludes, "Stained Glass Windows" (first performance).

JACKSON PLEASES

Gladstone Jackson, tenor, accompanied by Reginald Boardman, sang this program last night in Steltern hall:

Sound an Alarm, Handel; Faith in Spring, Del Post, Rastlose Liebe, Schubert; Ihre Stimme, Auftrage, Schumann; Spring and Love, Love in Spring, Franz; Mon Bras Pressait, Widor; Mon Petit Coeur Soupire, Arr. by Wekerlin; La Chanson des Cloches, Chevauchee Co-saque, Fourdrain; Love's Creed, Ballantine; By a Lonely Forest Pathway, The Lament of Ian the Proud, Griffes; May Day Carol, Arr. by Taylor; Sea Song, Fear, Olsson. The composer accompanying, Sheep and Lambs, Homer; Go Lovely Rose, Quitter; Never Till Now, Arr. Corder.

Mr. Jackson proved his quality as a musician when he chose to present a program of such unusually high average as that of last night, a program at its lightest free of rubbish, one with many masterpieces in its favor—fine songs, furthermore, which seldom come to a hearing today. He even made bold to sing songs by Griffes—a proceeding which will win him the favor of Griffes's spirited champion, Miss Henrietta Strauss.

It took some boldness, by the way, on Mr. Jackson's part to tackle the two songs of Griffes's he chose. Lovely they are, as music, but a curious thing it is that a musician of Griffes's ability would not give himself the trouble to learn enough about the human voice to write in such a manner that the poet's lines can be conveyed to listeners intelligibly and with reasonable ease on the singer's part. Had he been willing to take a little more pains, perhaps Griffes would have stood in need of less championship today.

Mr. Jackson sang his two songs quite as effectively as anybody can sing them, unless it be a dramatic tenor who would never give them a thought. He sang all his songs effectively, for the matter of that, for he is manifestly an excellent musician, a thoroughly schooled singer, in his way, with a naturally good voice. He sings so intelligently, with such genuine feeling, that it will be a thousand pities if Mr. Jackson does not set hard to work to root out the nasal quality which at present is doing his tones sad damage.

The audience showed hearty appreciation of Mr. Jackson's singing. Mr. Boardman played unusually well.

R. R. G.

Feb 20. 1917

Barrie's "Quality Street" will be revived at the Repertory Theatre tomorrow night. Charles Frohman produced the comedy at Toledo, O., on Oct. 11, 1901. Before this production, the Chicago Tribune took a merry view of the play, quoting an unnamed person:

"The play shapes up well, but there is an impression among those who have watched it in rehearsal that there is something too much of it. Four acts of pretty and eccentric comedy with only two women and one man to carry it, accompanied by three cats and three pug dogs for diversion, is apt to pall, one fancies, even upon the chocolate cream worshippers of Miss Adams."

In the original cast, Maude Adams played Phoebe Throssell; Helen Lowell took the part of Susan Throssell, and Sydney Brough played Valentine Brown. The comedy arrived at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, on Nov. 11, 1901, when it was said that the performance moved smoothly, "barring the palpable nervousness which the actress always exhibits at a premiere." (For "premiere" please read "first performance.")

Sydney Brough was imported from London for the occasion. He died in 1911, 44 years old.

At Toledo the third act of the comedy dragged. The next day Frohman said to his business manager as they sat together during this act: "Last night Miss Adams played this act as Barrie wrote it. This afternoon she will play it as I want it."

"Quality Street" was played for the first time in Boston at the Hollis Street Theatre on Feb. 3, 1902. It was not seen in London until September 17th of that year, when it was brought out at the Vaudeville Theatre: Ellaline Terriss, Miss Phoebe; Marion Terry, Miss Susan; Seymour Hicks, Valentine Brown. When it was revived at the Duke of York's Theatre, in November, 1913, Cathleen Nesbit played Miss Phoebe; Nina Boucicault played Miss Susan; Godfrey Tearle took the part of Valentine Brown. Mr. Walkley then wrote that the comedy had lost nothing of its charm; that it was like its own Miss Phoebe. "At first blush and with her curls packed tight under her cap she seemed to Captain Brown to have suffered from time, but he by and by discovered she was just as sweet as ever. So with the play, which last night may have seemed a little artificial, a little spun out, until one lost one's heart to it again, and again fell captive to its delicate and fragrant grace." There had been talk of reminders of Jane Austen, for the play is about her time, and Mr. Collins's phrase "elegant females," put in his mouth by Jane, is in the comedy; but Mr. Walkley found only here and there "a faint reminiscence" of "Persuasion." He thought the new cast better than the old one.

Yet when the play was first produced in London a critic declared that it exhibited "more knowledge of the public taste than of human nature, more feeling for the theatrical than the real, more anxiety to please than to persuade, and more taste for the artificial than the natural." This critic, by the way, was thus solitary and alone. He was shocked by the fact that two super-genteel maiden ladies lied constantly without the excuse of a good motive. "Ananias and Sapphira are economical compared with Phoebe of the ringlets and Susan, and had, at least, the excuse of some hope of real gain"; but Barrie's ladies, presumably religious, "lie and lie, and no one seems horrified."

Yet the question is not whether they lied, and lying may be the essence of good comedy, but whether these ladies were, like Becky Sharp, magnificent in lies.

This comedy was Barrie's tenth play. "The Professor's Love Story" and "The Little Minister" preceded it. The story is a simple one how in Napoleonic days Dr. Brown, not knowing that Phoebe loves him, is off for the war; how he returns, and finds the sisters poor, and Phoebe prim and changed in face; how she pretends to be her own niece, goes to a ball disguised, and awakens Brown to love. It has been remarked that Barrie borrowed from his own "Little Minister" and from "Cranford"; that is, the atmosphere of "Cranford," but the play is unmistakably Barrie in dialogue and in whimsicality. What Phoebe was to him is shown in the lines he puts into the mouth of a lover:

"The lilies are her pretty thoughts, her shoulders are the May.
Her smiles are all forget-me-nots, the path's her gracious way;
The roses that do line it are her fancies walking round;
'Tis sweetly smiling lavender in which my lady's gowned."

Naturally those who rhapsodized over Miss Adams as "cute," applied these lines to her. The New York correspondent of the Sketch wrote that in "Quality Street" the shrewd Barrie—to whom American theatricals, I may say, are by no means unknown—has histrionically measured Miss Adams to a shade of an inch." The New York Sun, praising Miss Adams, found that the sister of the heroine "possibly by the mistaken direction of Mr. Barrie" was played by Miss Lowell with "giggles, smirks and other conventional old maidisms that became tiresome."

Well, "Quality Street" is worthy of a revival even at this late day.

The extraordinary interest in "The Ghost Train," an interest that bids fair to continue for some weeks its already long run, has obliged Mr. Clive to defer the production of "Dr. Knock," the amusing French comedy, which was brought out in Paris in December, 1923, entitled "Knock, ou le Triomphe de la Médecine." The translation into English is by Granville Barker. It was said by a London reviewer of books that few succeed so well as he in keeping the spirit of the original, "while making the copy worthy to rank as literature beside that original." The reviewer (Daily Telegraph) describes the translation of "Knock" as "amazingly perfect."

"The Little Spitfire," by Myron C. Fagan, was first seen in New York on Aug. 16 of last year, when Russell Mack took the part of a naive boaster and Sylvia Field played "Gypsy," the hot-tempered chorus girl who married into an aristocratic family; so aristocratic in fact, that they all but own the United Cigar Company. The comedy comes to the Plymouth tomorrow.

At the Hollis Street Theatre "Charm" will be seen for the first time. "Honeymooning on High" will be at the New Park Theatre.

At the Boston Symphony concerts this week the Cecilia Society will assist the orchestra; but this choral program has been postponed until the concerts of March 4 and 5. It will be noted that Mr. Respighi's tone poem, "Stained Glass Windows," written for Mr. Koussevitzky and now in manuscript will be performed this week for the first time.

Mr. Chaliapin goes up and down and across the land with his little opera company making Don Basilio, the chief, the all-important person. "The Barber of Seville." One hundred years ago the censors of the Madrid Theatre, allowing "The Barber of Seville," questioned whether the character of Basilio should not be cut out.

The London Times of Feb. 2, 1827, contained this note of interest: "The health of the celebrated composer Beethoven appears, by the most recent letters from Vienna, to be in a most deplorable state. The physicians have pronounced him to be in extreme danger."

An Austrian critic has declared that Bourdet's play, "La Prisonnière," which, known in New York as "The Captive," has called forth widely differing opinions concerning its morality, and is now withdrawn, was stolen from a novel by Adolphe Belot. We remember the novel well. The title was "Mademoiselle Giraud, Ma Femme." But Belot's ending of the story was much more tragic. An earlier story that hinted at the same unsavory subject was "Fragoletta," by Henri de Latouche.

"Art, in playing the piano or anything else, is not what you do, but escapes unnoticed and unnamable from what you are doing."—A. H. Fox Strangways.

I once sat at a concert near a gifted poetess who, after the playing of what I thought was a specimen of Schubert's charm, and its purest, turned scornfully to her companion and sniffed, ejaculating the name of a popular composer of today. There are people, we all know, who honestly cannot see the profundity in certain of Beethoven's works that the world in general does. Is it they or the world who are wrong? Do the rest of us read something into Beethoven that is not there, or are they lacking in whatever it is that makes the perception of the profundity possible? If the former explanation be the correct one, how is it that for so many generations the vast majority of the most musical people all over the world have managed to read into this music what is not there? That would seem to dispose of the comparative solitaires who deny that it is really there at all. But when the majority itself begins to dispute not as to whether it is in this adagio and not in that who is to decide between them, and in virtue of what criteria? I commend the problem both to those who, without realizing, I am afraid, that the theory implies, hold that criticism is a matter of mere personal adiosyncrasy, and those who believe that somewhere or other, somehow or other, objective criteria can be found.—Ernest Newman P. H.

HOLMES DESCRIBES ICELAND, NORWAY

The subject of Burton Holmes's second illustrated Traveltalk in Symphony hall last night was: "To Norway via Iceland." His description with the motion and still pictures of Iceland was a revelation to many in the large audience who had from childhood believed that the country was barren and dismal; the inhabitants on a plane with the Laplanders. Many, no doubt, had heard of the famous chapter on "Snakes in Iceland." But from Mr. Holmes's account this misunderstood country should be visited by tourists, for there is natural scenery well worth seeing and the people are hospitable and cultivated. Among the things to be seen are Reykjavik, and the surrounding country, the landscapes, the Hot Springs, Hekla and the great "Geysir." What was even more interesting to many were the studies of life led by the young and old.

The North Cape and Norway are much more familiar subjects, but one does not soon weary of them, for the scenery of Norway is unique in its splendor and its charm. The cities Bergen, associated for many with the composer Grieg, and Oslo—what a pity the city abandoned the name Christiania for its ancient name!—were visited, so that if there were views of fjords and cascades, ice caves and glaciers, one also was told and saw city life and city industries.

An entertaining Traveltalk which will be repeated this afternoon. The subject next week will be "Holland and the Dutch" as seen in 1926.

YIDDISH PLAYERS AT CASTLE SQUARE

The New York Yiddish stock company, an organization of accomplished players, arrive in Boston this week and will open an indefinite engagement, Tuesday evening, Feb. 22, at the Castle Square Theatre. "The Girl from Kaffka" is the first piece. It is a musical play. Their repertoire consists of both musical and dramatic productions.

Evlyn Howard-Jones Plays Delightful Program

Jordan hall: Evlyn Howard-Jones, pianist, plays this program yesterday afternoon Jordan hall:

Passacaglia (transcribed by d'Alber), Prelude and Fugue in C sharp major ("48" Book I), Fuga alla Giga (transcribed by Howard-Jones, Bach; Sonata Op. 109, Beethoven; Le Gibet, Ravel; Masques, Debussy; Amberley W. Brooks, Ireland; Burlesque, Bax; Scherzo in E flat minor, Intermezzo, Op. 1 No. 2, Capriccio, Op. 76, No. 5, Waltz, Brahms.

Economy, as everybody knows, is the reigning virtue among musicians work today. So they call it, when some of them, they find the makings of a sonata or even a symphony thematic scraps and snippets a composer years ago would have tossed away as good for nothing.

But economy yesterday afternoon, it born of choice or of necessity, would have taken on the air, had it only been in evidence, of the most cardinal of virtues. How Bach could go on! Even in the best of his efforts, like the Chromatic Fantasy, a listener can feel conscious of its length. As for the Passacaglia, a pity it is the transcribed did not elect to curtail it of many dream pages, to let those that are beautiful say their say in a reasonable length of time. After its wearisome moment the concise little prelude and fugue without a superfluous bar to dull shone with redoubled lustre.

And Beethoven as well was capable of adding pages here and there, though he did not know quite when he had done. When at the top of greatness this is one thing; it can quite another. People estimate the sonata op. 109 varyingly. But surely they must all agree that it is very long.

Even Ravel, up-to-the-minute music that he is, might perhaps have secured a more grisly effect with his "Gibet" he had not carried it on too long. Debussy too, in his "Masques," would have done wisely to remember while quality is termed the soul of wit. The Englishmen had the best of it; they stopped while still their music sounded fresh.

So we learn by experience. Whether we hate or like much that is written today, it ought to bring the lesson on to performers that they had best be wary when considering what music the great masters they shall play: p

...in the concert hall cannot be counted on, especially for music, not the greatest, that meanders on too long. Mr. Howard-Jones, an exceedingly competent pianist, in the earlier part of the program met his best success in the shorter pieces. The Bach prelude he played delightfully, almost in a monotone that might have grown tiresome but which, on the contrary, proved effective; the buoyancy of the fugue he did not once let flag. The jig he made rhythmically stirring, and the English pieces he played with verve. With the longer pieces, by Beethoven, Bach, or the Frenchmen, he could not maintain unbroken interest. R. R. G.

MARIANNE KNEISEL QUARTET

The Marianne Kniesel string quartet (Marianne Kniesel, Elizabeth Worth, Lillian Fuchs and Phyllis Krauter) will give its first concert in Boston next Thursday evening in Stelbert hall. Miss Kniesel is a daughter of the late Franz Kniesel, for many years the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the founder of the famous Kniesel quartet. Now three years after her graduation from the Institute of Musical Art, New York, she heads a quartet of her own. Miss Worth before coming to this country studied with Arnold Rose in Vienna. Miss Fuchs was a pupil of Franz Kniesel; Miss Krauter of Willem Willeke. The first concert of the quartet in New York was on April 7, 1926.

ALFREDO SAN MALO

Alfredo San Malo, European violinist, will make his debut in Boston at Symphony hall, Monday evening, Feb. 28, has been for several years a beloved young artist of the Paris musical salons. Ever since he won the First Prize of the French Conservatory he has been an admired figure among musicians. During his student days in Paris he took a place in the orchestra of the Mozard Theatre in order to obtain additional income for the purchase of his Amati. After his student days in Paris he went to Germany and Holland for further study. Presently he returned to Paris for his first concert in the Salle du Conservatoire. San Malo had planned the ordinary program, but his friends made other arrangements. From all the important orchestras of Paris they volunteered their services, recruiting thus a special orchestra. This orchestra accompanied San Malo in three selections on this occasion. As the Petit Parisien pointed out the next day in its review of the concert, "Nothing like it has ever happened in Paris before, and probably never will happen again—this spontaneous tribute by musicians to a beloved young disciple of their art."

INTERCOLLEGIATE GLEE CLUBS AT SYMPHONY

An evening of concentrated college music is the Symphony hall attraction next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. The event is the annual intercollegiate glee club contest with 12 New England colleges participating. They include Amherst, Boston College, Boston University, Bowdoin, Brown, Clark, Holy Cross, Middlebury, Rhode Island State, Tufts, Tufts and Wesleyan. Instrumental features are solos by Miss Elinor White more, concert violin, and the Technology saxophone quintet, a group of collegians. During the contest each college glee club will sing a song of its own choosing and its college song, as well as a prize song assigned by the committee. This last is "The Lotus Flower" by Schumann. Judges are Alfredo Casella, newly appointed leader of the Pops; Warren Storey Smith, music critic, Boston Post, and Malcolm Young, well-known choral conductor.

Feb 21 '27
The Italian Mall (Florence) of Jan. 29 gives a thrilling account of Isadora Duncan's attempt to kill herself. It seems that after she left her husband, the Russian poet, who, heated by fire-water, used to beat her with his boots, she opened a school of dancing at Nice. Early in January she gave a supper party which proceeded "with the utmost hilarity" until a Russian pianist, seeing one of the guests kissing a young American girl, suddenly went raving mad, overturned plates, bottles and glasses, and misbehaved himself in a still more shocking manner. "It was then in a moment of pique and wounded feeling that she (Isadora) left the villa, clad as she was in a simple gilded tunic, and went towards the sea, to take her life. . . . The guests on the high terrace could admire in the clear moonlight the figure of the dancer, who moved rhythmically seaward, her arms crossed on her breast, and her eyes raised to the skies." "Gilded tunic"; "moved rhythmical-

ly." Always the artist. Let us add the disgustingly prosaic fact that an English ex-officer fished her out when the water had reached her shoulders.

"A. N. M." writing brilliantly in the Manchester Guardian about Benvenuto Cellini says that his book of memoirs is in "the class of the world's books, with Pepys's diary and Boswell's Johnson and 'Moby Dick.'"

Describing Benvenuto as "akin to Baron Munchausen, there is a touch of Barry Lyndon, a touch of Falstaff," he quotes one of the popes as saying that men who are masters in their profession, like Benvenuto, should not be subject to the laws. "A. N. M." adds: "It is a dangerous doctrine; why shouldn't you apply it to a first-rate cook or plumber?"

But why does "A. N. M." read Roscoe's translation, which is far inferior to J. A. Symonds's or Ann Macdonell's? "Barry Lyndon." It's one of Thackeray's best books, even if it was indebted largely to our old friend Casanova.

As the World Wags:
The club ladies of Chicago say they are going to attack all the vicious plays. And we can just hear the press agents earnestly saying: "Honest, ladies, my play is the most revolting thing you ever heard of. Please give it a nice little rap and then kindly stand aside so that the public can get to the box office." R. H. L.

As the World Wags:
"Do you go to college, young man?" asked the rotund gentleman in the Pullman washroom. "Yes, indeed!" I responded proudly. "Then see if you can put a knot in this damn bow tie." GEORGE THE RED MAN.

CONCERNING BIRCH HOOPS

Mr. E. W. Philbrick of Week's Mills, Me., has addressed the following letter to the Hon. George Holden Tinkham, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.:
"Can you have any legislation enacted that will compensate the Maine, and other New England farmers, for the loss of the gray birch nail keg hoop market, which has been taken away from them in recent years, because it was found that iron hoops could be produced cheaper than wooden hoops, which had formerly been used for the hoops of nail kegs? If so, such legislation would be popular in New England, as the benefit to be derived therefrom would be clear gain.
"Mention is made of only gray birch. All other wood hoop material can go to, as that will grow into valuable trees; but not so with gray birch, which is scarcely more than a shrub, but tougher than the devil, and fit only for hoops.
"The only remedy in the premises will be an act of Congress prohibiting the land in New England from producing any more gray birch, and ordering it to yield only pine, or other valuable woods. In this way, New England would be getting something for nothing, which seems to be what other sections are looking for just now. It would do no good to ship the hoop iron to tophet for what it might bring there, as that would only force back a wood hoop market that never was of any material value.
"Hope you are having a good time in Washington among the 'wets.' It is too dry down here for comfort."

DUMB, DRIVEN CATTLE

As the World Wags:
Oscar W. Whittle, whom I call the Sage of Melrose—a worthy rival of your great friend and philosopher, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, and a man who has so many A. B.'s, M. A.'s, LL.D.'s and other highbrow initials after his name that he could easily outdo the Welsh Prince himself as to lengthy title, rested a moment at his place of business, the Melrose Highlands Bootblack Stand. (It is only another idiosyncrasy of life that Prof. Whittle prefers shoe-shining to pedagogy.)
"Many of us take pity upon droves of cattle when we see them being driven to market" (this statement leads me to believe that the professor has lived in Chicago), "but," he continued with a sigh, "are we human beings not much the same? Take yourself, for instance. Each morning you rush for a train, afraid of the whip lashes of your employer should you arrive for work a moment late. The train is crowded and, herded with hundreds of other human cattle, you stand all the way to town. At the North station, the herd rushes along the station platform, fighting for their lives lest they become thrown to the earth and trampled in the stampede and once again you find yourselves crowded into the street cars. At noon you push your way through the other cattle into a one-arm lunch, where the fodder is handed out to you helter-skelter. Then, in the evening, if you desire to attend a theatre or an athletic match, there you are again, mingling with the common clod, struggling shoulder to shoulder for the right to exist."
The professor again sighed, very deeply.
"I am very sorry," he said, "that it is thus, but such is modern life. Will you have the light or dark paste?" WARREN BRADBURY JENNINGS.

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"I am very sorry," he said, "that it is thus, but such is modern life. Will you have the light or dark paste?" WARREN BRADBURY JENNINGS.

As the World Wags:
I can't understand how the ground hog, or his shadow in spots where the sun shines, can make any difference with the winter any more than Mrs. Partington could understand how a little mercury going up and down in a glass tube could make such a difference in the weather.
But the question that troubles me is what I am to do without a ground hog? How am I going to know what the weather in my garden is going to be?
Once I had a ground hog. He lived under a ledge back of my garden. I raised no objections to his living until it was sprung on my thoughtless mind that my garden truck was worth more to me than his living was to him, and I logically, or illogically, bought a 60-cent can of bi-sulphide of carbon and dumped the whole pond into my unreasonable ground hog's den. And he dug out. Then, resenting his persistence in living, I pumped a quart or two of bad gasoline into his living quarters—and I haven't had a ground hog since. And now I do not know what the weather is going to be in my garden all the rest of the winter. J. N. PARDEE. Bolton.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

For the 12th concert of the People's Symphony orchestra in Jordan hall, yesterday afternoon, Mr. Mason presented once more an interesting program. To begin it, he had found a symphony in B flat, unheard in Boston, by Johann Christian Bach, the great Johann Sebastian's youngest son.
This younger Bach, if one may judge by yesterday's symphony, "took after" his illustrious father, musically, to a lesser degree than his brothers did. The first movement, indeed, has a quiet Mozartian air about it, in the grace of its melodies, in the sound of its orchestration. The andante, on the other hand, in the shape of its melody—full-bodied, rotund—suggests Handel in his earlier Italian vein. The rhythmic lilt of the presto, too, is not without a flavor of the Handel who wrote concertos.
When he laid his hand on this attractive symphony Mr. Mason had better luck than always befalls musicians who piously try to revive music long forgotten. Perhaps it would not sound so agreeable under the baton of everybody. For Mr. Mason did not, because the first movement is something in Mozart's style, reduce it to a matter of pastoral pipples and courtly scrapes and bows; while revealing its grace, he left its strength. The Handelian song—the oboe solo was very well played—he let sing its own flowing way, with no attempt to swell it into grandeur. And to the spring and bounce of the presto he and the orchestra did full justice; it was clear they relished it.
Quite as sympathetically and tastefully Mr. Mason dealt with the accompaniment to Mozart's violin concerto in D major. Wisely diminishing the orchestra to suitable numbers, he got from it very musical sound, not once coarse or harsh. Delightfully he let the comic spirit in the rondo play, to the great advantage of the more serious episode after.
The songful passage, as well as the andante, Miss Barbara Lull played more successfully than the gayer part of the finale or the animated first movement, her tone sounding freer and richer, her phrasing broader. She was cordially applauded.

From Mozart the program took a long spring, to Ravel's "Scheherazade," three poems for voice and orchestra. The first poem, and the longest, tells in detail of the wonders of old Asia, in little precious phrases suggesting vividly Damascus and the Ind—"slender minarets in air," "swarthy faces with shining teeth," "I would loiter in enchanted palaces"; and so on.
The atmosphere of this remote, exotic land Ravel has reproduced, in his orchestra, with unusual sympathy and with all his cunning skill at its knowledge. The voice part, too, in itself, he has made melodious as well as fitting to the words. Not every voice, however, can make the words audible if the orchestra is allowed fair play—and it is by the orchestra, the guess is safe, that Ravel sets most store. Only a

singer with an *alto* of mezzo soprano voice could do justice to this music.
Miss Cobina Wright, though she sang musically and with an excellent soprano voice, apparently well schooled, has not the low tones requisite. In the more familiar "Flute Enchanted" she found herself more happily placed—the flute solo was admirably played—of the three poems the third seems the least imaginative.
But it was good to hear the three with orchestra, especially from Mr. Mason, apt at music by the French. So it was good to hear a Mozart violin concerto with orchestra, not to forget a "new" and delightful symphony. The concert ended with a Norwegian Rhapsody by Lalo.—R. R. G.

HANDEL AND HAYDN

At Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon the Handel and Haydn Society gave a program of miscellaneous works, with Sophie Braslau, contralto, as assisting artist. The society sang: "The Heavens are Declaring," Beethoven; "Bless thy Lord, O my Soul," Mikall Ippolitoff-Ivanof; "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," arranged by William Arms Fisher; and "One Hundred Fiftyeth Psalm," Cesar Franck.
Miss Braslau sang: "Song of the Bride," Rimsky-Korsakoff; "I never Told My Love," Avensky; "Romance," Rubinstein; "Fate," Rachmaninoff; "Amuri-Amuri" and "Curl-Chirizzu," from Italian folk-songs, Genl Sadere; "Nebbie," Respighi; "Vocalize-Etude," Ravel; "Tarantelle," Dubois; "There's Not a Swain on the Plain," Purcell-Moffatt; "Consecration," Manney.
There were also two organ solo selections played by William Burbank. "Triumphal March," Karg-Elert; and "Reverle," Bonnet.
To be sure, Miss Braslau was called "assisting artist." Actually, however, she dominated the occasion. Her part of the program, divided into three groups of songs, was copiously augmented by encores, so that she sang all of 15 songs, several of which consumed fully as much time apiece as each of the four selections by the choral society. And her hearers quite evidently preferred it so.
Miss Braslau's voice is at its maximal richness and power, if one likes the peculiar velar texture of its tones. Few women can master her low register without producing the effect of a gasp. Miss Braslau produces tones with a sonority that reaches the utmost corners of the large hall. Powerful is her higher register, and she seems less at home in it.
Yet with all the richness of her voice, the net effect on the listener is an awareness that his attention has been held by force and power. Miss Braslau is not a singer of dainty parts; also she expresses emotions without evoking similar feelings in those who hear her. By this it is not meant that she "leaves one cold." Not at all. Simply, her personality and her voice, as a voice, are always the dominating factors, rather than the song or its mood. She lacks subtlety; she exaggerates all qualities as she conceives and perceives them, and it is these exaggerations, combined with the tremendous power of her voice, that compel attention, but leave no artistic flavor. There were times yesterday when she even sacrificed musical content to her sense of dramatic effect. Still, the audience cheered.
Mr. Mollenhauer was evidently conserving his own and his singers' energies for the production of the Saint-Saens "Samson and Delilah" in April. The four selections by the chorus were short and adequately, though not outstandingly, executed. There was little of the elemental in the Beethoven piece, and little of exaltation in the Cesar Franck.
The audience was not as large as doubtless it would have been had the weather promised easier traffic conditions. H. L.

...that we strongly recommend for consoling reading at this time was written by Gabriel Peignot of Dijon. The title translated into English is "Chronological Essay on the Severest Winters from 396 B. C. Till 1820." This book, published in 1821, in an edition of 800 copies, to the best of our knowledge, has not been translated into English, but Peignot wrote clearly and his French is easily read. A copy was offered for sale in 1902 by Dorbon of Paris for the ridiculously small sum of 10 francs; one of 50 copies (large paper and with an autographed dedication) for 15 francs. This essay is one of over 100 volumes, some of them pamphlets, written by the learned, amiable, indefatiga-

the Pelgnot, who was interested in everything: from the earthquake at Dijon to the wines of Greece and Italy drunk by the ancient Romans; from the extraordinary and tragic case of Helene Gillot to the luxuriousness of Cleopatra feasting first with Julius Caesar, later with Mark Antony.

We regret to say that Anatole France classed Pelgnot among bookish souls to whom the universe is only paper and ink. "To him passions were subjects for curious monographs; he knew that nations perish in a certain number of octavo volumes. Till the day of his death he worked with equal zeal and understood nothing. He should be envied if one can find peace of the soul only at this price." Contemptuous, also unjust, for Pelgnot was not a Dryasdust, and, ten to one, Anatole France was more than once indebted to him, as is Mr. Herklimer Johnson, who, when he was some years ago in comparatively comfortable circumstances, purchased from time to time 54 of the volumes, including the "Study of a Bas-Relief representing the mysterious and symbolical figures which ordinarily accompany the Four Evangelists," published in 1839 in an edition of only 60 copies.

BACK BAY'S BANDIT

(For As the World Wags)

Good evening, shall we walk
And have a pleasant talk?
(Your money or your life
If you balk!)

So hand me out your purse,
I'm too polite to curse—
(You'd better do it quick
Or call a hearse!)

And now I've got to hop,
You'd better take a "cop"
When you roam;
I do this every day
In my gentlemanly way,
All for my little wife at home.
M. K. J. S.

A SMUTTY NOSE STORY REFUTED

As The World Wags:

The attempt of a correspondent in The Herald of Feb. 18th, to hastily give something as an account of the murders at Smutty Nose Island in March, 1873, from what is alleged to have been told to him by someone in such a gossipy recital, is so utterly absurd and misleading, and so unjust and cruel and slanderous to the memory of one of the greatest sufferers in connection with those crimes, that this whole amazing bunk in that respect ought to be promptly denied and refuted.

I have not seen Mr. Pearson's book of these extraordinary several murders, but I do know something of his patient search for material in this section for the Wagner case, so-called, and I imagine and have been told that he has very carefully given the facts therein, of which, so far as the book is concerned, The Herald correspondent makes no mention or discussion of the evidence, as a result of his "browsing;" but instead he gives us this very foolish concoction by some irresponsible tramp from Kittery, who obviously knew nothing of the crimes, nor of the trial and conviction of Louis Wagner.

In no particular whatsoever is The Herald's version in accordance with the substance and the truth of the case, as so unmistakably established in the courts, and which are matters of better common knowledge at present in Portsmouth, N. H., and York county, Me., more and better so than this "grease-spot" yarn quoted by The Herald correspondent on Feb. 18th.

The story of the diabolical Smutty Nose murders is too long, even in brief, for the entertaining World Wag column. There were three lonely and unprotected women on the island the night of the murders. Wagner killed two of them with his axe. The third escaped from him and nearly perished from exposure in so doing.

The time covered for Wagner's trip, from the stealing of the boat at the foot of Pickering street in Portsmouth in the evening until he was seen coming ashore the following morning at New Castle, N. H., and where he set his boat adrift, was an entire night. And when arrested in Boston, after his flight, he had in his pockets the exact money in part and trinkets from the loot which seemed to have inspired his abominable crimes. He did not have a ghost of an alibi nor the shadow of a fact nor any circumstance whatsoever in his favor in his entire defense. He was a supremely stupid liar from the time he was first suspected until he was hung, and there is much to be said in that respect also from later reliable information.

Nor did the survivor of the murders ever confess to any such nonsense as The Herald correspondent relates. She died thoroughly heart broken and lin-

gered in a life of horrible memories of one of the most unmitigated and brutal tragedies that the mind can conceive.

JUSTIN HENRY SHAW.

Kittery, Me.

(The author of the foregoing is a Maine municipal criminal court trial justice, and a writer on historical subjects and has in his possession the annotated printed evidence in the Wagner case, used by the senior counsel for the murderer at the trial, and grew up in Portsmouth, N. H., and Kittery, Me., with most of the important witnesses in the case.—Ed.)

"FROTHBLOWERS"

As the World Wags:

One of the best ways to keep down the suds was to grease the inside of the can with butter. Certain beers had more froth than others. Steam beer, for example. It took so long to draw a "steam" that the better saloons in San Francisco would not serve it.

We lived in San Francisco in the days before the reformation. Our landlady served claret every night as a part of the meal. She used to send the Japanese boy down the hill to a Union street saloon with a pitcher every day with instructions to have it filled with Dago Red. She was fond of the Red herself, but she actually watered it for her guests. The Japanese was partial to saki. He got drunk with great regularity twice a week after attending the Mission where he was learning to speak English and be a Christian.

WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.

O WONDER OF WONDERS

(Adv. in the Newtown, Ct., Bee.)

The last article sold in 1926 was a Wedding Ring. The first article sold in 1927 was a Baby Ring. Our Rings are Wonderful Values.

ANGEL FOOD

(Adv. in a Maine Newspaper.)

OUR DOUGHNUTS

Are Not Touched by Human Hands

TRY A DOZEN TODAY

"HONEYMOONING"

By PHILIP HALE

New Park Theatre: First performance in Boston of a new play in three acts, "Honeymooning on High," by Hatcher Hughes. Presented by Mary Kirkpatrick in association with Max J. Brown.

Annoyance	Willie Van Arman
Mrs. Rance	Lillie Van Arman
Nero	Marion Kerby
Mr. Warren	Lorin Rabe
Mrs. Penelope Warren	Marie Louise Day
Dr. Molyneux	Le Roi Ope
Jack Wilbur	Reinald Sheff
Dora Warren	Carol Humphre
John Wilbur	Frank King

This play is described in the bill as a "psychic cyclone." It is true that three of the characters, Mrs. Warren, her daughter and Dr. Molyneux, are deeply interested in psychic manifestations; it is also true that Jack Wilbur, when he is supposed to be a corpse in a coffin, is so lively that his behavior might be called cyclonic—witness the bottle of white mule thrown at Molyneux—but in plain English the play is a farce.

However preposterous the action and the situations of a farce may be, however absurd the motive, the play serves its purpose if the audience is amused, if laughter is continuous and hearty. There is no doubt that the spectators last night accepted "Honeymooning on High," accepted it gleefully. It is not a play for those who think the sole object of the theatre is to present serious problems either in comedy or in tragedy. The noble army of uplifters would no doubt refuse to discuss this farce, yet their set and determined faces would be wreathed in smiles, they might even laugh right out loud at the camp-meeting behavior of Nero while the mourners are singing sentimental hymns in order to invite communications from the spirit world.

Jack and Dora elope and think they are married. They stop at a humble roadside to pass their honeymoon. Dora's brother arrives and tells them that the magistrate uniting them went out of office 10 minutes before the knot was tied; therefore the marriage is illegal. Mrs. Warren and Molyneux, hot in pursuit, learning the news accuse Jack of criminal proceedings and Dora herself, though she loves him, says she hates him. Then follow adventures in farcical, rough and tumble episodes, battledore and shuttlecock dialogue often after the manner of a sidewalk scene in vaudeville. Finally Jack feigns suicide, dies. The last act is in and around a coffin. At the end Molyneux marries Dora and Jack—the latter as a materialized spirit.

This is not the first time that the spirit land, spiritualism, and even a coffin have been employed to excite interest in a play. Although they are not interested in psychic experiments, they are interested in these subjects not in good taste; but theatre audiences in 1927 are not given to questioning good taste in plot or in dialogue. They wish to be amused; they are not particular

as to the cause of their enjoyment.

The farce was briskly played, as if those on the stage were themselves interested in the success of the piece. Miss Humphreys, a young and attractive girl, spooned and raged in a sufficiently plausible manner; Mrs. Dana showed experience and gave true character to Mrs. Warren, who portrayed by others might easily have seemed an impossible being. The other parts, from the saturnine Aaron, the landlord, to the ready-witted Mirabeau, addicted to stately speech, from the canting Molyneux to the abused lover, were well portrayed. Marion Kerby, as the darky chambermaid, had the fat part of the farce and made the most of it. Nero was really funny and not always in a conventional manner.

HOLLIS ST. THEATRE—"Charm,"

comedy in three acts by John Kirkpatrick, presented by Arthur Fischer, staged by Rachel Crothers. The cast:

Mrs. Wilson	Jane Oaker
Mrs. Harper	Elizabeth Patterson
Joe Pond	Kenneth Dana
Mr. Harper	Alfred Swenson
Ida May Harper	Betty Lawrence
Mr. Lester	Hal Munie
Doc Garfield	Howard Bowen
Mr. Paxton	Harry Blakemore
Mrs. Paxton	George Lydecker
Mrs. Mildred	Sammie Harrie
Babe	Virginia Fairfax
Violet	Mary Walsh
Claude	Helen Curtiss
Miss Libby	Wella Bishop
Miss Josephine	Edith Leavitt
	Anna Nile

Let us be honest and call it a farce, a screaming farce at that. It need not have been, if Mr. Kirkpatrick were only a man a shade more courageous, for he had a theme in his head as good as gold for a comedy of manners—small town manners in this day when small town manners ape New York manners, just as near as may be.

To write this comedy Mr. Kirkpatrick is the one man out of a thousand. For he knows those small town manners root and branch, back and forth; he knows who is who in a community of the sort, and how this woman will behave at such a juncture and what she will say, what her husband will have to say and how he will say it, and the lawyer's daughter, too. It is not everybody—life-long city dwellers, for instance—who can appreciate the amazing truth of Mr. Kirkpatrick's observation; others can, those qualified by experience, to judge.

But he chose rather to write a farce. His people in the first act, photographically no less in their verisimilitude, bought a book of a pedler, a book dubbed "Charm," with directions for acquiring that desirable attribute, according to the polite standards of fashionable New York. Comedy promptly withdrew, to leave a clear field to farce as wild as ever was set on the stage. The lawyer's wife, poor soul, gave a "souper" to her friends, dressed in a "negligee" made out of her wedding gown, in a desperate effort to reproduce the atmosphere of New York for her silly daughter's benefit.

It was funny, no doubt of that, this act number two, and it had its moments of convincing pathos. There were droll moments also in the third act, but by that time the effects of the "Book of Charm" had worn rather thin; of even a good thing there can be too much. But even so the play is worth the seeing. One act of admirable comedy, another of amusing farce—not every play offers so much.

Miss Patterson played the mother who, to keep her daughter at home, was willing to make a fool of herself, as though she must have copied her from life—a busy, sensible sort of woman, driven by needless work and worry to the pitch of ever-ready nervous tears, a woman with a voice flat and thin like that of many a woman not a hundred miles from here. An accomplished comedian when she was allowed to be, Miss Patterson knows too the ground principle of acting in farce—not once did she let her gravity lapse.

Neither did Mr. Dana, the young drug clerk who made all the play by buying a book of an agent. It would be hard to imagine his part more accurately done, or with a finer flow of spirits. Mr. Blakemore contributed a little portrait of an apothecary like that of an old Dutch painter; Mr. Swenson did as well by the lawyer, till the book had done its work. Most of the others were funny in more or less caricature vein, Mr. Bishop being one of the best. The set things were perfect. The large audience screamed with laughter.

St. James Theatre—"Stella Dallas," a play in three acts by Gertrude Purcell and Harry Wagstaff Gribble from the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty. The cast was as follows:

Effie Dallas	Florence Pendleton
Laurel Dallas	Kathleen Wallace
Ed Munn	Charles I. Schofield
Mrs. Kay-Bird	Louise Black
Mrs. Holland	Nancy Dana
Stella Dallas	Florence Shirley
Mr. Mortley Smith	William Gerald
Nancy Piggott	Nancy Wayne
Tommy Piggott	Frank Charlton
Richard Grosvenor	Ray Mansson
Leona de Puster	Audrey Butler
Clyde Hewitt	John Winthrop
Phyllis Barbour	Ursula O'Hare
Helen Morrison	Edith Spence
Stephen Dallas	Walter Gilbert
Peter Sinclair	John Lee
Butler	Frank S. Peck

For the small proportion of the farce which has miraculously escaped reading the book or seeing the movie version, the theme of "Stella Dallas" concerns birds decided y not of a feather, who flock together and have a very poor time of it.

Stephen Dallas, very much "in" socially, married a pretty but common woman. Unable to stand her vulgarly, he left her and their daughter Laurel in Milhampton, Mass., and thenceforth flourished alone in New York. For 10 years Stella lived in the correct Milhampton apartment house, with Laurel in the right school, but she herself moving into wider and wilder social fringes.

When the play opens, Laurel is going to one of those Long Island house parties, given by her father's friend, Mrs. Morrison. In the same hour that Stella realizes her own complete ostracism by the catty town Brahmins, she discovers that Mrs. Morrison is an attractive young widow, not the dowager of her imagination. Further blows follow. Stephen Dallas's lawyer calls to ask Stella for her consent to a divorce, and threatens to name a harmless, vulgar boy friend. The lawyer follows the general literary tradition making any member of the legal profession closely related to a skunk. Stella, deciding to fight fire with fire and name Mrs. Morrison, breaks in on the house party, but recognizes in Mrs. Morrison a creature of finer clay than herself, akin to her husband and daughter. She tries to arrange a new life for Laurel in the Long Island milieu, but on the daughter's loyally clinging, finally deliberately disillusion the girl, to give her a chance with her own kind.

The play gets off to a slow start with one of those long conversations by the hired help, and it is much too melodramatic all the way through for any real emotion. Stella is supposedly intelligent and a strong character. It would seem so much more sensible for her to use her brains on "How the Older Woman Should Dress," and what not to say in our better social circles, than to step out of her daughter's life by marrying a wreck of a man like old Ed.

Miss Shirley in an elaborate peroxide blonde wig gave a very finished performance of the Stella whose kind heart was much more than coronets, but got her nothing at all. She made the character much more real than the script of the play.

Charles Schofield played Ed Munn, the vulgar but big hearted man friend. He descended grandly from a mere cocktail in act one, to a glorious drunk, with dope on the side, in the last act.

Kathleen Wallace made a sweet and spirited ingenue, a doting invalid. Walter Gilbert as Stephen Dallas had very little to do, but his public apparently like to see him in any part. The minor parts were well taken with the exception of the two social leaders of Stella's town, who couldn't have passed even in Milhampton, Mass. One flourished a lorgnette.

The audience enjoyed the comedy tremendously, and for good measure, laughed at all the tender moments as well.

R. H. G.

REPERTORY THEATRE—"Quality

Street," comedy in four acts by Sir

James Barrie. The cast:

Miss Fanny Willoughby	Edmond Nolley
Miss Willoughby	Agnes Eliot Scott
Miss Susan Throssell	Ruth Taylor
Miss Henrietta Turnbull	Augusta Gill
Miss Phoebe Throssell	Linda Ann Carlon
Maid Patty	Christine Thackaberry
A recruiting sergeant	Louis Leon Hall
Valentine Brown	Guy Phillips
Master Arthur Wellesley Tomson	Velma Lawrence
Ensign Blades	William Faversham, Jr.
An old soldier	Elmer Hall
Spicer	Ralph Roberts
Mal, Bub	Mark Schwald
Mal Linkwater	William Kershaw
Girls, officers and townspeople by Lena Cohen	Phyllis Ford, Dorothy Jones, Mary Mathews, Florence Perrine, Genevieve Robinson, Mary Sherry, James Allet, John Ellis, Randolph Engstrom, Elmer Hall, Robert Hambleton, Phillip Jenner, Joseph Patton.

Nowhere is Barrie sentiment suspended on trailer gossamer than in "Quality Street"; nowhere does Barrie quaintness poise with more delicate equilibrium on thin, shimmering moonbeams of pleasing fancy. Wee to the player who breaks a single filament, or sidesteps by word or gesture. One false move and he is fortunate indeed if the whole airy structure is not irretrievably damaged. To master an unusual pitch and tempo, and to affect a studied artificiality without tumbling over into the bog of burlesque—these are but two of the things demanded of a company which essays "Quality Street."

There is talk of Jane Austen and of Cranford when this play is mentioned and none who have admired the careful carelessness of Austen's character sketches or the indefinitely placid atmosphere of Cranford town can fail to notice the resemblances. The spinsters of "Quality Street" thread their way through the play with a circumspect gentility which almost hits, but somehow barely misses, the broader caricatures so familiar in contemporary plays.

The Repertory players discharged their ambitious assignments for the most part in satisfactory manner, but not until the first act was well under

Why the they fall into the common vein. confronted with the angular sweeping bows of the men and the fluttering capitations of desperately old-fashioned ladies not yet quite accustomed to being old-fashioned, one hardly knew whether comedy was trying to be burlesque, or vice versa. The matter was not helped at all by the extreme difficulty of hearing the opening lines, nor by the fact that too many of the audience arrived at their leisure and disturbed the performance when it was just drawing the breath of life.

Miss Carlson played her timid and adoring Phoebe in the one and only correct manner—the manner in which Helen Hayes would do it, but she, like the other leading actors and the play as a whole, failed to “click” until the middle of the second act. Guy Phillips showed a tendency to hit his lines too hard and generally overplayed his part of Valentine Brown, but only at the start. Later, like all the others, he hit his true vein. Then, all was to the good—it was a thoroughly enjoyable performance. Doubtless tonight and in nights to come the start will be worthy of the finish.

H. F. M.

PLYMOUTH—“The Little Spitfire,” comedy in three acts by Myron Fagan. First produced in New York last August at the Cort Theatre where it ran for seven months. The cast:

Marty Gorman	Walter Glass
Gertrude Gorman	Eileen Wilson
Gypsy	Dulcie Cooper
Frank Gorman	Andrew Lawlor, Jr.
James Ralston	Lester Vail
Peter Ralston	Edward H. Robins
Mrs. Ralston	Edna Earle Andrews
Patricia Longworth	Peggy Allenby
Stanley Markham	Dudley Hawley
Brooks	Joan Manners
A Bell Boy	Frank Smith

The title at once suggests a heroine of Latin temperament who would stamp her little heel and fly off the handle at the most unexpected moments, or again a hoydenish maiden, the type perhaps who, making her exit on a particularly smart line, flips the back of her skirt in the faces of the remaining members of the cast and the audience. The leading lady of Mr. Fagan's play has some of these qualities, together with a good portion of Irish pugnacity and fire.

She is a lady of the chorus who marries James Ralston, the wealthy son of society folks. The parents are at first opposed to the match, especially the mother, who objects to the slang and general style of her new daughter-in-law, dubbed “Gypsy,” by those who knew her best. When they are all assembled at the Ralston's Southampton, L. I., home, it develops that an old rejected suitor of “Gypsy's” and a former jealous fiancée of Jim's have plotted to get “Gypsy's” young brother in trouble by forcing him to steal money and enter a pool. In her honest efforts to free her brother, “Gypsy” goes to the villain's rooms and is discovered in the customary compromising situation by father, mother, husband and jealous fiancée. The last act consists of satisfactory explanations and amusing comedy scenes between Marty Gorman, “Gypsy's” older, wise-cracking brother, and his wife, who helps him along in this style of dialogue.

The audience last evening thoroughly enjoyed every moment of the play. The many comedy scenes not only brought laughter, but were broken up often by the applause of the enthusiastic playgoers. Walter Glass and Eileen Wilson provide most of the fun, as the quarrelling husband and wife. Miss Wilson has a vaudeville delivery that suits her role to a nicety. Peggy Allenby, familiar to Boston audiences as a member of the cast of Mr. Clive's production of “The Creaking Chair,” did a catty female in realistic fashion. The remaining parts were all acceptably taken.

A. F.

THE BRAGGIOTTIS DANCE AT KEITH'S

The Braggiotti Sisters, assisted by members of the Braggiotti-Denishawn school, bring the gentler art of dancing, as distinguished from the more robust Charleston and the Black Bottom, to Keith's this week. They present 11 dances in the same graceful and beautiful manner that has been characteristic of their previous offerings, with lavish scenery and costumes. Starting with “Rainbow,” in which Berthe and Francesca present the act, there is not the cast: a dull moment from then until the finale. The “Pajamarettes,” a before-the-curtain dance performed by Dan Slevelling, Lillian Altschuler, Virginia McLeod and Mildred Racioppi, with Lillian Duncan as the solo dancer, is well done, while the “Sisters,” with the three Braggiotti sisters, is enthusiastically received. They are the stars this week in every sense of the word.

Al Shaw and Sam Lec, “Nature Gifts,” return with some new gags, and proceed to tell about their buying the pants in Pennsylvania. They are the same idiotic pair, doing a little lack-

adical dancing and telling stories which are inane enough to be funny. Then there is Nicola, who has an illusion act which has the spectators mystified, especially the stunt of stretching one of his fair assistants and making a human pin-cushion of another.

The Six Galenos have a whirlwind acrobatic act, part of which is the ordinary routine of most tumblers, while there are parts that have the audience gasping, the acrobats doing double and triple somersaults from hazardous positions and landing in equally dangerous places.

Syd Moorhouse with a clear, sharp voice and flat jokes slings altogether too little to satisfy. Grace and Eddie Parks put on the conventional “song and dance,” while Julius Schlicht's marionettes find favor.

Gene Pearson and Bob Anderson do a female impersonation skit, with Pearson doing his stuff a la Daphne Pollard, while the Unusual Trio close the show with a spectacular roller-skating bit. Then there are the weekly Aesop's Fables, Topics of the Day and Pathe News.

Lon Chaney Stars in “Tell It to the Marines”

Lon Chaney in “Tell It to the Marines” is a splendid advertisement of that estimable branch of the service at the State Theatre this week, written by E. Richard Schayer and directed by George Hill. The cast:

Sergeant O'Hara	Lon Chaney
Private “Skeet” Burns	William Haines
Norma Dale	Eleanor Boardman
Corporal Madden	Eddie Gribbon
Zaya	Carmel Myers

This film moves quickly and with precision from comedy to drama and back again to comedy. It leaves one with the sensation of having served in the marine corps, and enjoying it.

“Skeet” Burns (William Haines) decides to accept a trip from Uncle Sam to San Diego. Tia Juana is just across the border and the ponies have lured him into promising to be a marine in return for his passage, but this is the least of “Skeet's” worries.

Off the train and into the arms of Sgt. O'Hara (Lon Chaney with only his sergeant's face) is only mildly disconcerting to the indomitable “Skeets.” He waves a good-natured farewell to the sergeant as he clambers on board the Tia Juana train and the sergeant remarks calmly that he will come back. He does—minus his suitcase, but still wearing a grin, he tenders his frayed enlistment paper and starts his career as a United States marine.

Lon Chaney is a human and altogether convincing Sgt. O'Hara. He tucks this recruit under his left arm and starts to make him into a creditable addition to his “Leather Necks.” The girl in the case is Norma Dale (Eleanor Boardman) a navy nurse, who adds heart interest by being loved by Sgt. O'Hara and loving “Skeets.”

The marines are shipped to the rainy tropics, where the sergeant continues to play nurse to “Skeets.” Here is the additional lure of Zaya (Carmel Myers) to keep O'Hara up late nights looking after this one private, who causes more trouble than a couple of armies.

China is the next stop for the marines. Chinese bandits and a rescue of some nurses, among them Norma Dale, keeps the action moving at an exciting pace. “Skeets” proves to be worth all the time and attention spent on him as he helps O'Hara and a picked few hold a bridge against the furious bandits. A squadron of United States airplanes make a pleasant sequel possible.

United States cruisers, a lavish sprinkling of disciplined marines, Eddie Gribbon as Corp. Madden and and William Cessae (Useantoinshrdlu) amusing subtitles help Lon Chaney and William Haines “Tell It to the Marines.”

C. M. D.

THE METROPOLITAN

“Love's Greatest Mistake” Is This Week's Offering

“Love's Greatest Mistake” at the Metropolitan Theatre is an adaptation of the current Frederic Arnold Kummer story, directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast:

“Love's Greatest Mistake”	Evelyn Brent
Don Kendall	William Powell
Harvey Gibbs	James Hall
Honey McNeil	Josephine Dunn
William Ord	Frank Morgan

Whose mistake is this? Edward Sutherland is recognized as one of the best comedians in the theatre and he has succeeded in injecting enough novelty into this error to keep the audience and the players wondering expectantly what it is all about.

Evelyn Brent is featured, but she plays a small supporting part and a thankless one as the older sister of the hero.

FOURTH MONDAY CONCERT GIVEN

For the fourth concert of the Monday evening series of Symphony concerts, given at Symphony hall last night, Mr. Koussevitzky arranged the following program:

Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, for string orchestra; Wagner, Prelude to “Lohengrin”; Ravel, choreographic poem, “La Valse”; Brahms, Symphony No. 2 in D major.

Of the “three great B's,” Bach and Brahms would seem to have landed on unsteady ground in the heaven of geniuses, since around each of these names there has developed a clique who find it necessary continuously to burn incense and candles for the safety of their places, while yet declaring that each “sitteth on the right hand” of the ruler of all things. Both of these groups were given a chance for fervent worship last evening. Mr. Koussevitzky opened the concert with a work by the one and closed it with a work by the other. Each was beautifully played and in the “amen” expressed by the hands in the audience there was nothing perfunctory.

For added enjoyment there was the choreographic poem by the modern, Ravel, a piece heard in Boston at least half a dozen times and which gains in effect with each hearing.

The Wagner prelude to “Lohengrin” would have gained measurably had Mr. Koussevitzky given it a slightly faster pace. It dragged a bit last night.

There was the usual large audience.

H. L.

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—“Sunny,” Charles Dillingham's musical production with Marilyn Miller, Jack Donahue and others. Ninth week.

MAJESTIC—“What Price Glory,” the Stallings-Anderson war play done in the films with Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, and Dolores Del Rio.

SHUBERT—“Earl Carroll Vanities,” with Joe Cook, Johnny Dooley, Frankie Heath, Avon Comedy four with Smith and Dale and others. Last week.

TREMONT—“Le Maire's Affairs,” with Sophie Tucker, Ted Lewis, Lester Allen and others. Last week.

WILBUR—“Queen High,” Lawrence Schwab's musical comedy, with Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit, John Hazzard and others. Twelfth week. Moves to Shubert next Monday.

COPLEY—“The Ghost Train,” mystery thriller now in its third month.

“The General” Heads Bill at Downtown Theatre

Buster Keaton, in his latest comedy feature “The General,” is the screen attraction at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week.

The story of “The General” is based upon the famous Andrews railroad raid and locomotive chase in the South shortly after the outbreak of the civil war. Real locomotives and trains of

“The Lunatic at Large” at Washington St. House

Leon Errol, in “The Lunatic at Large” at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre, met all expectations of the audience last night. The plot unfolds the adventures of a hobo who is ticked into an insane asylum in place of a demented millionaire. His association with the “nuts” of the place, his thrilling escape, his mad jump from a dirigible, 3000 feet above ground, are strung with some clever “gags.” Dorothy Mackall has the feminine lead. Kenneth McKenna, well known on the legitimate stage, is the hero of the love story in the picture.

Did anyone spout yesterday at a public gathering: 7623 1927

“Sir, it matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as WASHINGTON. No people can claim, no country

appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation.”

This sort of oratory was much admired in 1817 and was not peculiar to Counsellor Phillips speaking at a public dinner in Ireland. The irreverent today would call it hifalutin. They would find more true substance, a keener characterization in the words of Artemus spoken in his Fourth of July oration at Weathersfield, Ct., in 1859.

“G. Washington was about the best man this world ever set eyes on. He was a clear-headed, warm-hearted, and stiddy goin' man. He never slopt over! The prevallin' weakness of most public men is SLOP OVER! (Put them words in large letters.—A. W.)”

As yesterday was a holiday, our contributors responded nobly to our call for help. “T. O'T” of Portland, Me., thinks these original verses published in the Portland Press Herald are worthy of the great McGonigall:

It was in this month, long ago,
That Washington came into the world—

It was just a short time after that,
His banner of truth he unfurled!

The Father of our Country,
The man who dared to dare—
The boy who cut down the cherry tree,

The man, crossing the Delaware!
He left great memories behind him,
This man who won all love—
Because he always followed right,
Inspired by faith from above!

It is something for us to think about,
For everyone to hope to attain—
This beauty of ideals of Washington's,
That will ever with us remain!

SMUTTY NOSE AGAIN

As the World Wags:
I have not yet read Mr. Pearson's new book of murders; but H. B. B.'s letter in your department for Feb. 18 has led me again to look over the account of the crime at Smutty-Nose printed in the Atlantic Monthly for May, 1875, and written, two years after the event, by Cella Thaxter, the poet.

Mrs. Thaxter, whose home was on a neighboring island at the Shoals, was well acquainted with the victims and their kin; Karen Christensen, one of the two women who were butchered on the night of March 5, 1873, had, until a few weeks before the tragedy, been a servant in her family.

The statements of H. B. B.'s informant regarding the later movements of Maren Hontvet, the survivor of the three occupants of the lonely cottage on that memorable March night—the others being Karen, her sister, and Anethe, wife of her brother Ivan Christensen—are diametrically opposed to those of Mrs. Thaxter. The former alleges that “after the trial the surviving woman went to Sweden, her native country” (all the Smutty-Nose household, by the way, were Norwegians), “where she died not long afterward. On her deathbed she confessed that it was she that killed the woman. The motive would seem to have been jealousy.”

Now for Mrs. Thaxter, whose impressive narrative closes thus: “Last summer Ivan went back to Norway—alone. Hardly is it probable he will ever return to a land whose welcome to him fate made so horrible. His sister Maren and her husband still live blameless lives, with the little dog Ringe, in a new home they have made for themselves in Portsmouth, not far from the river-side; the merciful lapse of days and years takes them gently but surely away from the thought of that season of anguish; and though they can never forget it all, they have grown resigned and quiet again. And on the island other Norwegians have settled, voices of charming children sound sweetly in the solitude that echoed so awfully to the shrieks of Karen and Maren. But to the weirdness of the winter midnight is added, a vision of two dim, reproachful shades who watch while an agonized ghost prowls eternally about the dilapidated houses at the beach's edge, close by the black, whispering water, seeking for the woman who has escaped him—escaped to bring upon him the death he deserves, whom he never, never can find, though his distracted spirit may search till man shall vanish from off the face of the earth, and time shall be no more.”

Very likely Mrs. Thaxter's conclusion is a bit over-written, but somehow the rhetoric seems to fit its melodramatic occasion. But, at all events, it appears worth while to oppose the testimony of so reputable a witness to anonymous accusation of one, and perhaps innuendo against the character of another, of the three poor immigrant women who suffered fearful disaster at Smutty-Nose 54 years ago.

J. C. L. CLARK.

Lancaster.

L. D. S. of Brookline has kindly sent to The Herald a copy of Cella Thaxter's

account of the murder written at the Isle of Shoals, dated March 11, 1873. Unfortunately, the account is too long for publication in this column.—ED.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

I hold no brief for those prevailing styles

Which strait-laced ladies earnestly oppose,
But I perceive no dark, unholy wiles
In those who wear short skirts and sliden hose.

I've known a woman, clothed in plainest dress,
With no suggestion of undue display,
By furtive glance, or seeming bashfulness,

Lead some poor, unsuspecting fool astray.

I've heard a girl, in flapper garb arrayed
(The kind at which our prudish sisters scoff)

In stinging terms rebuke a luckless blade,

And tell the fresh young man where he got off.

In view of this, I think we must admit
That morals are not measured by the yard;

That long skirts sometimes clothe the hypocrite,
And short ones, those entitled to regard.

I am suspicious, when a woman spouts
Too loudly 'gainst a sister's raiment thin,

That her long petticoat in truth conceals
An inner consciousness of some past sin.

When earth was young, and all the world was fair,
True modesty required no clothes at all;

Let our disgruntled dames remember e'er
That woman's petticoats date from her fall.

CHARLES EDGAR ALLEN.

As the World Wags:

Can't you do something to prevent
International aviators from "hopping"

from one continent to another? Flying
through these solitudes of mist and storm,

looking down at dawn upon the wrinkled
surface of the sea suggests adventure
and romance. Not so the hop-toad. The
word is death to realism and to imagination,
an exasperation to all who know one word from another, and an
insult to the seven seas. JOSCELYN.

THOMAS JOHNSON

Thomas Johnson, tenor, well accompanied by J. Shelton Pollen, sang this program last night in Jordan hall: I attempt from love's sickness to fly, Purcell; Apra il suo verde seno, Quagliati; No, no, non si spera, Carissimi; Be thou faithful unto death, Mendelssohn; Champs Paternels, Mehul; Nult d'ete, Tremisot; Le Reve, Massenet; Chere nult, Bachelt; She rested by the broken brook, Coleridge Taylor; Murmuring zephyrs, Fensen; Within the little house, Bennett; The bird of the wilderness, Horman; Steal away, Sinner doan' let dis harves' pass, Burleigh; I got a mother in heaven, Rhodes; Going to shout, Manney.

Mr. Johnson showed himself last night a singer who already has made his path. Being blessed with extremely sweet head tones, he has learned to employ them so judiciously that his voice, throughout its scale, keeps excellent quality so long as he sings gently; his next task must be, as no doubt he recognizes, to add strength to his tones of a sort that will not damage their present fine texture.

In the way of technique Mr. Johnson has acquired already firm and easy management of breath, a smooth legato, and very clear enunciation. If he can add a wider variety of tone color, it will be to the good of his song.

A freer emotional expression, by the same token, would heighten the effect of his singing. Last night Mr. Johnson relied too constantly on songs of tender sentiment; they needed, by way of contrast, a sturdy song or two, or something calling for fervor.

The spirituals, it may be countered, call for fervor enough. But Mr. Johnson, though a singer of the race who ought to do the spirituals best, had little fervor for them. He had not even the requisite rhythm. Far better he sang sentimental songs, especially those of the French, but even songs of sentiment are none the worse for clean rhythm and an air of vigor.

Mr. Johnson has so much at his command and he must have done already so much intelligent work, it will be so bad if he does not set himself

the task of adding to his present equipment the great quality of conviction and of developing a suitable tone for the expression thereof.

His singing last night obviously gave his audience great pleasure. R. R. G.

MUSIC FESTIVAL

Matched against four other national choruses, a Polish chorus directed by Anthony Nurczynski won first prize in the mixed chorus competition at the fourth international music festival at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon.

A Swedish chorus led by August Hulten sang their way to victory in the male chorus competition. The prize in each case was \$250. Led by Herbert J. Jenny, a German chorus received the second prize, \$100, in the mixed chorus singing, and third prize, \$50, went to a Finnish chorus under the direction of Mrs. Fred C. Lind.

VOCIFEROUS APPLAUSE

The audience of 2500 persons was most appreciative of the performances of the various groups. Vociferous outbursts of applause were accorded each chorus upon completion of its offering, and similar outpourings of approval greeted the award of prizes.

The judges were Dr. Archibald T. Davison, chairman; Thomas Whitney Surette and Malcolm Lang. The prizes were presented to the directors of the winning choruses by Gov. Fuller. The Governor, speaking briefly, said that while the present immigration laws require all immigrants to evidence a measure of financial responsibility, "we are learning to ask for another requirement, and that is that those coming to our shores should bring with them the culture of their native country."

The festival was under auspices of Community Service of Boston, Inc., and the Women's Municipal League, with the co-operation also of the Women's Cosmopolitan Club and the National Civic Federation.

The presiding officer was N. Penrose Hallowell, member of the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., a trustee of Boston Symphony orchestra and an overseer of Harvard University.

The winning Polish chorus was composed of members of the Lira Chorus, made up of Polish people of Boston and its vicinity. Its conductor, Mr. Nurczynski, whose home is at 374 Dorchester street, South Boston, is leader of the South Boston Polish band and the Salem Male Chorus.

SWEDES DEFEAT DUTCH

The Swedish chorus that triumphed over a Dutch chorus led by F. W. Stuart, Jr., in the male chorus competition, was composed of the Swedish Glee Club of Boston and the Harmony Male Chorus, both of which are under the direction of Mr. Hulten. He has been leader of the Swedish Glee Club for 25 years. He lives at 27 King street, Dorchester.

The two other choruses in the mixed voices competition were a Portuguese chorus under the direction of Augusto Pimentel, and an Armenian chorus led by Harry H. Eklizian. Each of the five mixed choruses sang "Morning Hymn," by George Henschel, and one native piece of their own selection. The male choruses each sang "Awake, My Pretty Dreamer," by Wilhelm Gericke, and another selection of their own choosing.

The program included also a Washington-Lincoln tableau, and a group of Spanish dances. These latter were given under the direction of Senia Rusakoff by the members of the Boston Spanish Club, with string music by the Brookline High School Mandolin club, and Carl Feldman at the piano.

As a grand finale, the seven choruses, under the direction of Augustus D. Zanig, sang Prayer of Thanksgiving, by Edward Klemser. The audience then joined in singing several selections. The program was opened and concluded with a group of organ selections by Albert W. Snow.

TWO HARPISTS

By PHILIP HALE

Artliss de Volt and Katharyn Perkins, harpists, assisted by Charlotte de Volt, violinist, and Arthur Fiedler, pianist, gave a concert last night in Stelner hall. The pieces for two harps were as follows: Trnecek, Concert Piece; Tournier, Four Preludes; Saint-Quentin, Cloches Matinales and Cloches Melancoliques; Poenitz, Fantasy; Holy, Festive Music. For violin: Corelli, La Folla, Burleigh, At Sunset. Kreisler, Rondino on a theme by Beethoven. Wienlawski, Legende, Tirindelli, Pierrot gal.

Four names on the program are unfamiliar to many concert-goers. Hanus Trnecek, a Czechoslovak composer, taught the harp and piano at the Prague Conservatory. He wrote operas, symphonies and chamber music, and was 50 years old when he died in 1914. Marcel Tournier is a celebrated French harpist, teacher of the harp at the Paris Conservatory. Saint-Quentin composed orchestral pieces, a short opera, etc.

Where now is the one harp that we would gladly hear, the one fashioned by a famous harper, passing by the bonny mildams of Blinnorle, from the breast bone of a drowned woman and strung with her yellow hair? Is it in some museum of musical instruments? We would listen to it, for its "sounds would melt a heart of stone," and might reconcile us to the conventional harp of commerce, chromatic or not chromatic, when it is employed in a recital, and not in an orchestra where it is most effective.

Yet the everyday harp may be a handsome parlor ornament. It was once played by fair women for household pleasure, a pretty sight as with bare arms of presumably lily-whiteness they swept the strings. "Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise," and Louise touched it gently, careless of the fact that the instrument needed a tuner's attention.

Modern composers have written for the harp; their compositions are of a higher grade than the fantasies and transcriptions of by-gone years. Nor are we unmindful of the fact that there have been brave harpists from King David and the Gaelic bards to M. Stourel and Mr. Holy.

The young ladies last evening evidently gave pleasure to an audience of good size, as did the violinist. It is not always safe to speak knowingly about the technical proficiency of a harpist. A good many years ago a reporter, substituting for the music critic of a Boston newspaper, was sent to review a concert. He complained that the harpist used the pedals too freely. It is enough to say that the harpist last night plucked from the strings pleasing and often brilliant sounds.

Mr. Koussevitzky has arranged this program for the Symphony concerts of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening: Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko"; the "Enigma" variations by Elgar; "The Swan of Tuonela" by Sibelius, and a new piece by Respighi: Four Impressions—"Stained Glass Windows." These windows are those which might be seen in Italian churches: The Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt; St. Michael Driving the Rebellious Angels from Heaven; The Martin of Saint Claire; St. Gregory the Great in His Pontifical Robes Blessing the Crowd. These impressions will be played for the first time.

Mr. Respighi, by the way, has completed his opera, "The Sunken Bell," based on Hauptmann's play. Heinrich Zoellner wrote an opera on this subject nearly 30 years ago. Mme. Respighi is of Mexican as well as Italian blood. She has two brothers at home in Mexico today.

It is a question whether a composer is always the one to conduct his works. Richard Strauss, fortunate as an interpreter of Mozart, has not always done justice to his own compositions. Strange as it may seem, his version of his own "Don Quixote" was not so interesting as that of Mr. Gericke's. We say "strange," for Mr. Gericke disliked that tone poem. When music did not please him, he took the greatest pains to give it an excellent performance.

TRANSLATION

(On hearing Koussevitzky and his orchestra)
The great Magician raises high his wand,

And lo! the grayness of the opaque light

Breaks from this magic prism into rays
Of quivering colors—sunrise after night.

The air is pregnant now with brilliant hues,

As violet, topaz, orange, of the strings
Blended with wood-winds' soft translucent blues

Stir into life with shimmering of bright wings.

The harp weaves in and out an emerald strand,

The brasses, red and purple glamor flash,

And sable drum-beat, cymbals' crimson crash

Awake the echoes of a wonder land.

The great Magician leads me where he will;

Rome spreads its age-old beauties at my feet,

Paris unbends my cup of joy to fill,

Naples allures with love and laughter meet;

The Russian steppe unfolds before my sight,

The Orient lulls me with a languorous croon.

I kneel in churches jewelled with glowing light,

And dream in rose-bowers silvered by the moon;

Across high mountain peaks, new trails I blaze,

I brave the treacherous beauty of the sea;

The world unlocks its treasures to my gaze,

While fires of high endeavor flame in me.

Life's dissonances, storm, war, death—appal,

But joy floods in, on tides of melody;

Harmonious beauty sounds a clarion call

That sweeps me on to higher ecstasy.

Surmounting earth, I tread the clouds and rise

Untrammelled, free—mine is the dazzling prize,

Mine is the breathless height,

Mine the transcendent goal;

I measure with the Infinite,

The stature of my soul!

AGNES WELCH.

AT GLASTONBURY

Those who are familiar with Arthur Machen's writings may remember his discussion with Alfred Nutt about the origin and character of the Holy Grail. This discussion came from Mr. Machen's article, "The Sangraal," apropos of headlines in a London newspaper: "Mystery of a Relic. Finder believes it to be the Holy Grail. Two 'Visions' discovered at Glastonbury."

But the vessel then found there was a saucer, not a cup; therefore it was not the chalice of the Last Supper. Mr. Machen also stated that Glastonbury never claimed the possession of this object. According to the legend, Joseph of Arimathea was buried somewhere in the abbey precinct; that with his body there was a phial of the Precious Blood.

A celebrated English student of antiquities and an architect, Frederick Bligh Bond will tell next Monday night in Jordan hall at 8:30 o'clock the remarkable story of discoveries made by him at Glastonbury Abbey; how long-lost foundations were found by means of psychical research. "This is probably the first time that this new science has been turned to practical ends for the increase of our knowledge of ancient things, and for obtaining a proof beyond all challenge of the persistence and survival of mind, memory and personality long after the human actors have passed away. Where the combined skill and knowledge of the greatest archaeologists in England failed for half a century to get light on the problem of these buried chapels, Mr. Bond was able to succeed with little trouble or delay by applying those means of drawing forth that strange sub-conscious knowledge by what is known as 'automatic writing.' With great care and persistence Mr. Bond has built up a case which has already made a wide appeal to thinkers even of a sceptical turn of mind. It is thought by some that his work has done more than any other to demonstrate the immortality of the soul and its independence of the brain and material body."

The Marianne Knelsel string quartet will give its first concert here tonight in Stelner hall. Musio by Haydn, Glere, Kahn, Dvorak.

Lillian Hunsicker, soprano, will sing in Jordan hall tonight. Songs by Gretry, Mozart, Strauss, Mahler, Brahms, Korngold, Plerne, Chabrier, Grovlez, Bainton, Weaver, Loeffler, La Forge.

The subject of Burton Holmes's Travogue in Symphony hall Friday evening and Saturday afternoon is "Holland and the Dutch."

On Saturday morning, in Jordan hall, at 11 o'clock, Ernest Schelling's concert for children.

At 3 P. M., in the same hall, Muriel Haas Carpenter, dramatic soprano; songs by Veracini, Respighi, Brogi, Liszt, Erich Wolff, Hugo Wolf, Saint-Saens, Hahn, Franck, Bachelet, Bernberg, Burleigh, Engel, Ganz, German, Cadman.

The New England College Glee Clubs will sing in friendly rivalry in Symphony hall tonight at 8 o'clock. Amherst, Boston College, Boston University, Bowdoin, Brown, Clark, Holy Cross, M. I. T., Middlebury, R. I. State, Tufts, Wesleyan.

Next Sunday's concerts: Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Mme. Jeritza, soprano; 8:15 P. M., Rose Zulalain, singer. Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M., People's Symphony orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor.

And so poor Hollman is dead. I had not seen him for years—I believe he had not been in London for years, though in the past he had lived here a very contented and prosperous life. He

was, I think, the greatest violoncellist of his time, and perfectly devoted to his art. His fine 'cello he used to always call "Madame Hollman"—I don't believe at that time there was a Madame Hollman in the flesh. He was, and he remained, so long as I knew him, a great big boisterous, innocent, good-humored boy. He had a typically Dutch frame, stout, bulky, almost unwieldy, a great mane of hair brushed back from his forehead, and his eyes sparkled with good humor and childlike innocence. He really did not care about anything but music. When a contract was once presented to him from America he was going to sign it almost without reading it, until a friend pointed out to him the serious sacrifices of the fees he was entitled to which were involved, and even then he did not take the matter seriously. I assume that he died laughing.—T. P. O'Connor.

Hollman—he spelt his name with two 'n's'—came to Boston in the season of 1892-93, when he gave three concerts with J. Wolff, the violinist. Hollman was born at Maestricht in 1852, and was a pupil of Servais. Mr. O'Connor speaks of his good humor. We remember him sweetly smiling even while he was not playing sentimental music; he did not turn his face away from the violoncello as if it had an offensive smell.

In the new Madame Tussaud's wax-work show in London, Mussolini's body is covered by a red cloth arranged like a Roman toga. Among the villains are Crippen, Landru, Vaquer, Schneider, Mrs. Higgins and Horatio Bottomley.

Ernest Newman having heard Arthur Bliss's "Hymn to Apollo" conducted in London by Mr. Montoux, could not "extinguish a sneaking wish that it had been Apollo who had written a Hymn to Bliss."

GEORGINA SHAYLOR

Georgina Shaylor, contralto, accompanied by Frances Omar Weeks, sang these songs last night in Jordan hall. Come raggio di sol, Caldara; Il mio bel focco, Marcello; My Heart Is Fixed, Bach; Where the Bee Sucks, Arne; Klinge, Klinge, Mein Pander, Suss and Sacht, Jensen; Wohin, Gretchen am Spinnrade, Schubert; Vieille Chanson Espagnole, Aubert; La Pluie, Georges; La Maison Grise, Messager; Printemps Nouveau, Vidal; Transformation, Watts; A Piper, Head; Yearnings, Palmgren; Love Is the Wind, MacFadyen.

In the two years or so since her first Jordan hall recital, Miss Shaylor has grown in musical grace. Last night's program gives proof of the fact, a program with finer songs on its list than Miss Shaylor fancied two years ago, one, too, that points to a certain pleasant venturesomeness in the maker.

Since she appreciates the worth of Georges, pray let Miss Shaylor try, another time, one or two more of those "Marba" songs. Jensen—that song of the murmuring zephyrs excepted—she may almost be credited with discovering; other singers overlook a veritable golden treasury of song when they fail to make use of the best of his work. But why did she choose German words when she had a Tennyson poem at hand, with every syllable in its right musical place? When she sings in public again perhaps Miss Shaylor will like to try Wolf's song about the pander, more dramatic than Jensen's if not so immediately engaging.

Once quieted nerves had given her full control of herself, Miss Shaylor produced medium tones and low tones of singular beauty; high notes, especially those softly sung, she would be wise to avoid in public till she has learned to manage them better.

But already when she first appeared Miss Shaylor had a beautiful voice to display. It is in her musical development she shows her most marked gains. For now, when at her best, Miss Shaylor can summon a definite atmosphere for her songs. "Wohin" she sang last night with beauty of phrasing, with charm. Gretchen's song she made genuinely moving, holding the climax firm to the end, with fitting emphasis and color for significant words.

It cannot truthfully be stated that Miss Shaylor sang every song last night as stirring as this of Schubert's, though many she sang well indeed. In any case, she has set herself a high standard. It will be interesting, and a pleasure, to see her reach it. She pleased her audience heartily last night.

R. R. G.

Caravan Theatre Offers Trio of Entertaining Pieces

Three one-act plays, written and directed by Raymond Knight, were presented by the Caravan Theatre at Brattle hall, Cambridge, last night. The performance was given under the auspices of Mrs. Charles Almy for the benefit of the Neighborhood House. The casts were as follows:

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?
A Young Man..... George Bishop
A Woman..... Jean MacLeod
Her Husband..... Kenneth MacLeod
A Worried Young Man..... Charles Leatherbee
RENDEZVOUS
Edward I. King of England..... Kenneth MacLeod
Lord Peversey..... Bernard Barton
Philippe IV. King of France..... George Bishop
The Princess Blanche..... Jean MacLeod
The Princess Margaret..... Doris Sanger
An English Soldier..... J. Russell Wood
A French Soldier..... Charles Leatherbee
French Knights..... Laurence Poyman
STRINGS
The Boy..... Bernard Barton
The Girl..... Doris Sanger

It was an evening of varied and delightful entertainment; pure comedy, light melodrama and whimsical romance were on the bill of fare. The plays showed a nice feeling for dramatic values and considerable originality. We venture to say that name of Raymond Knight will be heard on Broadway within a year or two.

The opening play, "When Shall We Three Meet Again?" has an ingenious plot, quick action and deliciously unexpected transitions from melodrama to farce. It was hilariously received by last night's audience.

"Rendezvous," an adaptation of "Rat Trap," a short story by James Branch Cabell, is a 13th century tale of treachery and guile; of loyalties and a battle of wits. It is an old-time thriller, culminating in a clever denouement. George Bishop as King Philippe gave an excellent performance and Jean MacLeod as the unscrupulous princess seemed to us much too beautiful to be discarded despite her false heart.

But in "Strings," a highly imaginative bit of sentiment, Mr. Knight has done his best work. It was played with restraint and considerable skill by Doris Sanger and Bernard Barton. Mr. Barton was more convincing in his role of ingenuous lover than many seasoned actors we have heard in similar roles. Miss Sanger is a young woman who will bear watching. She has a light, flexible voice, a magnetic personality and great stage presence.

The United States is to be represented by two composers at the festival of the Incorporated Society for Contemporary Music held at Frankfurt, beginning on June 30. Henry F. Gilbert's "Dance in Place Congo" and Aaron Copland's "Music for the Theatre" will be performed.

HAPPY DAYS!

As the World Wags:

A letter from G. W. Chandler, artist, traveler and theatre-goer, now idling in Hollywood. Commenting on a Los Angeles newspaper strip (and strip is a good word here), published each Sunday with pictures of old-time stars, mostly in tights, he writes:

"Of course I remember Corinna. Saw her after she had blossomed into womanhood. Plumper than ever, but rather pretty. I do not remember Lillian Russell as having piano legs. They were rather fat, but not unshapely. Saw her first when she was the wife to Fred Solomon and singing in an operetta written by him. 'Billie Taylor,' that was at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, when I lived there, about forty years ago. A basso named Ellis Rise was in the troupe. He was then an old man and quite well known. Had some remarkably deep notes and when he commenced to go down the scale a chap named Butler Hilton, who was with me, and I, commenced to scrooch down in our seats, lower and lower as the notes descended. Hilton said afterwards: 'If Rise had gone down a couple of notes more, I would have been under the seat.' Later I saw Ellis Rise as the Mikado, and the best Mikado I ever saw, both in voice and acting, to say nothing of a wonderful make-up."

"Looked into the Athletic Club gym his evening (I am a third-floor athlete—third floor, lounge, dining-room, and rooms and grill), and there was a chap turning a string of flip-flaps that made me envious. Not that I am too old to execute them, but I never could get quite over. My exercising now is confined mostly to billiards, though some day I may get up the courage and renew my acquaintance with the fells. Used to do a bit at that in France."

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Was not the name of the bass mentioned by Mr. Chandler "Ryse"? Our memory is fast failing, but something in our heart tells us that the name was not "Rise."—Ed.

DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

As the World Wags:

A Kansas editor decided to do his own society writing. Here is one of his paragraphs from the story of a wed-

ding:

"It was a wonderful wedding. The girl was as sweet as any girl who ever lived, but modern. As she walked up the aisle on her father's arm her lips lightly tilted at the corners in a happy smile, she was a picture of modest beauty. Her filmy wedding gown and gossamer veil floated around her fair blond head like a halo. She was as nearly an angel as girls get to be in this world. At the altar as she passed from her father, the man she had always loved, to the man to whom she would devote the rest of her life, her dainty slipper touched a potted lily resting on the floor and turned it over. Smiling again, she turned to the dear old pastor waiting at the chancel, and said: 'That was a hell of a place to put a lily.'"

M. F.

HE CAN AFFORD TO DO IT

As the World Wags:

What's all this talk about Henry Ford going to a party and dancing with his own wife? That's a fine example to be setting for the youth of our country.

For shame, Henry! JAZBO.

CONCERNING POLITICS

As the World Wags:

Miss Blackwell's fear that compulsory voting will bring out such an overwhelmingly large vote of undesirable citizens that the will of the best element in our public life will be thwarted—is certainly groundless. Our undesirables need no compulsion to exercise, to its fullest extent, the right of suffrage. It is the so-called "best element" whose apathy about civic matters; whose ignorance of the qualifications of candidates; whose gullibility, and actual laziness—it is this element that (dooming itself to a submerged tenth position)—is largely responsible for the waste, inefficiency, grafting and utter lack of dignity among officials—that make so many city governments a joke.

In a city not a thousand miles from Boston, a former mayor suggested that lineoleum be laid in the corridors of City Hall so that employees coming in at 10 A. M. wouldn't disturb the mayor! In this same city, when an election vital to the wellbeing of the community was going on, a nationally prominent authority on public matters passed without stopping his own voting booth on the way to deliver a lecture on a public question. He was typical of his class—people who couldn't understand why anything so outrageous should have happened (it was at a later election) as the topping of the list of the elected by a sand lot orator, while a famous authority on city government received the smallest vote cast.

And some of our "scholars in politics!" Ye, gods, how the real polls do make monkeys of them! Guileless as Pickwick, they fall for anything plausible. Far better to elect modern editions of Sam Weller.

It would be well if we could force our "best element" to learn how to mix; to become as wise in its day and generation as the children of darkness, to acquire a bit of horse sense. Thus equipped, it should be compelled to vote.

NANCY FERGUSON.

THANK YOU

As the World Wags:

No doubt this is the poem that "A. F. D., St. Petersburg, Fla., is looking for in answer to the inquiry attached.

"THE WORLD'S NEED"

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

"So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs."

R. M.

As the World Wags:

The supreme court of Tennessee, in holding the law against teaching evolution constitutional, did not interpret it. If the act merely forbids the teaching of evolution as the legislators understand it, they have a good defense: it merely forbids the teaching of false doctrine. No man of science ever has taught or ever will teach evolution as the Tennessee legislators understand it. Probably they mean to assert indirectly that man is a special creation. Did they mean to forbid teaching the development hypothesis? Probably they would admit that man belongs to the animal kingdom, and so is nearer kin to a turtle than to a tree; that he is a vertebrate, and so nearer kin to a fish than to a turtle; that he is a mammal, and so nearer kin to a pig than to a fish; but they deny that he is a primate, and so nearer kin to an ape than to a pig.

I don't suppose the average popular intelligence throughout Tennessee is much higher than that of her Legislature. Does it make much difference whether people of this average mentality are taught, for example, that babies are brought from heaven, trailing clouds of glory, by a stork; or that they are developed from the union of a gonad and a germ, and are born as the beasts that perish?

W. C. ROSE.

Ashland.

KNEISEL STRING

By PHILIP HALE

The Marianne Kneisel String Quartet (Marianne Kneisel, Elizabeth Worth, Lillian Fuchs and Phyllis Kraeuter) played for the first time in Boston last night in Steinert hall. The program read as follows: Haydn, Quartet, D major, op. 64, No. 5; Glere, Theme and Variations; Kahn, Scherzo from Quartet, A minor, op. 60; Dvorak, "American" quartet, F major, op. 96.

It was a pleasant sight to see the daughter of Franz Kneisel at the head of her own quartet. What Theodore Thomas was to the development of an understanding in this country of the better class of orchestral music, Kneisel was to the general development of a taste for chamber works throughout the land. Before the establishment of his quartet, which came to have an international reputation, there were organizations of this nature in various American cities, but their existence was hardly known outside of their own towns, their life was precarious; and the public, though perhaps musical in a fashion in other ways, was not drawn to quartet concerts. When Boston could justly boast that it was a musical city, the Kneisel Quartet was one of its chief sources of pride. New York called for this quartet. With its departure, interest in local string quartets waned. It was no longer the "fashion" to attend these concerts. Visitors were welcomed for some years, and are still welcomed by those fond of this class of music.

It was natural that friends and colleagues of Franz Kneisel were reminded in Steinert hall last night, of the nights when the old Chickering hall, Association hall and other rooms were filled to overflowing by those eager to hear the Kneisels play familiar works and curious, moderately curious about the "novelties." Naturally the audience last evening was anxious for the success of Miss Kneisel's venture; hoping that she with her co-mates would carry on the work under the family name.

Her quartet is young in years and in experience before the public. It probably had not played in so small a hall of admirable acoustic properties. This lack of acquaintance with the hall, added to the enthusiasm of youth, no doubt led to robust performance, when there might otherwise have been an exhibition of greater finesse, of sharper contrasts, of a more careful regard for nuances. Haydn's quartet, for example, was played for the most part in a straightforward, sturdy manner. There was careful and musical phrasing, but more than once the first violin was too much in evidence when not in solo passages. More satisfactory on the whole was the performance of Glere's variations. Here there was appreciation of poetic feeling, and a livelier sense of contrasting values.

In purely technical matters this quartet as it now stands, is entitled to respect. With more experience and in the maturer years the players will no doubt make a name for themselves. An audience of fair size was warmly applaudive.

LILLIAN HUNSICKER

Lillian Hunsicker, soprano, sang this program in Jordan hall last night, accompanied by George Vause.

Plus de deuil, plus de tristesse, Arlette, Gretry; Alleluja, Mozart; Meinem Kinde, Strauss; Hans und Grethe, Mahler; Liebesbriefchen, Korngold; Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenze, Brahms; Le moulin, Plerne, Villanelle des petits Canards, Les Cigales, Chabrier; Guitares et Mandolines, Grovlez; The Nightingale Near the House, Balnton; Moon Marketing, Weaver; To Helen, Loefler; Song of Love, LaForge.

Miss Hunsicker brought with her last night an exquisite voice, a voice peculiarly beautiful in its lowest register, of a paler loveliness throughout the rest of its long range. This fine organ Miss Hunsicker has brought to a high state of development; with it she can do deftly perhaps all that she desires, and all with enviable ease.

To dispute about matters of taste is but a vain thing; everybody admits as much. So let us merely set down the opinion that some people will cling to the view that Miss Hunsicker places undue faith in the power of head tones to charm, to the exclusion of all nasal resonance—and, consequently, of tonal color and of significance or distinct enunciation. The opinion may also be given that Miss Hunsicker, apparently absorbed in the beauty of the tone she must like best—otherwise she could learn to vary it—sometimes forgot to remember rhythm and the beauty that

explosive.

sical phrasing also tends to

In the matter of rhythm Miss Hunsicker drew but feeble aid from her accompanist, who gave rather of his strength in tone, too loud for a voice so delicate. R. R. G.

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Works by Sibelius, Elgar, Rimsky-Korsakov and Respighi on Program

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 17th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela," Rimsky-Korsakov, "Sadko," Respighi, "Church Windows"; Four Impressions for Orchestra (first performance). Elgar, Variations on an Original Theme.

It was a great pleasure to hear again after ten years the poetic legend of Sibelius with the English horn solo played beautifully by Mr. Speyer. Here is no swan, singing before death, a fable that suggested to Villiers de l'Isle-Adam one of his cruellest tales, and served Anna Pavlova for an entrancing, memorable dance-pantomime to Saint-Saens's familiar music. This is the swan that glides and sings on the river of black water around Tuonela, the Kingdom of Death. Sibelius, to whom the Finnish epic "Kalevala" furnished subjects for several of his earlier compositions, which, alas, have not been performed in Boston, by economic means, by an unerring choice of his instruments, portrays the scene and gives the song—after the hearer is acquainted with the explanatory note in the score. Suppose that the hearer had no knowledge of the legend, had never read of Lemminkainen's adventures; how to win the maid Pohjola he set out to accomplish certain tasks, among them to shoot a swan on this River of Death. How would the hearer then be impressed? Surely he would be moved by the strangeness of the music, by the mysterious first measures, by the unearthly melancholy of the song, by the quiet intensity of it all. He would find in the music a tragic mood, simply but unmistakably expressed. To us this legend of Sibelius, for itself, and by the manner of the performance was the commanding feature of the concert.

Rimsky-Korsakov, like Jonah, was thrown from a ship, not because he was regarded as a hoodoo, but as a propitiatory offering. One is reminded of the old song:

"Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea,
Dress'd in his best suit of clothes."

What McGinty found there remains unknown, for he never came back. Sadko was more fortunate. He was a guest at the wedding of the Sea King's daughter; and while he played on his gusli, which he had thoughtfully taken with him, they all danced until he broke the strings. Here we have deliberately pictorial music, entertaining enough, but not Rimsky at his very best. Boston has seen the ballet with this music, but has never heard the opera, which was composed 30 years after this "tone-picture" in the opera is the story of Sadko's adventures after he is on dry land, and wearied of it, sets out again upon the deep, refusing the companionship of Lioubava, his wife. Early this month, the opera was performed in Paris by Russians in concert form, as "Aida," "Faust" and "Martha" have been heard here in concert halls, sung by ladies and gentlemen in conventional and more or less pleasing evening dress.

Mr. Respighi's "Church Windows" are windows that might be in any Italian church, but the music was not suggested by any windows now to be seen by native worshippers or Cook's tourists. The four subjects, allowing of strong contrasts in musical expression, are "The Flight into Egypt," ("The caravan bearing the Treasure of The World"); "Michael the Archangel" (driving with his sword the rebellious angels from high heaven); "The Matin of Saint-Claire" (how angels bore her desperately to attend the matin service); "Saint Gregory The Great" (in pontifical vestments, blessing the throng). To us the finest, most individual pages in these four "Impressions" are to be found in "The Flight" and in "The Matin of Saint-Claire". In the former there is the pleasing monotony of repetition that one associates with Oriental music; a coloring that at times reminds one of Borodin's "Steppe of Central Asia." In "The Matin," as in the fourth impression, one hears the solemn chanting and sees the clouds of incense; in the former there are truly

spiritual measures, the latter seemed diffuse, at times labored, and the climax which should have been overpowering was anticipated. "Michael the Archangel" is stormy battle music with the relieving episode of a trumpet solo (off stage) played effectively by Mr. Mager. As a whole, this suite is not to be classed for invention and eloquent expression with either "Fountains" or "Pines of Rome." Mr. Respighi called to the platform was loudly applauded.

Elgar's "Variations" were once regarded as a brilliant show piece for an orchestra. There was a time when Elgar was held to be a "great" composer. Time, the Old Man with a Scythe, has a disconcerting way of handling it. While the performance yesterday was brilliant, the music, with a very few exceptions, seemed at the best respectable in a middle class manner; the sort of music that gives the composer the degree of Mus Doc, from an English university. In Elgar's case his music won him knighthood, and to this day there are "Elgar Festivals" in England. Was Cecil Gray too severe when he wrote of Elgar: "He never gets entirely away from the atmosphere of pale, cultured idealism and the unconsciously hypocritical, self-righteous, complacent, Pharisaical gentlemanliness which is so characteristic of British art in the last century."

The concert will be repeated tonight. At the concerts of next week the orchestra will be assisted by the Cecilia Society, trained by Malcolm Lang Langendoen. Variations on a Dutch theme of Adrianus Valerius. Rimsky-Korsakov, tone picture from the opera "Kitej." Brahms, Song of Destiny. Wolf, The Fire Rider. Dello, The Song of the High Hills. Prokofiev, "They are Seven." Glinka, Finale of "A Life for the Tsar." Charles Stratton will sing the tenor solo in "They are Seven."

In the Arlington street subway station is a sign, "Not This Way Out." The stairs for the proper exit are near by. At least 75 per cent. of the passengers climb the forbidden stairs. Why? Is it from curiosity to find out why they should not go out that way? Are the women led by the thought: "I'll show them whether I can"? Or are they possessed by the demon of perversity? As a matter of fact the other exit is the more convenient. The free and independent American citizen and citizeness wish to do "as they damn please." Forbid them something, advise them not to do this or that, warn them of possible danger, and lo, there is a snapping of derisive fingers.

Mrs. Donna Shinn Russell, who recently gave a song recital in New York, was enrolled among the sopranos of the Boston opera company during the season of 1912-1913, but we do not recall her as having taken even a minor part in a performance. She was the second wife of Mr. Henry Russell, the director of the Opera House, the second of his three wives, all now living, and, it is said, amiably disposed toward him.

LET HIM COME

The Roosevelt Club of Boston received a few days ago the following letter: "I learn that you have invited Mr. Nicholas Murry (sic) Butler, president Columbia University, also Mr. Bora (sic) of Idaho to speak on the subject of the 18th amendment, or in other words, Wet or Dry."

"Gentlemen, why not make it a three-cornered event, as I know more about this subject than either one of them. I visualize, they only read. However, if you call me I insist to be the last speaker."

"My price is \$300, plus all expenses, with a certified check in advance, covering the \$300."

"Possibly your club may not see your way clear to accept this proposition, you may know of some large, prominent club, who will make the most of it, if so please advise them."

"Again the chamber of commerce, the Rotary, the Kiwanis, the Lyons clubs might be interested in strictly high class business talks."

"Furthermore (sic) you may know of some large churches in Boston, who will be interested in a very high class Christian lecture."

The paradox of civilization has certainly reached its bedlamite conclusion when a man can go hurtling about the streets on a dangerous machine without any test of his capacity to control it, while his victims are solemnly disciplined in dodging his unschooled antics. —Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.

MORE BANDIT—TY (CAMBRIDGE)

(For As the World Wags)

I'm rather new in crime,
I'd like to know the time,
—Hand over your wrist-watch;
Don't be slow!

The night is very dark,
I find it quite a lark,
—Your jewels and your rings,
If you please!

rot gal.

I'm really not "in fun,"
I have a little gun,
—And quite a lot to do,
So good-night.

PAPA GANDER.

DE PROFUNDIS

As the World Wags:

From a freshman paper we get the answer to the question: "What's wrong with the world?"

"Such was the prophesy of Isalah (swords into ploughshares, etc.). He also said that there would be not military schools, standing parties or navies. A world of universal peace would prevail."

The spelling, as the antiquaries say, is that of the original. "There would be not . . . standing parties." As 1928 approaches, adieu amen.

Once again from a freshman orthography being virgin, we gather that "there were about ninety-five per cent. of the race illiterate." Did Plato ever say that the torch burned the fingers of those who, having it, passed it on?

As the revenue Ides of March draw near, perhaps we can all sympathize with this gentleman mentioned in the Salt Lake Tribune:

"COYOTE MAT COACH
SUFFERS INQUIRY"

Yours truly,
EASTERN ESAU.

Idaho.

H. B.'s REPLY

As the World Wags:

It is too bad that Justin Henry Shaw, Esq., should get so warm over the story of the Smutty Nose story in The Herald of Feb. 18. The writer of the article did not say he believed it. It is evident that there were opinions among some people at that time which differed from the findings of the court. Of course any one, whether Pearson, Shaw, or others, consulting the records, would find everything to prove that the court was right and would find no word that would cast the shadow of a doubt of the infallibility of the verdict. My guest, for whom Mr. Shaw expresses such contempt, served his town as selectman. He also was an able and prosperous merchant. He came of a line of the oldest and most prosperous settlers of that part of the country and lived in one of the finest of the old mansions of Kittery. H. B.

As the World Wags:

I don't know whether you have to take it or pronounce it, but sodiumphenylmethylypyrazolomidomethausulphonate has been introduced as a cure for rheumatism. OLD KY.

R. L. CUNNINGHAM SAYS

(Colorado Springs Gazette)

"I take great comfort in occasionally reading the editorial pages of the Boston papers. Not that I get much good out of them, but because I think I can observe a slow, but constant, improvement in the English which those papers employ. For example, in a recent editorial which appeared in the Boston Transcript, the word sass appeared twice without being inclosed in quotation marks, just as I, or any other westerner accustomed to write and to speak faultless English would have used the word."

We are pained to find Mr. Cunningham, in his column, "Random Comment," saying that he is "statin'." We also find: "There wouldn't be no bankruptcy courts." He writes in his breezy manner: "If I could only know what would tickle my readers plink"; "I can bawl out a few landlords when I get ready to do so who would be a blamed sight better off if they used more water."

"The whole distinction between the 'worker' and the 'brain worker' is an artificial and a snobbish one which should be ignored."

GRADES OF INTELLIGENCE

As the World Wags:

In answer to the query of a correspondent in The Herald of the 19th is the following quotation from Eden Philpotts: "There are three orders of intelligence, the lowest never reaches higher than the discussions of persons; the second talks about places, which is certainly better; the third soars into the region of ideas; and when one finds a person indulge in ideas, then count their friendship for ideas as the only sound basis of intellectual interchanges. It is so strange to see an educated person who might be discussing the deepest mysteries and noblest problems of life, preferring to relate the errors of a domestic servant or deplore the price of sprats." MARY A. HOLT.

Somerville.

BURTON HOLMES TALKS ON DUTCH

The subject of Burton Holmes's Travelogue in Symphony Hall last night was "Holland and the Dutch."

"Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land."

As but the off-scouring of the British sand

To make a bank, was a great plot of state;

Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate."

So Andrew Marvell sang when England and Holland were not friends. The Dutch—those bold sailors—one of whose admirals in a sea-fight, learning that the ammunition was out, shot Edam cheeses from his cannon with devastating effect. He was nearer the sturdy, courageous Dutch of today than those satirized by Marvell and described in bitter terms by Robinson Crusoe and Capt. Lemuel Gulliver.

Mr. Holmes paid a deserved tribute to the character of the people introduced by him to a very large audience. First he showed the canals and streets of Amsterdam, with its disturbing mixture of century-old and ultra-modern architecture. It was a shock to see the hideous exteriors of the new tenement houses, comfortable as the interiors may be, nor are some of the new houses of the rich more pleasing to the eye. There were many pictures illustrative of the diamond industry; there were many street scenes. It was a pity that some views of Amsterdam were "speeded up," merely to excite the laughter of those easily amused. These pictures deserved more leisurely attention. Rembrandt and his pictures were discussed.

The Hague was visited, that restful city, fit place for the Peace Palace. Mr. Holmes was right in his condemnation of the palace as a building, its architecture is far from being symbolical or suggestive in any way of the purpose to which the building is devoted. There were pleasing views of Scheveningen with its beach and bathers, among them a singularly bold, fresh young girl, who pranced before the camera. Not Dutch by her birthplace but of American importation.

In the second part the busy harbor of Rotterdam gave one an idea of the port's importance. The cheese maker and the handling of the Edam cheeses at Alkmaar were noteworthy. One was tempted to ask when these cannon balls turned red for our consumption. There were a few views of Haarlem, Doorn (pronounced to rhyme with "thorn") and here Mr. Holmes secured a telephotographic picture of William Hoenzollern's present home. Last of all came the fishing village of Volendam, with its dwellings below the level of the sea; Marken with its people curiously costumed. One heard with regret that Holland's windmills will soon be no more.

This interesting travelogue will be repeated this afternoon. Next week a wholly new travelogue on Switzerland. P. H.

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MIRIEL CARPENTER

JORDAN HALL—Miriel Haas Carpenter. Miriel Haas Carpenter, accompanied by Millicent Chapman Cooke, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall:

A Pastoral, Veracini; Nebbie, Respighi; Gotine Gialle, Brogi; Oh! quand je dors, Liszt; Marchen, Erich Wolf; Verborgenheit, Elfenried, Wolf; La Cloche, Saint-Saens; Le Souvenir d'Avoir Chante, Hahn; Le Mariage de Roses, Franck; Chere Nuit, Bahcelet; Il Neige, Bemberg; By the Pool at the Third Rosses, Burlleigh; A Memory, Ganz; Kangaroo and Dingo, German; Spring Song from "Shanewis," Cadman.

Miss Carpenter furnished her audience with a very agreeable hour of singing. Wisely recognizing that the occasion was not one calling for masterpieces of song or yet for any disturbing music of today, shrewdly she made herself a program of songs for the most part well tested, songs she could feel reasonably sure her hearers would like. To avoid the possible reproach of triviality, she added a few pieces of weight to her list, like the Respighi song and "Verborgenheit," Saint-Saens' "La Cloche" if you will.

Miss Carpenter argued justly. Her audience, of very good size, liked her songs very much, and evidently her singing, too.

She has indeed an unusually good voice, a strong soprano of average range, with admirable notes in every register when freely delivered. Musically, too, quite as well as vocally, Miss Carpenter met the demands of the occasion. It was clear she gave great pleasure. I. R. G.

Feb 27 1927

Sixty-five years ago Henry Fothergill Chorley published in two volumes his "Thirty Years' Musical Recollections" with portraits of Rubini and Giulia Grisi and a short preface. He then wrote that a book of this nature could have no value, unless there were faithfulness to recollection, and sincerity in offering opinion. "Personality there must be, and such as is decided by individuality. If a judgment beyond appeal can be formed by human creature on any question, it is, surely, not on a question of art. . . . Human sympathies will have their share, let Reason be ever so conscientious. . . . I have tried my utmost to be a fair witness." The years covered were 1830-1859.

These volumes have long been out of print and been eagerly sought, not only by students of musical history. The edition, in one large and handsome octavo volume published by Alfred A. Knopf, with a long introduction by Ernest Newman, a portrait of Chorley and an unusually full index, is indeed welcome. It is the first in a series of books similar in character to be edited by Mr. Newman, the "Borzoï Musical Series."

Chorley is by some remembered only as a critic who could not appreciate the music of Schumann and Wagner; who idolized Rossini and could not foresee the genius of Verdi. A few may give belief to the story that Gounod, writing his "Funeral March of a Marionette," had Chorley in mind, for his gait was peculiar, his manners in later years, chiefly owing to poor health, were brusque; an irritable person, who had been ailing from his youth. But Chorley was a man of unusual parts, and there were those in and out of the profession who loved him. He wrote novels, dramas, librettos, poems, and was for many years music critic of the Athenaeum, to which periodical he contributed many articles on other subjects. His "Music and Manners in France and Germany," and "Modern German Music" are still entertaining and important. This can hardly be said of his "National Music of the World," based on four lectures, a book published after his death. (Chorley died in 1872.) This book, by the way, is not included by Mr. Newman in his list of Chorley's writings.

Mr. Newman's introduction is wholly admirable. He not only gives full account of Chorley's life and discusses him as a critic; he has much to say about the critical faculty. What he says at the beginning deserves quotation:

"It is difficult for the musical critic to achieve any immortality except one of opprobrium. He is remembered solely by his few misses; his many hits are not counted to him. The reason is obvious. If he talks sense, his views become the commonplaces of later musical opinion, and no one thinks of crediting him in particular with them. If he talks nonsense, this is regarded as peculiarly his own, and it is sure to be brought up against him later by some musical biographer or other who wants to intensify the sympathetic atmosphere surrounding his hero by showing how sadly sympathy was lacking to him while he was alive."

Mr. Newman cites the case of Eduard Hanslick, who, because the Wagnerians hated him, and Wagner turned out to be a winner, has become a "by-word to tens of thousands of people who have never read a page of Hanslick for themselves, and are completely ignorant not only of his views on music in general but even of his real attitude toward Wagner." And in like manner Chorley, because he failed to foresee the greatness of Wagner, is "a 'joke and a sore shame,' as Nietzsche says of the ape." If Chorley had his limitations, Wagner showed his limitations, as in his judgment of Schumann, Chopin, Brahms, not to mention others.

(Will critics of today be flouted 50 years from now because in 1927 they failed to foresee the genius of Mr. Aaron Copland?)

We doubt if anyone has written more intelligently about singers and the opera than Chorley. He wrote bravely; he wrote fairly and intelligently. He explains to us the popularity of Italian opera, the passion for "ornaments" in vocal music. They were not evidences of bad taste and vanity on the part of the singers; the people demanded them; they thought them necessary to solo music and to their own enjoyment. We learn from Chorley why Rossini and Meyerbeer ruled for years the opera houses.

Chorley ended his chronicle with the year 1859. What did he then know of Wagner or of Verdi? Mr. Newman writes shrewdly when he says that the opposition to Wagner was not so much his early music, though the long-windedness must have been a vexation to body and spirit—as it is today—as his prose writings. "The impression that most people gained from these prose works was that of a young composer of fair talent and insufferable arrogance, who disparaged all previous and contemporary opera composers and contended that he alone had the secret of the genuine musical drama. A good deal of gratuitous oburgation of the critics of the period might have been spared us had historians only taken the trouble to look at the dates and the facts.

In 1959 who could have foretold that Verdi would write "Aida," "Otello," "Falstaff," "The Requiem"? Even Chorley found in the Miserere in "Il Trovatore" a "picturesque beauty and an originality not to be doubted or denied by any one to whom the stage speaks. . . . The introductory air for the heroine is new in its forms of melody and accent." Yet he added (1855) that possibly this opera had already lost "that popularity in all its fulness, which its music enjoyed for a while." And in 1927 "Il Trovatore" still draws crowds to opera house. Only a rash critic indulges himself in prophecy.

We have spoken of Chorley's bravery. It is true that he had his editor behind him, for the rule of the Athenaeum was that "the truth should be told without consideration of consequences." (Chorley's novel, "The Lion," was roughly handed in his own paper.) This bravery was never more conspicuous than in Chorley's account of the enthusiasm excited by Jenny Lind. We wish that Mr. Newman had referred to this episode in Chorley's life.

Chorley began by saying that nothing in any time had equalled the amount of influence brought from the outside to bear on the reception in London of a singer. The public was told that she was the darling of the Opera House in Stockholm; of her success at Berlin, "where her apparition was indeed a godsend among the clumsy and exaggerated women who strode the stage, screaming as they strode. . . . With these came details of private life, and authentications of private virtue, just as largely minute as if they were not, of necessity, assumed—since private life and private virtue do not bare their modesty and their secrets to the paragraph-maker. Last of all, the herald-trumpets spoke of charities done, in a tone as if charity was the exception, not the rule, among musical artists."

When she finally came and appeared as Alice, in "Robert de Diable," her success with the public was prodigious. "Woe to those during that season who ventured to say or to write that any other great singer had ever sung in the Haymarket Opera House! To my cost I know that they were consigned to such ignominy as belongs to the idiotic slanderer. Old and seemingly solid friendships were broken, and forever, in that year. It was a curious experience to sit and to wait for what should come next, and to wonder whether it really was the case that music had never been heard till the year 1847. . . . In short, the town, sacred and profane, went mad about the 'Swedish Nightingale.' How far the triumph was well deserved in its extravagance was a question scouted for the moment as the rankest and most presumptuous heresy."

Chorley then discussed Jenny's voice and her portrayal of various roles, praising when he thought praise was due. Her voice was of two distinct qualities. The lower half was veiled if not husky, apt to be out of tune. The upper was rich, brilliant, powerful. Her control of breath was excellent; her execution great. She was a skilled and careful musician, using pianissimo tones, so as to make them resemble an effect of ventriloquism. Her auditors thought she possessed deep and true feeling. "This satisfaction I only shared at intervals." Chorley liked her Julia in "La Vestale," her best part; her Alice, Amina, Lucia, Adina. Her Norma was pale and weak. Sontag surpassed her in the "Daughter of the Regiment." Jenny's Suzanna in "Marriage of Figaro" was stiff, heavy, conscientious.

The whole chapter should be read; it shows Chorley at his best; and at his best he is easily among the leading critics of all times and of all lands.

P. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Maria Jeritz of the Metropolitan Opera House. See special notice.
Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor; Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Women's Republican Club, 3:30 P. M. Savell Walevitch, singer of Russian Folk Songs and Ballads. See special notice.
Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Alfredo San Malo, violinist, assisted by Richard Hageman, pianist. Tartino, "The Devil's Trill"; Sonata in G minor. Saint-Saens, Concerto, No. 3, B minor. De Falla, El Pano Moruno. G. Faure, Berceuse. Rimsky-Korsakov, Hymn to the Sun. Wieniawski, Caprice. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:15 P. M. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor; Irene Scharrer, pianist. See special notice.
Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Frank Sheridan pianist. Rameau, Gavotte and Variations. Bach, Sicilienne and Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue. Schumann, Sonata, G minor. Chopin, Impromptu, F sharp, Mazurka, C sharp minor, Etude (Revolutionary). Ravel, Jeux d'eau. Debussy, Feuilles Mortes, Danse. Balakirev, Islamey.
Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Robert Gomberg, violinist; Paul Gregor, pianist. Vivaldi, Concerto, A minor; Gretschaninov, Regrets. Bloch, Nigun and Simchas Toire. Vieuxtemps, Concerto, No. 5, A minor. Bergh, Twilight Musings. C. Burleigh, Over the Laughing Waters. Wieniawski, Souvenir de Moscou.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Ruth Culbertson, pianist. Bach, Allemande and Courante from the French Suite, G major. Haydn, Andante with Variations. Schumann, Papillons. Chopin, Nocturne, C sharp minor; Two Mazurkas. Ballade, F minor. Szymanowski, Etude. Paderewski, Burlesque. Griffes, the Fountain of the Acqua Paola and Scherzo. Ravel, Alborada del Gracioso.
Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Johannes Fonnas, Danish bass. Arias by Flagler, Loewe, Mozart, Nicolai; songs by Schubert, Schumann, Strauss, Wolf, and a group of Scandinavian songs. Max Rabinowitz, pianist. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra assisted by the Cecilia Society and Charles Stratton, tenor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Charles Anthony, pianist. Debussy, Prelude, No. 1. Bach, Prelude and Fugue, No. 5; Chorale Prelude, Italian Concerto. Ravel-Charlot, Ma Mere l'Oye (first time in Boston, as thus arranged). Chopin, Fantaisie in F minor. Ravel, Ondine, Le Gibet, Scarbo.
Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony Concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

ERNEST SCHELLING

Ernest Schelling conducted the last of the series of children's concerts at Jordan hall yesterday morning. He was assisted by members of the Boston Symphony orchestra and by the Flonzaley quartet. The program:

Schubert: March Militaire; Rameau: Musette, Rigaudon et Menuett, Gavotte, from the ballet suite "Acante et Cephele"; Granados: Intermezzo from "Goyescas"; Tchaikowsky: Chinese Dance, Arabian Dance, Russian Dance, from the Nutcracker Suite; Beethoven: Menuet from String Quartet No. 4, opus 18; Ponchon: Scottish Jig, Irish Reel; "Sur le Pont d'Avignon"; Paderewski: "Cracovienne Fantastique"; Strauss: "Blue Danube" waltzes. The Flonzaleys played with their usual chaste perfection, and were received with appropriate acclaim by the children. To the Beethoven menuet and the folk dances by M. Ponchon, who

is first violin of the quartet, they added as encore a South Sea dance by Ernest Bloch, "Tonga Tabu."

Schubert's Marche Militaire was chosen by the children for repetition, out of all the music they have heard at this year's concerts. The "Blue Danube" waltzes were played as a request left over from last season, when they were runner-up to the "1812" overture in popularity.

New editions of some interesting books are published by E. P. Dutton & Company. For example "The French Revolution: a Study in Democracy," by Nesta H. Webster (Mrs. Arthur Webster), first published in 1919; the third edition in 1922.

It would seem from her "Epilogue" that Mrs. Webster's purpose is to combat Bolshevism and its militant atheism. She finds Bolshevism the equivalent of "Jacobinism," which so upset the Abbe Barruel in 1797, fearing the "universal explosion" devised by "Spartacus."

Weisaupt, that in the name of a general revolution which would overthrow "all thrones, all altars, annihilate all property, efface all law, and end by dissolving all society." Mrs. Webster appeals to the English people. "Can we believe that at this hour they will fail to play their part as the champions of liberty? Can we believe that the workingmen of England who put down with an iron hand all attempts to establish Jacobinism in their midst throughout the French Revolution, amongst whom Marx himself for more than 30 years labored in vain to obtain a following, whom Kropotkin left in anger and disgust after his failure to win them over to his schemes of anarchy, will now be persuaded by the agents of Lenin to accept that which their sturdy forefathers rejected and to become the instruments of their own ruin?"

Her purpose is to show that the French Revolution did not come from the uprising of an oppressed people; that, on the contrary, they were happy and contented at its outbreak; that the pictures drawn by Carlyle and Dickens ("Tale of Two Cities") are, for the most part, merely romantic, largely erroneous.

Her main propositions are: that four great intrigues brought on the revolution:

"1—The intrigue of the Orleanistes to change the dynasty of France.

"2—The intrigue of the Subversives to destroy all religion and all government.

"3—The intrigue of Prussia to break the Franco-Austrian alliance.

"4—The intrigue of the English Revolutionaries to overthrow the governments both of France and England."

The subversives were men who simply wished to destroy everything. They had no political creed. Their theories originated in certain secret societies, lodges of a spurious form of Freemasonry, rejected by genuine Freemasons; associations like the Order of the Illuminati, founded by Dr. Adam Weisaupt, a university professor in Bavaria, who adopting the name of "Spartacus" aimed at a world revolution. And there were subversives in England; "members of the middle class employed in sedentary occupations and deprived of the mental balance that manual labor brings, or occasionally of an aristocracy that has failed to show them the appreciation they desire, they seek"—for this minority always has existed in England—"they seek to avenge their own wrongs rather than to redress those of the people."

As the French people had no leaders in their own ranks they were easily swayed by incendiary opinions. One infers from her book that Mrs. Webster has little belief in the people as a thinking body; one might say that she is "agin" democracy.

Whether one accepts her theories, whether one believes with her that the French dancing peasants of Watteau and Lancret were not the creations of the artists, that there were no starving men and women in the villages, no "ragged spectres of the Faubourg Saint Antoine portrayed by Dickens," that they were all a jolly lot, though justly grieved by unequal taxation and the game-laws, or will say with Wendell Phillips that the Revolution was a great blessing—did he add "unmixed blessing"?—the fact remains that Mrs. Webster's book is graphic, often picturesque, thoroughly readable. Admit, as some will say, that she is violently prejudiced, that some of the authorities she quotes are as suspicious as those in Carlyle's romance—for she would thus characterize his history—the book is nevertheless, and perhaps for this reason, entertaining. She has mastered her subject—as she views it—and in the comparatively small space of 314 pages told the story of six years with a due sense of proportion. The other 12 pages deal with events that led to the assembling of the States-General and the rule of the Directory. Nor could it be thought that she has no sympathy for the French. But are her theories supported by the evidence? His question can be answered only by those who have made a special study of the causes, events and results of the Revolution. Let us look at some of her portraits.

Is she fair in her treatment of Choderlos de Laclos? She speaks of him as the author of the "scandalous Liaisons Dangereuses"; as "a monster of immorality himself," to whose cynical mind there was something diverting in the idea of putting the dissolute Duc d'Orleans on the throne. Compare with this the careful study of the family man and

his great novel by Richard Ainsworth in his introduction to the "Liaisons Dangereuses," a volume in the Broadway Translations series.

Charlotte Corday "did not feel she had killed a human being." There is a vivid portrait of Theroigne de Mericourt, queen of the demi-monde, later the Amazonian leader. At the siege of Versailles, "dressed in a blue riding habit, wearing on her head a feathered hat a la Henri IV, with a pair of pistols and a dagger in her belt, the little creature seemed suddenly to have recovered her lost youth, for her face, haggard in repose, was now lit by an inward fire that glowed in her dark skin, and flamed forth from her eyes obliterating the ravages of ill-spent years." No wonder that Thiebault, then meeting her, took her to be only 20: "I say, with a sort of horror, that she was pretty, very pretty; her excitement enhanced her beauty."

Apropos of her, Mrs. Webster writes: "The role played by courtesans in the earlier stages of the Revolution has never been properly estimated by historians; but for the co-operation of these women . . . it is doubtful whether the great scheme of the Orleanistes—the defection of the army—could ever have been realized. The French Guards, the gayest and most essentially Parisian regiment in the army, were habitual frequenters of the Palais Royal, and thus became the allies of the courtesans who lodged in the surrounding houses and haunted the vicades."

Read her description of Carrier at Nantes, conceiving the idea of the "noyades" which inspired Swinburne to write a famous poem—its needless to say before he came under the chastening, repressing, chilling influence of Watts-Dunton.

As the World Wags:

The Herald of Feb. 19 printed a portrait of Hugh R. Wilson, "chief of the division of current information named minister to Bourne."

Would "Canned on the Cape" be a good headline for the fate of Mr. Wilson? Of course we all recognize Clamport as a centre of information, whether current or not, but what about Bourne? To be sure, there is the New York boat.

M. H.

JERITZA IN RECITAL

At Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, Mme. Maria Jeritza, soprano, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave a recital, assisted by Maximilian Rose, violinist, and Emil Polak, accompanist.

Mme. Jeritza sang the following: Aria from Herodiade, "Il est doux, il est bon," Massenet; "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," Brahms; "Erlkönig," Schubert; "Inferdile," Hahn; "Au Pays," Augusta Holmes; "Trees," Rasbach; "Spring Dropped a Song into my Heart," Beatrice Penner; aria from Turandot, "In questa Reggia," Puccini. Mr. Rose played: Arioso, Bach; Ron-do, Mozart-Kreisler; Hymn to the Sun, Rimsky-Korsakoff; Hungarian Airs, Ernest.

Nature has favored Mme. Jeritza in a number of ways. She has personality, looks, voice, mind, temperament. Yet listening to her singing one wonders whether the gods have been too kind or not kind enough. To put it another way, she has been blessed with certain basic equipment for a career as singing artist. The gift has either been so bountiful that she has leaned too heavily on it, or else it lacks just the touch which no amount of hard work can add to it.

Mme. Jeritza has a dramatic soprano voice of many colors. She has a wide range, in all parts of which are beautiful, at times exquisite, tones. She gives her songs dramatic import without grimace, without wild gesticulation. Withal she is an uneven singer. At times her tones are limpid and free; and again her attack will be faulty, she will strike slightly off pitch, produce strained effects in her upper register, and in many of her sustained passages have decided undertones.

In an operatic performance, of course,

the support from the orchestra would help to minimize many of these defects, and it is easily understandable how Mme. Jeritza's work, as an artistic whole, would then stand out to greater advantage than is to be had in the merciless emptiness of a concert stage with a mere piano accompaniment, however sympathetic the latter. And the accompanying of Mr. Polak leaves nothing to be desired.

Mr. Rose plays his violin with a fine, warm quality of tone. He shows a tendency, however, to sentimentalize his playing, to the detriment of the musical ideas and pattern of the composition. Also, he does not yet command the pulse which would enable him to keep one position with his body, which now swings a full semi-circle from left to right and back while he plays.

There was a large and responsive audience, with just a few patches of up-

turned chairs in the hall.

H. L.

WALTER McNALLY IN SYMPHONY CONCERT

An audience which nearly filled Symphony hall last evening enjoyed the recital given by Walter McNally, the Irish baritone, under the auspices of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association. The proceeds were in aid of the old folk's fund of the Catholic charitable bureau of the Boston diocese.

Mr. McNally's pleasing personality and emotional fervor endeared him to his hearers from the beginning of his varied program, which ranged from the "Pagliacci Prologue" and Handel's "Ombra! Mal Pul," sung in Italian, to humorous Irish ditties. The latter he sang with all the grace and feeling of McCormack. His voice was of good volume and tone, plus perfect enunciation, and proof of his training was shown in the artistic restraint and dramatic fervor of his style.

The assisting artist was Miss Ruth Collingbourne, violinist, who delighted with several suites by Leclair, Debussy and Kreisler. She was loudly applauded for her rendition of "Zigeunerweisen" by Sarasate. Reginald Boardman was accompanist, and John A. O'Shea was organist.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

Mr. Mason began yesterday's concert, the 13th by the People's Symphony orchestra, with an overture than which there is nothing more classical, Cherubini's to "Anacreon." So it sounded yesterday, a "classic" indeed, shapely, formal, melodious and also dry and empty, if one may voice an impression freely, and not a little harsh.

Surely it need not sound so. Its first theme, a melody with ripple and flow in it like that of running water, can be so played that its charm will pervade the overture's every bar. Tonal harshness, too, can be done away with, given sufficient pains. But it is always the "classic," depend upon it, that, at a pinch, must do the best it can.

Schumann came off better, with his piano concerto (Jesus Maria Sanroma). Of every melody and every rhythm Mr. Mason felt the full force, be it romantically emotional, exhilarating, or merely graceful. The orchestra followed conscientiously.

Mr. Sanroma gave a very good performance of the solo part, something in the fine fashion set here by Mr. Felix Fox, a fashion in which the soloist is content to waive his soloist's rights and take his place as one of the orchestra. This fashion, though artistically admirable, is not without its dangers, for Schumann, after all, was writing with the piano much in his mind, and consequently counted on it for the effect of certain big passages and climaxes. Now and again Mr. Sanroma became almost too self-effacing. Well-equipped pianist, too, that he is, he has yet to acquire tone which, while staying soft as need be, can, by its shimmer or gleam, make itself felt above, or through the noise of an orchestra. He was warmly applauded yesterday.

So was Johannes Fohlis, a bass from Denmark, who sang the prayer to Isis from Mozart's "Magic Flute" and Falstaff's drinking song from Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor." A true "basso profundo" if ever one trod the stage, Mr. Fohlis pleased mightily with his prodigious deep tones.

Between the soloists Mr. Mason played a piece for strings by Puccini, called "Chrysanthemums," its first performance in Boston—Pleasant, melodious music, in a gently mournful vein, it is a wonder it has never been played before.

He ended the concert with far the best performance of the afternoon, that of "Les Preludes" by Liszt. He had not at command what most conductors would wish when they come to tackle Liszt—an orchestra as large as they are made, with every choir in it of dazzling skill. The greater his triumph, therefore, in making every effect there is to

be made—all because he set his scale aright, and never lost his sense of proportion. Because, furthermore, every choir gave its very best, the result was one of beauty, finer indeed, though not so flamboyant, than sometimes happens when colors are daubed on too thick.

Mr. Wallace Goodrich will conduct next week's concert, when Mr. Mason will play the piano part in his Persian Rhapsody.

R. R. G.

Dr. Lehnndorff of Vienna has discovered a "universal remedy" for all diseases caused by bacteria.

Bishop Berkeley discovered a universal remedy nearly 200 years ago. This was tar-water. He wrote a book about it: "Philosophical Reflexions and Inquiries Concerning the Virtues of Tar-Water," otherwise known by the title: "Sirls, a Chain of Philosophical," etc.

In the year it was published (1744) the poet Gray took a course of this medicine. Sir Horace Mann's brother drank it constantly for at least two months, but he was still ailing in 1736. Horace Walpole wrote that his complaint was his wife. She was killing him: "Her temper is beyond imagination, her avarice monstrous, her madness about what she calls cleanliness, to a degree of distraction." (Yet she may have been a fine figure of a woman.) A century later FitzGerald, the improver of Omar, wrote that he had been concocting two gallons of tar-water under Berkeley's directions; a poor exchange for Omar's jug of wine. James Clarence Mangan, the unhappy Irish poet, wrote in praise of tar-water, but would not abandon whiskey and laudanum for it.

Berkeley is probably now better remembered by Byron's lines:

"When Bishop Berkeley proved there was no matter,
He proved it was no matter what he said."

And by his own line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," thus foreseeing our Imperialists with their bureaus at Washington. When Mr. George N. True wrote "Westward the hoe of Empire stars its way," which serves as one of the six mottoes prefixed to Chapter II of Artemus Ward's thrilling romance: "Red Hand: A Tale of Revenge," he irreverently paraphrased the Bishop's beautiful thought.

SPEAKING OF "INQUIRIES"

(London Daily Chronicle)

"Could you tell me . . ." began the man in the corner of the railway carriage. The occupant of the opposite corner glared at him. "No, I couldn't," he retorted, "don't try your rotten American tricks in here. Cross-word puzzles were bad enough. Now this senseless asking of questions has caught on over there, I understand. We don't want it." Red and resolute he plunged back into his paper. "But," said the other mildly, "I only wanted to know what time we get to London bridge."

ADD "SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS"

"Amongst the islands of the West Indies are the Pyjamas noted for toilet sponges."

"Louis XVI was gatelined during the French revolution."

"The highest peak in the Alps is Blanc Mange."

The best time of life is the good time that is coming. It is just round the corner, so to speak, and very soon we shall enter upon it and live happy ever after.—Jerome K. Jerome.

LAURA BELL

Capt. Peter Wright mentioned Laura Bell among the women Gladstone knew, but not, to his credit. Gladstone knew Laura and respected her. Some days ago we spoke of her as Mrs. Thistlethwaite and quoted from the malicious pages of W. Carew Hazlitt.

T. P. O'Connor now gives a more flattering account. He heard in the eighties that Laura was a poor, beautiful Dublin girl who sold flowers in the street for a living, "and the rest." She met Thistlethwaite when she was famous in the fast life of London. He loved her madly, married her, and at his death left her nearly £100,000. "Plenty of people in the House of Commons used to pay visits to her drawing room, where she was in the habit of receiving large numbers of people, nearly all distinguished, and very proud to be of her entourage." One of them now living, Lord Lambourne, told Mr. O'Connor that he met Laura when he was a young man. She was standing on an iron bench in the park and preaching to some people gathered round her. They were rough and began to chaff her. She was a quiet looking person, rather plain, quietly dressed. Lambourne told her she had better step down, for she was frightened. She said she was Mrs. Thistlethwaite. On the way to her house in Grosvenor square, she talked about religion and the work she was doing.

When Lambourne was at home, he told his mother about his experience. She said Mrs. Thistlethwaite was Laura Bell who had repented of her past and was doing an enormous amount of good. "I hope you will go and see her," added my mother, "And she may do you good." Lambourne paid a visit, found many there, among them Mr. Gladstone, who was greatly interested in Laura's account of the good she was doing by her preaching. Lambourne's mother invited her to speak at a drawing room meeting. According to him, Laura's face was then rather round and pale, and her complexion was not good. She was

always very plainly dressed, at home and outside.

Is it not possible that Charles Reade had Laura in mind when he introduced La Somers in his novel, "A Terrible Temptation"? Mr. O'Connor does not suggest this, but the character and the life of the two women were similar.

FILIBUSTERING AS A SCIENCE

As the World Wags:

Old friend Webster defines "Filibuster" as follows: "A member of a legislative body who delays legislation by extreme dilatory tactics."

I understand that the usual method of filibustering is that of grabbing the floor and talking about anything else in the world except the subject before the house.

Why limit this privilege to senators and representatives? The ability to filibuster can be used by all of us to great advantage. A little free advice upon this subject may come in handy. Please note carefully:

1—When a traffic officer stops you for speeding, converse pleasantly about the weather, and say that it looks like rain. When he departs to get his umbrella, drive away.

2—If a bill collector manages to get inside your door, remark at length about dogs, and mention the fact that you have a very savage German police dog in the next room that he might like to see. He will immediately discover that he has an important engagement elsewhere.

3—In case a hold-up man points a gun at you, discuss firearms and explosives, and state that you have a stick of dynamite in each pocket. Request that he kindly shoot at you, to see whether he can explode any of the sticks of dynamite. He may refrain from doing so.

4—When riding on the train, engage in conversation with the conductor who comes to collect your ticket. Advise him your ideas as to the latest play or motion picture until you reach your station. Then, slip quietly out through the window.

These are just a few instances where the art of filibuster may be used scientifically to excellent advantage.

WARREN B. JENNINGS.

As the World Wags:

The Filibuster in the Senate was still going strong when the whistle blew for tea to knock off work. The speaker then holding the floor had got only half-way through reading the Bible, Dr. Hot's Five Foot Book Shelf and the complete Record of the Official Orders and Reports of the Civil War. By the latter part of August it is thought the filibusters will have got well into the encyclopaedia Britannica and the White House Cook Book. R. H. L.

One would think from her story of the Bastille that the prison and the management of it would have met the arm approbation of the late Thomas Paine Osborne. The legend perpetrated by Michelet, Carlyle, Dickens has no basis of truth. Of course the leaders, Robespierre, Danton, Marat, are in her story monsters with few if any redeeming qualities.

"The Germans, as we today have reasons to know, are past masters in the art of disseminating lying propaganda and of duping the uneducated classes, and the fact that the Jacobins of France were their disciples explains the extraordinary resemblance between the methods of the French revolutionary leaders and those of the German leaders in the recent war."

As we have said, here, to use Horace Greeley's phrase, is mighty interesting reading. Put Mrs. Webster's book on a shelf with Carlyle's romance, the novel of Dickens, Anatole France's "Les Deux ont soif" and let them fight it out.

As the World Wags:

Has Mr. Johnson read Russell's "Benjamin Franklin, the First Civilized American," yet? I have a feeling he would enjoy it. No wonder Franklin adored France and the French adored him; his composition was far more Gallic than Anglo-Saxon—his sense of humor especially.

But it was with far different feelings I put down Woodward's "George Washington, the Image and the Man." I am sure the author wrote it with his thumb in his cheek; it breathes in every line the fashionable modern attitude—Everything's rotten to the core, always has been, always will be, praise God!

But turning to a more cheerful topic I had a letter from a friend spending the winter in Dallas, Tex.; she reports nine New Year morning calls and every hostess serving a delicious combination of beverages not smiled upon by our constitution.

Appropos of this last, one of the witty ladies of this community remarked recently: "If suffrage took woman out of the home, prohibition certainly put man in the kitchen!"

PATIENCE PEACOCK.

"ON APPROVAL"

By PHILIP HALE

Tremont Theatre: First performance in Boston of "On Approval," a play in three acts by Frederick Lonsdale. Produced in New York on Oct. 18, 1926, by Charles Dillingham at the Gaity Theatre the players were Mmes. MacDonald and Cooper and Messrs. Edginger and Wakefield.

The cast last night was as follows:

Helen Hayles Vera Neilson
Mrs. Wislack Violet Kemble Cooper
Richard Walton Wallace Edginger
The Duke of Bristol Hugh Wakefield

Marshal Saxe thought that there would be happier husbands and wives if they agreed to live together for seven years. At the end of that time, they could separate, or continue in wedlock until Death the Sunderer of Companionships and the Filler of Graves should play his allotted role. If children were born of those resolved to separate, the state would take care of them.

In Mr. Lonsdale's comedy, an impecunious Duke thinks of wedding the rich daughter of a pickle maker. She is violently in love with him. To the Duke her money does not smell of pickles. He would make to his objecting, horrified family the famous reply of the Emperor Vespasian.

Mrs. Wislack, a widow, 41 years old, having been unhappily married, with an income of £30,000 a year, wonders if she should try her luck again. She possibly remembers the saying of the Man in the Iron Mask, writing for Figaro many years ago, and reverses it to suit her sex: She that married for the second time does not deserve to have lost her first husband. She rather likes Richard, good natured, sympathetic, without vices, poor, who has loved her from childhood. Egged on by the Duke he proposes to her. She says: We'll go to my house in Scotland. We'll live there as if we were man and wife, but you must sleep at a hotel a mile away. At the end of three weeks we'll know whether we can be happy in years to come. "On Approval," a certain form of trial marriage though not one that would have been approved by gallant Marshal Saxe.

Helen, learning the plan, goes to the Scottish house; the Duke, in order to help Richard in his wooing, goes to the hotel. So the scene shifts from Mayfair to Scotland.

The comedy from beginning to end is a comedy of words, of epigrams which are shaken from the sleeves of the characters as a conjurer pulls yards of ribbon from his mouth. Hard words, they often are, for only Richard and Helen have genuinely amiable characters. The Duke is abominably conceited and selfish. Mrs. Wislack is an accomplished snigger, selfish, exacting. Richard is constantly imposed upon, scolded without reason. Helen waits on the Duke, for the servants have left on account of Mrs. Wislack's temper. When at last he graciously proposes marriage to Helen she turns him down and tells him with appalling frankness what she thinks of him. Mrs. Wislack asks Richard to wed her. She will settle £5000 a year on him. The poor worm turns and in plain terms refuses to play the henpecked husband. Mr. Lonsdale, having no mercy on two of his puppets, has invented an ingenious ending.

Here is another play in which success depends on brisk dialogue, sharp and biting sayings, rude comments on behavior, a pleasing flavor of cynicism, and above all on the skill of the comedians in revealing character and giving emphasis to the spoken word. It is not often that Boston is permitted to see a constantly entertaining play, entertaining in itself, so admirably acted. The individual characterizations are excellent; the ensemble is worthy of all praise. Whether the comedy is true to the life of a certain set in London is immaterial; nor is it necessary to ask whether any English woman would thus weigh in the balance a candidate for her hand. These four persons are in a Stage world, where anything may happen: No doubt there are women like Mrs. Wislack, but one may doubt whether any English or American woman would be as brave and sensible as Helen and refuse to be a duchess.

It is not necessary to speak of each one of the four in this comedy of words and manners (in some instances of bad manners); for it is not easy to see how any one of the roles could be better played. No one who appreciates acting of the finest quality in comedy can afford to miss seeing "On Approval." The title if it were a question, won't justly be answered with a resounding, "Approved."

ALFREDO SAN MALO,

Alfredo San Malo, a young violinist highly praised in South America and in Europe, played last night in Symphony hall, to the very good accompaniment of Richard Hageman. This was his program: Tartini, sonata, G minor; Saint Saens, concerto, B minor; de Falla, "El Pano Moruno"; Faure, Ber-

ceuse; Rimsky, Korsakov, "Hymn to the Sun"; Wieniawski, Caprice.

If Mr. San Malo had wished to come before the Boston public primarily as a musician, surely he would have presented himself in a program quite different. Tartini and the Saint Saens of the B minor concerto—as a technician, no doubt of it, Mr. San Malo preferred to show what he can do.

Full freedom of choice is his, without a question. But the trouble is that not everybody is qualified to judge of a violinist's technique—who, indeed, to ask it bluntly, is properly qualified, except a person who has learned to play a stringed instrument? Other people must needs confine their comments to the music a violinist makes.

Mr. San Malo showed himself last night a very good musician indeed. Not a phrase did he turn inelegantly, not one accent did he let fall falsely, not once did he lose his rhythm. On the other hand, not a single phrase can one remember that he made conspicuously beautiful, not a melody he made compelling, not a rhythm with vigor in it or the sprightliness that charms.

In a smaller hall, where expansiveness of temperament is not so needful, Mr. San Malo would probably appear to better advantage than he did last night. His tone as well, sweet enough last night and smooth and clear, would undoubtedly sound more powerful and colorful under different conditions. Also his technique—to venture one step on dangerous ground—might add that dazzle and brilliancy that stir the layman to the unquestioned ease and security shown last night. One feat of technique Mr. San Malo accomplished last night recognizable by the veriest layman in the hall—he played the harmonics at the end of Saint-Saens's andantino absolutely in tune.

The audience applauded Mr. San Malo heartily. R. R. G.

Saveli Walevitch Sings at Women's City Club

The second of its Monday afternoon musicales was held at the Women's City Club yesterday afternoon, the program consisting of Russian folk-music by Saveli Walevitch.

Those who were not fortunate enough to be in the limited audience missed one of the esoteric occasions of the season. Dressed in Russian costume, and to the simple accompaniment of a Russian guitar where he used accompaniment at all, Mr. Walevitch sang a group of central Russian folk songs, a group of gypsy ballads, and a third group of soldier, prison, and exile songs. He told the story, or the origin, of each song as he went along, and in some cases gave the additional preface of a couplet or two of English poetry, free translations of the words of the songs, before launching into the Russian version of the song itself.

All of which sounds quite prosy in the reporting, and not at all of the character of the performance. Mr. Walevitch has a beautiful baritone-tenor voice, which seems capable of any shading, of any dramatic expression, at will and apparently without effort. Yesterday he was said to be suffering with a cold, but that effected his singing only slightly, and not enough to interfere with the enjoyment of it.

But beyond and above the songs and his singing of them he produces an indescribable something which, for the want of a better term, one might call the spirit of his art, wherein lies the charm of his entertainment. Its essence is the simplicity of the Russian soul, the freedom of the gypsy. It is an art form close to nature, and perhaps most appreciated by those sophisticated to the point where the complex and the simple again meet in the cycle of things.

It is said that Mr. Walevitch gives these recitals "as a work of devotion," that this fast disappearing art of his native land may be preserved. The occasion yesterday, therefore, was doubly one of devotion, for it was one of a series of musicales for the benefit of the South End Music school.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Laff That Off," a comedy in three acts by Don Mullally. The cast was as follows:

Peggy Bryant Florence Shirley
Emmy "Monopus" Kathleen Wallace
Mrs. Connelly Florence Pendleton
Tubby Valentine Edith Spence
Leo Mitchell John Winthrop
Arthur Lindau Frank Charlton
Robert Morse "Remorse" Walter Gilbert
Jimmy Valentine Day Manson
Mike Connelly William Gerald
Toney, the ice man Frank S. Peck

Apparently it's quite easy to laugh this play off. From the moment Walter Gilbert appears without the whiteannels or dinner coat of his usual

juvenile lead, but wearing on their place a kitchen apron obviously designed for a poor young man who washes his own dishes, the audience is consistently amused. "Laff That Off" is one of those comedies in purest American dialect, about three young bachelors who share an apartment in New York, and what happens when Peggy walks in. If it's not exactly what you'd pick for William Lyon Phelps, say he were your dinner guest, it offers a splendid chance to forget the stock market and the baby's cough in a gentle bath of sentiment and humor, equal parts. Wisecracks and folk with golden hearts beneath more or less gruff exteriors, a sweet girl and three splendid upstanding fellows, all trusting each other and Peggy, even with the evidence against her.

Florence Shirley plays the persistently charming Peggy, all alone in New York, rescued in the nick of time by "the gang." Peggy learns in act one that young men are defenceless against beauty in distress, in act two that you can't be a sister to them for more than three months, and in act three how remarkably quick a heart forever broken heals in the masculine breast.

Walter Gilbert does the wise-cracking Remorse with gusto, glad to be free for once from the romantic lover type of role. The audience took him to its heart from the moment he slew a cockroach in act one. It was apparently a universal experience.

The play never lagged. Walter Gilbert, playing his love scenes in the diffident manner; Frank Charlton, with the tremolo opened wide, and John Winthrop doing very well in the tender line, all were appreciated. Even Tony the ice man made a hit.

R. H. G.

"THE THIRD DEGREE" AT METROPOLITAN

Viennese Director Makes Good Play of Old Story

"The Third Degree" is a creaky old melodrama made into good entertainment by Director Michael Curtz, at the Metropolitan this week. The cast:

Annie Daly Dolores Costello
Allice Daly Louise Dresser
Underwood Radcliffe Fellowes
Howard Jeffries, Jr. Jason Roberts
Mrs. Chubb Kate Price
Daredevil Daly Tom Santich

A tawdry, ancient story containing all of the stock melodramatic situations and caged detectives from the last 20 years is slapped into a semblance of skillfully constructed plot, rare excitement and excellent acting by the Viennese director. Dolores Costello is the featured player and is lovely to look upon, Louise Dresser gives a splendidly restrained portrayal of her mother, and Jason Roberts goes through the third degree without overdoing the tense exacting part.

HERNDON PRESENTS HIS "AMERICANA"

WILBUR THEATRE—"Americana," a revue in two acts, by J. P. McEvoy. Sketches and lyrics by J. P. McEvoy. Music by Con Conrad, Henry Souvaine and George Gershwin. Irving Kowlitz conducted. The principals appearing in the various sketches were Lew Brice, Roy Atwell, Evelyn Bennett, Charles Butterworth, Maryon Dale, Edgar Gardiner. Produced by Richard Herndon.

To say that this is one revue in a blue moon is no exaggeration. You may rest assured if you contemplate viewing this performance that you have a treat in store. Mr. Herndon—for revue—has hitched his wagon to a star. He has discarded formulas, he has hoed his own row. He has even set upon our stage an entertainment that knows not the word "lavish." He has a small company, as the payroll goes, there are no expensive sets, drops are the fashion given to caricature of the broadest of broad cubist strokes.

Notwithstanding all this he has yet a revue. It is hardly as the announcements would have it, a satire, for the dialogue has little that is keen edged. Burlesque would be a more appropriate designation, with the exception of a few interludes that have found their way from the two-a-day. Even to the girls he has made departure, for buxomness and beef succeed the fragile. The music is stimulating, one might say "intoxicating," but intoxication has its consequences; so, too, this music.

The performance was brisk, and the many scenes moved swiftly. It is a pleasure to recall the many dances, ensemble and solo. To pick out this or that sketch for comment would hardly be fair. They are all entitled to the fullest consideration, but lack of space prevents.

Low, but always a pleasure in his "fifties" of the dance, in the eloquence of his facial play. The Pan-Anglo Quartet is another pleasing recollection, even as it expanded time and again to a quintet, in its soft pedal harmonies, in its arresting sonorities.

The irrepressible, impish Evelyn Bennett, wild woman of the dance, steps with the best of them, and then there was the capering blonde, whose name escapes us, indefatigable in the dance, who could show her heels to a lot of high kickers we know. Charles Butterworth brought the laughs with his anaemic style. And last but not least, Roy Atwell, factotum of the show, appearing in nearly every sketch, getting the most laughs, playing intensely serious, and, mirabile dictu, he has left his song, his microphone and his sepulchral ways behind. He has indeed earned his cakes, in another day we would add his ale—if you get what we mean.

T. A. R.

'FLESH AND DEVIL' AT STATE THEATRE

"Flesh and the Devil" has interesting back-grounds, camera effects and cast. It is based on Herman Sudermann's "The Undying Past" and is playing at the State Theatre this week. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast:

Leo von Sellenlin	John Gilbert
Felicitas von Kletzingk	Greta Garbo
Ulrich von Kletzingk	Lars Hanson
Hertha Proebitz	Barbara Kent
Pastor Breckenburg	George Fawcett
Leo's mother	Eugenie Besserer
Count von Rhaden	Mare MacDermott

Clarence Brown has caught the swing of his play and carried its rhythm to a satisfactory close. He has deftly shaded his scenes, used artificial effects with splendid results and has created a convincing German atmosphere.

The opening glimpses of the Prussian student-soldier barracks are particularly well-filmed. The notes of the bugle greet the hazy morning and the men tumble out of their bunks. It is doubtful whether or not the captain would arouse the elite of the Prussian aristocracy with "schwein hunden" but that subtitle can be forgiven, the rest is splendid.

The friendship between Leo von Sellenlin (John Gilbert) and Ulrich von Kletzingk (Lars Hanson) is the foundation upon which the story raises its head and peers around. There are a few scenes that establish this intense love for each other from their youth. It all helps to build the stuff of which this drama is made.

Felicitas von Kletzingk (Greta Garbo) glides into the lives of the friends as they are going home on their furlough. There is very little footage wasted between the time Felicitas drops her flowers, Leo recovers them for her and a first hearty kiss. Love sweeps them into a world of two until Felicitas's husband makes an unwelcome third and allows Mr. Brown to arrange a most effective duel episode. The outcome is shown in a singularly restrained manner and subtly handled. Felicitas is trying to find a becoming bonnet, draped with a crepe veil.

Leo is sent to soldier in Africa for five years after the duel and he tenderly turns his enchanting Felicitas over to the fates and his best friend during his exile. Time passes, three years of it, and Leo receives word his banishment is over. In the ensuing scenes, Mr. Brown uses his remarkable power in sustaining suspense and tells his story by individual episodes. When Leo mounts his horse on the first leg of the journey homeward, the thunder of horses' hoofs pound out the name Felicitas and the girl's face floats before him. The heat of the engines on the boat throb Felicitas, Felicitas and the wheels of the railroad coach sing it to him—when he arrives home to find her married—the action is a clean sparkling bit that rings true. The climax comes apace steadily and with the exception of a few scenes that are over-acted, the story is admirably told and the play is clever.

George Fawcett deserves special commendation as Pastor Breckenburg and Great Garbo acts. John Gilbert and Lars Hanson are convincing as the two friends and there are times when the very effectiveness of the scenery is an improvement on nature. C. M. D.

WILL MAHONEY IS BACK AT KEITH'S

Will Mahoney, nut comedian and "hooper" of extraordinary ability is back at Keith's, this time as headliner of the bill. Boston audiences have always had a warm spot in their hearts for the genial Will, but it is only lately that New York and points west, way out on the Pacific coast, in fact, have

"discovered" him and hailed him as a favorite.

Mr. Mahoney's material consists in the rendition of "nut" songs ("I Love My Lily" is still in the routine), and as a grand climax comes his individual "hooping." He clowns every known style of stepping and has the audience roaring throughout his entire act, with his wonderful comedy falls. It need hardly be explained, however, that one must see Mr. Mahoney to fully appreciate him.

Coram, English ventriloquist, is without any doubt one of the best in the business. His material has originality and he manages to get away from the stereotyped methods. The audience last evening gave him an enthusiastic reception.

Mine, Hamilton Jeffries presented "A Forecast of Fashion" in which New York and Boston models display the latest in wraps and gowns. Joe Rines and his orchestra supplied appropriate incidental music, while Ruth Chilton, Mlle. Frances and M. Minnard were seen in dance numbers. Norberto Ardelli, Italian tenor, has an excellent voice. Other entertaining acts complete the bill. A. P.

CONTINUING PLAYS

SHUBERT—"Queen High," musical comedy, with Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit and John Hazard, moved from the Wilbur to the Shubert last evening, where it entered its 13th week. Engagement limited to three weeks.

COLONIAL—"Sunny," Charles Dillingham's musical production, starring Marilyn Miller, co-starring Jack Donahue and featuring Clifton Webb. Eighth week.

HOLLIS—"CHARM," comedy by John Kirkpatrick, with Elizabeth Patterson, Kenneth Dana and others. Second week.

MAJESTIC—"What Price Glory," film version of the Stallings-Anderson war play with Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio. Seventh week.

PARK—"Honeymooning on High," Hatcher Hughes's new comedy. Last week.

PLYMOUTH—"The Little Spitfire," Myron Fagan's comedy. Last week.

COPELEY—"The Ghost Train," Arnold Ridley's mystery play, now in its 12th week.

REPERTORY—"Quality Street," revival of Barrie's comedy by Mr. Jewett's company. Last week.

week 2 1927

E. Phillips Oppenheim has written a book in which there is no diplomat, suave address and polished manners; no spy in private or public life; no villa of high degree who, for the sake of his government, does not hesitate at the or murder; no seductive adventures, who turns the heads of gray-haired statesmen. This book is not a novel. It is not a guidebook after the manner of the excellent Baedeker. The title tells the nature of this attractive book with its charming illustrations: "The Quest for Winter Sunshine." It is published by Little, Brown & Company.

Mr. Oppenheim, with other English men, cannot endure the gray northern winters of Great Britain. Even if his house or apartment is provided with "central heating," he finds that his mentality becomes "numb and froze" by week after week of lowering skies and gray mists hovering over a rain sodden land. In other words, staying at home in winter, he was unable to write his weekly novel. He longed for the warmth of the sun, the "more picturesque religion and less rigid standard of the Latin countries." He was wear of "grandmotherly" legislation. So he went south.

The sun does not always shine so blaze in the south. Mr. Oppenheim found that if at Algiers the sun reminded one of "desert cruelty" there also spells of pitiless rain. There is something spurious about this Africanism. He describes eloquently the sunshine that he likes, sunshine with a touch of gentleness, "a note of that elusiveness which we love in our woman-kind."

Sicily was a little better. He thought of renting a villa, but those offered did

not please him. The hotel bill shook terror in his soul. The price of two cocktails! (But why drink cocktails in Taormina?) The mutton was tough. Egypt? Not for any one of strictly moderate means, and is there not something overpowering, something hard in Egyptian sunshine? Egypt is for the Egyptologist. In Corsica there was nothing but rain. The only bandit he saw was at a cafe. What if Joseph Conrad once was delighted with the country! Mr. Oppenheim found only rain-soaked streets and the smell of soggy mackintoshes. He could not catch the atmosphere of Algeciras. There were too many well-dressed, jargon speaking Anglo-Saxons. Seville has its devastating east wind. It is a place for the scholarly tourist, not for the resident. In Spain the climate is treacherous. Social life impossible, cooking, except at Madrid, atrocious. Hyeres is to be taken seriously into account by the sun-seeker; but why must the Britisher drag his games into the beauty spots of the world, take land from the peasants to make a golf course? Beauvallon—what could man wish for more—but there is a growing city there. "I love my neighbors, but not building houses." Is St. Maxime a real place? "I am entirely neutral about St. Raphael; probably St. Raphael feels the same way about me," but Valesure has charm and possibilities; so has Agay, where the best wine of the neighborhood is made.

Cannes is too brilliant in the season; too dead when the season is past; yet it is a delightful resort in the summer months. Juan-les-Pins is paying the price of its too great success. Villas pop up like mushrooms; the town is a bedlam of noisy industry. The land agent is kept at arm's length at Cap d'Antibes. Nice offers all sorts of attractions; so does Blauieu, but it has an intensely English character. Cap d'Ail is recommended for a long sojourn; Monte-Carlo is the place to be light-hearted, the place for the tired mind. The Casino need not be entered for enjoyment, and one can live there for much less money than in London; but one must have no serious work in life, and must be free from any positive predilection towards gambling.

Menton? "People live here in great content, and to a great age; but the place always seems to me to be a kind of lotus land of English libraries, Scotch tearooms and the retired and decrepit portion of the British church and army." Mr. Oppenheim found San Remo dull. "Of Bordighera, I have nothing to say, lest some day I should meet some one who liked Bordighera, and there might be trouble between us. But at Allassio, for the first time, in this part of the world, found charm." For Naples, take a mackintosh and umbrella, also sun glasses to protect the eyes from white dust. "As a place of residence, it is not in the running at all." Ah, but the hill-town, Capri! Let us go there, or to Venice, or La Gauda.

We have written only a few lines about this book of 161 pages, every one of them worth reading.

And Little, Brown & Company have published in handy form four other volumes by the ingenious Mr. Oppenheim, "The Adventures of Mr. Joseph P. Cray"—who thought he was a born detective and was at last outwitted by the most gentleman-like and lady-like of crooks—"The Chanray Syndicate," telling how Gilbert Chanray squared accounts with the swindlers that had sent him to prison; "Madame and Her Twelve Virgins"—she summoned these members of her band and compelled them to do daring deeds. What invention, what imagination are displayed in the concocting of these stories which may be read separately in each volume; but once take a volume up, and you will read it to the end. There is a fourth, more fantastic even than its companions, "The Terrible Hobby of Sir Joseph Londe, Bart." Put it on the shelf next to H. G. Wells's story about Dr. Moreau.

It is a pleasure to find a newspaper admitting that it was mistaken. We quote from the Needham Chronicle of Feb. 26:

"The Chronicle wishes to state that the item last week with regard to the visit of Mary Feltman and William Murray to New York was incorrect."

Don't enjoy not enjoying what the average man has enjoyed.

Dr. W. H. MOBERLY.

FOURTH TUESDAY CONCERT GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth Tuesday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, in Symphony Hall yesterday gave pleasure to a large audience. The program was as follows: Purcell-Wood, Trumpet Voluntary; Vaughan Williams, Norfolk rhapsody, No. 1; Elgar, variations on an original theme; Grieg, piano concerto; Sibelius, the Swan of Tuonela; Svendsen, Carnival in Paris.

The orchestra numbers have more or less recently been discussed in The Herald. The Norfolk rhapsody does not lose by repetition; it is charming in its introduction and more lyric passages; it is thoroughly, heartily English in its treatment of the more robust folk tune; the composer shows taste by the bringing back of the opening mood at the end instead of concocting a blaring finale to win easily the applause of those finding delight in thunder and guns. Elgar's Variations pleased chiefly by reason of the care taken by Mr. Koussevitzky in the interpretation of the contrasting sentiments and by the admirable performance of the orchestra. The melancholy beauty of the legend by Sibelius was again and fully revealed.

Miss Irene Soharrer gave an excellent performance of Grieg's concerto, a musically intelligent, a brilliantly virtuosic performance. Mr. Koussevitzky provided her with a remarkably eloquent accompaniment. It is the fashion in some quarters to sneer at this concerto, to pooh-pooh it. We have heard musicians of the cubist school deride it as old-fashioned, thin and empty, and so on, and so on. Played as it was yesterday by Miss Soharrer with the conductor's aid, the music was fresh, individual, delightful. Of course, the concerto suffers in the ears of some because it is melodious, because its tunefulness makes a sensuously emotional appeal. Then there are pages that excite one by their rhythmic dash. This is all painful to those who demand music that is "subtle" or "intellectual." Miss Soharrer made light of technical difficulties, which was to be expected. What was more important, she had her own conception of how the music should sound. This conception was carried out with poetic feeling that was without sentimentalism, and brilliance that was free from extravagance.

The last concert of this series will take place on April 26.

FRANK SHERIDAN

Frank Sheridan, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last night. His program read as follows: Rameau, Gavotte and Variations. Bach, Sicilienne and Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue. G minor Sonata, Chopin, Impromptu, F sharp; Mazurka, C sharp minor; Etude op. 10, No. 12. Ravel, Jeux d'eau, Debussy, Feuilles Mortes and Danse, Balakirev, Islamey.

Mr. Sheridan is a pianist who has long passed the stage of "he gives promise." He is one to be seriously considered, for he has qualities that already give him an enviable prominence. The term "creative pianist" belongs to the jargon of aesthetic writers. In plain English it may be said that he gives a new interest to shop-worn compositions. Everyone is playing the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue this season. Why? Only the Lord in his infinite wisdom knows. One is tempted to cry out to a pianist in the middle of the Fantasia, parodying the words of Hamlet to the murderer in the play: "Leave off your damnable flourishes and begin the Fugue!" but Mr. Sheridan made these flourishes as many series of beautiful sounds. He has taken to heart the saying of Mozart that music must sound, whether it takes the form of a lyrical outburst, a mere arabesque, an ordinarily prosaic run, or a cry of passion.

Furthermore his dramatic instinct is never allowed to lead him into bombastic speech. He can be inwardly at white heat and at the same time keep a cool head, recognizing different values, dynamic and aesthetic. He realizes that in the compositions of even the masters there are passages of no significance, measures to be passed over, not flip-pantly, but presented as lowering of the high flight, a return to earth that strength may be given for the pianist to rise again and for the hearer to enjoy the more that which is to come.

And so while Mr. Sheridan's program was conventional—the sight of the Chromatic Fantasia and Schumann's Sonata in G minor together, and in succession is enough to deter one from entering a concert-hall—his interpreta-

tion, the revelation of his own role and the musical nature through the medium of this or that composer, made old things new.

An audience of good size was justly enthusiastic.

P. H.

Robert Gomberg Plays Before Steinert Hall Audience

Robert Gomberg, a violinist of 14 years, gave a recital last night in Steinert hall. The most competent judge of his future possibilities would be a teacher of the violin; nobody else can rate his capabilities intelligently, in comparison with other violinists of his years and opportunities.

It exacts no teacher, however, to recognize that Robert Gomberg played Vivaldi's A minor concerto both musically and interestingly. Its brood phrases in the first movement he turned with fine feeling for their form; he showed genuine sentiment in the slow movement; he had an abundance of that keen rhythm without vanity itself. And to the bravura passages, if you please, of the first movement and the last, he brought a definite suggestion of the "grand style"; not content to fiddle them off as fast as he could, he gave them force and character.

Of his prowess as a fiddler, let those speak who are fit to. To one who is not, his technique seemed sound, with strong tone in its favor, tone at its best both rich and sweet, unusually pure intonation and scales, mighty, brilliant and clear.

Leaving technique aside, though, an old stage at concert-going may venture the opinion that Robert Gomberg is already an extremely good musician. He sounds melodies as though they mean something to him, be they Vivaldi's or those more emotional measures by Bloch (Nigun nad Simchas Tohe) or Grotchaniow (Regrete). He feels the force that accent gives. In rhythm he is strong. He played so well last night, in short, as to give real pleasure, with no reservations as to experience or age.

He must indeed have been admirably taught. But a teacher, after all, even the most skilled in the world, cannot teach effectively unless he is blessed with a pupil who has it in him to learn. The "parrot" proceeds so glibly talked of is not so easily applied as people think. A pupil who can do a good teacher's will is endowed with very unusual talent. So much, at the least of it, Robert Gomberg has—and probably very much more.

Later in the evening he played Vieuxtemp's II minor concerto and a group of solo pieces. Paul Bregor, who provided unusually musical accompaniments, contributed as well a group of solos. He was much at his best in Liszt's "Rigoletto" paraphrase, an extraordinary piece of music which he played with a brilliant virtuosity and a sympathy that made it seem worth while.

The audience was large and enthusiastic.

R. R. Y.

me 3 1927

Which are the prouder lines: Landor's "I strove with none, for none was worthy of my strife," or Walt Whitman's

"Knowing the perfect fitness and equanimity of things, while they discuss I am silent, and go bathe and admire myself?"

The Cecilia Society will join the Boston Symphony orchestra in the concerts of the latter on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Several unfamiliar works will be produced. The purely orchestral will be Langendoen's Variations on a Dutch theme of Valerius and "Tone Pictures" from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh." The Variations are for strings and were played as a solo quintet at a concert of the Boston Music Players' Club three seasons ago. Mr. Langendoen, a violoncellist, is a member of the orchestra. One of the movements in the Russian Suite, "The Battle of Kerjenez," has already been played here under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction.

There are five choral pieces with orchestra, but in the "Song of the High Hills," by Delius, the chorus is directed to sit and sing only a vowel. Percy Rainger was the first to bring out this work in the United States. Bridgeport, Ct., was the scene of the memorable season.

When Ludwig Wuellner gave recitals Boston nearly 20 years ago, that remarkable interpreter with an ungrateful voice and a faulty vocal method sang with dramatic intensity a song by Hugo Wolf called the "Fire-ride." The poem is the German Moerike, was suggested by an old folk legend. Wolf arranged a song for chorus and orchestra.

The "Song of Destiny," by Brahms, is similar. It was even performed at a concert of this orchestra during the last year of Arthur Nikisch's reign, for there

was then a band of singers known as the Boston Symphony chorus which took part that season in Beethoven's 9th symphony, Pootle's "Skeleton in Armor" and Paine's "Columbus March and Hymn."

Again we are to hear Prokofiev's wildly barbaric, splendidly savage "Seven, They Are Seven." These "Seven," it will be remembered, were terrible fellows, who ground men as men grind grain, were deaf to entreaties and caused earth and sky to shrink. "O Telai! O Alai! O Gulghum!" not to mention "O Maskim!" Charles Stratton will be the tenor to proclaim loudly the horrible malevolence of the Seven.

The number at the end will be the last scene in the Epilogue of Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar." The overture of this opera, dear for many years to the Russian peoples, was performed at one of the Chickering production concerts conducted by B. J. Lang. Is the opera still performed in Russia, and, if so, has a new libretto been fitted to the music?

Those Bostonians who are perturbed by ultra-modern music should ponder the words of J. G. Frazer: "Everything new is apt to excite the awe and dread of the savage."

Ruth Culbertson, pianist, will play this afternoon music by Bach, Haydn, Schumann, Chopin, Szymanowski, Paderewski, Griffes, Ravel. She was awarded the piano prize at the New England Conservatory and has given at least one recital here.

Tonight Johannes Foss, a Danish basso profundo, will sing in Jordan Hall. He first appeared here last Sunday at a concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Werrenrath brought him to this country and recommends him highly.

The real music is not that which is written down; it is the sounds which are made by those who perform it.

—E. J. Dent.

Charles Anthony next Saturday afternoon will play music for the piano by Debussy, Bach, Ravel and Chopin. The program will include Jacques Charlot's transcription of Ravel's "Mother Goose," which, originally composed for four hands, is best known by the orchestral transcription.

ELLIS RYSE

Notes and Lines:

After a recent communication to your column, I would affirm that you are correct in the spelling of Ellis Ryse.

In 1885 or '86 he played in the comic opera, "Fantine," at the Boston Museum, of which I was a member at the time.

The last time I was associated with Mr. Ryse was during the season of 1897-98, when we were members of Fanny Davenport's company, opening at the Boston Theatre in "Joan of Arc." Later that beautiful production was discarded—a failure—and a revival of Miss Davenport's repertoire ensued. Mr. Ryse had charge of the chorus, and played subordinate parts. In March of 1898 Miss Davenport fell ill in Chicago and died several months later, and, I believe, Mr. Ryse's death followed not long after.

Brookline. ALBERT LANG.

Fanny Davenport died on Sept. 26, 1898.—Ed.

The subject of Burton Holmes's illustrated travelogue, Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, will be "Switzerland, New and Different."

Next Sunday afternoon Reinald Werrenrath will sing in Symphony hall. Wallace Goodrich, as guest, will conduct the People's Symphony orchestra, and Stuart Mason, the regular conductor, will play the piano part of his Rhapsody on a Persian Air, which was first performed at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra led by Mr. Monteux in 1921.

Povla Frijs, that excellent interpreter of songs, ancient and modern, will give her long-deferred recital in Jordan hall next Monday night. The composers represented will be Gluck, Rameau, Schubert, G. Faure, Hahn, Ravel, De Falla, Moussorgsky, Poldowski, Cul, Rebecca Clarke, Schelbeck, Grieg.

Other recitals next week will be by Paul Roes, Dutch pianist, on Wednesday evening; by Katharine Goring, pianist, on Saturday afternoon. The Plonzeley quartet will give its third and last concert on Thursday evening.

FAMILY BIBLES

As the World Wags:

A member of my family awakened me from a reverie yesterday by shouting: "Listen to this brother Lane, an item in the paper reading a 'Special A. P.' from Klinger, Kan., says that at a recent display of old-time family Bibles in that town disclosed one that had been in the same family for 327 years." To this I was prompted to quote Byron, who wrote, "After all,

what is a Bible but the truth in masquerade." However, it may be that it was an instance like many others, the book always kept on the centre table, but never used. And yet this particular Bible may have been one such as I read of a few days ago when in the 17th and 18th centuries family Bibles were kept in oak boxes, elaborately carved and made especially for the purpose. Let me see, 327 years ago was the very beginning of the 17th century.

CAMINOS.

As the World Wags:

When our Governor answered Question 24, did he consult the Washington's birthday proclamation?

WILLIAM SELLEN.

It was very difficult to get a view of the Victorian ankle.—A. J. Munnings.

Ruth Culbertson Displays Fine Musicianship

By PHILIP HALE

Ruth Culbertson played the piano yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was an appreciative audience of fair size. The program was as follows: Bach, Allemande and Courante from the French Suite in G major; Haydn, Theme and Variations; Schumann, Papillons; Szymanowski, Etude; Paderewski, Burlesque; Griffes, The Fountain of the Acqua Paola and Scherzo; Ravel, Alborada del Gracioso; Chopin, Nocturne, C sharp minor, Two Mazurkas, Ballade, F minor.

One might say to Miss Culbertson as Polonius said to his Prince: "Fore God, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion," for music is heightened speech, and this with good accent and discretion were characteristics of her playing. Not the discretion that is of kin to timidity, but the discretion of the artist, who, knowing the importance of values, does not give emphasis to the unimportant, unessential; does not, as Hazlitt put it, "launch a platitude with the fury of a thunderbolt."

Her program was not arranged to startle the hearer. One might even say that it was conventional; Szymanowski's Etude was unknown to many; little music by Paderewski has been heard here of late years. The program as a whole consisted of well-known music, but the pieces were not played in the perfunctory well-known manner that leads many to avoid piano recitals, even when managers send them complimentary tickets and like the host in the parable almost compels them to go in. For Miss Culbertson, admirably taught, has a musical, aesthetic mind of her own. In her performance there is no suggestion of the parrot or the sedulous ape.

Under her fingers passages, no matter at what speed, are of liquid purity and exquisite sound, and even these are vital, not performed as a technical exercise. She has strength enough, brilliance that is not metallic but is warm. She can sing a melody. Best of all, there is an individuality of expression in all she does. This individuality is not at variance with the period or the purpose of the composer. Without attempting to reproduce the effect of instruments used by Bach, she evoked yesterday the spirit of his time, nor did she give undue importance to Haydn's tinkling variations. Her interpretation of "Papillons" was worthy of the most renowned in her profession, for here again she did not endeavor to turn Schumann's fleeting thoughts, dreams and whimsicalities, into a show piece for the virtuoso's self-glorification. How charmingly she interpreted the "Fountain" of the lamented Griffes! One realized more than ever what a loss to music was his untimely death.

Miss Culbertson, with her attractive personality and simple bearing, played as if she herself enjoyed the music, was playing for her own pleasure, not with the deliberate purpose of awakening applause, securing favorable reviews in the newspapers and drawing pupils unto her.

We note that Col. Percy B. Coffin made the principal address at the 45th annual banquet of the Chicago Undertakers' Association.

This reminds us of R. H. L.'s comment on a reporter saying: "The mortician had just stepped into his car." "Ah, this English language . . . how it is changing. But let us go on with the story. At the corner the mortician stopped and took in a uniformed criminal who was tired of walking his beat and wanted to ride back to the police station. Then a newsman (formerly reporter) halted them and took them

into a corner drug store and told the paregorician to get soda waters for the crowd."

It is not man's natural condition to be comfortable.—Sir Bampfylde Fuller.

Concentrated study of the newspapers is a Christian's duty.—Christabel Pankhurst.

ABSIT OMENI

(Montpelier Evening Argus)
Fred Pickle of Newport discovered Bean's body.

Figaro of Paris published this anecdote on Feb. 6:

Two English gentlemen, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Jackson, both completely deaf, dwelt in the same house. When they met they exchanged a thousand courtesies.

The other day Mr. Johnson went out with his fishing tackle. Mr. Jackson said to him:

"Ah, Mr. Johnson, you are going fishing?"

"No, Mr. Jackson, I'm going fishing." "I beg your pardon, Mr. Johnson, I thought you were going fishing."

KANSAS NOTES

Dr. Abe Marks of the New York Dental Parlors has presented all the members of the Elks' Club with new watch charms.

Four sets of dominoes were confiscated by Chief of Police Higgins following a raid on the Idle Hour Smoke House last night.

The Frances E. Willard chapter of the W. C. T. U. is circulating a petition seeking the impeachment of Gov. Al Smith.

John Sink of Green Dell neighborhood has moved to the Poor Farm pending the passage of the McNary-Haugen bill.

Howard Brubaker, who is wintering in California, has wired home for his rubber boots.

J. P. H.

The 18th century was not exclusively inhabited by geniuses.—Nigel Playfair.

ADD "LITERARY NOTES"

As the World Wags:

A suburban newspaper referred the other day to a lot of dogs "barking and whelping" at some one's heels. Probably they were "lying in" wait for him.

K. NINE.

IN PARALLEL COLUMNS

As the World Wags:

In one, the attempt of Susan Fitzgerald, Mrs. Barron and others to make jury service compulsory for women. In the other the account of the female foreman of a jury who has not slept for three night and is having hysteria, probably causing a mistrial.

N.

"THANK GOD FOR THE CORSET"

As the World Wags:

"WANTED"

"WANTED—Girl to fold. I w 51." I regret that this advertisement should be found in a Massachusetts newspaper. Since you are nearer Boston than I am, will you call the S. P. C. C.?

Years ago in high school I remember many a girl whose face was as plain as a board fence, and whose torso—we went weekly to dancing school—seemed fenced with boards. In those dear dead days beyond recall there was no "girl to fold."

EASTERN ESCA.

Idaho.

CALIFORNIA

Oh, come to the land of the Western sun,

Where every business is overdone, Where the stores charge freight on the goods made here,

Ask them the reason—they think you're queer.

They serve you climate with all your meals;

It's so blamed hot your back just peels. The "Ananias Club" includes the State From San Diego to the Golden Gate.

The movie stars marry twice a year, Would marry again if the way were clear.

The grapefruit here is something fine—A cross between a lemon and a pumpkin rind.

The way the cows eat barley instead of hay,

And the cream gets lost on the milky way.

They sell you lots that are made by hand,

And they make you think it is really land.

The view of the ocean is very nice That is included with the price.

They weigh the sack and then the fruit.

When weigh them again and their fingers to boot.
They claim it is wet if it rains once a year.
And you get so dry you can't shed a tear,
The chickens have mites and the dogs have fleas,
The desert wind blows and makes you sneeze.
We shovel sand and you shovel snow,
Just about a stand-off as far as I know.
So tune up your flivver and start for the West,
Where jobs are scarce and pay is less.
Bring all your cash and pretty clothes—
When you get any more, the Lord only knows.
I am telling this story which I know is true,
As seen by me with my eyes of blue.
If the Booster Club ever gets this back,
They will change my eyes from blue to black.
They asked me to write the truth to a friend,
And I have done so, and this is the end.
—Anon.

I understand this was written by a disillusioned Iowan, who, lured to the promised land by the entrancing booklets of the C. of C. of the City of Angels, was returning to his homeland to resume the more profitable if more prosaic cultivation of corn and hogs. Shorn of all except his trusty flivver, his wife and three kids, he was tarrying an hour in Death Valley while the sun was doing its worst at mid-day and the thermometer would have registered around 140 if a thermometer could be found to survive. Responding to the urge of the Boosters to "let the folks back home know how pretty you're sitting out here," he effused the above.

I am not sure that the rumor is soundly based that he is to be prosecuted under the California anti-syndicalist law if he ever returns, but it does sound plausible.
J. G. CAMPBELL.
Colorado Springs.

Johannes Fonss Pleases in Jordan Hall Concert

Johannes Fonss, a bass from Denmark, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

O salutaris, Flegler; Helmliehkeit, Reiterled, Meeresleuchten, Loewe; Fahrt zum Hades, Der Kreuzzug, Schubert; Die beiden Grenadiers, Schumann; Der Einsame, Im Spatboot, Strauss; Passreise, Wolf; "Es prangt hoch" from "Ellsa," Kuhlau; "O Isis and Osiris" from "The Magic Flute," Mozart; "Falsstaff's Drinking Song" from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; Lied des Pfortener, Weyse; Nu er vorse Skove dunkle, Jordan; Bergmanden, Ak naar vort Liv (if all our life is but a dream), Sjogreen; Jeg baer den Hat, Westvang.

A genuine bass—not a baritone in masquerade—is rare. One who can manage a program of songs is rarer still. Nevertheless, two such have given recitals in Boston within a month, Mr. Kipnis and, last night, Mr. Fonss. The like of Mr. Fonss's voice is not heard twice in a dog's age, for down it goes to D-flat below the staff, with every tone firm as a rock, but round withal, full of quality and sweet. The upper range, if not so notably good, is still very good indeed.

Its excellence may well be attributed to a remarkably competent technique. Mr. Fonss has done wonders with a voice that must needs have plagued him by its very bulk; it would have been easier to give it its way, trusting to its depth and volume to please the world.

But Mr. Fonss, wise man that he must be, chose rather to learn to sing well, to make an unwieldy organ obedient to his unusually musical will. By his intelligent study, therefore, Mr. Fonss has not only developed a fair upper medium register, but he has brightened his lower medium and his low tones till he has made them amazingly flexible. Throughout his range he can pronounce every word clearly and with its fitting color; a phrase he can shape with grace and elegance; he has made his legato smoother than that of many a soprano. Before Mr. Fonss the technician a listener may well bow low.

To Mr. Fonss, the musician, much praise is also due. It might be wished, indeed, that he did not take such obvious satisfaction in his grand low tones; too many of them, by their very richness, cloyed. But certain songs he did sing admirably, above all those two by Schubert, musically, emotionally; the story of the grenadiers he declaimed strikingly; he had atmosphere for Loewe's "Meeresleuchten," humor for Falsstaff's drinking song.

Though everybody might not hold with Mr. Fonss's way with Wolf's "Passreise," nobody could deny that he

gave it character. Character, indeed, he gave to every song he sang and character, as every constant concert-goer knows, is what makes concerts worth the going to. It is the quality, furthermore, the hardest to find in the concert hall.

Mr. Max Rabinowitsch, by his extremely able accompaniments, added much to the worth-while quality of the evening.
R. R. G.

18TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

At the 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, the orchestra was assisted by the Cecilia Society and Charles Stratton, tenor. The Cecilia chorus had been trained by Malcolm Lang, the conductor of the society.

The program was as follows: Longendoen, Variations on a Dutch Theme of Valerius (first time at these concerts); Delliis, The Song of the High Hills for orchestra and chorus (first time in Boston); Wolf, "The Fire-Rider," for chorus and orchestra (first time with orchestra); Brahms, A Song of Destiny for chorus and orchestra; Rimsky-Korsakov, Tone Pictures from the Opera "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitesch"—Prelude, Hymn to Nature, Bridal Procession, The Invasion of the Tartars, The Battle of Kerjenetz (first time as a whole in Boston); Prokofieff, "Seven, They Are Seven," Incantation for tenor, chorus and orchestra; Glinka, Finale of the Opera "A Life for the Tsar," for chorus and orchestra (first time in Boston).

It is a question whether a concert of this nature, with a miscellaneous selection of orchestral and choral pieces, is as satisfactory as one devoted solely to orchestral works. In the program of yesterday there was no relationship between the works performed. There was only variety. There was nothing in common, for example, between the Variations by Mr. Longendoen, a violinist of the orchestra, and the stage music of Rimsky-Korsakov. Delliis and Wolf are as far apart as Brahms and Prokofieff. There was no one important work of long breath to which the others were carefully subsidiary. The pieces were as if chosen at random, drawn from a hat in which other titles remained.

Furthermore, a chorus, however carefully trained in rehearsals, not frequently employed with a large orchestra, may easily be timid, even untuned in the concert, especially when the music is written without due regard for voices. Nor are the words sung often, if ever, intelligible to the hearers, who instead of listening to the music, endeavor in a dimly lighted hall to find out from the text in program books what the vocal fuss is all about.

Také, for example, Wolf's ballad, "The Fire Rider." When Ludwig Wuelner sang the song—for the ballad was first written as a song—in October 1909, although his voice was not agreeable and his vocal art decidedly questionable, his imagination and melodramatic intensity were so impressive that the audience was mightily moved. Yesterday, with chorus and orchestra, the effect was comparatively slight; the orchestral accompaniment, not remarkable in itself, covered the singers for the most part, and here it may be said that the volume of sound coming from the number of singers on the stage was surprisingly small. Only in the straightforward music of Glinka, simple music, but music of dignified exultation, worthy of a greeting to a Tsar, was there imposing sonority.

In the "Song of the High Hills," by Delliis, the solo tenor and chorus sing only vowel sounds. We wish we could join in Mr. Percy Grainger's rhapsodic appreciation of this composition. To us the musical idiom of Delliis, with a very few exceptions, is foreign. It is easy to recognize his technical skill, although it is not always in evidence, but his emotion seems to be in cold storage. He has said that by this music he has tried to express the joy and rapture felt in the High Mountains; also to depict the loneliness and melancholy of the high solitudes as well as the grandeur of far distances. Thus did he set himself a formidable task. His joy was only moderate rapture; his own melancholy was at times a contagious boredom. If the human voices "represent Man in Nature," man did not positively assert himself. In a word, this music was disappointing to those not yet fervent in the cult of Delliis.

What shall be said of Prokofieff's "Seven"? (It seemed at times as if the chorus were shouting, "Seven per cent.") Mr. Stratton declaimed his lines lustily, the chorus did its best to express awe and horror, but the impression made was not so overpowering, as at the first performance last season. Why? Because the element of surprise was lacking yesterday. The majority of the audience could not again receive

the dynamic shock. It knew what was coming.

It again is a question whether choral music with orchestra is often as eloquent, as emotional, reaching the heights and sounding the depths, as purely orchestral music. There is Brahms's "Song of Destiny." Is not the orchestral postlude more expressive, more conducive to the contemplation that frees a hearer from thoughts of earth than the chorus measures descriptive of the celestial bliss known to the immortal gods? Nor are those pages in which the woes of suffering mankind are described of truly dramatic force.

Mr. Langendoen's Variations showed his scholarship, and evidently pleased the audience, for he was called several times to acknowledge applause. It is

to be noted, however, that the heartiest and most spontaneous applause was for the majestic—and simple—excerpt from Glinka's opera. The selections from Rimsky-Korsakov's "City of Kitesch" are not especially noteworthy.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of March 18-19 is as follows: Handel, "Water" Music. Tansman, Symphony. A minor (first performance). Glazounov, Violin Concerto (Mr. Burgin). Weber, Overture to "Oberon."

Probably few who have enjoyed the "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" are acquainted with George Gissing's many novels; yet the recently reprinted "New Grub Street" may lead some to read other sombre, if not depressing, novels by that unfortunate and often unhappy man.

His letters to members of his family, collected and arranged by Algernon and Ellen Gissing, with a short preface by his son Alfred, are now published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

It may be remembered that Gissing for a reason that is not now necessary to recall—he was imprisoned for a time—was sent by friends to the United States. He arrived in Boston in the fall of 1876. He was then nearly 19 years old. Coming here he found more "blacks" than he expected. "At the restaurants the waiters are nearly always blacks." The steam cars held about 50 persons. "Each has an arm chair to himself. In the corner of every car is a large stove where a fire can be made. . . . We call Railway Stations here Depots." He wrote that it was a common thing for a workman to slap his master on the back and ask him how he was. "No servant girl will think of cleaning boots, so we have to have them blacked in the streets, and the result is that the Americans have almost always dirty boots on. One polish a week is the most any one thinks of."

He was "puzzled" at meals by the number of vegetables. "We neatly always have at dinner squash, white potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, green corn, cauliflowers and turnips, and you are expected to eat them all together." White bread, brown bread, graham bread and corn bread, "all very sweet," were to be taken on one's plate all at once. Grapes were 10 cents a pound. A lobster cost 10 cents. Apples had been sold in New York at three cents a bushel. "We eat cranberries with our meat."

Gissing gave 71 Bartlett street, Boston, as his address; but which Bartlett street? His principal friend here was "Mr. Garrison," who thought he could put Gissing on the staff of the Atlantic Monthly. The presidential election interested the young Englishman. He was astonished at the consumption of newspapers, though they were much dearer than in England.

"On election day 232,000 copies of the Boston Herald were printed (about 10 editions) in weight altogether 14 tons."

"We have just had a wonderful invention here called the 'Telephone,' by which people can speak to each other at the distance of several miles. They even talk of its superseding the telegraph, for they do not yet know all its capabilities. . . . We have a glorious public library here. . . . Altogether, Boston is a splendid place. I should be very sorry ever to leave it for good."

In January, 1877, Gissing was a first assistant teacher in a high school at Waltham. He had classes in "German, French and English (\$800)." He lived there with a private family and paid \$3 a week, including washing. On his arrival at Waltham a newspaper reporter called on him and questioned him. "A High School teacher is an important person here."

Unfortunately there are no letters about his further adventures in this country. The story of Whelpley, a hack writer in "New Grub Street," describes what happened to him in Chicago and Troy. In later years Gissing wrote that he first read George Sand's novels at the Boston Public Library. In 1880 he wrote that he "got on well in America." "Whilst in Chicago I wrote a story every week (three columns) for the leading daily paper, for each of

which I was paid \$15. . . . Then I had a sketch (about 6 pp.) in a very good monthly called Appleton's Journal, for which I received 45 dollars."

In 1885 he thought of coming again to this country. "Where it is possible I might get literary work, though I had rather end all that and work in a healthy way on a farm." He was low spirited, incapable of continuous work. "For hours I walk round and round the room and sicken with need of some variety in life. . . . There is nothing so dreadful in going again to America."

(Four of the tales contributed by him to the Chicago Tribune in 1877 were exhumed from the files of that newspaper and published in a handsome and limited edition three years ago by Pascal Covici. These stories gave little promise of Gissing's later work but as Mr. Vincent Starrett says in his introduction to the volume, they have biographical and bibliographical interest.)

Gissing returned to England in the fall of 1877. He was then married. This marriage and his second marriage were unfortunate. As early as this year he began to show his catholic appreciation of books by other authors, dead or living. He called it a red-letter day when he saw Tennyson at the wedding of one of his sons at Westminster Abbey. "He wore precisely the same cape-coat which you see in his portraits." Gissing was not ashamed to notice trifles; thus he wrote of Ellen Terry with two children drinking cider in a little public-house arbor.

We have dwelt in this article on Gissing's experiences in the United States for they have a certain local interest, yet the letters written from Boston and Waltham are only three in number, occupying a few of the 400 pages. There is much of interest in the letters written during Gissing's laborious life and when he found peace in Italy and Greece; witness his generous opinions about contemporary writers, his love of nature, his comments on life and religion. Seldom is there a trace of bitterness in his remarks about other novelists—as when he writes that Mudge had taken 60 copies of his novel, "Thryza," to begin with and had sent for 25 since then. "Over against this put the fact that he has just taken 2000 of Rider Haggard's new book." The craze over Jumbo in 1882 amused him. On one day there were 16,000 persons to see that elephant at the zoological gardens, "and as, on the average, every person gave Jumbo three biscuits or buns, judge of the animal's size. They have sold him to an American showman for £2000. . . . Jumbo refuses to stir."

This book calls for another article about Gissing, his life and his work. For he wrote in 1883 when he was busy with his first novel: "The world is for me a collection of phenomena, which are to be studied and reproduced artistically. In the midst of the most serious complications of life, I find myself suddenly possessed with a great calm, withdrawn as it were from the immediate interests of the moment, and able to regard everything as a picture."

LANDOR IMPROVED

Walter Savage Landor's line saying he strove with none for none was worth his strife, which we tried to quote yesterday, evidently did not please the composing room. "Worth my strife" appeared as "worthy of my strife."

BURTON HOLMES

The subject of Burton Holmes's travelogue at Symphony hall last night was "Switzerland, New and Different"; that is to say, Mr. Holmes visited some places known to few tourists, described a few sights new to his audiences of many years, and, while some of his pictures had been shown either by himself or Mr. Newman, the sub-title of his travelogue was justified.

He began by showing the vineyards of Vaud. The grapes and the process of converting them into wine at once put the large audience in a thirsty mood, which not even the many pictures of snow and ice that followed could shake. When he came to Chillon he quoted freely from Byron and intimated that a tour through Switzerland with that poet as guide would furnish a travelogue that he would like to give the public. At Sion the cow combats were described: combats in which one cow tries with its head to push another backwards. Then came the three famous mountain passes, St. Bernard, the Simplon, the St. Gotthard. There were many views of the Matterhorn accompanied by thrilling pictures of Alpine guides and their perilous work.

The monument to George Chavez, the Peruvian, the first to cross the Alps in an aeroplane—who died in land—recalled the early days of flying and the crude machines. After Mr. Holmes had illustrated the story of William Tell, he told the audience in confidence that Tell never existed; that he was

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will be assisted by the Cecilia Society for the concerts in New York next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. Prokofiev's "They Are Seven" will be performed at both concerts, and so will Ducas's Sarabande and Borodin's Polovtsian Dances. Respighi's "Church Windows" will be played for the first time in New York. Other orchestral pieces to be performed are the overture to "Oberon," Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko."

When the Boston Symphony Chorus sang at a concert of the symphony orchestra conducted by Arthur Nikisch in 1893, the critics, Messrs. Apthorp and Woolf, were not pleased. The former objected to the presence of any chorus at the Symphony concerts. "These concerts in which a chorus sits round the orchestra are not the ones in which the orchestra sounds best. After three or four experiments one is even in doubt whether they pay musically . . . The chorus can be made musically worth while only by giving it the lion's share of the program; and this turns the whole thing from a symphony concert into a choral concert. Now it is hard to see what sufficient reason there is for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's giving choral concerts; this field has been amply worked in Boston for the last ever so many years; we have already all the choral concerts we know what to do with."

Mr. Woolf described the performance of the chorus as "unsteady, colorless, unfinished . . . not worthy the orchestra whose name it shares."

In 1893 the choral societies in Boston were in a flourishing condition as far as the singers and the audiences were concerned; but when the work performed had an orchestral accompaniment, the performance was seldom satisfactory. The conductors paid chief attention to the chorus; the orchestra played lazily, without regard for the conductor's wishes. On the other hand, orchestral conductors are not always able conductors of choruses. Theodore Thomas himself did not shine brilliantly when he had a large body of singers before him.

Conditions have changed greatly since 1893. No choral society in Boston would now run the risk of incurring pecuniary loss by producing a modern work of importance with orchestra. There is not the same interest now in choral concerts. The "Messiah" draws its Christmas hearers, no matter whether the performance be vital or perfunctory and dull. The Cecilia, well trained by Mr. Malcolm Lang, could not afford to engage a large orchestra.

The concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in which a chorus of the Cecilia or of the Harvard Glee Club with or without the Radcliffe chorus are, indeed, welcome. Mr. Koussevitzky has the personal magnetism, the flaming enthusiasm, to inspire even a naturally phlegmatic body of singers. There is no need at this late day of mentioning the strictly musical and indispensable qualities that have made him renowned among conductors.

Reinold Werrenrath, who will sing this afternoon in Symphony hall, is more inclined to find fault with composers and proofreaders than with critics. It is seldom that his Christian name given in baptism is spelled correctly in the newspapers.

The program of the People's Symphony Orchestra, to be led this afternoon by Wallace Goodrich as guest, is of more than usual interest. Vaughan-Williams's "Pastoral" Symphony has been played here by the New England Conservatory Orchestra, but not, strange to say, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Some good judges prefer it to the composer's "London" Symphony. Stuart Mason will play the piano part of his Rhapsody on a Persian Air which Mr. Monteux brought out in April, 1921. The melody on which this Rhapsody is founded is printed in Woollett's "Histoire de la Musique" (chapter on Persian music). Mr. Goodrich arranged Cesar Franck's Chorale for organ (B minor) for organ and orchestra seven years ago. He played the organ part at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in October, 1921. Homer Humphrey will be the organist this afternoon.

Povla Frijsh should draw a large audience tomorrow night, for as an interpreter of songs ancient and modern she has few equals. Her program is varied and some of the songs are unfamiliar. Rebecca Clarke, an English composer and viola player, born in 1886, studied composition with Villiers Stanford. She came to New York in 1916 and played in chamber concerts. She has written a viola sonata, a piano trio, and other works. Scheirbeck is unknown to us.

It is pleasant to note that Malcolm Lang will be the guest conductor of the Apollo Club on Tuesday evening. His father's name is associated with that vocal society, for he founded it, brought its performances to the highest standard, so that for many years it was the chief rival of the Mendelssohn Club of New York, which was famous in its palmy days.

Paul Roes, who will play the piano here for the first time in Boston on Wednesday night, was born at Wageningen, Holland. His mother gave him the first lessons. When he was 17 years old he studied at Amsterdam with Anton Thiery and Julius Roentgen. In 1911 he became a pupil of Busoni. Ten years later he toured in Austria, England, France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland. He has studied Spanish music at Seville, and has found inspiration for composition in Italian cities. He first came to his country late in 1925 and gave two recitals in New York. Next spring he will spend the summer in Italy. Later he will go on a tour in the Dutch East Indies. Two of his more important compositions for the piano are on his program of Wednesday.

Katharine Gorin, another stranger in this city, will play the piano next Saturday afternoon. Born in New York, she has received her musical education in this country. Graduated at Smith College, where she made a specialty of music, she studied with Lilian Stout in Chicago, but for the last two years she has been a pupil of Josef Lhevinne. In composition she studied with Adolf Weidig. Her "Presage" is on her program. Her recent recital in New York was warmly praised by the critics.

Jean M. Missud, leader of the Salem Cadet Band, has dedicated his last march "Carillon" to the Rev. Edward H. Cotton, author of the life of Charles W. Eliot, and minister of the Unitarian Church in Marblehead.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Joe tells me of visiting a recently detoxified friend in a Cambridge hospital last Sunday. Some well-meaning ladies who sing in a church choir came over to bring what they could of Christian cheer to the bed-ridden inmates. Their selections included "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Come to the Arms of Jesus" and "I'll Meet You on the Other Shore."

H. F. M.

Alfredo Casella's new Concerto Romano for organ, trumpets, trombones, kettle drums and strings will be performed for the first time on March 11, at the New York Wanamaker Auditorium, New York. Charles Courboin will be the organist. Casella wrote the Concerto last summer. He says that the title does not indicate an effort to write descriptive music. "He intends the Concerto as music pure and absolute, and took the title 'Concerto Romano' simply because he believed that he may have achieved a musical result from long hours of meditation passed in the beauties of the Eternal City, and that perhaps some of the characteristics of plastic Roman style may possibly have guided the construction and determined the spirit of this symphonic 'fresco.' Casella adds further, that of all the styles which unite in those of the city of St. Peter, that which has evidently had the most direct influence on the Concerto Romano is the "Berninien baroque," inasmuch as the listener may perhaps associate the sonorous conception of this Concerto with the majestic architectural creations of this celebrated Neapolitan."

The MacDowell Club, Mr. Lenom conductor, will perform among other works on April 13, an orchestral suite by Marguerite Mason (wife of Stuart Mason), and two movements from Mehul's Symphony No. 2.

P. H.

"MACBETH" TO BE REVIVED

Notes on the Tragedy; the Performances;
Rich Prizes Offered for Chamber Music

"Macbeth" will be performed at the Repertory Theatre tomorrow night. It will be interesting to know whether the tragedy will be performed as an "old-fashioned, blood-and-thunder, boys play," to quote from Mr. John Jay Chapman's essay on "Macbeth" or whether stress will be put upon the "psychological" side.

Recent revivals in England brought with them many articles by professional critics and ingenious laymen concerning the play itself and the manner in which it should be performed.

To begin with, how much was Shakespeare indebted to old chronicles, especially Holinshed's? "It may be possible," says "A. N. M." to see in "Macbeth" "some conflict between the ruthlessness of the prehistoric and the time 'when human statute purg'd the gentle weal.'" Shakespeare took the witches from Holinshed, but not the passage in which they are described as "roosting upon a wooden broom an image of wax at the flier, resembling in each feature the King's person." "A. N. M." adds, if he had taken this detail it would have made a different play, "and perhaps one can hardly see Lady Macbeth stoking up for a waxen image; she was for more direct methods . . . when she is present we don't think of them (the witches); she is overwhelmingly greater than they."

Birnam Wood is in Holinshed. We remember when George L. Fox played Macbeth in his burlesque, a messenger came in to say that some one had left a cord of wood in front of the door. So, too, the peculiar circumstance of Macduff's birth came from the old chronicler.

There are modern historians who tell us that old Duncan deserved to be murdered; that Macbeth was a fine fellow. And so even at this late day a revival of "Richard III" at the Old Vic has brought about a renewed discussion of Richard's character. Mr. George Young goes so far as to protest against the performance of this tragedy, "the foulest of libels." "The whole legend of his being a crook-backed monster and cowardly murderer was invented to cover the Tudor usurpation and to conceal the crimes it was forced to commit, including that of murdering the Princes in the Tower. That it was invented by Henry Tudor, a foreign adventurer, trained in the worst traditions of French politics under Louis XI." The young, this writer says, should not thus be misled in English history. Mr. Young's letter has been answered by several, who insist that Richard was a crook-back and a desperate villain.

Others have rushed into print, alleging that Shakespeare had his own father in view when he portrayed Falstaff. If this theory be true, "it certainly indicates one of the most curious forms that filial piety has taken in the whole course of literature."

But to go back to "Macbeth."

Will Banquo's ghost appear at the Repertory Theatre with red paint on his face and his finger pointing to his wounds as he sits at the banquet, or will he be visible only to Macbeth in his haunted imagination?

Will Mr. Jewett play Macbeth in the old-fashioned manner, as a bloody butcher, or will he represent him as a victim of nerves, irresolute, at heart a poor, weak fish? Years ago newsboys seeing Kirby as Macbeth, were bored by much that went on and would say one to another, "Wake me up when Kirby dies." To them, and to many older theatregoers, the great scene in the tragedy began with "Lay on Macduff."

When Fox played in the burlesque he could not help being surprised, asking whether he saw a dagger, for a huge wooden killing-tool, stained red, was suspended by a string from above. How much should be left to the imagination in a performance of this play? As yet we believe it has not been put on the stage in modern costume, though it has been suggested that in case of modernization Lady Macbeth should wear pyjamas in the sleep-walking scene. And a flash-light for a candle?

Will Lady Macbeth be represented as a virago, bullying her husband into his crimes, or as a seductive woman influencing Macbeth by her physical spell and cajoling, wheedling ways? Years ago we saw Charlotte Cushman and J. B. Booth as the interesting Macbeth couple at the Boston Theatre. Would Miss Cushman's conception of the character and her performance be applauded today? At the risk of incurring

the wrath of old-timers we doubt the acceptance of her portrayal. She roared and she ranted. Not long afterwards Richard Grant White wrote his essay on the Lady Gruach in which he had the courage to describe her as a fascinating woman, by no means an Amazon. There are those who insist that Macbeth purposed to make his way to the throne before the witches addressed him on the blasted heath; that he was the prime mover in the murder. It is hard to reconcile this theory with passages in the text.

We do not believe that "Macbeth" was intended to be first of all a psychological study of two highly nervous persons. Is it not more reasonable to say with another: "For a good, honest 'Grand Guignol' horror what could be better?"

For the revival last December in London, with Mr. Ainley and Miss Thordike as the "high and unquenchable spirits," Charles Ricketts devised the scenery. The blasted heath stretched out to a far, misty horizon. The murderess waiting for Banquo hid behind "bare, bleached" trees. The witches conjured up visions for Macbeth in "a cavern full of stalactites and stalagmites." In the banquet hall there was a "rich proliferation" of color.

In old days the music was that known as Locke's. At the revival in London, Granville Bantock's music was for wind instruments, with bagpipes predominating.

Perhaps the most brilliant of recent essays on "Macbeth" is the one written by Maeterlinck as an introduction to his translation of the tragedy into French. No matter how the chief actors at the Repertory portray the characters, whether they follow the old traditions or agree, one with Henry Irving, the other with Sarah Bernhardt, it should be a pleasure to hear the lines of Shakespeare. We are all for the horrors, for the witches—as Victor Hugo once said that he accepted Shakespeare "in bulk."

The Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia offers prizes of \$10,000 for chamber music compositions: First prize, \$5000; second prize, \$3000; third prize, \$2000. These prizes are for compositions for from three to six instruments. Any composer may submit more than one composition and be awarded more than one prize. Any composer may submit compositions for the first prize only, if he so desires. The competition is open to persons of both sexes and of all nationalities. The contest closes on Dec. 31, 1927, by which time all compositions must be in the hands of the society.

Both score and parts must be sent. Each score must have written on its title page in ink a nom de plume and be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing a paper with the composer's name and address inside and the nom de plume on the outside. The name or the address of the composer must not appear elsewhere. For further details, write to the secretary at 407 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

At Budapest they thought of continuing the Beethoven celebration for six weeks! This plan has been abandoned only because it would not suit Hungary's financial situation. Six weeks! One week seems long enough. A bust of the composer will be unveiled in the vestibule of the Opera House and a street will be named after him. Well, Boston has its Beethoven street.

The copyright on compositions by Brahms will expire at the end of this year, unless the term is extended from 30 to 50 years, as many German writers and composers would have it, though some are in favor of retaining the lesser term, as sales in cheap editions after the expiration will benefit those who cannot afford the original prices, either of books or music.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M.—Reinold Werrenrath, baritone. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M.—People's Symphony orchestra. Wallace Goodrich, guest conductor; Stuart Mason, pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Pavla Frljsh, soprano. Frank Bibb, accompanist. Gluck, Ariette. Rameau, Menuet. Schubert, Rastlose Liebe. G. Faure, Au Cimetiere. Hahn, Mandoline. Ravel, Le Paon. De Falla, Seguidilla. Moussorgsky, O. Ecoute Nianouscka (from "The Nursery"). Poldowski, Pannye aux talons d'or. Cui, La Fontaine de Czarshoe-Zeh. Rebecca Clarke, The Seal Man (Ms.). Slinding, There cried a bird. Schelbeck, Song on the River, Grieg, Woodland Wandering and Dream.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8 P. M.—Apollo Club's third concert of its 56th season. Malcolm Lang, guest conductor. Harry Farberman, violinist. Choruses: MacDowell, the Crusaders. Liebs, Come. Charn of Night (baritone obligato, Mr. Crowell). Attenuhofer, Spring is Lord of Earth. Bantock, City of Chow. Morning Hymn. Pache, Silent Recollection. Carpenter, The Home Road. R. W. Warner, Wake, Miss Lindy. Saar, Venetian Love Song (solo voices, Messrs. Jackson, Patch, Raymond, Goode; violin obligato, Mr. Farberman). Elgar, Land of Hope and Glory. Mr. Farberman will play two groups of violin pieces.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Paul Roes, Dutch pianist. Bach—B. on, Prelude and Fugue, D major. Roes, Il Giorno (composed at Florence in 1922). The Night, The Dawn, The Day, The Evening). Beethoven, Sonata, op. 53. Roes, La Vita Eterna (Composed at Florence in 1925. Four movements: First performance.) Chopin, Three Preludes, Nocturnes Op. 15, No. 2; op. 37, No. 1; op. 48, No. 1. Ballade. Mr. Roes gave a few recitals in the United States a year ago. He will return in January for another tour.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Third and last concert of the Fionzaley Quartet.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M.—Katharine Gorin, pianist. Franck, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue. Brahms, Intermezzo, E major; Intermezzo, E flat minor, Capriccio. Chopin, Nocturne, Etudes op. 10, Nos. 11 and 8; op. 25, Nos. 2 and 11. Gorin, Presage. Stravinsky, Etude. Medtner, idyll, Conte, Canzona Serenata. Dohnanyi, Capriccio.

only a symbol of the liberty loving Swiss. From the Rigi Culm the visitor saw remarkable cloud effects. One of the most interesting features of the travelogue was the tourist's stay at the castle where the great Barbarossa once lived and ruled. It came into the possession of the late James W. Ellsworth, who preserved its mediaeval character yet enjoyed there modern comforts.

The second part of the travelogue was devoted chiefly to winter resorts and winter sports at St. Moritz, Davos, Pontresina. Those who had read Domville-Fife's "Things Seen in Switzerland in Winter," with its many illustrations, were agreeably reminded of the book by seeing larger and finer pictures of subjects therein described.

The travelogue will be presented this afternoon. The subject next week is

CHARLES ANTHONY

Charles Anthony, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. He had an unusually large audience. Though there is no reason to question the liking of this large company for Mr. Anthony's playing—quite the contrary, in fact—nevertheless one may wonder if the program offered did not have a hand in attracting many people.

Mr. Anthony, so much stands plain, is warmly in sympathy with the music of Bach and with that of the modern-

ish French. Being a pianist, it goes without saying that he is fond of Chopin. So why, he may have reasoned, not set forth a program of the music he loves himself, on the very likely chance that the public will like it too?

So Mr. Anthony began with Debussy's first prelude from his first book, and followed it with three Bach pieces—a chorale prelude arranged by Busoni, the D major prelude and fugue from the first book of the Well Tempered Clavier, and the Italian concerto. Next he played Ravel's "Mother Goose" pieces, transcribed for piano solo by Jacques Chabrier. After Chopin's F minor fantasy he closed the program with the three Ravel pieces comprising "Gaspard de la Nuit."

To respect Mr. Anthony's judgment and his independence it is not necessary to share his taste for all yesterday's offerings. No performer can hope to please everybody by his choice of music. Mr. Anthony at all events pleased himself, and, after all, there is no surer way to please an audience.

Despite his devotion to music ancient and modern, Mr. Anthony did some of his best work in the Chopin fantasy. Not only did he play each episode admirably—many a pianist can achieve that much—but he contributed the transitions with masterly skill, with that curious touch of hesitancy that makes for fancifulness if managed aright; if overdone, it leads to aimless music. It was a sound musician playing yesterday, no doubt of that.

Musicianship of a high order, Mr. Anthony also showed in the andante of the Italian concerto, tricky music rhythmically if such was ever written. The concerto's first movement he made beautiful, though a reading less highly mannered would have pleased some hearers better.

Everything he played he made sound well, his tone is so exceedingly fine, above all in passage work, his phrasing so neatly shaped. Since, in yesterday's program—the fantasy apart—sound and orderliness were the qualities most demanded, it follows that Mr. Anthony played it successfully. What powers he has to move or to thrill he preferred to hold in reserve till another time.

R. R. G.

We thought the correspondence about the Smutty Nose murder case was at an end, but as Mr. Edmund Pearson's account of it in his interesting book was the cause of shedding ink, he should have the last word.

TO END THE DISCUSSION

As the World Wags:

The curious aspect of the story of the murders on the island of Smutty Nose, as told by the "prominent citizen of Kittery" to H. B., is that neither the accused man, Wagner, nor his lawyers, ever heard any such version. They never asserted that there were two, not three, women on the island, for the reason that in the presence of one survivor and two dead bodies, it would have been difficult to make anybody believe it. If H. B. retains his faith in the story told by the eminent Kitterian, and still thinks that Mrs. Thaxter, Justice Shaw and all other writers on the subject have been heaved by the court records (which he suggests were doctored) he may see the graves of the two murdered women in the South cemetery at Portsmouth.

The chief absurdity in the story told by H. B.'s guest is the assertion that Wagner accounted for all of his time except one hour, and that the state argued that he rowed to the Shoals and back in that time. There is no mention of this in the case for the defense, nor in the newspapers of the time, nor anywhere. In no court, unless manned by lunatics, would a case be permitted to go to a jury, on any such impossible contention—nor would it be believed by any jury. Wagner made an attempt to account for 11 hours of his time, and failed to produce one witness to corroborate his ridiculous story. The yarn about the death-bed confession of the surviving woman is unsubstantiated gossip, of a trite and familiar kind. I heard that it was still repeated by one old fisherman on the Shoals—who put more trust in something somebody told him once, than in sworn testimony, printed records, or anything else.

I do not know what the prominent Kitterian and his friends had for dinner on that day, but there was one dish provided by the P. K., and that was a heaping platter of apple-sauce.

New York. EDMUND PEARSON.

MOON-MADNESS

She passed by as softly
On her bare brown feet
As an old moon stealing
Down a quiet street;

And no one could have told
What her voice had cried
To the shadowed window
And the face inside.

None could have noticed that
Her honey-voice broke,
And I should have questioned
Even that she spoke;
But something had remained,
Something stayed behind . . .
And all that night it tossed
Its hands in the wind.

But now that the long years
Have made me grow old,
What she said is clear now—
I know what she told—
"Come quickly when the moon
Bends low in the street. . ."

Once she passed me softly
On her bare brown feet. . .
DONFARRAN.

IF YOU KNOW?

As the World Wags:

Now that governors, lieutenant-governors and other people of great eminence are being drafted into service for the purpose of satiating the demands of a hungry public that it be "asked another," it might be well to call attention to an almost inexhaustible supply of questions that were propounded nearly three-quarters of a century ago. Some time prior to 1860 (the copy I possess, autographed by my father, bears that date in his own handwriting), Dick & Fitzgerald of New York published—

"THE REASON WHY"

"A Careful Collection of Many Hundreds of Reasons for Things Which, Though Generally Believed, Are Imperfectly Understood."

"A Book of Condensed Scientific Knowledge for the Million."

"By the Author of 'Inquire Within.'"

The book contains 1325 questions and answers, mostly of a scientific or pseudo-scientific nature, but they are not so technical as to dismay the layman. Here is one of them:

"What is the purest form of carbon known?"

It would be unfair to keep the anxious reader waiting until tomorrow for the answer, containing, as it does, a beautiful, if lengthy, moral observation.

"The purest form of carbon is the diamond, which may be said to be absolutely pure. Hence we derive another of the beautiful lessons of science—a lesson which teaches us to despise nothing that God has given. The soot which blackens the face of a chimney-sweep, and the diamond that glistens in the crown of the monarch, consist of the same element in merely a different atomic condition. What a lesson of humility this teaches to pride! The haughty beauty as she walks the ballroom, inwardly proud of the radiance of her gems as they rise and fall upon her breast, little thinks or knows that every breath that is expired around her wafts away the like element of which her treasures are composed. That even in our own flesh and bones the same abounding substance lies hid; and that the buried tree of the primitive world, and the little flower of today, are both the instruments of giving this singular element to man!"

Here is a pre-prohibition question: "Have people ever been poisoned by their own breaths?" The answer is "Yes," and readers of The Herald are urged to secure this volume, if possible, and find out why.

Here is another, equally Pre-Volsteadian: "Why do connoisseurs of wines close their mouths and distend their chins for a few seconds when tasting wines?" This question is answered in the book, but the revised answer might be, "Yes, we have no 'connoisseurs' today."

The mid-Victorian compiler of this valuable work could not resist the temptation to occasionally assign a moral to his puzzles. The answer to question No. 311 defines spontaneous combustion, and question No. 320 asks: "Why should spontaneous combustion occur in the case of the drunkard?"

Answer: Because spirituous drinks contain a large proportion of alcohol, one of the constituents of which is hydrogen. The vital energies of the drunkard, being destroyed by excess, chemical agencies obtain an ascendancy, and it is supposed that the hydrogen of the alcohol combines with the phosphorus of the body to form phosphureted hydrogen, which ignites spontaneously, and literally consumes the living temple. Cases of spontaneous combustion are of rare occurrence. But they are sufficiently well authenticated by high medical authority, in many parts of the world, to present an awful warning to the inveterate drunkard. The cases of which we have read the most appalling description. How signally the Almighty displeasure at intemperance is expressed, when the very drink which imparts the mad pleasure of intoxication is made the direct instrument by which the drunkard is destroyed.

DYER NEEDHAM

"Hence, perhaps, the modern expression 'lit up.'"

PEOPLE'S CONCERT

At Jordan hall yesterday afternoon the People's Symphony Orchestra gave its 11th concert of this season. Wallace Goodrich was guest conductor, while the orchestra's regular conductor, Stuart Mason, was piano soloist. There were also two other soloists, Homer Humphrey, organist, and William D. Simmons, tenor.

The program: Overture to "The Betrothed of the Tsar," Rimsky-Korsakoff; Pastoral Symphony, B. Vaughan Williams; Rhapsody on a Persian Air, for piano and orchestra, Stuart Mason; Chorale in B Minor, Cesar Franck (arranged for organ and orchestra by Wallace Goodrich); Hungarian March from "The Damnation of Faust," Berlioz.

It was one of the finest concerts of this season in Boston. There were no pieces marked "first performance," but most of them had not been heard here for several years, and the Vaughan Williams Pastoral Symphony was introduced in this city but last year, at a concert by the New England Conservatory Orchestra, Mr. Goodrich conducting.

The beauty of this work lies in its serenity. It suggests no brilliant colors, expresses no excited emotions, even in the presto of the third movement. Its moods are strictly in keeping with its title, breathing contentment, mild enjoyment, comfort, in surroundings where the sun goes down amid pastel colorings. Steadily the music proceeds to its poetic climax in the fourth movement, and a tenor voice, heard off-stage, gives out the last calm phrases over a sustained high A by the violins. This symphony reminds one of nothing so much as "plain living and high thinking." There are few composers who can achieve this effect in a major work without dullness.

Mr. Mason's "Rhapsody on a Persian Air," and Mr. Goodrich's orchestration of the Cesar Franck B-Minor Chorale both made their first bow to Boston six years ago, and have not been too often played since. Mr. Mason, in his Rhapsody, takes an old Persian theme and plays with it, that is to say, builds improvisations with it and enjoys their patterns as he goes along, rather than "working" out variations of it, which would materially have deadened its beauty. The result for the listener is that the piece offers all the drama and fascination of a set of Persian tales, told in sound.

The B Minor Chorale is one of the last compositions of Cesar Franck. In making the transcription from organ to orchestra and organ, Mr. Goodrich not merely added a Cesar Franck work to the available orchestral repertoire, but he distinctly heightened the sonority and grandeur of the piece, particularly in the final passages.

The Rimsky-Korsakoff overture has not been heard here as often as some of his other compositions, and some which had later introductions to American audiences. The program notes with regard to this piece are a little misleading. "Boston heard a single performance in December, 1922," they read. Doubtless this means of the complete opera, for the program subject under discussion, the overture, was played in Boston back in the days of Mr. Gerike, in the wake of the first enthusiasm for the work. Like many another piece by Rimsky-Korsakoff, it is now listened to for the enjoyment that is inherent in it, and no longer for any excitement to be found in its daring themes, or novel orchestration.

The familiar, almost popular, Berlioz march brought the program to a close, with an audience not hurrying to the doors, but lingering to express its appreciation of Mr. Goodrich's masterly conducting and the orchestra's fine playing. In music, as in politics, there persists the impression that the people, by and large, have no real knowledge. Yet it is extraordinary how unerring is their judgment at times. It is hard to say what may have attracted them in the announcement of yesterday's program, yet it is a fact that Jordan Hall was almost filled, whereas on most other Sunday afternoons there have been plenty of seats. Perhaps it was the relatively unfamiliar music by familiar composers.

WERRENATH SINGS

Reinold Werrenrath, baritone, accompanied by Herbert Carriek, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, this being the program:

When Dull Care, Old English; Sally in Our Alley, Carey; I'll Sail upon the Dog Star, Purcell; Vier Ernste Gesänge, Brahms; "Credo" from Otello, Verdi; piano solos: Gavotte in B minor, Bach; Rhapsodie in F-sharp minor, Dohnanyi; Herbert Carriek, Triebts, Fisher; The Green-Eyed Dragon, Wolseyley Charles; Poor Man's Garden, Kennedy Russell; Boots, Hazel H. S. Feldmann; Princess of the Morning, Ware; Duna, McGill; King Charles, Maude Valerie White.

Mr. Werrenrath turned his attention yesterday to a higher average of music than sometimes is the case. "Sally in Our Alley"—what could be more agreeable of its pleasant kind? And at last he has discovered Purcell's "Dog Star," a song Purcell might have written, granted the necessary foresight, with Mr. Werrenrath in mind. Never before has Mr. Werrenrath undertaken music so exacting as Brahms's "Four Serious Songs"; the acclaim with which the large audience received them should prove to Mr. Werrenrath that he can venture on music quite as exalted as he pleases. But why, why should he elect to sing them in German when the English translations are very well as they stand, and easily could be made better?

By the same argument, the acceptability of good music, Mr. Werrenrath's dramatic performance of Iago's creed was liked extremely well, only less so than that amusing song "The Green-Eyed Dragon." Of course, after his English group, he had to sing many added songs; the audience would have them. Small wonder. Mr. Werrenrath, at his best, can get more from a song than most singers can. And yesterday he was in voice.

As well as excellent accompaniments, Mr. Carriek played his solo pieces to the great pleasure of the company.

THEATRE SHOW

By PHILIP HALE

New Park Theatre—First time in Boston of "The Charlot Show of 1927," with Jessie Matthews, Sunday Wilshire, Hazel Wynne, Ann Stephenson, Vera Braund, Bobbie Lee, Dorothy Graham, Virginia Meyer, Louise Smith, Herbert Mundin, Harold Warrender, Gordon Sherry, Henry Lytton, Jr., Allen Macbeth, Michael Foley.

In the old days when this form of entertainment was popular the word "show" was prefaced by "variety." It would be interesting to trace the changes from the days of Tony Pastor to the present; to note how "vaudeville" succeeded "variety," how "revue" finally came to the theatre bill. It is pleasant to see "show" again, for the entertainment last night at the New Park was a show of pretty girls, young, fresh (but not in the aggressive, disconcerting meaning of that word), graceful dancers, disporting themselves as if they, too, enjoyed the fun. There were some excellent comedians with Mr. Mundin at the head, a versatile man, now a low comedian and a right good one too, now a comedian of fine acquirements, as was seen by his masterly portrayal of "The Last Cabby," in which he struck the pathetic note but quietly, without falling into maudlin sentimentalism—truly an excellent character sketch. And Mr. Mundin, by his surprising quickness in taking various and widely differing roles, reminded one of "the Lightning Change Artist," always on the bill of variety entertainments that delighted our fathers.

Allah be praised—there was a refreshing absence of mushy songs for a seeping tenor or a blatant baritone. What songs there were pleased the audience and were sung simply without repetitions ad nauseam. Miss Matthews shone as a sly singer who did not have to hammer home her points. Girlish but by no means unsophisticated, she sang her lines with the quiet emphasis that is peculiar to the English music hall artist when she is not of the school in which Marie Lloyd shone a star of the first magnitude.

If one were to mention the features on the long bill that were especially amusing one would name, "Think Before You Speak," with Mr. Mundin, Miss Wynne, Miss Wilshire as the family at breakfast; "The Grand Guignol" horror, in which song and dance were introduced that the play itself might not terrify the audience; "The Opera," in which the sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor" was first played, and afterwards the characters spoke and shouted, without musical accompaniment, the words of the libretto, so that they might be understood; the ballet of "The Lost Collar Button," with dialogue; "A Gala Night at Galashells," a cabaret scene with many illustrations of traditional Scottish thrift, and "Atmospherics," in which Dr. Porus Plaster, Major Knapsack and Mr. Cable broadcast information about medical remedies, travel among the savages, and the running of street cars with constant interruptions which led to surprising continuations in speech that were wildly funny. (We have mentioned Mr. Mundin as the Last Cabby.) The stage settings were simple but sufficient. The whole show moved steadily along without creaking, the padding necessary between the more important scenes was small in quantity, the intermission was of reasonable length. As was to be expected, there were a few conventional scenes in which wife, husband and lover were introduced; they were neither among the most original nor the most amusing numbers on the bill. An audience that the theatre was warmly

Speaking of George Gissing's adventures in this country as told in a few letters among the many published by Houghton Mifflin Company, we mentioned the joy he took in reading books; not only those written by ancient worthies, but novels, essays, histories by his contemporaries.

Some Englishman said in a snippy way that Gissing's novels smelt of fried fish. Thus did this critic speak disdainfully of characters introduced, poor devils in Grub street, the unsuccessful in the lower walks of life, the humiliated and the oppressed. Gissing in his most depressed moments—he at times sounded the depths—would never have been so contemptuous of another's work. He could write bitterly in his letters about men in a crowd. Living at Epson, where they had engaged a servant who could cook a joint and boil a potato—"It is incredible"—he found the place hideous in May on account of the races—"fields and lanes filled with verminous ruffians." In earlier years he described the "vulgarity" of the people exhibited in holiday times. "Their notion of a holiday is to rush in crowds to some sweltering place, such as the Crystal Palace, and there sit and drink and quarrel themselves into stupidity. Miserable children are lugged about, yelling at the top of their voices, and are beaten because they yell. Troops of hideous creatures drive wildly about the town in gigs, donkey carts, cabbage carts, dirt carts, and think it enjoyment." He described thousands making cheap trips to eat a "greasy" meal in a Margate coffee house and see for five minutes the ocean through "eyes blinded with dirt and perspiration." There were the parks and commons "packed with screeching drunkards, one general mass of dust and heat and rage and exhaustion." And in this letter he longed for a general shortening of working hours the year round, so that all labor would be over at 4 P. M. "Then the idea of hours of leisure would become familiar to the people and they would learn to make some sensible use of them. Of course, this is impossible so long as we work for working's sake. All the world's work—all that is really necessary for the health and comfort and even luxury of mankind—could be performed in three or four hours of each day. There is so much labor just because there is so much money-grubbing."

When Gissing was poor—only towards the end of his life was he in comfortable circumstances—he knew the joy of finding bargains at second-hand book shops—a first edition of the "Quentin Durward" for a shilling, the first edition of Gibbon—Gissing described it as a lover rhapsodizing over his mistress—six quarto volumes, "not a yellow stain, glorious print," portrait and maps—only 6sh. 6d. "Of course it was impossible not to get this; flesh and blood could not forego the possession of it, despite all impetuosity." There's your true lover of books!

How generous he was in his appreciation of other novelists! He was indignant because George Meredith was not warmly appreciated, although he admitted in 1884 that his novels were of the superlatively tough species. In this letter he wrote: "Human life has little interest to me, on the whole—save as material for artistic presentation. I can get savage over social iniquities, but even then my rage at once takes the direction of planning revenge in artistic work." Charlotte Bronte was one of his idols. When he visited Brussels the only entry in his diary was: "Walked about the hilly streets, and thought of Charlotte Bronte." Yet he noted her strange weakness: "She was very vain of her narrow waist and small foot, and she laced herself so tight as to injure herself." George Sand was another of his idols, and so was Dickens. He found Ruskin and Swinburne doing the most artistic work of the day (1883): "I am growing to feel that the only thing known to us of absolute value is artistic perfection."

Gissing had described the struggle of a young man in breaking into literature. It is the more noteworthy, showing the catholicity and generosity of his appreciation, that he urged his brother to read Walter Besant's "All in a Garden Fair," one of "the most charming and delicate of modern novels." A great part of this novel dealt with the subject of early literary life.

He found refreshment in Longfellow, whose poetry was "not very deep—by the side of the great poets he sinks into insignificance"; but there was a "quiet sunny atmosphere" for those not in the humor of climbing the heights.

Besides his exquisite style, there is in Hawthorne an independence of conventional view which makes his work very valuable to all who are reading for the maturity of their thought."

He found perfect prose, marvelous passages in Landor; was struck by Tennyson's felicity in putting vague no-

tions into beautiful words. Yes, Gissing read enormously; wished those of his family to read much. He wrote to his 17-year-old sister Margaret: "A woman is a me duffer if she is not able to read Shakespeare with perfect intelligence of his vocabulary."

The many letters from Italy and Greece show the simplicity of a child in enjoyment, besides the ability to describe a scene in few words without the customary commonplace adjectives. The letters written when he was hard at work as a novelist, encouraged first of all only by Frederic Harrison, are more engrossing; they portray the man. He rejoiced in the one volume driving out the traditional three volume novel. Dickens and Thackeray planned to tell everything, to leave nothing to be divined. Gissing found art in episodes, rather than in biographies. "I think it is better to tell a story precisely as one does in real life, hinting, surmising, telling in detail what can so be told, and no more."

Will these letters lead to a revival of interest in Gissing's novels? Or will he be remembered solely by his "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft"? He thought it was his best book. "The thing most likely to last when all my other futile work has followed my futile life." Will some in the years to come agree with Frederic Harrison as to the power of "Workers in the Dawn" or appreciate the irony of "In the Year of Jubilee"? Gissing found the "summer" atmosphere of Besant's "All in a Garden Fair" delicious. Has that novel survived the hard winters? Books have their fate.

AS SHE IS SPOKEN

As the World Wags:

The other day I overheard a customer of the postoffice ask for a stamped "envelope." When I go into the drug store and ask for envelopes, the young women behind the counter gently correct me by saying "onvelops." I suppose because they are so accustomed to speaking French, but it embarrasses me.

F. EDWARDS.

As the World Wags:

The following essay was written by a 9-year-old boy in the grammar schools of Quincy. I am sorry I cannot see John in action.

"HE WAS A SIGHT TO BEHOLD. Once there was a boy whose name was John. He was very dirty when he was home. He never washed his hands or face. When he ate he never used a napkin. All of his food fell on his pants and on the floor. He always looked a sight when he left the table. That is why I named my story 'He was a sight to behold.'"

JAMES L. EDWARDS

"LADY ALONE" AT

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Lady Alone," a play in three acts by Laetitia McDonald. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Virginia Lane.....	Louise Galloway
Clarissa Carter.....	Lee Smith
Kathryn Peters.....	Dorothy Overend
Paul Gershe.....	Edward H. Waver
Nina Hopkins.....	Alice Brady
Rev. Dr. Bloomer.....	Kirk Brown
Craig Neilson.....	Anstin Fairman
Stephen Brett.....	Joseph Kilgour
Reagan.....	William Leith
City marshal.....	William W. Crumens
Messenger.....	Spencer Bentley

This is a sad little play about a sad little lady, in a setting somewhere near the top of the social pyramid. Love and death are taken in the best possible taste with an accompaniment of phonograph, cocktails, and the other appurtenances of our better circles.

Miss Alice Brady is Nina, one of the army of girls adrift in New York. She is an orchid, the flower of a gentle but impoverished stock. Like an orchid, she is rootless, a rich little poor girl serving caviar with her cocktails and avoiding the grocer. Where some girls could do quite nicely with \$2000 a year and what they could make, Nina was never meant to battle for her living. She is the fine and delicate type woman, whose life will always be molded by the men who happen to love her.

After years of polite scraping, Nina drifts into what for her type represents the ultima thule, an engagement to a adoring old millionaire, security to the nth degree. There is always something intensely dramatic in the thought of casting aside a few millions for love, and when Nina makes this gesture after a city marshal has removed all the furniture from her apartment, with the proximate cause of her insanity a married man with two children, it is indeed a beau geste. Nina does it gallantly and when her Craig's ardor cools, with a light touch she does a chaise longue death to the accompaniment of tinkling glasses and conversation about the merits of whiskey.

Miss Brady gives a convincing, restrained performance of a woman too fine to stand disillusionment. Intellectually, you realize a finished production of a sensitively perceived play, an aptly chosen something very good, but emotionally Nina's troubles cannot be

reach you. Even Miss Brady, far as she has come since her pleasant ingenue days, cannot make Nina deeply moving. Reality is always just around the corner.

But the play is so much above the average that it is decidedly not an evening wasted. You can be gently amused by the lines without the strain of epicram-catching. The characters are people who live with humor and delicate perceptions. The men look as though they bought their clothes at Brooks's, and wore them in the daytime, as well as on the stage.

Mr. Kilgour as the old millionaire won a true tribute in the form of a tremendous and general sigh from the audience when Nina told him to go. Mr. Parham was sufficiently futile as the lover who wasn't quite big enough. But the play really revolves about the sa ditte Lady Alone, and Miss Brady more than does her justice.

R. H. G.

REPERTORY THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Macbeth," presented by the Repertory company, with the following cast:

First Witch	Agnes Elliot	Scott
Second Witch	Linda Ann	Carlton
Third Witch	Mark	Schweid
Duncan, King of Scotland	William	Mason
Malcolm, his son	Guy	Robert
A sergeant	Thomas	Garvin
Lennox	William	Kershaw
Ross	Marshall	Vincent
Macbeth	Henry	Jewett
Banquo	Charles	Francis
Angus	Allan	Wallace
Lady Macbeth	Ruth	Robert
Seyton, an officer	William	Faversham
Fleance, son to Banquo	Dorothy	Jones
A porter	Ralph	Roberts
Macduff	Louis	Leon Hall
Donalbain, younger son to Duncan	Philip	Jenney
An attendant	Randolph	Engstrom
First murderer	Mark	Schweid
Second murderer	Elmer	Hall
Heate	Edmonia	Nolley
First apparition	Christine	Thackaberry
Second apparition	Florence	Perrine
Third apparition	Velma	Lawrence
A doctor	Ralph	Robert
A waiting gentlewoman	Augusta	Gill
A messenger	John	Ellis
Old Sward, an English general	William	Mason

Young Sward, his son... Robert Hambleton
Witches, kings, lords and ladies, officers, soldiers and attendants by: Lena Cohen, Celeste Duth, Ethelwyn Fitzgerald, Phyllis Ford, Velma Lawrence, Mary Matthews, Florence Perrine, Mary Sherry, Christine Thackaberry, Joseph Adams, William Baltrush, William Bidlack, James Bullett, Leo Carroll, George Chapman, Irving Cromwell, John Ellis, Randolph Engstrom, Warren Goddard, Freddie Glazier, Arthur Healy, Charles Howard, Frederick Looftbourou, Robert Magee, William Meader, Joseph Patton, John Pratt, Wilbur Raymond, Roger Villeneuve, Robert Walsh, Richard Webster, Allan Whitfield, Henry Wilson, George Zorn.

A crash of thunder sounded the keynote for the opening of a spirited production of Shakespeare's great melodramatic tragedy last night—a play of daggers, drums, alarms, swashbuckling, blood, ghosts, revenge, death, and played as such by the troupe on Huntington avenue. And as the curtain rose and the thunder crashed, a jagged, symbolic horizon loomed ominously before a dark blue sky of night, while brief, recurrent flashes of red light touched the evil upraised talons of the leering witches. It was plain to see that here was no ranting, perfunctory throwing on the boards of an old favorite—the play was staged and acted with a gratifying freshness and zest which made the audience respond with an interest which was more than academic.

Others have whitewashed Macbeth and made a stage Madonna out of his murderous wife—Mr. Jewett and Miss Taylor did not. His Macbeth was a burly, craven cutthroat with manner somewhat smoothed by high rank, and his wife a narrow-eyed she-cat. Since modernization of Shakespeare is in vogue, the present-day counterpart of Mr. Jewett's Macbeth might be a Chicago ex-bartender and pugilist now at the head of a bootleg gang and a power in machine-gun politics, and Lady Macbeth a super-courtesan with an eye for million-dollar payrolls. Others have given the lady tenderness and hesitation in the early part of the play, they have made her shudder slightly as she voiced the famous "We fail"; Miss Taylor gave her a cool and diabolic deliberateness as she intimated that if they failed to murder the king they would take their medicine. She made you feel that the Macbeths had arrived at their present station by dint of similar irregularities, and that if Mr. John Erskine got busy with his facie pen, he could write quite a story about their past before the play started.

The suave, kindly, and majestic Duncan, who placed absolute confidence in people to his own undoing, was done to a proper turn by William Mason, and the role of Macduff was happily placed in the expert hands of Louis Leon Hall, whose experience with Shakespeare plays also enabled him to assist in the production. Many minor points of direction and staging were noticeable as examples of enlightened realism. Soldiers coming from battle limped and dragged themselves along a dark skyline—none of the false brave trimness which is sometimes seen.

Altogether an excellent opportunity for Bostonians to see a Shakespeare play.

H. P. M.

KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE—"Sure Fire." A comedy in a prologue and three acts, by Ralph Murphy. First time in Boston. The cast:

Robert Ford, a young playwright	Walter	Gilbert
John Kenderion, a producer	John	Winthrop
Alfred Lowell, a successful playwright	Frank	Charlton
Walt Henderson, the town marshal	Charles	I. Schofield
Herby Brewster, employed in the postoffice	Joe	Lee
George Reynolds, a lawyer	Harold	Chase
Stephen Blaine, U. S. congressman	William	Gerald
Phil Cole, the postmistress's son	Day	Manson
Sarah Cole, the postmistress	Florence	Pendleton
Jane Cole, her daughter	Florence	Shirley
Peggy Vere, a vaudeville actress	Kathleen	Wallace
Louise Schuyler, a society girl	Edith	Speare
Alice, Kenderion's stenographer	Nancy	Wayne

Mr. Murphy's "comedy," which was first produced last October in New York, and had its initial presentation in Boston last night, answered perfectly to the description—and more. It was, by turns, comedy, romance, farce, melodrama of the most lurid sort, the wildest of burlesque and then back again, down the line through all the gradations. There was no singing, so it could not have been called an opera, and nobody was killed, so it was not a tragedy. These omissions were doubtless oversights on the part of the author.

The "prologue," in which everything, past, present and future is explained, is far too prolix and rather "gives away the show," but there can be no complaint of lack of "action" in the following three acts. The members of the cast do a marathon run through the rapidly succeeding episodes, and the whirligig of events fairly leaves one breathless.

Mr. Gilbert, as the hero, plays the part of a New York playwright, whose "highbrow" stuff is unacceptable, and who betakes himself to a small town, "somewhere in Indiana" to get "atmosphere." He certainly gets it—a foot thick, as someone says. Prompted by his friend, another playwright whose "human interest" efforts have been highly successful, and who provides him with a "sure fire" formula for achieving a like measure of success, he manages to get mixed up in all sorts of exciting events. He goes nosing around the place in quest of "atmosphere," of course, arousing general suspicion on the part of the villagers and of the constable—all according to formula. He meets a lovely old lady, the postmistress, and her charming daughter—also according to formula. Then he gets made assistant postmaster, is accused of robbing the safe, shields the postmistress's ne'er-do-well son at his own expense, gets arrested and, generally finds himself up to the neck in a particularly pungent brew of tabasco sauce, until the final sifting out.

The villains—who happen to be the local congressman and his tool—who have been trying to defraud the widow, are properly balked—still, according to formula—and the curtain descends with the hero—the arma of the postmistress's daughter—formula to the very end.

Incidentally, with the assistance of his playwright friend, posing as a detective, he contrives to write—in eight hours—a play which proves a "sure fire" winner, so that he finds the receipt for fame as well as happiness in his grasp.

The harum-scarum plot is about as wide of reality as it is possible for the mind of man to conceive and the conception of an Indiana village and its "characters" would have been antique in the pre-Denham Thompson era. But "all's well that ends well," so what's the odds? There are plenty of "sure fire" lines and situations—even to bottles and cuss words, and they all went big.

Mr. Gilbert was himself—which means effective—and Frank Charlton gives us a good bit as the resourceful friend. Miss Shirley makes a captivating heroine and Florence Pendleton achieved no end of popularity in her "old lady" role. The other members of the cast met the situation successfully and a house-filling audience enjoyed every moment of the performance.

J. E. P.

SILVERTOWN CORD PLAYERS AT KEITH'S

Masked Tenor Pleases Audience with His Songs

Nowadays the majority of orchestras in vaudeville supplant their straight musical program with trick effects and comedy novelties, for this is necessary when the musicianship alone will not carry them along. The Silvertown Cord orchestra, however, famous through broadcasting, does not have to rely on

any distracting influences. They are appearing at Keith's this week, and due to the excellence of their musical effects, they play an entire program of popular songs in recital fashion. An added attraction is the appearance of the "Silver Mask Tenor" who comes out, mask and all, and sings like all good tenors, "Mother Machree," together with other numbers. His voice is of an appealing quality and he was greeted with enthusiasm last night. Joseph Knecht, director of the orchestra, is one director who does not feel that he must let his hair grow long, sneak up on his men and drag the music from them. He conducts in a thoroughly competent way and the arrangements of his selections are particularly fine.

Jim McWilliams, the "pianolist," should be mentioned next. Through the years he brings a refreshing note to variety that one never tires of, and his political speech is always greeted with roars of approval. In this he assures his fellow-citizens that he is not going to answer his political enemies who accuse him of being a dumb-bell. "For," he says, "why should I open my mouth and remove any doubt of it?"

Another comedy which pleased last night was "Peanuts," with Medley and Dupree; one being an attractive girl who can dance and say "Why?" at the right time and the other a young man of clownish tendencies.

"Dancing as Usual" is, as one might guess, a dancing act, with Harriet Hootor and William Holbrook. Miss Hootor has some charming costumes and is agile on her toes. There is more comedy for those who clamor for the "wise-cracking" type of it in Jerome and Gray, who with Ann Clifton in "Syn-copated Songs," and "The Mongadors," French jugglers, complete the performance. There are, of course, the usual news weeklies.

M. F.

JOHN BARRYMORE IN STATE PICTURE

John Barrymore in "The Beloved Rogue," an extravagant screen production of "If I Were King," plays at the State theatre this week. The original novel from which this film was adapted was published by Harper and Bros. about ten years ago and was written by Justin Huntly McCarthy. It was dramatized later and E. H. Sothern played the part of Francois Villon. An operetta based on the same romantic theme made its appearance several years ago and was called "The Vagabond King." The cast of "The Beloved Rogue" is as follows:

Francois Villon	John Barrymore
Louis XI	Conrad Veidt
Duke of Burgundy	Marceline Day
Charlotte de Vauxcelles	Lawson Butts
Thibault d'Ausigny	Henry Victor
Villon's mother	Lucy Beaumont

There is hardly a shred of "If I Were King" in "The Beloved Rogue." There is a king played dramatically and well by Conrad Veidt. There is a Francois Villon played by John Barrymore and John Barrymore has been watching Douglas Fairbanks shinning up walls and leaping over housetops until he out-Douglasses Doug in his athletic manoeuvres.

The opening scenes establish Francois's paternity, give him background and a martyred father. Next we see him as a small and cherubic infant dashing his uninteresting bottle of milk to the floor and putting with contentment when the milk is given him in a wine bottle. So, his character is established at an early age and when he has grown to man's estate a few reels later, and hops about in a floury snow storm like a flea on a sandy beach, one is not surprised when the wine bottle is one of the actors.

This part of the picture is imaginative and fantastic. There are amusing incidents and the rogish role is established beyond recall. There is some confusion of carnival spirit in the person of the invading Duke of Burgundy, who hopes to intrigue some one out of the throne of France. He hasn't fooled the people of Paris because Villon, made up like a Barnum and Bailey clown, denounces him. He hasn't fooled Louis XI but the King is unfortunately superstitious and does not order the invading Duke away, but puts on his ermine cloak and goes to welcome him. Villon, the crowd, and the Duke are making some good scenes when the King rides up. The Duke tells the King he has been insulted and orders Villon hanged. Villon is banished from Paris with a threat of hanging if he returns. Of course he returns, but he cleverly works on the King's superstitious fear and so lives gayly and well as the King's boon companion.

The delightful part of the Abbess has been left out of this adaptation, along with most of the dramatic elements. A torture chamber has been injected,

a horribly messy affair that allows Barrymore to suffer and writhe—but so do the spectators.

Charlotte de Vauxcelles (Marceline Day) is charming and sweet. She has been robbed of her depth and grandeur, succumbs to love almost as soon as she sees how well Villon skims the house-tops with her on a rescue tour and looks particularly well in the page's clothes she adopts in the last act.

John Barrymore is a wonderful actor, he has added a rogish role to his department of portrayals. The scenes of the picture are immense, tall walls, high towers, kingly suites, but it is not "If I Were King."

C. M. D.

POVLA FRISGH

Povla Frisgh, soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan Hall: Gluck, Rette; Rameau, Menuet; Schubert, lastlose Liebe; Faure, Au Cimetiere; Iahn, Mandoline; Ravel, Le Paon; de Falla, Seguedille; Moussorgski, O, Ecoute Nianouscka; Poldowski, Pan-lyre aux talons d'or; Cesar Cui, La Fontaine de Czaroskoe-Zelo (the Fountain of Czaroskoe-Zelo); Rebecca Clark, the Seal Man; Sinding, Der skreg en Fugl; Poul Scherbeck, Sang paa Floden; Grieg, Skovvandring, En Drom.

A very large audience went out last night to hear Mme. Frisgh. Among the enthusiastic company were many people who sing or are learning to sing—present, beyond doubt, in their wisdom, for profit as well as pleasure.

Profit they must have gained, no question about it, if they learned from Mme. Frisgh all that that lady could teach them. If they perceived but the half—and that the half most easily perceptible—what extravagant and affected singing the concert world will be treated to in the course of the next six months!

For to copy Mme. Frisgh's ways in song is no prudent procedure for the rank and file of people who sing. They see her, for instance, reflecting in her face the sentiment of every sentence she utters. Let them not attempt the same, unless they have her mobile face, and that fine taste that tells her where to stop; they may easily make fools of themselves.

Unless endowed with imagination as subtle as Mme. Frisgh's, singers will bring trouble on themselves if they attempt child-like accents, like hers in Moussorgsky's song. Not everybody can venture pomposity such as hers when she sang of Ravel's peacock, or a manner so elaborated as that in "Mandolines." Not everybody could do what she did with De Falla's song; they have not the needful rhythm in their natures. Nor could everybody, because of keen sense of words and their values, make something out of musical nothings, as Mme. Frisgh made of the Poldowski song and Rebecca Clark's.

And pray let singers ambitious to learn of Mme. Frisgh observe that she made her effects solely by the means at hand; she crowded nothing extraneous in Rameau's minuet made its charming way by its rhythm alone; no misplaced attempt at diction was there to spoil it. Cui's pretty song needed no sentiment beyond what exquisite phrasing of its melody afforded, and a lovely smoothness. It is not often one listens to a singer of Mme. Frisgh's dramatic power who does not, in her desire to make the most of a song, once sleep over.

Of course Mme. Frisgh had unusual help in the accompaniments of Mr. Frank Bibb. She was enthusiastically applauded by a very large audience. It is good news that she will give a second recital in April, probably the 9th.

To the musical and dramatic powers always hers it should be said that Mme. Frisgh has added a notably finer vocal equipment. From the view of technique she sings far better than she used.

R. R. G.

"A Kiss in a Taxi" Provides Plenty of Laughs

Bebe Daniels in "A Kiss in a Taxi" is playing at the Metropolitan Theatre this week. This is an adaptation from a French farce and has the merry clink of good American glassware through several reels. The cast:

Ginette	Bebe Daniels
Maraval	Chester Conklin
Lucien Cambolle	Douglas Gilmore
Leon Lambert	Henry Kolker
Pierre	Agostino Borgato
Valentine Lambert	Eulalie Jensen
Secretary	Jocelyn Lee

"A Kiss in a Taxi" is the best vehicle Bebe Daniels has had for her clowning lately. Chester Conklin adds huge chunks to the fun and Jocelyn Lee should at least have honorary mention.

The scene is a cafe in Paris. Bebe is a waitress and the average ambition of the male patrons seems to be extracting a kiss from the fair Bebe. A barrage of glass always follows, with a few licks, chairs or anything else handy and

Bebe is a fair girl (Douglas Gilmore) whom Bebe showers with kisses and this is the love interest that causes the plot to whirl from understanding to misunderstanding and back again.

The plot a la farce is weak as usual. Bebe loves the artist (the one she kisses) and he loves her, but his guardian will not let him marry a waitress because she has no family or dowry. This all has to be remedied and in doing so there are plenty of laughs, sophisticated comedy and a pleasant ending.

Chester Conklin is the woman-hater guardian of an art collector who fancies a trim ankle. Chester tries hard to protect his fair reputation, but has the odds against him. He is usually amusing, but he is uproariously comical in "A Kiss in a Taxi."

Film Also Shown at Beacon with "Cheaters"

There is much contrast in the bill of new photoplays at the Modern and Beacon Theatres this week, where the topline is "Cheaters," the cast including Pat O'Malley, Helen Ferguson, George Hackathorne and Lawford Davidson. The associate picture is "Love Makes 'Em Wild," with a cast including Johnny Harron and Sally Phipps. The sixth episode of the serial, "The Collegians," entitled "The Fighting Spirit," and news pictures also are being shown.

The plot of the topline concerns the revolt of four of an underworld gang against the domination of their leader, and their flight to the West with the intention of giving up cheating the law. With success in reformation in sight, like a nemesis comes their former leader and recognizes the woman of the group. The clash of forces resolves into a dramatic conflict that is deftly developed and satisfyingly terminated.

The comedy deals with a persecuted office worm who turns and in one desperate act leaps from his murky surroundings to the halls of opulence. This decision is inspired by a doctor's diagnosis that he has only a short time to live, and is made possible by the possession of a sufficient sum grubbed from his small salary. What adventures he meets are the peak of humor and they further serve to stiffen his jellied spine and lead him to prospects of happier and more profitable existence.

CONTINUING PLAYS

SHUBERT—"Queen High," musical comedy, with Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit and John Hazzard. Fourteenth week.

COLONIAL—"Sunny," Charles Dillingham's musical production, starring Marilyn Miller, co-starring Jack Donahue, and featuring Clifton Webb. Ninth week.

WILBUR—"Americana," J. P. McEvoy's intimate revue, with Lew Brice, Roy Atwell, Evelyn Bennett and Charles Butterworth. Second week.

TREMONT—"On Approval," Frederick Lonsdale's new comedy, with Wallace Eddinger. Second week.

HOLLIS—"Charm," comedy by John Kirkpatrick, with Elizabeth Patterson, Kenneth Dana and others. Third week.

MAJESTIC—"What Price Glory," film version of the Stallings-Anderson war play, with Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio. Eighth week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," Arnold Ridley's mystery play. Eleventh week.

"Tell It to the Marines" Heads Program

"Tell It To The Marines," adorns the screen at Loew's Orpheum this week and again Lon Chaney establishes himself as one of the leading motion picture stars. This epic of the "Devil Dog" carries the audience through all the trials and joys of the recruit in the United States Marine Corps. William Haines plays the rookie who goes "broke" at Tia Juana playing the horses and then, to eat, decides to become one of the minions of Uncle Sam's defense.

"Kongo," by Chester Devonde and Milbourn Gordon is the offering of the week at the Gayety Theatre. It is heralded as being more thrilling and more daring than any other "Jungle show" that has ever played Boston. "Kongo" is all that was said of it in advance.

The audience sits with bated breath while the ruler of the jungle, a cripple, asserts his mastery in brute superiority backed by a whip which serves as his mace of authority. He loves in as fiendish a manner as he hates, and his love is given to a little native of the Belgian Congo, the locale of the play.

The ruler, Ray Earles, known as Flint in the show, has made a bungling mess of his life. He is struggling for vengeance for a wrong he believes another to have done him and in his effort to work that vengeance he indulges in interesting intrigue with the natives of the jungle, playing on their fears and superstitions to his own advantage.

There's frankness aplenty, Blanche Burnette, playing "Lili Min," a denizen of the trackless jungle, shows her feminine charms. There is enough "sex" about the play to startle the audience when "Whippy" a hunted man, tries his wiles on Min.

March 9, 1927

George Gissing, in a letter from Boston which we have quoted, spoke of a Mr. Garrison who befriended him; he hoped to put him on the staff of the Atlantic Monthly.

Mrs. Lillie Buffum Chace Wyman writes to us that this friend was "Francis (known intimately as Frank) Jackson Garrison, the youngest son of the Abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison."

"Frank read to me, in the last year of his life a reminiscent paper which I think has never been published. He gave in it an account of his acquaintance with George Gissing. I do not myself know a great deal about Gissing, but I knew Frank well enough to feel that his and Gissing's temperaments must have been so unlike as to make their friendship an interesting matter. Frank's nature was so kindly that the need of the other man would have drawn to itself the full force of his affectionate sympathy."

FULLY EQUIPPED

(From the Fairburs. Ill. Record)
For Sale—Radio, complete with battery, charger and speaker, kerosene stove with oven, kitchen range.—H. T. Rafferty.

SENATORIAL COURTESY

As the World Wags:
Mr. REED of Pennsylvania. When freed from her mountain heights, proclaimed her banner to the skies and so forth, and I will now read the six best sellers from 1870 on down, and before I am through—

Mr. BORAH. Mr. President, a point of order. The distinguished senator from Illinois is snoring and keeps me from sleeping.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The chair rules that while senators may slumber during the speech of the gentleman from Pennsylvania they should not snore. Will the sergeant-at-arms awaken the senator from Illinois?

Mr. DENEEN. A point of order, Mr. President; I do not snore. I have an impression that the snoring emanates from the junior senator from Ohio.

Mr. WADSWORTH. Is there anything in the constitution of these United States that prevents a senator from snoring?

Mr. ODDIE. A point of information, Mr. President. I have rung three times for blankets and twice for ice water. What kind of hotel is this? Mr. President, I ask you, what kind of hotel is this?

Mr. FEED of Pennsylvania. Maud Muller, Mr. President, on a summer's day raked the meadows sweet with hay. And, Mr. President and senators assembled in this hall that has echoed to the eloquence of Webster and Clay and Calhoun, the judge came riding down the lane—

Mr. NEELY. Mr. President, army blankets have been furnished to the senators for use in this night session, but, Mr. President, I say without fear of successful contradiction, there are no sheets! No sheets, Mr. President, no towels and no tooth brushes! Mr. President, from the moment of the foundation of this great republic—

(Hand organ outside plays "Oh, say, can you see?")

R. H. L.

At least 1,000,000 copies of Fergus Hume's "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" were sold; the play based on the novel had long runs in this country and in England. Now Hume is 70 years old and very poor, trying to live on a few shillings a week. Not because he has

been extravagant or dissipated. He sold his novel outright for £50. An effort is being made to get a Civil List pension for him.

SIGNS OF SPRING

(For As the World Wags)

"Say, when does spring begin, papa?"
"I do not know, my son.
I used to have a faithful sign,
But those dear days are done."

"But spring goes by the calendar."
"Perhaps it does, my boy,
But I judged by the lovely sign;
It used to give me joy."

"This beauteous sign, this gorgeous sign,
It meant that spring was near;
The baseball boys would soon go South,
The robins soon appear."

"But, say, papa, what can this be,
For which you so repine?"
"My gentle lad, I'll tell you, then,
I mean the bock beer sign."

"This sign, it showed a noble goat,
And just the one word, BOCK,
And for one glass of luscious brew
I'd put my shirt in hock."

"But what become of all this joy
On which you used to dote?"
"The pro-hy-bitonists, my boy,
Have got my bock beer goat."

FORREST F. HARBOUR.

Mansfield.

ALL UP FOR THE BULL!

As the World Wags:
I shall not reply to Mr. Martinez at length concerning bull fights lest I become tedious. The Herald readers will be enlightened by reading the article from Madrid on page 8 of Monday's Herald.

The author of the immortal "Don Quixote" saw bull fights as I do. I fall to see "sport" in disemboweled horses. Let the torador face the bull alone, if he is brave. I like boxing matches. I would not, however, if one contestant was stabbed with icepicks in the back to divert his attention during the fight. I like football, it is manly and played fairly. In bull fights they always used to tie fireworks to the bull. The whole plan of a bull "fight" is to distract the bull so that the opera bouffe hero can assassinate him safely.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

As the World Wags:
Some time ago I heard a poem entitled, I believe, "Misunderstood." The subject of the poem concerns the common misunderstanding of one's motive. The last word in each stanza is "misunderstood." Can you, or any one of your readers, name the author and give the proper title from this meagre description?
H. O. L.

"BEWARE OF THE WIDOWS"

As the World Wags:
It is quite evident in my mind that unmarried women of a hot-to-be-told age must keep from Ulster province, Ireland, if they have any idea of breaking the ties of single-blessedness. It is authoritatively published that "widows are more sought after as wives than are spinsters, by both bachelors and widowers." Some politicians have assumed that this condition influenced them to vote for the immigration law of July 1, 1924, which fixed the quotas to be allowed to enter the United States and has angered Irish maidens because they are shut out, though anxious to come in where their chances would be more promising. This is sad-denning.
H. E. R.

APOLLO CLUB GIVES

The Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its 274th concert (third concert of the 56th season) at Jordan hall last night. Malcolm Lang was guest conductor. The assisting artists were Miss Gladys de Almeida, soprano, and Mr. Stefan Sopkin, violinist, as well as the following members of the club: Henry C. Jackson, tenor; Roy K. Patch, tenor; Charles P. Raymond, baritone; Willis A. Goode, bass; Melvin R. Crowell, baritone; Charles E. Boyd, Jr., tenor.

Songs by the club were: The Crusaders, Edward MacDowell; Come, Charm of the Night, Louis Liebe; City of Chow, Granville Bantock; From Every Zone, Arnold Krug; Silent Recollection, Johannes Pache; The Home Road, John A. Carpenter; Wake, Miss Lindy, H. Waldo Warner; Venetian Love Song, Louis Victor Saar; Land of Hope and Glory, Edward Elgar.

Songs by Miss Almeida: The Little Shepherd's Song, Watts; Stornellata Marinara, Cimara; Estrellita, Mexican folk-song, arranged by LaForge; En Cuba, Fuentes; Song of the Open, La Forge.

Mr. Sopkin played: Chanson, Tallis; Melody, Tschalkovsky; D-flat waltz of Chopin, arranged by Spaulding; Alt Wlen, Godowsky; Short Story, Gershwin; fantasy on Russian themes, Rimsky-Korsakoff.

M. Harry Farberman had been announced as assisting artist. He was said last evening to have injured a fin-

ger, and what is a violinist minus one finger? Mr. Sopkin therefore played in his place, and the audience was most appreciative. He has a sure technique and a fine tone, though he does not yet say much with his instrument. His best interpretations last night were the Gershwin piece and a little lullaby arranged by himself, given as an encore—the only encore of the evening.

Miss Almeida is well known to concert-goers in Boston, and it is always a pleasure to hear a soprano, like her, who does not screech, who does not force her voice, who produces sweet tones easily in her highest register, and who sings with intelligence.

Mr. Lang, standing before the club as conductor must have enlivened for many a person in the hall memories of the days when his father, the late B. J. Lang, was conductor of the Apollo Club and a leader in the musical life of the city. B. J. Lang, the club's first conductor, and its leader for well nigh two generations beginning 1868, set the standards by which the club has existed these many years. Malcolm Lang, standing in his father's shoes last night, showed no less spirited leadership.

It was an enjoyable concert. It deserved a larger audience.
H. L.

March 10, 1927

Mme. Cecil Sorel, having returned to Paris, talked freely with M. Cardinne-Petit of Figaro. She began by saying that the Americans are an astonishing people. In New York a street becomes a ward in a few days; "a simple construction is transformed into a building." This surprising activity is exercised without distinction of class or fortune. She might have added, without reference to color or previous condition of servitude, one is conscious of being among Titans.

But our women, alas, live in a sort of isolation; the intimacy of the home suffers. They are not easily met except at clubs, afternoon teas, or in theatres. The feverish life of Americans leads them to seek amusement. "Plays of an elaborately spectacular nature are especially popular for they distract one from daily routine." Do not think, however, that they do not pay attention to serious plays. "They are especially fond of our repertoire." "The Mistress of the King," which I had the pleasure of interpreting to them, appealed to their imagination because the play is historical, and this 'new' people with young blood arteries are taken by traditions and singularly curious about the past."

Mme. Sorel was struck by the ease with which a theatrical company was moved from one town to another. "One should see all the stage material, scenery, furniture, etc. put noiselessly and without hesitation into the special train waiting at the station." She was amazed at our use of electricity—"It is as if one were in fairyland."
Amiable Mme. Sorel!

The Flonzaley Quartet will give its third and last concert tonight in Jordan hall. The program comprises Brahms's Quartet, A minor op. 51, No. 2; D. G. Mason's Variations on a Theme by John Powell (first time in Boston) and Mozart's Quartet in D minor.

The Boston Symphony orchestra plays in New York tonight and Saturday afternoon. How will the New Yorkers "react" to Prokofiev's "Seven, They Are Seven?"

Mr. Slonimsky informs us that Prokofiev met with great success at Moscow in January when he played his third piano concerto with the orchestra known as the First Symphony Ensemble, whose concerts are given without a conductor. Prokofiev's Suites "Chout" and "Love for Three Oranges" were played at this concert. He gave two piano recitals of his own compositions: his latest work, an Overture for 17 instruments, flute, oboe, two clarinets, bassoon, two trumpets, trombone, celesta, two harps, two pianos, cello, two double basses and percussion, was played for the first time at the First Symphony Ensemble's concert on February 7.

Katharine Gorin, pianist, will play in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue, two Intermezzi and a Capriccio by Brahms, Nocturne and four Etudes by Chopin, her own "Presage" and pieces by Stravinsky, Medtner and Lohman. A graduate of Smith College, she studied the piano in Chicago, and later with Josef Lhevinne; composition with Weidg. She is a New Yorker by birth, and her recent recital in that city was warmly praised by the critics.

A testimonial concert in honor of
e. chaus.

Henry Morton Dunham will be given in Jordan hall tomorrow night under the auspices of the Alumni Association of the N. E. Conservatory. There will be a reception to Mr. Dunham in Recital hall after the concert. Both events are in appreciation of his 50 years of service on the faculty of the conservatory. The program will comprise his first sonata for the organ, a duet for cello and piano, "Salve Regina" for female chorus, "Night in Venice" for violins, harp, kettle drums and organ, Theme and Variations for piano and organ, "In Memoriam" for organ, and Fantasia and Fugue in D minor for the organ. Messrs. Truette, Wade, Wallace Goodrich, Schwab, Lander and Miss Eleanor Knight will be the organists; George Brown and Douglas Kenney will play the cello and piano; the Orphean Club of Lasell Seminary (George Dunham, conductor) will sing, and Wallace Goodrich will conduct the "Night of Venice."

Fritz Kreisler will play in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon; Rose Zulaian, contralto, will sing there at night. The People's Symphony orchestra will give a concert in Jordan hall in the afternoon.

Next week Monday, 8:15 P. M., Symphony hall, Mr. Gieseking, pianist; Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., California Glee Club.

Tuesday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Eva Brochu, soprano.

Wednesday, Copley Theatre, 3 P. M., Agnes Enters, dancer; Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Stella Robertson, contralto.

Thursday, Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M., Olga Warren, soprano. Program of all American songs.

Friday, Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra.

Saturday, Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Hans Ebell, pianist, and John Campbell, tenor. Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., repetition of Friday's symphony concert.

Alexander Tansman's new symphony will be performed for the first time anywhere by the Boston Symphony orchestra next week. It was composed in the summer of 1928. The composer believes that with his lyric drama, "Nuit Kurde," it is his most important work. It is dedicated to Mr. Koussevitzky.

The Beethoven Centenary is observed at the Boston Public Library. There is an exhibition of original manuscripts, book, pictures, rare editions, programs, etc. Sunday night the Curtis String Quartet of Philadelphia will play Beethoven's Quartet in E flat major, op. 127, besides Sowerby's Serenade and Dvorak's Quartet in F major. On Sunday, March 20, the Burgin String Quartet will play Beethoven's quartets, op. 59, No. 1, op. 18, No. 4 and op. 131. Mr. Surrutte will give with musical illustrations a lecture on Beethoven on Wednesday, 5:15 P. M., March 23. Persis Cox, pianist, will play for young people music by Beethoven on Saturday, March 26, at 3 P. M., and on Sunday, March 27, at 8 P. M., the Myrtle Jordan Trio, Helene Dieckrichs, pianist, and Joseph Lautner, tenor, will present a Beethoven program. These events are open free to the public.

Mr. Alfredo Casella is by no means afraid of jazz. He wrote to the Christian Science Monitor: "The only music that is of the 20th century, and which in a few years has been able to impose itself upon the whole world by its dynamism, its originality and also by its lustre, is undoubtedly jazz."

The subject of Burton Holmes's travelogue in Symphony hall tomorrow evening and Saturday afternoon is "The Great World Cruise."

PAUL ROES, PIANIST

Paul Roes, a musician from Holland, appeared last night in Jordan hall both as pianist and composer. In the second capacity he displayed his powers by means of two pieces written in Florence, one "Il Giorno," in 1922, the other, "La Vita Eterna," in 1926.

"Il Giorno," in four parts, gives impressions of night, the dawn, the day, and twilight. If Mr. Roes had confined himself to these four natural titles, his music might have proved more suggestive than it did, for he was so ill-advised as to cause confusion by quoting a verse or two by Michael Angelo, with reference, apparently, to that sculptor's figure of night in the Medici chapel.

Though a listener, nobody will think of denying, should have held his attention fast to Mr. Roes's music, to do so was not so easy once temptation to wandering had been put in his way. Night-day-where? In the Medici chapel, to see a

Chapel, of course in the Medici streets? The music would have suited either subject indifferently well. It is pleasant to hear, every bar of it, music after the order of the French impressionists, with even less of melody than theirs, with rhythm less sharply defined, its harmony its mainstay. What an agreeable life of it Mr. Roes must lead, writing attractive music in Florence on Florentine matters, in the way that appeals to him most!

It must surely be the way of the French impressionists that he loves above all others, for, if people not present will believe it, Mr. Roes contrived to make Beethoven's Waldstein sonata sound like the work of one of Ravel's devotees. The melodies and the changing rhythms, of which Beethoven presumably made chief account, Mr. Roes kept relentlessly down. But how he

gloried in his arpeggios and scales! They rippled and ran, under his skilful fingers, like those in the water pieces that Ravel wrote.

There was a curious sort of fascination in that chilly flow of sound, with faint hints of melody appearing beneath it, melody sighed or whispered, never sung. So the performance, in its way, was highly effective—a way as unlike Beethoven's, it may be guessed, as the moon is unlike the sun.

Mr. Roes began his program with Busoni's transcription of Bach's D major prelude and fugue for organ. For all his imposingly sonorous tone the piano remained a sorry substitute for the organ. He ended with a Chopin group, three preludes, three nocturnes and a ballad.

R. R. G.

FLONZALEYS GIVE CLOSING CONCERT

The Flonzaley quartet gave its final concert of this season last night in Jordan hall. It was an occasion when brain power gave a striking manifestation of what it can accomplish. Daniel Gregory Mason's new variations, on a theme by John Powell, held the place of honor, in the middle of the program. To write variations must surely be a pursuit that makes heavy demands on the brain, especially if they are to turn out tolerable to listen to. The most intellectual of composers have always relished grappling with the problem; performers seem partial to presenting their solutions to the public—which public, most likely not brainy enough, rarely shows gratitude for the favor.

Mr. Mason pleased with his ingenuity last night quite as well as falls to the lot of most composers who devise variations. As the least of it he chose a pleasant theme to vary—not that that mattered much, for the theme, in the way of varied themes since the day of Brahms, was not long in getting out. But, be the thread easy or hard, at a first hearing, to follow, Mr. Mason wrote a succession of agreeable short pieces, well-sounding and well-contrasted, music written honestly for string quartet, with no attempt to make of it a miniature orchestra. Can more be asked of variations?

The Flonzaley quartet, thus cerebrally disposed, began their concert with a performance of Brahms's A minor quartet, op. 51, one of the most intelligent performances that even this famous body of players has ever presented. For purity of tone it stood apart, for its perfection, too, of balance, and for its surpassing elegance of phrasing. What sheer brain power could do, brain power developed to the highest point possible, the quartet did last night with this work of Brahms.

Intelligence, no doubt, Anthony Trollope took for granted when he laid down the law to the brilliant Kate Field of the need in literary work of imagination as well as of sympathy. Sympathy, in their way, the Flonzaley quartet must feel for this Brahms work, or they would scarcely elect to prepare it. But imagination?

The vividest kind of imagination would not seem needful to make it clear that Brahms wrote melodies with life to them; that when he altered his rhythm he did it for a purpose. He wrote music, in short, to express something, as a painting by a master expresses something. Last night his quartet seemed more like a tasteful design for wall-paper than like the great composition of a master mind.

The concert closed with Mozart's D major quartet (K 575).

R. R. G.

I know two kinds of men, the microscopic and the telescopic. The microscopic drown themselves in a glass of water; everything seems big to them, they like gossip and scandal, and draw

consequences from them. The fortune of France in their eyes depends on the evil remarks made by the wife of the tenant on the second floor about the wife of the proprietor. These men make near-sighted philosophers and narrow-minded professors; they often write their reminiscences; they love to write letters. It is necessary for the good of humanity.—Marcel Schwob.

Mr. Roland Hayes announces through his lawyer in Vienna that he is not going to marry the Countess Coloredo-Mansfeld, who was born Countess Rolowrat-Krakowski (She is no relation, so far as we can learn, of the Countess Colorado-Maduro.) Mr. Hayes is an eminently sensible man as well as a remarkable singer. Perhaps he has read Leonard Merrick's novel, "The Quaint Companions," and remembers the fate of the hero, the negro singer, who married the young English woman.

Mr. Orphan Oille writes: "Apropos of mortician. There's a man in our office who is a boozician."

ADD "HOME BEAUTIFUL"

(Boston American, March 7)

Graceful greenery, flowers, or even beautifully shaped candlesticks or bowls silhouetted against the window panes are charming in any window in the house.

ANSWERS NEXT MONTH

- As the World Wags:
- 1—Who wrote "Any old port in a storm"?
 - 2—Did he know old port?
 - 3—What are invisible hairpins, and why not?
 - 4—What time is it? Are you sure?
 - 5—What were the names of the soldiers who rowed George Washington across the Delaware?
 - 6—Were their great grandmothers blondes or brunettes?
 - 7—Are your pearls real? I don't believe you.
 - 8—Who is your tailor? Why?
 - 9—Why will butter and egg men weep at Dixie? And how?
 - 10—What President whose initials are C. C. vetoed the farm bill?
 - 11—Is Frank Lowden a candidate for the Presidency?
 - 12—Calvin Coolidge?
 - 13—Charley Dawes?
 - 14—Al Smith?
 - 15—Senator Reed?
 - 16—William Borah?
 - 17—Are there any questions more foolish than the last six? What?

GERALDINE MARSH.

The eighth question recalls the old wheeze: "Tell me who your tailor is so I can avoid him."—Ed.

The rage for cross-word puzzles is but one of the modern signs that there is in us more mental ability than we know how to utilize.—Sir Arthur Keith.

THE YOUNG ESCORTER

As the World Wags:

I enclose a clipping sent to a friend of mine. Probably it was cut from some Western newspaper, as the sender lives in Detroit.

MR. GERARD ALLEN, JR.
Personal Escorter

Tots and Kiddies took to school and returned prompt in perfect condition if received that way. Military discipline. Rates 25c a week. Speshol rates to twins. Refined conversation. No extra charge for nose wipin. All I ast is a trial.

The newspaper says that this business card was distributed by the young "escorter."

D. W. W.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE—

I have been here before and in this room. There is no doubt that here's a thing I knew, A half-familiar fragrance in the gloom, The smell of apples that I know as you. I cannot pass an orchard in the fall But I will catch the odor and be spent With sorrow and forget and try to call Your name aloud to make my punishment. This is a bitter thing and curious That I who was so careless and so light In all our doings should remember thus A trivial circumstance, a tiny bite Into an apple when you bought me four Small red ones in the corner grocery store.

NANCY SHORES.

This reminds us that the poet Schiller was inspired to fly aloft in his singing robes by the smell of rotten apples in a drawer of his writing desk.—Ed.

The modern woman's clothing resembles barbed wire; it protects the property without obstructing the view.—Mrs. E. M. Wood.

But was she the first to say this?

Advertisers undertake a grave responsibility in keeping alive all the newspapers of the country.—Lord Brackenhead.

Contrast the behavior of the House of Commons with that of Congress. The speaker of the House of Commons recently said:

"To speak of the ultimate destination of the honorable members of this House is not in order."

GEORGIE'S SHORT STORY

As the World Wags:

It was late on a moonless night in November. It was autumn. It was dark. There was no moon. I found the street deserted except for a policeman and a lamp-post. He stopped me in its lurid glare.

"Young man," growls the copper, "are you a suspicious character?"

"Nope," says I. "I always dress this way."

"Why (question mark)?"

"I go to college."

"Hmmm! You have a criminal face."

"So has Will Rogers," says I (adroitly indeed), "and they elected him mayor." He dropped his eyes on the sidewalk, then, picking them up, cast them across the street.

"Well, you better run along home, boy!"

"Yes," I murmured, thinking absently of the dope fiend who ate only coffee and pie.

"And the next time you come along here alone late at night you better come early and bring somebody with you!"

GEORGIE PORGIE.

The following names were not coined by Octavus Roy Cohen. They were taken from the charts of the Herman Klefer Hospital of negro patients in 1926 and published in Journal American Medical Association.

Asma Alley, Truelove Barber, Neola Coffee, Leather Chapel, Mary Christmas, Lovie Cook, Pearl Chippis, Lizzie Corcker, Sweetie Head, Fashion Likes, Day Light, Pinkey Minion, Helen Placenta, Dimple Pride, Florida Relford, Geneva Sapp, Mary Register, Tubrose Salmon, Lela Stamps, America Waddles, Arizona Wynn, Olive Welcome.

Is it so small a thing To have enjoyed the sun, To have liv'd light in the spring, To have lov'd, to have thought, to have done; To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes; That we must feign a bliss Of doubtful future date, And, while we dream on this, Lose all our present state, And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?"

We have received a copy of Leland's Revue.

"Opera. A foreign form of amusement, sponsored by domestic capital and kept alive by international bankers.

"Bass Viol Player. The musician who always wishes he had studied the flute.

"Pianist. A piano salesman.

"Symphony" Orchestra. A large collection of musical instrumentalists surrounded by a deficit."

This cannot be true of the Boston Symphony orchestra. It surely has money in the bank, otherwise why was a chorus sent to New York with the orchestra this week to make a Prokofiev holiday?

VARIA

As the World Wags:

How fortunate that Heloise and Abelard had no telephones. If Abelard could have put in a toll call for the convent at Argenteuil, we surely could never have read "To her master, my father, to her husband, my brother, his handmaid, my daughter, his spouse, my sister, to Abelard, Heloise," and the lovely following pages.

Could George Moore have imagined one of the most lyric and romantic pieces of prose that has ever flattered this old heart, with his inspiration a rare collection of Western Union telegrams? "To Heloise a night letter from the Abbey of St. Denis. Sorry delayed again cannot make Argenteuil this week will telephone Wednesday at 8 love Heloise."

A pale violet aura of romance and vague salacity surrounds the deathless names of these lovers. Like Tristan and Iseult, Guinevere and Lancelot, they are symbols of illicit passion. But for the good Bostonians who have hitherto avoided George Moore's book, it is quite all right. They were married all the time.

The novel consorts very well with our traffic signs along Charles River Parkway. "Keep to the Right Boston."

Hypnotists by radio if not entirely convincing to scientists, opens a new field to our purveyors of detective stories. "In the Next Room" can now be "in the Next County," and from a state poisoner administering his

...allments we then have in New York directing ohn Jones, who has removed his shoes to enjoy a quiet evening of the Happiness Boys or "What is the Trouble with America's Suspender Button Market?" to arise instantly, buy a hatchet, and murder the mysterious beauty in Room 1261 of the Copley Plaza.

RENA H. GARDNER

Cambridge.

ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

As the World Wags:

Boston certainly is Puritanical. Imagine the El placing signs in the subway stations declaring that there will be "No Passing Out." H. Y. P.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Joseph H. Barnes in a letter to The Herald apropos of the report of the wood cutting contest at the Sportsman's Show in Boston says that a woodsman would not speak of a "swath" through his leg. "The proper word was, of course, 'kerf' or 'Karf.' To call the mark of the axe in or through a log, a 'swath' is like speaking to a landsman of the 'funnel' through his roof."

There were in Dover-Foxcroft, Me. we would call it "scarf" and Webster justifies it. L. P. E.

"Kerf" is in good and regular standing "Saw" in the sense of incision, is properly used as meaning a longitudinal cut made in the body of a whale. See "Moby Dick" Ed.

MARLOWE AND BEARD

Mr. Justice Henry Shaw writes with regard to the editorial "In Praise of K. Marlowe" published in The Herald of March 7 and describes the editorial as informative and timely. Mr. Shaw mentions J. Lester Hotson's complete account of Marlowe's death, and invites attention to an article by the Rev. Ernest W. Robinson in the Atlantic Monthly of June, 1925, which disposes of pious "apple-sauce," as the account of Marlowe's death in Thomas Beard's "Theatre of God's Judgements." Mr. Shaw justly says that this book is "a collection of terrific obituaries." We regret we cannot publish Mr. Shaw's interesting letter in full, on account of its length, but we will give the full title of the revised and augmented edition (1633) of Beard's book, which is now on our table. We would not part with it for all the best sellers with their startling jackets now in the book shops.

"The Theatre of God's Judgements" wherein is represented the admirable justice of God against all notorious sinners, both great and small, but especially against the most eminent persons of the world, whose transcendent power breaketh thorow the barres of humane justice, deduced by the order of the Commandments. Collected out of sacred, Ecclesiastical, and prophane Histories. Now thirdly printed and encreased with many more examples."

Our copy bears several autographs, beginning with "David Miller, his Book 1653. God save The King. Amanc." In his dedication to the mayor, aldermen and burgesses of the town of Huntingdon, Beard declares that he has lived in the town "Thirty yeares compeant, and have painefully preached the Word of God unto you, and led my life without scandall."

The excellent Beard was Oliver Cromwell's schoolmaster. The first edition of his "Theatre" was published in 1597. Marlowe was murdered in 1593.

As the World Wags:

There have just come to me pictures of the proposed Copley square war memorial and of the new Statler Park.

It occurs to me that what we need in our American cities is not more architecture, not more blazing pavements, not more concrete open spaces, but rather more green spots where, perhaps, behind low walls, men and women may rest from the bustle of the city, and where children may play quietly.

BENSON HEALE HARVEY
Manila, Philippine Islands.

As the World Wags:

Will some one tell me the origin of the lincs repeated to me years ago when I was not a good girl:

"Corncobs twist your hair,
Cart wheels go round you,
Fiery dragons on every side,
And mortar pestles pound you."

Portsmouth, N. H. L. M. T.

FOR FREUDIANS

As the World Wags:

I have a young friend who awakens from a nightmare bathed in a cold dew. His dream is always the same. He trips and falls with his tray of fishes in a cafeteria right at the feet of a beautiful young girl he has long admired.

O. O. MCINTYRE.

Holmes's Last Travelogue of Series One of Best

Burton Holmes gave last night in Symphony hall the last travelogue of the subscription series. The subject was: "The Great World Cruise."

In many respects this travelogue was the most interesting of the series. The only objection that could be urged against it was that there were glimpses of so many scenes that the spectator wished there could have been a longer sojourn in this or that city or country. While it is true that many of the subjects had been treated and illustrated at length in former travelogues by Mr. Holmes, there were new features introduced, nor did anything seem stale and shop-worn. For example, there was information about Bermuda and Manchuria that was news to many in the audience.

From Bermuda with its onions and coral rock and the refreshing absence of motor cars, Japan was reached by way of Cuba. Then the tourist was conducted to Korea, China, Tonkin. The two pictures of Angkor led Mr. Holmes to remark—that some then present must now regret they had not attended his travelogue on that mysterious jungle-strangled city. Perhaps Mania was dwelt upon more at length than the other places visited.

The Antipodes furnished an agreeable section of the travelogue: Tasmania or Van Dieman's Land, recalling Thomas Hood's picture of demons welcoming English emigrants, some of them to do the state some service; cities of Australia, Java, Ceylon, various parts of India. Then through the Suez Canal to Paris, passing Greece and Italy, and back to New York from which the audience had begun its cruise, leaving Mr. Holmes's room stuffed with curios accumulated in the course of his many journeys.

The travelogue will be repeated this afternoon. There will be an extra travelogue next week, "China," which should be of particular interest in view of the "unpleasantness" now afflicting that venerable country.

KATHARINE GORIN AT JORDAN HALL

Gives Afternoon Piano Recital to Appreciative Audience

Katharine Gorin, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. Prelude—Chorale and Fugue, Franck; Intermezzo E major, Intermezzo Eb minor, Capriccio, Brahms; Etudes—Op. 10—No. 11, Op. 25—No. 2, Op. 10—No. 8, Chopin; Presage, Katharine Gorin; Etude, Stravinsky; Idyll, Conte, Canzona Serenata, Medtner; Capriccio, Dohnanyi.

Miss Gorin seemed yesterday a musician unusually sensitive to melody. The broad theme with which Franck's prelude opens she played exceedingly well; she felt its force so keenly, it appeared, that she felt as well just how to preserve the balance between the accompaniment, significant because of its harmonic beauty and its running flow, and the theme itself.

But when she came to the capricious measures a page or two farther along, Miss Gorin suddenly found herself at a loss; to her, apparently, this episode meant little.

So it went through the 40 minutes she spent yesterday at the piano. So long as she had a melody to play, be it fast or slow, soft or loud, she played it admirably, with beautiful tone and shading. Its accompaniment guided by the finest taste. In passages calling for flurry and bustle, too often she let her rhythm leave her, without securing that sense of agitation which alone could make amends.

Though Miss Gorin found many passages in the French piece in accord with her temperament, it is natural that she showed herself happiest in smaller pieces. Brahms's second intermezzo she played exquisitely; its poetical quality she surely felt. Stravinsky's pretty study she also played attractively; it must have been written in the early days when he accepted the universe more tranquilly than he does at present. Medtner's Idyll suited Miss Gorin nicely. The audience liked her playing well.

R. R. G.

There are two or three unusual concert programs for this week. Eva Brochu will sing four songs by Robert Franz, who has been unaccountably neglected for many seasons by local and visiting singers. Will these songs seem to the younger generation "old hat"?

John Campbell will have the courage to sing one of Rubinstein's songs, another composer who has long been shamefully ignored by singers. Of course the name appears as "Rubenstein" on the program.

Stella Robertson will introduce several unfamiliar songs. Eric Coates, the composer, must not be confounded with John Coates, the tenor, or Albert Coates, the conductor.

Olga Warren, who has sung here before, has arranged a program representing only American composers, beginning with Hopkinson, Reinagle, Pelissier and ending with Cadman. Those who wish to know about Hopkinson, who died in 1791, should consult O. G. Sonneck's "Hopkinson and Lyon." Reinagle (1756-1809), was born in England. He was a pianist, composer and manager. In 1792 he directed a "grand concert" in Boston, after which "a musical entertainment called 'the Poor Soldier,'" was "delivered" by certain actors. This was really an opera by Shield, for there was then a law here against theatres. Pelissier played the "French horn."

Henry F. Gilbert of Cambridge has been commissioned to write a work for the festival of Chamber Music to be held in the Library of Congress under the provisions of the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation, April 27-30, 1928.

Ethel Glennhier has written a play, "The Boyhood and Youth of Edward MacDowell," which will be produced by the MacDowell Club of New York.

A cabaret of a "Sunday Night Club" in London was opened last month by the singing of a hymn. The audience was told to enjoy themselves "like ladies and gentlemen."

Two numbers, "Baby Blues" and "Fox Quartet," were dropped from the program of the Charlot Show at the New Park Theatre last Monday, for it was feared the entertainment would be too long "for Boston." They will be included in the bill this week.

Ernest Newman, who will come here to talk about Beethoven at the Beethoven Festival, has a shrewd wit. Reviewing the life of Liszt by Pourtales, he comments on the manner in which Liszt was pursued by women up to the time of his death. Mr. Newman remarks: "Truly the life of the artist is a hard one. Liszt's sufferings in this respect, however, were our gain. About the paternity of two leading musicians of the last generation or so the musical world never had any doubts, and one has heard hints in regard to others. If Liszt gave the 19th century some of its worst music, he made up for it by giving it some of its best musicians."

Agna Enters will dance for the benefit of the Denison House next Wednesday afternoon at the Copley Theatre, her "Episodes," or "Compositions in dance form." She was born, her manager says, in Milwaukee 23 years ago. When she was young she was taken to France. "Soon she began to study painting, and even as late as six years ago, when she returned to America, she was bent on art and went immediately to the Art Students' League. 'It finally dawned on me,' she said, 'that I had nothing to say through painting. I tried, but I hadn't. Then I turned to motion to see if I couldn't find something through that to say in art. I found then that I liked motion better than painting.' And 'motion' expresses her compositions as well as any other word, for her art is unique. . . . She is perhaps more of a pantomimist than a dancer, for what she does is richest in changes of pose and pictorial gestures than in the mere making of steps; she combines the arts of pantomime and the dance in an original manner. She takes a theme such as 'Polonaise,' 'Feline' or 'Moyen Age,' and makes it live and move and breathe."

Among other numbers Miss Enters will present "Der Rosenkavalier," "Odalisque," "Man: His Origin Is Dust," "Columbine" and "The Bar Maid." She will be assisted by Madeleine Marshall, pianist.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

In Arthur Brisbane's column on this day of rest is this statement, as he considers Villata, a Spanish toreador, sailing for the land of castles after but 24 hours in this land of bull:

"He has one advantage, you could write an opera about a bull-fighter; you couldn't possibly write an opera about 'Babe' Ruth."

In the language of the street, "Oh, I don't know." The north pole was reached. But was there ever a more direct challenge to the librettists of these United States? It is doubtful if the subject would appeal to Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay, whose libretto of "The King's Henchman" recently produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, has been so favorably received, yet there are others of more robustious touch who might well be moved to put their hands to the job.

The scenario is practically before the mind's eye. Here we have the great American game with its atmosphere familiar to the nostrils of the American people, its vernacular familiar to their ears, and here we have the national hero of that national game. The plot, or at least a plot a distinction as commonplace as that historic one between THE League of Nations and A League of Nations is obvious. The Bambino is busted again. All depends on the million-dollar bonus offered by the American people if he can beat his past record for home runs by one more in the world's series. If he can, he can pay his bills at the grocery store, lift the mortgage on his farm at Sudbury, and get food for his starving family. If not, ruin stares him in the face. Consider the possibilities of Judge Landis, villain, basso, inculcating the principles of economic morality into the Babe, and only removing his ban against the King of Swat as to stepping up to the plate at all, at the impassioned urge of Mrs. Babe and her offspring. Consider the part a hireling, vamp or flapper might play in her endeavor to seduce the Bambino at the instigation of a ring of gamblers who had wagered their all that the record-breaking swat would not be swatted.

One thing leads to another with such a subject, and before the librettist knew it, the deed would be done.

Likewise it seems great opportunity for the writer of the lyrics and choruses. It seems a waste of genius to write any words for operatic choruses, as no one ever understands them, but, none the less, there is the chance.

There is one man in these United States at whom the fingers of all the Muses point for the undertaking of this national masterpiece, Mr.

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and may this reach his eye is my fervent prayer; that art in these United States may be upheld, and the stigma put upon our hero by Mr. Brisbane as a subject for operatic interpretation be erased.

Amherst, N. H., March 6.

ABEL ADAMS.

Mr. Casella wrote for the Christian Science Monitor his opinion about jazz.

"I was not afraid of being taken seriously—and yet I am speaking very seriously—I should venture to say that the only music that is of the 20th century, and which in a few years has been able to impose itself upon the whole world by its dynamism, its originality and also by its luster, is undoubtedly jazz. It is easy to object that this music is of an inferior order. That is possible. But it is none the less true that our period seems to be summed up in its atmosphere of jerky restlessness and in that rhythm whose beats so extraordinarily and submissively conform to a basis of unmercifully mechanical regularity.

"Should we conclude from this that jazz is the music of our century, and its style is the one that will represent our period in the centuries to come? Far be it from me to make this claim. It would be absurd and presumptuous to predict in 1926 what will be the music of 1980 or 2000 (Beethoven would have been very much at a loss if he had foreseen only 'Tristan and Isolde'). But practically, I simply mean this: that we live in a singularly tangled and chaotic period, in the midst of which it is more difficult than ever to play the prophet. And that, in this extremely complicated time, the only form of music that has attained in only a few years a popularity, a diffusion and a universality such as has not been seen in our art since the Italian opera of the last century, is, curiously enough, a form of art which has come from a new world. Must one conclude from this that the scepter of music is going to pass from old Europe to adolescent America? I do not know. But in any case, this phenomenon deserves the deepest attention and study of the musicians of both worlds."

P. H.

"TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS"

Pinero's Lovable Comedy to Be Revived at the Tremont Theatre Next Week

Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells" will be seen with a remarkable cast at the Tremont Theatre a week from tomorrow night. Produced at the Court Theatre, London, on Jan. 20, 1898, it was performed in this country for the first time at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on Nov. 22, 1898, when Mary Mannering played Rose Trelawny; Edward J. Morgan, Tom Wrench; Charles Wolcott, Sir William Gower; Mrs. Whiffen, Mrs. Mossop; Elizabeth Tyree, Avonia Bunn; Geo. C. Boniface, Sr., James Telfer. Messrs. Courtleigh, Butler, Whiffen, Findlay, and Mmes. Walcott, Spong, Nelson were among the others in the company.

The first performance in Boston was at the Hollis Street Theatre on April 10, 1899. The company was the Lyceum of New York. The play was revived at the Copley Theatre on Sept. 5, 1921.

When the play was revived at the Repertory Theatre, London, in 1910, Mr. Pinero talked in an interesting manner with a representative of the Daily Telegraph. He then said that most of the characters were copied from life. The prompt-book edition of the comedy contained this note: "Bagnigge (locally pronounced Bagnidge) Wells, formerly a popular mineral spring in Islington, London, situated not far from the better-remembered Sadler's Wells. The gardens of Bagnigge Wells were at one time much resorted to; but as a matter of fact Bagnigge Wells, unlike Sadler's Wells, has never possessed a playhouse."

To understand fully Mr. Pinero's comments on his play, a short account of the story is necessary, for many who will go to the Tremont, if only on account of the cast, are probably unacquainted with the plot.

The scene opens in a Clerkenwell lodging, where some actors in a stock company are giving a banquet to Rose, who leaves the stage to marry the grandson of a vice-chancellor. There is Mr. Telfer, the tragedian, not quite sure of his "h's"; Mrs. Telfer, a tragedy queen in private life; Avonia, the soubrette; Colpoys, the low comedian, who can never forget it; Augustus Gadd, "The Byronic jeune premier, with the actresses, Rose and Imogen, and Tom Wrench, 'the dramatist of the new era.'"

Before her marriage Rose had gone to the vice-chancellor's house to be inspected. She found its manners and morals intolerable, so she goes back to the stage; but Bagnigge Wells discovers she can no longer act. As Wrench says: "No, she can no longer spout, she can no longer ladle the rapid trash, the turgid rodomontade." He has written "Life," a comedy in a new style. Imogen and Rose want it produced, but where's the money. The old vice-chancellor, whose grandson has run away to become a walking gentleman, puts pride in his pocket and seeks out Rose. She wakes in him memories of Kean, the past glories of the stage. His heart is touched; he furnishes the money. The new comedy in the Robertsonian manner is rehearsed. The only part for Telfer is that of "an old stagy, out-of-date actor"; his wife must be mistress of the wardrobe. Telfer exclaims, "This new-fangled stuff and these dandified people are about to push us, and such as us, from our stools." "Yes, James," answers his wife, "just as some other fashion will, in course of time, push them from their stools."

The plays of Robertson are now seldom revived. Will Pinero's time soon come?

Mr. Pinero said in 1910 to the representative of the Daily Telegraph: "Twelve years ago I was less ingenuous than I am now. The Bagnigge Wells Theatre of the play is Sadler's Wells Theatre. The actors are portraits, emphasized if you like, but not extravagantly, not caricatures, of actors whom I knew as a boy at Sadler's Wells. The scenes and places are all real. Mr. Ablett, the greengrocer, you remember, comes from Rosoman-street—which is just where he would come from. You hear of the Clown Tavern. Well, there used to be a Clown Tavern in what used to be St. John-street-road. Its proprietor had been a clown, and I can remember as a boy looking through the swing doors to get a glimpse of this wonderful person. Then you hear of Brydon-crescent. Take off one letter, and

it is in Rydon-crescent, at No. 2, that the actress Toldy who was the original of Rose Trelawny, and whom I worshipped as a small boy.

"Now take the characters. They speak of 'Mr. Phillips's management' just before their time. For Phillips read Phelps. In their time, when I watched them, the manager was a man named Edgar. The Telfers, of course, were too old for me as a boy to know, but I have fought many combats—yes, great combats—with Telfer's son. And I'm afraid I rather damaged old Telfer's swords. You know the old actors used to keep combat swords of their own. Then Colpoys, the low comedian, he really existed, and the last three letters of his name (I'll go no further) are part of the name he owned. Ferdinand Gadd existed. Avonia Bunn not only existed, but still exists, a highly-respected actress on the London stage. Imogen Parrott is no longer an actress, but she, too, is alive and highly respected in the circle in which she moves. Rose Trelawny, I've told you she was real. I'll confide in you that she did not marry Arthur Gower. She married and went to Australia. She has been dead now some time. Then—well, you remember at the rehearsal at the Pantheon Theatre you hear of a keen-faced gentleman and a Mr. Mortimer, two of the new school of actors. The first was meant for one then called Mr. John Hare and the second for a certain Mr. 'Sidney' Bancroft. You may have heard of them since. They are very small parts, of course, but in the revival we mean to have the gentlemen who play them made up in the likeness of the young originals."

"The Telfers and Ferdinand Gadd and the rest of the old school were hardly as amusing in real life as you make them?"

"Well, I don't think I have exaggerated. Certainly not their outward characteristics. It was a simple-minded time. Did you ever hear of a 'Sadler's Wells make up'? There was no elaborate wig-paste and the rest of it in those days. An actor whitened his face and put a little red on, and was sure he looked a splendid fellow. If he was in a hurry, he rubbed his hands on the whitewashed walls of his dressing-room and smeared them over his face. That's the 'Sadler's Wells make-up.' The real Rose Trelawny had, unfortunately, lost a tooth. Dentistry was young. Substitutes, I suppose, expensive. But a void, even if it can't be an aching void, is not pretty. When she went on the stage she used to fill the gap with a piece of cottonwool. I don't know how she kept it there. I don't know how often she swallowed it when she was excited."

"What of Tom Wrench, Sir Arthur? Is he a portrait, too?"

"Tom Wrench is T. W. Robertson. He is in essence a portrait. His aims, to put real life on the stage, to abolish all the turgid speeches and the absurd conventions, are the same as Robertson's. But he is not a portrait in outward characteristics. Robertson, of course, was not at Sadler's Wells. I never knew him."

"The play professes to give the history of the emerging of the modern drama. We sniff at Robertson nowadays, but there is not a man writing for the stage who is not indebted to Robertson. You may say if you like that his work is dead. But he was a genius. Every man, even a genius, must be judged by the conditions under which he worked. Robertson found the stage all stagnation. He swept all that away. He got rid of the gas and orange-peel and gave us fresh air. You know he was steeped in Thackeray. He wanted to do on the stage what Thackeray had done in the novel. And he did it. Of course, he was splendidly served by his actors. He had men and women who had been trained in all kinds of stage work, Lady Bancroft, Sir Squire Bancroft, Coghlan and the rest."

"Just as the actresses Tom Wrench finds had been trained in the stock company at Sadler's Wells. Then, don't you hint at the coming of another school, Sir Arthur, in your young gentleman, Arthur Gower, who stalks on the stage without any experience?"

"That has been one of the changes, too. You see, the players who could use the grand style could play Robertson's work equally well. No, as you say, the converse is not true. Of course, with Robertson's plays, like all other plays, the acting counted for much. After all, what is it you remember best of your play-going? Acting, fine acting. Of course, it must be fine acting in a good play. Still, the acting is the thing."

"Your Mr. Telfer has it that on the stage, as everywhere else, 'tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse—everything passes away.' Certainly it looks as if long speeches, which were anathema to Robertson or Tom Wrench, are coming in again. They may not be as bombastic as the old style, but they're long enough. Do you think the drama is always in new forms?"

"Well, everything passes away. There are always new fashions. The drama is always changing. Yes, and it is always the same. The same now as it was for Sophocles. Its principles have not altered. Its possibilities are not any greater. But the fashions—the fashions! What keeps plays alive? Character. Shakespeare was as great a poet as you please—but what keeps his plays on the stage? Character. Isn't it so with other literature, too?"

"It would be amusing to get a glimpse of the 'Trelawny of the Wells' which some unborn genius is going to write about our modern drama."

"Well, fashions recur. You know in 1898 the crinolines and the rest of it in 'Trelawny' surprised by themselves." Curiously enough, the play had a vogue among artists. Some of them began painting crinolines. Some of the other details of costume have been reviving. We are certainly far enough from the crinoline just now. But they tell me the 1860 fashions will not look nearly so outlandish in 1910 as they did in 1898."

P. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Fritz Kreisler, violinist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Rose Zullian, contralto. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Walter Gieseking, pianist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. California Glee Club. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Eva Brochu, soprano; Frances Omar Weeks, pianist. Rossini, "Una voce poco fa." Palmer, Song of the Nile. Chadwick, The Danza. Homer, Sheep and Lambs, and Sing to me. Sing. Franz, Ach, Wenn ich doctu ein Immechen Waer. Vergessen, Sterne mit den goldenen Fuesschen, Der Schmetterling ist in die Rose Verliebt. Four-drain, Le Papillon, and Ma Maison. Vidal, Si j'étais rayon. Augusta Holmes, La Belle du Roi. Arensky, Song of the little Fish. Bleichmann, Come, Child, beside me. Gretchaninov, Slumber song and the Skylark.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Stella Robertson, mezzo-contralto; Henry Levine, pianist. Gluck, Wonnevoller Mal. Brahms, Minnelied and Staendchen. D. Albert, Psyche und Amor. Hildach, Lenz, Gulon, At the Cry of the First Bird. Coates, Orpheus with his lute. Sjogren, The Seraglio's Ducendray, La Forge, Hills. Bemberg, La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc. Bourgault-Ducoudray, L'Angelus. Loula, Le Petit Noel. Tremisot, Nuit d'été. Vidal, Ariette. Chaloff, The Wanderer's Night-Song. Shaw, Song of the Palanquin Bearers. Bibb, Rondo of Spring.

THURSDAY—Steiner Hall, 8:15 P. M. Olga Warren, soprano; Francis Moore, pianist. Hopkinson, O'er the Hills. Rainagle, O Love. Hopkinson, My Generous Heart Disdains. Chadwick, Thou art so like a Flower. MacDowell, The Robin sings in the Apple Tree. Idylls, The Nightingale. A Maid sings light. Watts, Wings of Night; Grant-Schaeffer, The Sea. Weller, The Ke' still ripples. Hageman, Do no go my love and At the well. MacFadyen, If, Slender your hands. J. B. Fox, A Tragic Tale. Hilbert E. Stewart, Day and Night. Strickland, My Lover is a Fisherman. Cadman, Welcome, Sweet Wind.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. John Campbell, tenor. Hans Ebel, pianist. Piano pieces: Schumann, Symphonic Studies. Chopin, Mazurka and Nocturne. Schubert, Impromptu. Strauss-Godowsky, Paraphrase on the Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song." Songs: G. Faure, Les Berceaux. Widor, Le Ploncur and Surt Lacrymae Rerum. Ebel, Viens! Sur tes cheveux noirs. Rubinstein, Es Blinkt der Tau. Wagner, Spring Song from the "Valkyrie." Curran, Nocturne. Duke, Shelling Peas. Warford, Earth is enough.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

Mr. John Clair Minot, the literary editor of The Boston Herald, has already reviewed "Anthony Trollope: A Commentary," by Michael Sadler, published by Houghton, Mifflin Company. Mr. Minot discussed in his customary interesting manner Mr. Sadler's estimate of Trollope, the novelist. It is permissible to say a few words about Trollope, the man himself, as shown in this commentary on his life and work.

There is a long account of his mother, whose book about the Americans angered them greatly. She came to this country in 1827 with the extraordinary Frances Wright, "one of the earliest of that long line of earnest, noisy women, whose cacophonous reformism echoes down the 19th century." Mrs. Trollope was shocked by our table manners; by "the frightful manner of feeding with knives and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket-knife." (It would seem that the case of bone or ivory tooth-picks that in the sixties was often seen dangling as a watch-charm was not a familiar toilet tool in the twenties.) Mrs. Trollope was more struck by the fury than the precision of expectation by majors, colonels and generals on a Mississippi river steamboat.

Her "Domestic Manners of the Americans" is today amusing reading, as the many pages devoted to the brave Frances Trollope are among the most entertaining in Mr. Sadler's book. These pages follow a shrewd study of the mid-Victorian spirit.

Trollope, the youngest son of Frances, also visited the United States. He first came in the fall of 1861. He wrote impressions of this country to Kate Field, of whom we shall speak later. He warned her against running after false gods—Wendell Phillips and "the woman Doten"—Lizzie Doten, who published poems which she said had been dictated to her by the spirits. He wrote to her that Cobden was no statesman, that John Bright was popular here because he echoed American ideas and desires. The westerners did not please him; "they are dry, dirty, and unamusing"; the people at Washington, he did not dislike, though the town was bad; "Boston I do like and New York." He was agast at the thieving, swindling and lying in the management of the civil war; "gunpowder that won't explode, shells that won't burst, blankets rotten as tinder, water put up in oil casks, ships that could hardly hold their planks together." Like George Gissing, he did not believe in conscription. "A man should die rather than be made a soldier against his will." There is much that is higher and better and greater than one's country. One is patriotic only because one is too small and too weak to be cosmopolitan.

His second visit was in 1863; again he was writing to Miss Field. He didn't care about planchette, but he would like to see a ghost. "If one would come and have it out with me on the square I think it would add vastly to my interest in life. Undoubtedly one would prefer an hour with Washington or Hamilton to any amount of intercourse with even Butler or Charles Sumner. But when tables rap and boards write, and dead young women come and tickle my knee under a big table, I find the manifestation to be unworthy of the previous grand ceremony of death."

Trollope wished the visiting ghost to be majestic, to "stalk in all panopied from head to foot—at least with a white sheet." He found Washington an "awful" place. A Democratic senator, stone deaf, living in the house with him proposed that they should dine together every day. Trollope looked forward, forced to remain here, to running for the vice-presidency "on the strictest Democratic ticket—which I take to be

repudiation of the debt and return to slavery." He was reading manuscripts of Charles W. Elliott sent to him in a chest. As long as Miss Field was with "other strong-minded women, Janet L. Tozer, Annie B. Stocum, Martha M. Mumpers, Violet Q. Fitzpopam, he advised her, as necessary to success, to call herself Kate X. Field. His last day was in Boston; "I was better pleased to spend it in Boston than elsewhere."

This Charles Wyllys Elliott referred to above, a New York merchant and philanthropist, proposed to Trollope that his novel should be published in England with Trollope's name as author on the title page. "That I call cool—and peculiarly honest."

Anthony Trollope, who wrote with a peculiar gusto about the love affairs of his many heroes and heroines; who portrays charming women, as Lily Dale and Mary Thorne, married Rose Heseltine in 1844 and until his death in 1882, they lived in "untroubled amity." She bore him two sons and provided a background of essential "calm, well-managed comfort." Was he ever in love with his wife? Mr. Sadler discusses this question, but not as a Peeping Tom; he speaks of the marriage as "a well managed settling down."

In 1860 Trollope met Kate Field, then 20 years old. She was a precocious child, an unusually intelligent school-girl, who developed "first into a Schwaermmerin for all the arts, then into a blue stocking, and finally into a champion of women's rights." She retained an "allurement and freshness that impressed all and enslaved not a few."

Trollope was certainly in love with her; "he never made love to her; he was not that kind of a man." In his many letters to her he was now gay, now a wise counsellor, especially about her literary ambitions.

He urged her to marry. His love for her revealed an emotional side of his nature that was not otherwise awakened.

Much was expected of her by her friends; her charm persisted; but her accomplishment in the literary world was little. We remember her as going about giving musical monologues in the spring of 1880. The monologue which we heard in Albany, N. Y., would have made a pleasant newspaper letter, an agreeable entertainment in the parlor of a summer hotel. It was a too light nature for public success. She had nothing novel to tell; her voice was better adapted for speaking than singing. She even gave imitations; they were so ladylike that they were not true to nature and not amusing. To burlesque a burlesque singer is only for those who have lived on the stage of a variety theatre and know the vaudeville world. As a writer she was often given to gush.

We have spoken only of Trollope in this country and his affection for Miss Field. The pages relating to this episode in Trollope's life are comparatively few in Mr. Sadler's uncommonly interesting book. There is a wealth of information about Trollope and his novels; but is Mr. Sadler justified in putting "The Bertrams" and the "Three Clerks," low in the long list of works?

MME. ZULALIAN

In the evening at Symphony hall yesterday, Mme. Rose Zulalian, Armenian contralto, gave a recital, Solon Alberti, accompanist. Her program:

Purcell, "When I am Laid in Earth"; Mozart, "Alleluja"; Donizetti, "O Mio Fernando"; group of four by Schubert—"Der Doppelganger," "Die Forelle," "Nacht und Traume," "Aufenthalt"; group of three Armenian folk songs arranged by Gomidas—"Allaglaz," "Ara Ho," "Im Chinari Yari," "Kalfaian," "Oror"; group of three by Griffes—"The Dreamy Lake," "We'll to the Woods," "By a Lonely Forest Pathway"; Silberta, "Aylia, the Dancer of Kashmir."

Mme. Zulalian has been heralded with resplendent acclaim as an addition to

the concert stage. Her voice is rich. It is powerful, it has a wide range that is equally developed from lowest contralto to well into the soprano register. In short, nature has given her a beautiful voice, that has been well trained, that is backed with intelligence.

And yet, if one is not an Armenian and cannot respond to nationalistic pride and sentiment, one listens to all this beauty of sound without response. There is something incomplete in her performance, something which prevents the satisfying whole that is art.

For one thing, Mme. Zulalian applies the light touch with difficulty. Once, and only once, in "We'll to the Woods" by Griffes, did she strike real lyric pitch. The Schubert group were matters of life and death, so serious. Likewise the "Lonely Forest Pathway" of Griffes. The wistfulness of the Purcell song entirely escaped.

Mme. Zulalian can shade her tones but not her moods. She sings as though life were not made up of varicolored moments but of unbroken hours, and most of them weary. A sense of humor—not as a comic expression, but as a quality which lends balance to things—flavors her expression as little as it did the philosophy of Cotton Mather.

Perhaps no teacher can impart to Mme. Zulalian that touch which will make of her singing an art. But it would be a pity if, with a voice in itself so beautiful, she is temperamentally limited so that at some time, in some way, she may not develop it.

Mr. Alberti accompanied very well. The audience was enthusiastic, but not large. H. L.

SCHELLING

The versatile and accomplished Ernest Schelling, composer, pianist, conductor, led the People's Symphony Orchestra through a concert of his own compositions yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall, appearing as composer and guest conductor. The program read as follows: Suite Fantastique for piano and orchestra (Miss Huddle Johnson, pianist); concerto in one movement for violin and orchestra (Stefan Sopkin, violinist), and "A Victory Ball" for orchestra.

The pieces themselves are more or less familiar to concert goers. The Suite was first heard here early in 1903 a few months after it had been produced at Amsterdam, when Mr. Schelling played the piano part. Fritz Kreisler in introduced the violin concerto early in 1916. The Interlude is practically the variation "Lagom," in Mr. Schelling's Impressions (from an artist's life) "In the form of variations on an original theme." Another variation from this work is used in the concerto. There are also pleasing pages in which the composer remembers the music, in Spanish music halls where some, seated, strum guitars, and a singer will rise to sing a folk song. "A Victory Ball" was suggested by the bitter scornful poem of Alfred Noyes.

Mr. Schelling makes a fine, spirited use of "Dixie" in the finale, entitled "Virginia Reel" of his Suite. And what a glorious tune "Dixie" is. No wonder the South adopted it as their war song in the civil war, though the tune was written by a northerner and is a walk round for a negro minstrel show in New York.

The concert gave great pleasure to a large audience. The orchestral performance was spirited and intelligent under Mr. Schelling's direction and the soloists as well as the orchestra were liberally applauded.

The program of the concert next week will be Russian: Glinka, Kamarinskaya; Tchaikovsky Tatiana's Letter from "Eugen Onegin"; Moussorgsky, Prelude to "Chowantchina"; Rimsky-Korsakov, "Flight of the Bumblebee" from "The Legend of Tsar Sultan"; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5, E minor, Mme. Olga Alvereno, soprano, will be the singer. Stuart Mason will conduct.

KREISLER GIVES SECOND RECITAL THIS SEASON

Noted Violinist Plays in Crowded Symphony Hall

At Symphony hall yesterday, in the afternoon, Fritz Kreisler gave his second violin recital of this season, Carl Lamson, accompanist. His program:

Concerto in A minor, Bach; Symphonie Espagnole, Lalo; Lotusland, Scott-Kreisler; En Bateau, Golliwogg's Cake-walk, and Minstrels, Debussy; Tango, Arbos-Fernandez.

If we were Sir Walter Scott, we might write: Breathes there a man with sense so dead who not before has heard it said how Kreisler plays? If such there breathe, go mark him well, he can't in cultured Boston dwell!

Twice this season Symphony hall has been filled with a crowd numbering nearer four than three thousand, to hear

and pay homage to this violinist with Jacques Thibaud, stands at the pinnacle of his art; whose violin would bear a message to its hearers whether he played the simplest or the most intricate music, yes, even if he played but an exercise. One says "he plus ultra," and there isn't any more. H. L.

The Curtis Quartet

The Curtis Quartet of Philadelphia made its first Boston appearance in the lecture hall of the public library last night, by courtesy of the Curtis Institute of Music. The concert was one of the series, open to the public without charge, made possible through the generosity of Mrs. Elizabeth S. Coolidge. The hall was filled. The program consisted of Beethoven's Quartet in E flat major, op. 127, and Dvořák's in F major, op. 96.

The Curtis Quartet immediately established its right to a place among the major organizations devoted to chamber music. Quite recently formed, it started with a remarkable personnel. The Curtis Institute of music, lavishly endowed by Mrs. Mary Louise Curtis Bok, seems bent on adding to its faculty all the virtuosi it can capture. Carl Flesch, first violin, is a native of Hungary who has had a distinguished European career. Louise Bailly, the viola, was until two years ago the viola of the Flonzaley Quartet. Felix Salmon, the English cellist, is one of the most prominent exponents of his instrument. These three, we believe, head the departments of the Curtis school which are devoted to their respective instruments. Emanuel Betlin, the second violin, is a younger man, upon whom the mantle of fame has not yet descended, but he gave evidence of being a worthy companion of his associates.

With further years of labor together, these artists, by the token of their present accomplishment, ought to achieve dazzling heights. Players of distinction, they display an admirable disposition to subordinate their individual contributions to the glory of the whole. Thus they have already made their tonal balance exceptional. Each instrument speaks clearly in its turn, but none overpowers the others. Possessing technical excellence and musical feeling, these players experience no difficulty in attaining unanimity of utterance. Nor can their devotion to the musical message of the composer be questioned. In evenness of tonal quality, in the refinements of tonal blending, this quartet doubtless will find it possible to reveal greater beauties with longer association. Shortcomings in these qualities were particularly observable in the first movement of the Beethoven, but the Adagio, with its delightful Andante section, was most sympathetically rendered. Dvořák's melodious opus, eloquently set forth, profited by being less familiar than the Symphony "From the New World," of which it is a chamber counterpart.

The next concert in the series will be given April 13, by the London String Quartet. Next Sunday evening a Beethoven program will be given by the Burgin String Quartet, through the generosity of the performers, as a part of the Library's Centenary observation. L. A. S.

The old saying, "Books have their fate," is now peculiarly significant in Boston. Will there be burning of novels on Boston Common? There should be a new edition brought down to 1927 of Gabriel Peignot's "Critical, Literary and Bibliographical Dictionary of the Principal Books Condemned to the Fire, Suppressed or Censured," published in two volumes at Paris in 1806.

Let us not forget that the last book to be burned at Oxford and in England was Froude's "Nemesis of Faith." The fire was kindled in 1849; the book was "tutorially incinerated." Robert Louis Stevenson's "Footnote to History" was written in 1892 at Samoa, which was then technically under German control. The work appeared in the Tauchnitz edition and was promptly burned by order of the German government.

Trollope's novels were never burned by civic or governmental order, but he suffered from mid-Victorian prudery, squeamishness, call it what you will. Anthony Trollope of all novelists in the world! When his "Barchester Towers" reached the publishers Longman in 1856, their reader objected to the "low-mindedness and vulgarity of the chief actors"; objected to Stanhope's daughter, "A good deal of the progress of the tale depends upon this lady, whose beauteous countenance makes sad havoc of the virtuous feelings of the clergymen and others who come in contact with her." Trollope finally consented to strike out passages "marked as being too warm."

"Foul breathing" was also erased; "fat stomach" was changed to "deep chest."

This correspondence, says Mr. Sadleir, reveals to an almost horrific degree the perturbations of the squeamish 'fifties! The reader for Longman regarded one passage in Trollope's "Warden" as no less "distasteful to propriety" than parts of "Roderick Random."

"This passage," says Mr. Sadleir, "may be assumed to be the scene in chapter two, showing the archdeacon swathed in bed clothes. It is true, but none the less in a nightshirt—declaiming to his wife (equally undressed) the vices of John Bold." We join with Mr. Sadleir in longing for a sight of the uncensored text of "Barchester Towers."

Boston and its neighborhood has rejoiced in literary critics of ability: E. P. Whipple, James Russell Lowell, W. D. Howells (for he once lived here), not to mention others. The line has not run out. We now have Mr. Crowley, whose excellent work as superintendent of police will be supplemented by interesting literary reviews which will be published from time to time. The successor to the late Georg Brandes of Denmark has not yet been named by King Christian X or the board of Danish publishers.

As the World Wags:

Toronto, Can., has passed a law that firemen must not swear when fighting fires. Then how is a fireman at the top of the ladder going to tell the crew manning the hose that they are putting him out and not the fire? Of course, he might say: "Pardon me, fellows, but your silly old hose is pointed directly at me, and I am getting most uncomfortably damp. Sorry, but would you mind changing its direction?" And what about a fire chief hanging out of a window and telling his men to bring up those axes? A fire chief feels bound to give some slight description of the axes. If he said merely "those axes" he would choke to death. R. H. L.

TAXIS VS. CABS

As the World Wags:

Picketing must be a bit terrifying to those of us who enjoy our own little niche in a safe society. Intellectually we may sympathize with the aspiration in every soul toward a chaise-longue and a Cadillac car, but a Utopian dream is one thing and an ominous crack across the smooth surface of life another.

Of all picketing, the hoarse, incessant tones of taxicab driver strikers at the after-theatre hour must make our theories sit uneasy in our heads.

The taxi driver, even in his natural or non-striking state, is only now emerging from his position as the ogre of our modern urban life. Today, chained as the creature is by registrations, photographs and laws against the carrying of weapons, ladies alone still perch apprehensively on the edge of their seats and offer a prayer with every bounce. Many an unacknowledged sinking of the heart is caused by a one-way street detour on the way to Louisburg square.

How few years have passed since a taxi was rather an exotic growth in Boston! Taking a cab was an occasion, planned beforehand.

Those were the days before leisure wasted away and died from disuse. Radios could not make night hideous. There was somehow time to lie on a window seat in the sun, or sit on the bank of the river in spring, to watch ducks swim upstream, the current rippling after them.

Calling was still in vogue, and white kid gloves were worn. What a symbol of a more leisurely civilization was a white kid glove!

Spotless, spread carefully before one, it was the spirit of formality. "Here I am, fresh from the cleaners, my sole purpose in life to do you honor," it said to the hostess.

Today we rush home, glance at the mall, pull on a hat, and are off again to a vague house, a friend of a friend's. Tumbling into the street, half an hour

late all day. Taxi! The modern glass of fashion and mold of form bounces to its next appointment.

RENA H. GARDNER.

If "H. O. L." will send us his address, he will receive the text of the verses "Not Understood" by Thomas Bracken. We are indebted to J. Katherine Given for a copy of the verses. Ned L. Parker of Farmington, N. H., named the author and offered to forward the verses to H. O. L.

There was talk about Ellis Ryse a few days ago. W. G. writes: "I remember him particularly in 'Glofio-Glofia.' In fact, he was almost 'starred,' for who can forget his opening song, 'Yes, I'm Mazowik!' He was a most picturesque actor, too. I think he was borrowed from New York to help out Eugene McDarrell company, Montreal, when they produced a few comic operas. Clara Fisher was soprano then. I think he appeared in some opera at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, but am not sure."

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU

As the World Wags:

That was tea all right, all right our boys threw into the Boston bay because the first run-runner we had was Cornwallis at—was it Yorktown? Our boys got sore feet chasing him at Valley Forge. . . . Paul Revere had a pony and that's why he did so well at school. . . . George Washington said, Father I cannot tell a lie, but that guy who said the shot at Bunker Hill was heard around the world can. . . . Ben Franklin said, If you want to be a electrician and get ten bucks a day, hitch yer key ring to a klt. . . . Then the English came back in 1812 or thereabouts and burned Washington. . . . Came the civil war. . . . And then nothing much happened until yesterday when I asked a policeman if I could make one of these left-handed turns. ORACLE

GEISEKING

By PHILIP HALE

Walter Geiseking, pianist, gave a recital last night in Symphony hall. His program read as follows: Bach, English suite, D minor, No. 6. Schumann, Fantasie, C major, op. 17. Debussy, Pagodes, La Solree dans Grenade, La cathedrale engloutie, Poissons d'Or, Ravel, La Valse des Cloches, Jeux d'Eau.

The pianist that "makes a specialty" of this or that composer is, as a rule, to be avoided. In past years it was said in a sepulchral tone of one pianist: "You should hear him play Beethoven's music. You know he has made a special study of Beethoven. He understands him; he has caught his spirit."

As a matter of fact this pianist was a singularly dull player, refusing to admit that Beethoven was ever emotional. Today there's Mr. Lamond, the granitic interpreter of Beethoven. There are pianists who are reputed to be inspired interpreters of Johannes Brahms; others who are supposed to be the true and only followers of Liszt. Then there is the indefatigable player of Bach, to whom every note is sacred, who plays everything that Bach wrote, and does it with the face of a celebrant, and without the aid of a spring board or any mechanical appliance except his weary piano.

The great pianists were not specialists. Liszt, Rubinstein, Tausig, Buelow, not to mention others, were not men of one composer. Pachelmann, best known as a player of Chopin, shone brilliantly as an interpreter of Mozart, Weber, Schumann, Liszt.

Mr. Geiseking has been described by some admirers as a "specialist." One names the music of Bach as Mr. Geiseking's specialty; another says Schumann; a third says, Mozart; a fourth, Debussy. Thus it appears that Mr. Geiseking is a remarkable pianist to whom no period, no school of composition is foreign; one who finds beauty in the old and modern music, and reveals it to others.

Finding beauty in musical thoughts and the various manners of expressing it through the ages, he studies the best way in which to share his joy with others. While he is not bound tightly by alleged traditions, he respects the composer by taking infinite pains in the adjustment of proportions, contrasts, nuances; in the continuity of song in which ornamentation is not disturbing; in the delicate suggestion of emotion and in the frank outburst of passion. Having obtained a mastery of all the means for eloquent interpretation, he then plays to his hearers as one rejoicing not in mere personal display but as a worshipper of beauty. To him there must be beauty of sound in every note, in every chord, in every florid passage. It is not enough to dazzle

by technical proficiency; he seeks rather to give life and charm to the cold page.

And so the music of Bach last night was a constant flow of beautiful sound in the livelier sections, while the pianist's imagination brought before the hearer of the Sarabande the stately melancholy, the pride and dignity of the old Spanish dance. If the passion of Schumann was furnace hot in the first movement, there was also in the Fantasie the dreamy lyricism peculiar to the man. And in the music by Debussy and Ravel the fantastic titles had for once truly poetic significance; the bells were heard now faint, now clamorous in the engulfed cathedral; there was strange music from strange instruments near the pagodas of porcelain; Seville with its warm night and strains of the dance was more than a geographical name; the waters rushed in play as at Lodore.

Thus does a master with a poetic soul reconcile one to a box of strings and keys; thus is one reminded that music is after all a divine art.

A very large audience was justly enthusiastic.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—Keith-Albee Players in "The Masquerader," a play founded on "Katherine Thurston," novel by John Hunter Booth. The cast:

Hon. John Chilcote, M. P.	Walter Gilbert
John Loder	Charles I. Schofield
Brook	William Gerald
Herbert Fraide	Day Manson
Bobby Blessington	Frank Charlton
Mr. Lakely	Harold Chase
Lord Bramful	Winfield Hiatt
Doctor	Winfield Hiatt
Allston	John Winthrop
Capt. Galltry	Harold Chase
Man of the "Slums"	Virginia Stokes
Lady of the "Slums"	Florence Shirley
Eve Chilcote	Edith Speare
Lady Lillian Astrupp	Florence Pendleton
Robins	Kathleen Wallace
Lady Bramfitt	Crsula O'Hare
Maid	

Twenty years ago the novel was a best seller; 10 years ago the play was a success; and now, despite its obvious hokum, there are those who enjoy its revival. We are transported to the days when valets were confidantes and slaves were devoted to their masters despite queer changes of personality. The plot hardly needs telling. Suffice it to say that almost every trick is employed from the scar on the finger—it is a scar and not a strawberry mark on the left shoulder—to the dog who, by a curl of a certain tooth, shows that he recognizes his true master. We have the drug-ridden member of Parliament who luckily or otherwise, has a double who is persuaded to step into his shoes. The parliamentarian can thus carry on his appetite in peace until the proper moment for him to return and snap at his wife.

We have the wife who has been willing to be just the wife of a great man of England until her happy fortnight, which comes with the advent of the masquerader, alters her resolve. And, important to the action, is the siren who works her wiles and offers her wine to the M. P. Nothing more is needed but a few tricks of the trade and some drippily sentimental speeches which in their heyday may have worked on the emotions, but which now come perilously near to exciting humor.

Why go into the looseness of the play's construction? The players did so well with their parts that they almost glossed over the old-fashioned accoutrements.

The fat part, of course, belonged to the hero—Walter Gilbert—and, except in the prologue when he failed to handle his voice convincingly—he acquitted himself well. He not only saved the honor of the Chilcote family but he made a deeper place for himself in the hearts of the "stockers." His love scenes he successfully veered away from the sentimentalism of the text, his temper fits and his mutterings and madness under the influence of the dope were realistic.

Mrs. Shirley as the wife was just the kind of woman that a dope fiend would hate and Loder, alias Chilcote, would apostrophize as his "Lady of the glove." If you know what we mean. Her affection was "pawing" to one man and love to another.

Charles Schofield belonged to the days when butlers were told to pour more wine and they went right ahead and poured only as much as was good for their dear master's health. He was great though perhaps he did cower a little too much with his various pleadings.

Edith Speare was a convincing siren—just the kind of a girl who would be a help to a man who was trying to give up drink. And what a job it would be to shake her!

We should like to make mention of Robins, the devoted slavey who shined shoes, gave literary encouragement and choked so heartily.

And we certainly do not wish to forget the dog!

F. B. B.

'M'FADDEN'S FLATS' AT FIVE THEATRES

"McFadden's Flats" is adapted to screen from a stage comedy of the same name with Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin as the featured players. To be seen this week at the Scollay Square Olympia, the Washington Street Olympia, the Fenway, Capital in Allston and Central square, Cambridge. A First National film directed by Richard Wallace. The cast:

Dan McFadden.	Charlie Murray
Joek McTavish	Chester Conklin
Mary Ellen McFadden	Edna Murphy
Sandy McTavish	Larry Kent
Mrs. McFadden	Aggie Herring
Patrick Halloran	De Witt Jennings

After 30 years of robust theatrical life, "McFadden's Flats" has been filmed. The outcome is an obvious bit made up of human anecdotes, well spiced with vulgarity, wholesome fun and every day, garden variety problems that knot up the lives of the average work-a-day human.

The plot concerns an Irishman (Charlie Murray) who is a contractor and sponsors the flats, a Scotchman, Joek McTavish (Chester Conklin), who is a barber and saves his money and hair oil, the beautiful daughter of the first gentleman and the handsome son of the Scot.

In the opening scenes "McFadden's Flats" are rearing their smooth unromantic walls under the watchful eye of Dan McFadden.

The bank decides that McFadden is a bad risk and withdraws its support. McFadden crumples and goes to bed, gowned in a voluminous night-shirt. Joek gloriously turns over his savings to the account of his friend. The grandest gesture of all is that his generosity is to remain a secret.

So the flats are completed. The daughter is sent away to a fashionable boarding school, climbs the social ladder, has the flat redecorated into palatial rooms and refuses to acknowledge her father as he swings along at the head of the hod-carrier's union in the Labor day parade.

The drama ends satisfactorily when another business collapse threatens to stalk into the McFadden family and the original romance is righted between the Irishman's daughter and the Scotchman's son. This picture has its appeal. It is worth its weight—and it is heavy—because of the hearty laughter it inspires. C. M. D.

CONTINUING PLAYS

Plymouth—"Lady Alone," Alice Brady starring in Laetitia McDonald's new play. Last week.

Park—"Charlot's Revue of 1927," with Herbert Mundin and Jessie Mathews. Last week.

Tremont—"On Approval," comedy by Frederick Lonsdale, with Wallace Edginger, Violet Kemble Cooper, Hugh Wakefield and Vera Neilson. Last week.

Wilbur—"Americana," J. P. McEvoy's revue. Third week.

Majestic—"What Price Glory," film version of the Stallings-Anderson war play with Victor McLaglen, Dolores del Rio and Edmund Lowe. Ninth week.

Colonial—"Sunny," Charles Dillingham's musical production, with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue. Last two weeks.

Shubert—"Queen High," Lawrence Schwab's musical comedy, with Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit, John Hazzard and others. Fifteenth and last week.

Copley—"The Ghost Train," mystery play by Arnold Ridley. Twelfth week.

Repertory—"Macbeth," annual Shakespearian production with Mr. Jewett in the title role. Last week.

'CASEY AT THE BAT'

Wallace Beery in "Casey at the Bat" is playing at the Metropolitan Theatre this week. The cast:

Casey	Wallace Beery
O'Dowd	Ford Sterling
Camille	Zazu Pitts
Putnam	Stirling Holloway
Spec	Spec O'Donnell

Baseball in the gay and giddy 90s—long, long before the war, when a man could hold a glass of foaming beer in one hand and hit a home run with the other. Wallace Beery in a joyous boob role, Zazu Pitts as a fluttering, modest Camille, Ford Sterling and the other Limburger cheese all have a share in the theme of "Casey at the Bat."

Casey is a junk man five days a week but on Saturday he is a hero.

...me town, he plays ball and plays it well his reputation creeps into the League. So Casey goes to New York—a New York of horse cars and choradora girls, checked suits and champagne.

There is a convincing benevolence about Wallace Beery's Casey. He is a comedy figure but one who plays successfully on the minor chords. The atmosphere of New York 30 years ago, Tony Pastor's and the singing waiters—is all amusing.

If some of the comedy could have been more subtle, if there had been some other way of getting the educated baseball into the plot without the very obvious tactics that were used—but, why cry for the moon? "Casey at the bat" is agreeable entertainment with worth while.

GIVEN AT KEITH'S

Helen MacKellar Appears in "The Mud Turtle"

Vaudeville in America is 100 years old this week, and as a special feature Keith's Theatre is presenting, in addition to its customary program, a moving picture tracing the growth of the "two-way" called "100 Years of Vaudeville." It recalls many of the old-time avoirds.

Headlining the bill, however, is Helen MacKellar in a condensed version of "The Mud Turtle," by Elliot Lester. Stars of the legitimate stage each year take a fling at vaudeville and the results are seldom happy. Whether it is because of the material they have to work in or because they cannot yet feel the pulse of a vaudeville public is hard to tell. At any event Miss MacKellar can use the former excuse. Cast as a poor but honest waitress who marries the sturdy son of a wheat king, by sheer grit and many gestures, wins the whole family over but not before some good old melodramatic bits are reeled off.

A unusually fine dancing act is that of Marguerite and Frank Gill, late stars of the Music Box Revue, who give some clever impressions of famous singers and dancers. Especially agreeable was Miss Gill's impression of Raquelle Meller.

There is comedy, too. Allen and Canfield in a fast-moving act, are two who are always popular. Miss Canfield has pronounced childish tendencies and her "straight" is quietly competent. Bert Hanlon, the man who cannot stand olives and goes into a minute description as to just why, is another whose appearance was greeted with applause. He is of the nonchalant school so that the frenzy he works himself into when explaining all about the olives comes as a surprise.

Ed Healey and Allan Cross harmonize on the latest songs; A. C. Astor is a clever ventriloquist and Ed and Jenny Rooney leap and swing around mid-air. As an additional attraction Charlie Chaplin is being shown in "Soldier Armes."

JOHN GILBERT FILM SHOWN AT ORPHEUM

"Flesh and the Devil" Based on Sudermann Story

"Flesh and the Devil," starring John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, is the screen attraction at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week. It is filmed from Sudermann's "The Undying Past," and contains, among other interesting features, some very exciting romantic scenes.

John Gilbert is the lover who is hypnotized by the beauty and charm of Greta Garbo, a sinister creature who wamps her husband's best friend; Lars Hanson, remembered from "The Scarlet Letter," appears as the wronged husband, and others of note in the cast are Barbara Kent, George Pawcett and Marc McDermott. It is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture directed by Clarence Brown.

THE BARN GIVES "IN BUDDHA'S GARDEN"

The Barn in Joy street—"In Buddha's Garden," a play in three scenes by Tohiko Yamaguchi, presented by the Boston Stage Society.

A Sumida river bridge groaning more

on through with every creak, a miniature stage an audience creaking on a heterogeneous collection of kitchen chairs, audible steps ascending or descending a haphazard stairway above their heads. The Barn players have a great deal to combat for any illusion of beauty. In this play, just to make it harder, they've put masks on all the actors, making their delivery a curious hissing blur of hearty American voices sliding out as best they may from impassive Oriental faces.

That there are any moments of illusion is a tribute to the sheer vision of the experimental company. They manage to give the impression in a very small way, in fleeting moments, of an Italian primitive.

There are some charming interludes in Mr. Yamaguchi's play of the young lovers, the old struggle between poverty and love. You can't be Saturday's children in Japan, so if you are very poor, a Geisha girl, sold to a loathsome pig merchant, and your lover is a penniless artist, death seems the only escape. But on the threshold of Nirvana, the lovers cannot enter, still clinging to an earthly passion. Here there is a delightful little scene where Buddha, in the vernacular explains that love and cherry blossoms must die. Hisaye and Punico escape back into life, and Buddha returns to his garden to take a nap.

Mr. Yamaguchi has gone far from the classical Japanese drama where each emotion had its beautiful conventional gestures, where the heroines were young boys as in Shakespeare's time, and where our sentimental western "love" was a passion unknown. The characters in "In Buddha's Garden" are thorough Americans, charmingly dressed and muffledly masked to look like Japanese. In manner there are too many echoes of Lilom, Outward Bound. Memories swarm.

A trip to the Barn is worth while, to see art that obviously can't be for the sake of anything but art. An experimental theatre flourishing for five years in Boston without advertising, without salaries, without so much as an usher, deserves a bit of interest.

'A LITTLE JOURNEY' AT LOEW'S STATE

"A Little Journey," screen comedy based on the play by Rachel Crothers, directed by Robert Z. Leonard and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at the State Theatre this week. The cast:

Julie Rutherford ... Claire Windsor
George Manning ... William Haines
Alexander Smith ... Harry Carey
Aunt Louise ... Claire McDowell

Rachel Crothers' play has little left of the original plot but the celluloid edition is innocuous, pleasant and amusing.

Claire Windsor, William Haines and Harry Carey form the triangle and tangle. Trains, clinders and lack of funds does the rest. Mr. Haines portrays one of his self-confident, ingratiating roles, using every device his keen wits can conjure to make the acquaintance of the fair Claire and then to keep friendly.

Harry Carey has left his wild west thrillers for the moment to play the self-sacrificing millionaire. At home in the wide open spaces he is at a loss with a tea cup and wins the girl of his dreams (Claire) by proving he is a steadfast friend.

Claire Windsor is on her way to San Francisco to marry the steadfast friend when she meets Bill Haines. Cupid has rather hard sledding from New York to Chicago but after that he rounds up his customers, the steadfast friend gracefully takes his farewell, and as the train pulls into San Francisco the wedding is still part of the program with the substitution of a different groom.

Cal. Gilbert
mch 16 1927

How many, whether they be librarians or readers for pleasure, have read those novels which they now condemn and would gladly see thrown into the fire? How many have had their sensitive feelings shocked only by hearsay? First fire, then inquire, is the family motto in more than one household.

Mr. Ralph Cheney, in a poem published in the New York Evening Post's literary magazine, shouts over the rooftops that the shoulders of his beloved one are "straight and clean-cut as a skyscraper." Does the head of his Arabella run up into a peak with its sugar-loaf development?

THOUGHTS ON THE INFORMATION CRAZE

(With Apologies to the What English Poet Laureate Who Wrote "The Princess"?)

Ask me no more, the moon may draw the sea,
And San Francisco bay be made of grape-
Juice; Jutland be peninsula or cape;
And what occurred in 1493?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: I've answered all the night.
I've told you that the states are forty-eight,
That Ernest Lissauer wrote "The Hymn of Hate,"
Jack Johnson won the Jeffries-Johnson fight.
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: Is mercury or lead
The heavier? Who wrote the song called "Dearie"?
What question-book makes what old bard so weary
That when they trot it out he longs for bed?
Ask me no more!
—F. P. A. in the New York World.

Mr. Justin Henry Shaw of Kittery, Me., writes that he did not intend to say in his letter regarding the death of Christopher Marlowe that the article by Mr. Hotson of Harvard was by the Rev. Mr. Robinson.

"What I intended to say was that I had the copy of the Atlantic Monthly by the courtesy or interest of the Rev. Mr. Robinson at the time of the issue of June, 1925."

OUR DAILY SHORT STORY

KISS ME, MY FOOL!

A sign caught his eye and held it. "Leggo my eye!" he ejaculated. "What are you doing in this lethargy after closing hours?"

"You can believe it or not, I'm waiting for a street car."

"Whooat lady I saw you with last night?"

"That wasn't no lady, that was a co-ed." (He got the job.)

Then Chadwick, poor but honest, rode away at a dizzy pace. "Faster! Faster!" he gasped at the conductor. The horse was breathing hard. "Damn them Camels!" said the horse. Chadwick groaned. Would he make it? If not, he would in the next chapter. A policeman made his appearance, then tried to sell it. Alas! The short cut through the mountains! The leap over the canon! The slide down the embankment! Hurry, Chadwick!

"Spare my honor, you horsethief!" she pleaded as huge glycerin tears rolled down her forehead. The villain laughed. So did the usher. Then the operator struck a match, playfully, and the film burned up. The tooth paste ad had said, "Destroy that film!" The audience yawned and reached for his hat.

GEORGE THE RED MAN.

L. M. T. of Portsmouth, N. H., asked the origin of the lines beginning "Corn-cobs twist your hair." They were repeated to her when she was not a good girl.

E. C. C. of Portland, Me., writes that these lines should read:

"Corn-cobs twist your hair,
Cart and wheels surround you,
Fiery dragons carry you off,
And mortar pestles pound you."

"Another gem of my early memory is:

"There was an old man and he had an old cow,
And he had no hay to give her,
So he put her in the barn, and he sang her a song,
Consider, old cow, consider."

"This is York county, Me., early stuff."

G. B. W. writes:

Verses of "Yankee Doodle" sung to me in my childhood:

"Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Capt. Good'in;
There we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.
"There we saw a big round thing
(As big as mother's basin)
Every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.
Corn cobs twist your hair,
Mortar pestles pound you,
Fiery dragons carry you off
And cart wheels surround you."

The first four lines of this "Yankee Doodle" song are in Royall Tyler's comedy, "The Contrast," acted as early as April, 1787. Jonathan, the first stage Yankee, sings three verses and a half, and tells Jenny that when they are better acquainted he will sing 199 verses.

"Our Tabitha at home can sing it all." Then he pipes up:

"Marblehead's a rocky place,
And Cape Cod is sandy;
Charlestown is burned down,
Boston is the lady."

Yankee doodle, doodle do, etc.

Mr. O. G. Sonneck in his exhaustive inquiry into the origin of "Yankee Doodle" published by the Library of Congress comes to the conclusion that the text of "Father and I went down to camp" originated at or in the vicinity of the "Provincial Camp," Cambridge, Mass., in 1775 or 1776. "It would really seem as if the authorship of Edward Bangs . . . rests on something more than tradition." Bangs as a college boy had joined the Middlesex farmers in the pursuit of April 19, 1775; Harvard College was transferred from Cambridge to Concord in September, 1775, and returned to Cambridge in 1776.

It is hardly necessary to say that "Corn cobs," etc., has no connection with "Yankee Doodle."

ADD "SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS"

As the World Wags:

Boys in the class of the English department out here contributed this information at an examination:

"Bacon wrote the King James version of the Bible.
"Shakespeare wrote 'Paradise Lost' in his Romance period.
"Poe is not as bad a man as he is supposed to be; he is the father of short stories."
That last is a misdemeanor which even Griswold did not mention.
Such is English as learned, not taught, in the hinterland.
Idaho. EASTERN ESAU.

As the World Wags:

This from the stenographer, conning the daily quiz:

"O. Mr. M., tell me, please, what was the unusual weapon made use of by Samson in his battle with the Philistines?"
N. C. MENTIS.
Somerville.

FROM LELAND'S REVUE

All good books when they die go to the Public Library.

mch 17 1927

Alexander Tansman's Symphony, composed last summer, and dedicated to Mr. Koussevitzky, will be performed for the first time at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week. Mr. Tansman has written a long article about the symphony, in which he has much to say concerning his intentions. We hasten to say for the benefit of the ultra-conservative in the audience that Mr. Tansman's intentions are strictly honorable. He has followed the classic form, modified only to suit the modern spirit; he assures us that his music is neither "atonal" nor "poly-tonal." In the Scherzo he makes use of Polish dance tunes.

The other pieces on the program are selections from Handel's "Water Music," Glazounov's violin concerto (Richard Burgin, violinist), and our old tried and approved friend the overture to "Oberon." Glazounov's concerto was first played here by Mr. Zimbalist when he appeared here for the first time, Oct. 27, 1911.

Olga Warren will sing songs by American composers tonight in Jordan hall. It's an unusual list, including old songs by Hopkinson, friend of Benjamin Franklin, Pellissier and Reinagle, and ignoring certain modern American composers.

Tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon Burton Holmes will give his extra travelogue about China. The subject should now be of peculiar interest.

John Campbell, tenor, and Hans Ebell, pianist, will give a concert in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon.

There will be several concerts next Sunday. Mme. Schumann-Heink, celebrating her 50th year on the operatic stage and concert platform, will sing at Symphony hall. The People's Symphony orchestra, conducted by Stuart Mason, will present a Russian program: Music by Glinka, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov and Tchaikovsky. Mme. Aviereno will sing an aria from "Eugen Onegin." The Boston Flute Players' Club, Mr. Laurent, musical director, will perform two string quartets; also Tansman's Sonata for flute and piano (Messrs. Laurent and Sanroma). The quartets to be played by Messrs. Burgin, Gundersen, Lefranc and Bedetti are Mendelssohn's in E minor and Beethoven's in C sharp minor. A Brazilian pianist, Bernardo Siegel, a pupil of Sioti, will play in Steinert hall. All these concerts are in the afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, celebrating her 50th year on the stage, was born at Lieben, near Prague, in 1851. Her maiden name was Ernestine Roessler. Her father was an Austrian army officer. She was educated by Ursuline nuns at Prague and at the convent she sang solos and in the chorus. At Graz in

1874 she studied singing with Marietta von Leclair. Her first appearance in opera was as Azucena at Dresden, on Oct. 13, 1878. She continued to study in Dresden, where her teacher was Aloysia Krebs-Michaelis. At the beginning of her fourth season she married Heinke and withdrew from the stage, but in the fall of 1883 she became a member of the Hamburg opera company. Her fame spread in the early nineties through her engagement at Kroll's, Berlin.

Divorced from Heinke, she married in 1893 Paul Schumann, a play actor and the stage manager at the Italia Theatre, Hamburg. She sang in various cities: at Bayreuth, first in 1896; at London, 1897 and 1898 in several roles. Her repertory included many roles, from Erda in the "Ring" to Furst Orlofsky in "Fledermaus."

Her first appearance in America was at Chicago as Ortrud on Nov. 7, 1898.

Her first appearance in Boston was with Grau's company at the Boston Theatre as Ortrud, on March 27, 1899.

She has portrayed these operatic characters in Boston: Ortrud, Fricka, Brangaene, Mary ("The Flying Dutchman"), Magdalene, Fides, Erda, Azucena.

In the season of 1904-05 Mme. Schumann-Heink was the chief singer in a company that produced "Love's Lottery," a comic opera with libretto by S. Stange and music by Julian Edwards. She was announced to sing in this opera-

retta at the Colonial Theatre, Boston, on Nov. 28, 1904. She heard that day of the death of her husband, Mr. Schumann. The operetta was performed and she sang in it the next night. In 1905 she married William Rapp, Jr., of Chicago. She was divorced from him in 1914.

She has sung here in concert many times: five times with the Boston Symphony orchestra and at one of its Pension Fund concerts; with the Handel and Haydn in Verdi's Requiem, Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and in miscellaneous concerts of the society; with the Cecilia ("Samson and Delilah"). She has sung here in concerts of visiting opera companies; she has given many song recitals.

Truly, a remarkable career. The woman herself as well as the singer has endeared herself to the great American public. She has never disappointed it through caprice or ill-humor. She has always given of her best. In the great war, with a divided household, she was staunchly American and worked incessantly in aid and comfort of the American cause. Unlike some of her fellow artists who had won fame and money in this country, she was grateful and loyal to the land that was her adopted home.

The Beethoven festival will begin Tuesday night with a performance of the great Mass in D. We regret to say that it is not fully determined how Beethoven was dressed at the first performance of the Kyrie, Credo and Agnus Dei at Vienna on May 7, 1824. Thalberg, who was present, said the composer wore a black dresscoat, white neckerchief and waistcoat, black satin small clothes, black silk stockings, shoes with buckles. But Schindler talked with Beethoven just before the concert and told him to make himself ready: "Take your green coat which you can put on when you conduct. The theatre will be dark and no one will notice it. O great master, you do not own a black frock coat. The green one will have to do, in a few days the black one will be ready." Tausig conducted and Beethoven sat in the orchestra.

The great mass was performed here for the first time by the Cecilia Society. It was also performed at the dedication of Symphony hall.

The orchestra of Lincoln House Association, Jacques Hoffmann, conductor, will give a concert in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Music by Debussy, Beethoven, Johann Strauss, Wagner, Volkmann and Ponchielli.

STELLA ROBERTSON

Stella Robertson, mezzo-contralto, sang this program last night in Jordan hall: "Wanderer's Song," "Minstrel," "Ständchen," Brahms: "Psyche und Amor," d'Albert: "Lenz," Hildaach: "At the Cry of the First Bird," Guillon: "Orpheus with His Lute," Coates: "The Seraglio's Garden," Sjogren: "Hills," La Forge: "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc," Debussy: "L'Angelus," Bourgaunt-Doucoudray: "Le Petit Noel," Emile Louis: "Nuit d'Ete," Tremisot: "Ariette," Vidal: "The Wanderer's Night-Song," Chailoff: "Song of the Palanquin Bearers," Shaw: "Rondelet of Spring," Bibb. "mezzo-contralto," Miss Robertson call her pretty voice. The term soprano would surely fit it more

snugly, for after all the best of it lies in the medium register. The upper tones of this region, especially those made bright in the way Miss Robertson understands so well, are very lovely. Her highest tones as well, when not strengthened beyond the limit set by discretion, are full of richness and beauty. In the lowest range of her voice, where the "contralto" quality appears, the tones grow dry, for want of that head resonance so markedly, everywhere else, at Miss Robertson's command—to the risk sometimes, in passages too soft, of truth to pitch.

Musically indeed Miss Robertson sang last night, phrasing neatly, enunciating clearly—above all when she sang in German. She let her accents fall where they belonged; she gave significant words due emphasis. Because she has developed a smooth legato and knows how to shape a melody, she sang the song by Gluck extremely well, the most exacting feat of the evening.

She would have heightened the effect of her other songs, be they grave or gay, if she could have brought herself to recognize the fact that, in Jordan hall, a more emphatic expression of sentiment is needful than in a parlor or studio.

To advocate extravagance is no wise act. But Miss Robertson can depend upon it that she must, if she would make her songs tell before a large public, sing in a manner that for a while will seem to her extreme. There is no other way.

A large audience applauded her warmly last night. Henry Levine added much to the evening's pleasure by his excellent accompaniments. R. R. G.

ANGNA ENTERS AT COPLEY THEATRE

A pale green curtain, unassisted, provided the setting for the startlingly alive figure of Angna Enters. She has that elusive something known as personality, for which so many lights of the stage feel called, and so few are chosen. Stepping before the curtain motionless, there was an immediate electric contact with her audience. Whether she came as a girl of old Vienna, a soberly clad Petit Berger, or a shy adolescent, her spell began with the first still pause before her dance.

Then followed what she called a "composition in dance form," an extraordinary bit of acting fused with perfect grace, done to music seemingly chosen to accompany Miss Enters's mood rather than to give her an opportunity of interpreting the music. This dancer possesses a pair of extremely intelligent and knowing eyes. Looking at life, she is amused. Yesterday afternoon she danced her amusement, and delighted chuckles followed each telling glance and gesture.

That Miss Enters possessed a finished technique was apparent. Though she subordinated the dancer to the mime throughout, her movements had the effortless perfection of a master.

In her waltz, gowning in the ruffles and waistline of the Florodora era, she was the spirit of gay romantic old Vienna. She waltzed with her imaginary partner, surely a handsome young officer, and there must have been a full moon outside the ballroom. Every expression of her face and pose of her body reflected the slow excitement of a woman in the hour when she knows she is charming.

Her little shepherd was a quick, wild creature, full of the peace of a life spent alone in the pastures. He stretched himself in the sun, a vignette, complete, to the springtime music of Debussy. There were Donatello ears under the shepherd's hat.

Think of Edgar Allen Poe and the

Lady Geraldine in Christobel, or the awful fascination of the sphinx, and you have imagined Miss Angers's "Teline." She was a sinuous, mythical creature of unnatural grace, a being you'd hate to meet but love to see undulating itself about the stage.

In her more humorous doings she was delightful. Waiting on the boulevard for her lover, she walked and sat, preened and read La Vie Parisienne, eyed the passing men up to a certain point and optically slapped them. Hardly a dance at all, it was a sophisticated, witty bit of life.

Her adolescents had the very quality of youth and inexperience. In the "Contre Danse" a young girl stepped with the gauche beauty of all young colt like creatures, alternating intense seriousness and effort with a charming transparent coquetry. You smiled at her, but tenderly.

In only one "composition" did Miss Enters disappoint. As she did the "Habenera" to Bizet's music she had the insolence, the allure, but not the

passion and fire you expected. Perhaps she was afraid of being suppressed like "The Plastic Age," so presented Carmen's wiles in subtle form.

There was a lack of chiffons. There was no Altra dance. There was nothing of the ordinary. You could never think of what Miss Enters was doing as a dance, but as a scene, a something living, giving the feeling that comes at a very good play. The feeling is rare. R. H. G.

WINNERS TO ENTER CHICAGO FINALS

An enthusiastic audience greeted more than a score of youthful musicians yesterday who took part in the state contests for the seventh biennial contests of the National Federation of Music Clubs in piano and violin music. The finals in these contests will be held in April at Chicago. Yesterday the state supremacy was contested in Steinert hall for \$50 prizes and loving cups. The winners at Chicago will receive prizes of \$500 each.

Yesterday's competition was conducted by the Massachusetts Federation of Music Clubs, Mrs. Mary G. Reed, the president being in charge of the program. Miss Alice Hutchinson is senior chairman of these contests, of which this is the third. Mrs. Louis Conant of Medfield gave the loving cups for prizes in the students' contest.

WON CUP AT SESQUI

Miss Hazel Hallett of 76 Gainsborough street, who won first prize, \$50, in the piano contest in the young artists' class, won both state and district contests last year, and took second place in piano playing at the Sesquicentennial last year, winning a silver loving cup.

The trials for the Plymouth district, which includes all New England, will be held March 30 at Steinert hall, the winners of yesterday competing, and the winners in that event will be eligible for the Chicago festival.

The winners in the young artists' series open to contestants from 20 to 32 were:

Piano, Miss Hazel Hallett, 76 Gainsborough street, Boston.

Violin, Miss Marjorie Posselt, 68 Sheridan avenue, Medford.

Vocal, soprano, Norma Jean Erdmann; baritone, James R. Houghton of Somerville. Miss Erdmann will make her concert debut in Jordan hall in April.

In the students' contest, age limits 16 to 24, there was only one prize awarded, a loving cup for piano playing to Warren Ampach.

The contestants yesterday in the young artists' group were:

Violin: David Kushious, Mark C. Budd and Marjorie Posselt, all of Dorchester.

Piano: Hazel Hallett, Marjorie Nelson, Herbert J. A. Irvine of Swampscott, Merle Bonham and Newton Francis P. Boleman of Roxbury.

Voice: Viola E. Joys, Marguerite La Liberte, Mildred M. Nichols, Pauline I. Machle, Meriel G. Blanchard, Norma Jean Erdmann, Douglas A. MacKinnon and Rodolphe Janson La Palme.

The judges for the various groups were: for violin, Miss Lillian Shattuck, Miss Virginia Anderson and Harris Shaw; for piano, Miss Helen Diedrich, Miss Carrie W. Krogman and Charles Anthony; for voice, Mme. Olga Axler-Ieno, Miss Amy Young Burns and Stephen Somerville.

IRISH SONGS SUNG AT JORDAN HALL

Several hundred friends of the O'Connell family of Boston taxed the seating capacity of Jordan hall last night to hear Elizabeth M. O'Connell observe St. Patrick's day in the manner her late mother and father taught her to celebrate it, with song and story illustrative of the charm of the old country and the culture of its people.

The natural beauty and softness of Miss O'Connell's voice aided materially in the presentation of the pieces she sang that were so full of sentiment and expressive of the feeling of the people of old Ireland.

Assisting Miss O'Connell were little Miss Sally Elizabeth O'Connell, daughter of James P. O'Connell; Miss Grace Gildea Donehue, harpist; Miss Lillian Kivlan, organ and accompanist, and Cyril Saunders, violinist.

Miss O'Connell was presented by her brothers, former Congressman Joseph F. O'Connell, James P., Daniel T. and John A. O'Connell, and by her sister, Mrs. James R. (O'Connell) Kelly.

Collectors of Herman Melville's book should note that "Benito Cereno," with pictures by El. McKnight Kauffer, has been published by the Nonesuch Press. We regret to say that the price, 1 shillings net, will cool some of Melville's ardent admirers.

"Benito Cereno," first published in Putnam's Magazine (1855), is one of "The Piazza Tales," which appeared in 1856 and was not reprinted until interest was awakened in Melville a few years ago, so that there was a demand for a "complete" edition of his works. The original edition of "The Piazza Tales" is seldom found in second hand book shops. The tales are better than many praised today and classed by annual and intrepid compilers as "best." A reviewer in the Literary Supplement of the London Times wishes that Wilkie Collins had told the strange story of Don Benito, the negro Babo, the great ship San Dominick and good Capt. Amasa Delano of Duxbury, lying at anchor with a valuable cargo in the harbor of St. Maria. The reviewer admits that it is a good story, but it might have been better. Now let us sing "Well, I Don't Know" and sing it in derisive tones. It seems to us that Melville told the gruesome story mightily well. Mr. Herkimer Johnson once whispered to us that he ranked "The Piazza Tales" next to "Moby Dick" in the Melvillian order; he could not mention "Bartheby," "The Bell-Tower," "The Encantadas" and even "The Lightning-Rod Man" without a show of emotion; but much as we admire and respect our friend Mr. Johnson, we cannot recommend him as a safe guide to old or young in literary matters. He would never be a trustworthy censor of novels, for his taste is liberal. If he is enthusiastic over "Tom Jones," "Cousine Bette," "Jude the Obscure" and the 13 volumes of Marcel Proust, he finds delight in reading "Great Expectations" and the Rollo books every summer on his wind-swept veranda.

ON THE NEXT PLANE

As the World Wags:

Met a quiet chap yesterday, he wanted to know what I did on earth. I told him, plenty! "I was a great literatus," I said, "I wrote many short stories. My novels were best sellers. I won the Pulitzer prize, my poems were more widely read than Eddie Guest's. In short I was a literary success!" "Wonderful!" said the quiet chap. "What did you do?" I asked. "Oh, very little." "What is your name?" "Shakespeare," said the quiet chap.

OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

FAIR WARNING

(Item in the notes issued by the Bayard Park Methodist Episcopal Church of Evansville, Ind.)

Please save all your glass bottles and broken glass for Mrs. Bartel's Division of the Ladies' Aid. They will collect them soon. This division will make dough-nuts at the church Wednesday.

ITHALA

(For As the World Wags.)

The goddess Ithala with snake-handed Arms

By the River Nile sits staring; Her Hands on her Knees for thousands of years,

And the torrid Sun a-glaring.

The sudden Dawn, Nor the Sun's quick death, Nor the Stars that lean from their course and peer

Close into her Eyes, So the legend saith,

Have ever beheld the tiniest tear, Or caught her Eyes a-faring.

But when Lizards are scorched in the shade,

And the Desert is idle and dozing, And the Sun sets the River a-blaze at noon,

Her eye-lids are shiftily closing.

Each Hand then wakes: The Hands like Snakes

Slip over her breast with a gentle caress,

They are colling and curling, uleaping;

They are winding themselves thru the Folds of her Dress,

Round her Neck they are crawling and creeping.

They are stealthily making their way thru her Hair,

They are viciously striking and hissing.

Their tortuous bodies agleam thru the air,

Her Lips they would seek for the kissing.

But a shadow falls obliquely o'er her Mouth,

As the jealous Sun glides westward from the south,

Makes the closed Eyes of the Goddess slowly blink,

To her Lap the sullen reptiles slowly sink,

As the jewelled ruby Eyes return to stone,

And to marble rigor, life so lately shown, While the Goddess Ithala with snake-handed Arms,

By the River Nile sits staring.

After Hagar on her knees for thousands
of years,
And the torrid Sun a-glaring.
The sudden Dawn,
Nor the Sun's quick death,
Nor the Stars that lean from their
course and peer
Close into her Eyes,
So the legend saith,
Have ever beheld the truest tear,
Or caught her Eyes a-faring.
Woroster. —M. B. W.

As the World Wags:

In re: Copley square, Cottage Farm
bridge, war memorial in the Basin,
etc., etc.

"Bredérin, we must do something to
remedy de status quo," said a negro
preacher to his congregation.
"Brudder Jones, what am de status
quo?" asked a member.

"Dat my brudder," replied the preach-
er, "am de Latin for de mess we've in."

Yours truly,
JABEZ SLOCUM.

YES, AND THE ROSE IS ON EVERY SIDEWALK

(Boston Herald, March 15)

This is the time of year when nerves
are frazzled, when the impatient wait-
ing for the robin and flowers and blue
skies makes life seem like nothing but
one irritation after another.

IF THEY ARE "SCULPTURAL"

As the World Wags:

Ah, there's the rub! A few years ago
—when the short skirts came into vogue
—I gave up driving a car. Safety first!
"He couldn't see the forest because of
the trees." I couldn't see the road be-
cause of the limbs.

What a variety there is! Gnarled
limbs, the knobby kind, seem to be
quite prevalent. Then, at one extreme
are the church-wardens, which, ready
to snap at the first misstep, seem
almost pathetic. And at the other ex-
treme is the standard variety of beef
to the heels—pillars worthy to support
a temple. Talk about an eye full! The
thousand eyes of the night and the
day's one hardly encompass them. But
every once in a while the vigilant watch
of mine aged orbs is rewarded by the
sight of a pair of dream legs, "shapely,
sculptural." There is beauty to be
found in this world, if one be alert.

S. A. PRISTI.

OLGA WARREN

Olga Warren, soprano, sang this pro-
gram last night in Stelbert hall:

O'er the Hills, Hopkinson; I Have a
Sorrow, Rehnagle; Return, O
Love, Pellssier; My Generous Heart
Misadains, Hopkinson; Thou Art So Like
a Flower, Chadwick; The Robin Sings
in the Apple Tree, Idylle, The Nightin-
gale, A Maid Sings Light, MacDowell;
Sings of Night, Watts; The Sea, Grant-
chaeffer; The Ke' Still Ripples, Weller;
Do Not Go, My Love, At The Well,
Lageman; If, Slender Your Hands, Mac-
adams; A Tragical Tale, J. Bertram Fox;
Day and Night, Hilbert Earl Stewart;
My Lover is a Fisherman, Strickland;
Welcome, Sweet Wind, Cadman.

If it was national pride or patriotism
that led Mrs. Warren to present an "all
American" program, a pity it is that
the judgment did not guide her to a
better one than that of last night. At
the best of it we cannot yet compete
with those German writers of great
songs, or yet with the best of the
French—to admit so much, one does not
have to belong to that vast noisy tribe
of half-Americanized Americans who
make it a point, in their folly and their
ill-manners, to run down everything
alive.

But we can, nevertheless, make a
cavalier showing than Mrs. Warren's list
of songs would suggest. Since she chose
to begin well at the beginnings, why
did she make a bridge over Stephen
oster's nose? Though scarcely the
snus some people today will have him,
he man had genuine sentiment in his
ature, and the melodic gift to ex-
press it.

What, furthermore, can have been in
Mrs. Warren's mind when she ignored
the names of Foote, Griffes, Lang,
Hopley, Carpenter, just to mention a
few at random? The negro spirituals,
so, would seem to merit a place in a
concert of American songs, not to say
in example or two of some extremely
good work by some of the younger men
and women.

The names Chadwick and MacDow-
ell did appear: good. But their songs
are not enough to break the spell of
edictoriality; four songs by MacDowell,
sides, too clearly showed their want
of variety. Mrs. Warren should rather
have labeled her program one of Amer-
ican parlor songs.

She and her excellent accompanist,
Francis Moore, worked valiantly, though
vain, to make bricks without straw.
Mrs. Warren, on the whole, made wise
use of her exceedingly pretty voice. The
after the song, be it said to her credit,

the better she sang it. But what a
fond waste of effort! For, after all,
there is "straw" in plenty to be had
for the asking at any music store.

R. R. G.

19TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston sym-
phony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, con-
ductor, took place yesterday afternoon
in Symphony hall. The program was
as follows: Handel, movements from the
"Water" music; Tansman, symphony,
A minor; Glazounov, concerto for violin
(Richard Burgin, violinist); Weber,
overture to "Oberon."

Mr. Tansman composed this sym-
phony last summer and dedicated it to
Mr. Koussevitzky. The performance
yesterday was the first. The composer
wrote a long description of the work,
too long for insertion in the orchestra's
program-book. He had much to say
about his intentions. What a composer
purposes when he girds up his loins
to write is not of so much importance
as what he actually writes. When Mr.
Tansman said that this symphony is
in the classic form with personal modifi-
cations made in order to revive the
form by adapting it to modern require-
ments, he probably hoped to reassure
the conservatives and lure the radicals
to a hearing. New wine in old bottles.
The question comes up: "Are these per-
sonal modifications a revelation of in-
dividual strength or weakness?" Had
this composer last summer musical
ideas, symphonic material of sufficient
significance for a symphony constructed
along the old classic lines? Could he
develop richly this material?

The slow movement and the scherzo
are the most ingeniously constructed,
the most agreeable pages of the work.
The adagio is often melodically beau-
tiful though various elements that enter
into the long continued melodic flow de-
tract from the prevailing mood and give
the impression of a laborious attempt to
escape from what the composer might
regard as too obvious expressiveness.
The scherzo, based on Polish folk-
dances, a polka and a mazurka, is de-
lightful throughout. There is not a too
close adherence to the dance form; the
polka rhythm is not so aggressively
forced as to remind one of the song
still associated with Rosina Vokes. In
this scherzo true invention, compelling
rhythm, and a fine sense of color are to
be recognized.

The first movement and the finale do
not strike one so favorably. The the-
matic material is hardly of weight, nor
is it employed clearly and effectively.
The orchestration is often thick; the
music, especially in the first movement,
is at times bombastic. Sheer noise is
not a symptom of strength. Again, in
the first movement there is a lack of
logical continuity, there are patchy con-
trasts, there are thunderous explosions
for which no train of gunpowder has
been laid. Thus, perhaps, did Mr. Tan-
sman expect to win the admiration of
the radicals while he was trying to ap-
pease the poker-backs by pointing out
to them that he was at heart devotedly
classical. "Personal modifications" are
not to be ruthlessly condemned; but
they depend on the musical individual-
ity of the composer and his ability to
modify and at the same time preserve.

Mr. Burgin, excellent violinist, ad-
mirable concert master, was enthusi-
astically applauded for the beauty of
his tone, his technical proficiency, and
his rhetorical taste in the interpreta-
tion of Glazounov's concerto. The first
sections are of a suave nature that a
violinist might easily turn into sugary
sentimentalism, knowing that he would
thus please many. Mr. Burgin avoided
this pitfall. He played the music of
these sections in a pleasingly emotional
manner; abstained from unduly stress-
ing sentiment or from introducing any
heroic element foreign to the music.
The finale, the weakest, most perfunctory
and conventional portion of the
concerto was performed with the re-
quisite spirit. And so the hearty, spon-
taneous applause was more than a per-
sonal tribute to the artist who is warm-
ly appreciated here as man and
violinist.

It may be noted in connection with
the approaching Beethoven festival,
that Beethoven more than once ex-
pressed the opinion that Handel was
the greatest composer who ever lived;
that shortly before Beethoven's death
he rejoiced at receiving the 40 volumes
of Arnold's edition of Handel's works;
"I have long wanted them, for Handel
is the greatest, the ablest composer
that ever lived. I can still learn from
him." These volumes cheered him when
he was on his bed of pain; Handel's
scores were always in his mind during
the last years of his life. The "Water"
music was for an occasion, and not in-
tended for a huge body of strings with
other instruments, yet the music does
not suffer when thus transferred into

the concert hall; perhaps it gains there-
by. A brilliant performance of Weber's
overture brought an end to a concert
that was greatly enjoyed. Tansman's
Symphony, which Mr. Koussevitzky con-
ducted with infinite care and gusto, was
received respectfully at least, if not
with lively admiration by the audience.

The concert will be repeated tonight.
The program next Friday afternoon will
comprise Beethoven's 4th and 5th sym-
phonies; the program of Saturday even-
ing, March 26, the 6th and 7th sym-
phonies.

How far is a novelist justified in
shaping his characters after his friends
or members of his own family? Did
Dickens show filial respect in using his
father for Micawber and Dorrit? His
mother for Mrs. Nickleby? And though
he denied it in a half-hearted, shabby
manner his Skimpole was recognized as
a portrait of the amiable Leigh Hunt.
There are other instances of novelists
thus injuring or complimenting ac-
quaintances, friends, enemies, relatives;
from Sir Walter Scott to Theodore Win-
throp, from Smollett to men and wom-
en now writing. Perhaps the most
flagrant case is that of Samuel Butler
who, in his "Way of All Flesh," por-
trayed unpleasantly, yes cruelly, his par-
ents and his sisters.

Mrs. R. S. Garnett, whose mother was
a cousin of Butler's mother, comes to
the defense of the family in "Samuel
Butler and His Family Relations," pub-
lished in this country by E. P. Dutton
& Co.

That Butler resented his father's
treatment of him is indisputable. Com-
menting in his "Note Books" on the
Bishop of Carlisle's picturing children
of one family as looking forward to joy-
ful meetings in a higher world, Butler
wrote: "I am sure my great-grand-
father did not look forward to meeting
his father in heaven—his father had
cut him out of his will; nor can I credit
my grandfather with any great longing
to rejoin my great-grandfather—a wor-
thy man enough, but one with whom
nothing ever prospered. I am certain
my father, after he was 40, did not wish
to see my grandfather any more. . . .
Speaking for myself, I have no wish to
see my father again."

Mrs. Garnett's purpose is to defend
the family circle ridiculed by Butler.
She insists that the real Theobald was
not at all detestable; that Butler's sis-
ters were not odious; that Butler was on
good terms with his family to the last;
that Theobald Pontifex is merely the
type of "foggy-minded, fumbling par-
son," intolerant of the younger genera-
tion; Charlotte is the figurehead of
"bleak, rigid spinsterhood"; otherwise
without resemblance to the sisters. Mrs.
Garnett reminds us that Butler gave or-
ders that the novel should not be pub-
lished in the lifetime of either sister.
His literary executor disobeyed the
order.

When the novel was published, friends
of the sisters warned them that they
would find it painful reading. Each as-
sured the other that she would not look
at the book; but, as was to be expected,
each went out and purchased a copy;
each one read the novel surreptitiously;
gradually, by some quotation or careless
allusion, each learned that the other
had been false to their agreement.

As for the "Note Books," they were
material for possible future use and
were not published until after Butler's
death. His friend, Festing Jones, writ-
ing the life of Butler, not knowing his
family, confirmed what Butler, as a nov-
elist, not as a son and brother, had
written.

Unfortunately from Mrs. Garnett's
own book, one comes to the conclusion
that Butler had just cause for resent-
ment; that he, too, was by no means an
easy person to handle. The letters writ-
ten by various members of the family
show them to be of a most conven-
tional nature, easily shocked, intolerant.
Mrs. Garnett admits that Canon Butler
was not a good father. She makes this
extraordinary excuse: "It was no fault
of his; nature" (with a capital "N")
"had not equipped him for the task." He
himself was not happy in his profes-
sion, so he trained his son severely,
never sparing the rod. Samuel's sister,
Harriet, was fiercely orthodox. She was
appalled by her brother's freedom of
thought. Charlotte, in the novel, was
prim, rather self-righteous; even her
apologist concludes that her manners,
voice and character were disagreeable.
But Mrs. Garnett cannot find any re-
semblance between the portrait of
Charlotte and either of Samuel's sis-
ters, Harriet or May. (May was the
one who would not act as bridesmaid
to her dear friend Nora because she
could not bear to take part in the Uni-
tarian ceremony.) Harriet, too, a
woman of indomitable will, suffered

from a diseased conscience. "In her
young days she used to go into a sort
of cataleptic fit, stiff and rigid, if she
did not get her own way." Yet she sent
newspapers, games, comforts and let-
ters to lighthouse men, and had a
special love for the Feast of the Epiph-
any. When she read a poem by George
Herbert on the Passion, her voice, as
she said, "got husky" with emotion.
The poems and extracts from the jour-
nals of May included by Mrs. Garnett
in her hook do not show her a woman
of uncommon mind or observation.

No wonder that the publication of
"Erewhon" was a painful blow to this
smug and narrow-minded family. Sam-
uel was looked upon as a scoffer, a
blasphemer, a lost soul. Then there
was the original quarrel, the refusal to
be ordained, the father forbidding the
son his house. When Butler was taken
sick, and his man was sent to Naples
to bring him home, the yacht of one of
Harriet's nephews by marriage was
lying off the coast and offered a pleas-
ant means of conveyance, "but Harriet
dared not expose a young man to the
contaminating influence of the infidel."

Nor can Mrs. Garnett acquit Butler's
father from grave blame in the money
question between him and his son. "He
seems to have made a most ungenerous,
a tyrannical use of the power of the
purse." She admits, too, that Canon
Butler's temper was hot and hasty.

Saying that it's a sad story, Mrs.
Garnett portrays Samuel Butler as a
kind and unselfish friend, disguising his
natural sensitiveness, by cynical utter-
ances, lacking in self-confidence, ex-
quisitely courteous. "A diffident, af-
fectionate, generous nature I read in
him, warped for life by the repressions
and severities of his childhood." And
so he wrote "The Way of All Flesh."

Early in 1907 Henri van Blarenbergh
wrote to Marcel Proust that he had
been made physically and morally ill by
the death of his own father. A few
days afterward Henri killed his mother.
This led Proust to write to Figaro of
Feb. 1, 1907, an article that astonished
Paris. The title was "Moral Sentiments
of a Parricide." At the end Proust
said: "We kill a loved one by the care;
the anxiety we constantly inspire." Was
Butler by writing "The Way of All
Flesh" a posthumous, but conscious
parricide? Conscious because he could
not love his father.

Mrs. Garnett, defending Butler's fam-
ily, defends Butler himself. In spite of
her enumerating his good qualities,
one concludes from his writings that
with all his brilliance he was a bump-
stuous, and often deliberately, proudly
disagreeable man.

As the World Wags:

The busy little man from out of town
made his way along one of our streets
at exactly midnight. Suddenly a foot-
pad appeared and whispered huskily:
"Dontcha run! Hand over yer jack!"
So the busy little man ran. But it
seems the out-of-towner took second
money, for the bandit outstepped his
victim. "Yer purtee fast, all right," sez
the hijacker as he soaked the busy one
behind the ear with the butt of his gat.
"I'll say . . . I am . . ." returned the
busy little man, plucking several long-
stemmed daisies. "I had three . . .
chorus girls . . . out to . . . dinner."

ORACLE.

BURTON HOLMES

Burton Holmes began his travelogue
in Symphony hall last night by saying
that though his subject was China, he
would not deal in the history or the
art of that wonderful, gigantic land,
nor would he discuss the present politi-
cal and economic troubles; he would
show pictures illustrating the scenery
and the daily life. This he did in an
interesting manner. First the audience
was shown Hong-Kong, Canton with its
amazing boat life, Shanghai. There
were street scenes in the Chinese and
the foreign districts. Other cities less
known before the present complications
were visited. A great part of the trav-
elogue was concerned with the journey
up the mighty river Yangtze with its
fierce current, its wild gorges. The
barges laboriously hauled against
stream by the "trackers," like the
bargemen of the Volga in their toil and
misery. Peking was visited. Mr.
Holmes's descriptions of the various
journeys were instructive in themselves
and were supplemented by many pic-
tures, many striking, all of them inter-
esting. The travelogue was especially
entertaining to those who have read
Abel Bonnard's remarkable book "In
China," which has recently been trans-
lated from the French.

The travelogue will be repeated this
afternoon.

no lo are no suc.
Abeth-and I recollect him a.

The non
deender.

Feb 20, 1927

As the reader probably knows, "The Vagabond King," which will be performed here at the Shubert Theatre tomorrow night, is a musical comedy based on Justin Huntley McCarthy's "If I Were King," and was first seen in New York at the Casino on Sept. 22, 1925. The success of the play with Rudolf Friml's music has been great and long continued.

To some "The Vagabond King," which of itself will undoubtedly give pleasure, will revive agreeable memories of E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King." This play was brought out at the Garden Theatre, New York, on Oct. 14, 1901, with Sothern as Villon, George W. Wilson as Louis XI and Cecilia Loftus as Katherine de Vaucelles.

The play came to the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, on March 24, 1902, when the part of Katherine was taken by Helen MacGregor. Revived, the play was seen here at the Shubert Theatre on May 11, 1914. Elizabeth Valentine played Katherine.

When "The Vagabond King" was produced in New York, Dennis King took the part of Villon; Max Figman was Louis XI and Carolyn Thomson was Katherine.

There was a play called "Villon the Vagabond," written by Charles M. Skinner for his brother Otis. It was produced at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, on Sept. 2, 1895. Otis Skinner says in his "Footlights and Spotlights" that this play was written on almost identical lines with those of "If I Were King." "It would be folly to pretend to say which was the better play or intimate that any of the material of the McCarthy piece was taken from ours, but the similarity was striking. However, our consciences did not permit us to play ducks and drakes with chronology as did McCarthy's. His Louis XI was the conventional old character fellow that Irving had made known to us, while his Villon was a young man. Historically this was incorrect, but after all McCarthy took only a dramatist's license, while with us it served our purpose to keep historical verity intact. Although my play was effectively staged and played I couldn't get it into New York. According to the estimate of the Powers that Were, I was a provincial star with a reputation to make."

"Villon the Vagabond" was seen at the Park Theatre, Boston, on Sept. 30, 1895. Villon, Otis Skinner; Charles VII., R. Payton Carter; The Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI, Frederick Moseley; Katherine (Catherine), Sarah Truax.

"Villon, Poet and Cutthroat" in one act was produced at the Birmingham (Eng.) Grand Theatre in April, 1894; and at the Royalty, London, in June of that year. S. C. Courte was the author. So Mr. Skinner's belief that his brother's play was the first of the Villon dramas was unfounded.

It is needless to say that historical and biographical accuracy was thrown to the winds by Mr. McCarthy. Some even wondered why he had the courage to idealize Villon, genius and blackguard. When the play was produced at the St. James's Theatre, London, with George Alexander as the hero, in 1902, a cynical reviewer wrote: "Possibly ten per cent. of the audience will look up Villon in an encyclopaedia, and five per cent. be aware that the phrase, 'Ou sont les neiges d'antan,' was written by him. Certainly many will be afraid to speak of him . . . because of a feeling of uncertainty whether in pronouncing his name you ought to sound the 'll' as in 'vill' or as in 'fille,' there being no real rule." Then this reviewer went on at length to protest against taking as the hero of a play a man "whose character you cannot represent, whose life you must falsify? There is an illegitimate effort to obtain a purely adventitious interest." All of this seems to us mere piffle. Why should one play the role of Gradgrind and say to a dramatist: "Facts, sir; give me facts." Shakespeare did surprising things with English, Roman and Franco-English history.

To many Bostonians Villon is well known by Stevenson's short story, by the immortal poem translated by Rossetti, and by Swinburne's ballad with the refrain:

"Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name!"

Within recent years French writers, beginning with Marcel Schwob and ending with Francis Carco, have thrown a bright light on Villon's strange and pitiable life. "The Vagabond King" may lead some to a more intimate acquaintance with the great poet.

Some wonder why Mrs. Fiske plays the first two acts of "Ghosts" in a cheerful spirit. They have been taught to believe that the play is one of continuous unrelieved gloom. Mr. Townsend Walsh tells why her interpretation is new in that she makes Mrs. Alving a hopeful, courageous creature.

"In the text and stage directions (Archer's), there is justifiable reason for conceiving Mrs. Alving at the opening of the play to be buoyant and resilient. Soon after her first entrance, Pastor Manders says to her: 'Why, Mrs. Alving, you seem in high spirits today.' So, instead of being palled with the 'joy of life' that has re-acted so disastrously in the case of her late husband, she looks forward vivaciously to a fragment of 'joy of life' for herself. She sees through the self-complacent, hypocritical Pastor Manders; his depressing forebodings do not daunt her. Oswald, her son, has returned from Paris and the first few recurrences of the 'ghosts' of the past in his behaviour still find her courageous. She looks forward to a new and happy life with him. It is only in the last act that Mrs. Fiske makes Mrs. Alving succumb to the sense of unbeatable destiny.

"Perhaps Mrs. Fiske is the first actress to play the part in this way; she believes it is the way Ibsen intended it to be played. In numberless German performances by stock companies Mrs. Alving has always been interpreted from the rise to the fall of the curtain as a woman crushed and covered by a feeling of impending doom. This conception, Mrs. Fiske believes, is not Henrik Ibsen's.

"When she was acting Nora in 'A Doll's House' about 20 years ago, Ibsen, who had not then declined mentally, sent her from Christiania a wreath of Norwegian laurel, together with a letter saying he believed she understood Nora and made her intelligible to American audiences. He expressed the hope that she would some day play Mrs. Alving and make her clear to people. This one line in Ibsen's letter inspired her to this so-called 'new interpretation.' That the play gains in light and shadow

by playing the first two acts in a vein of cheerfulness is palpable. The lighter moments only serve to accentuate the horror of Mrs. Alving's discovery of her boy's tragedy.

"It is perhaps timely to recall Pirandello's poem 'Spectres,' which epitomizes in a few significant lines the theme of 'Ghosts.' (It is worth noting that Edmund Gosse and William Archer, who first translated Ibsen's works into English, never considered 'Ghosts' an altogether satisfactory equivalent for the original Nordic title, 'Those Who Walk Again'.)

"Here is Pirandello's poem:

In a little dust, in a little dust,
Earth, thou reclaimest us, who do all our lives
Find of thee but Egyptian vilenage.
Thou dost this body, this enshaven realm,
Submit to ancient and ancestral shadows.
Descended passions sway it, it is distraught
With ghostly usurpations, dinned and fretted
With the still tyrannous dead—a haunted tenement
Peopled from barrows and outworn ossuaries."

And now the Beethoven Festival week is at hand. Will it whet desire to hear something by Beethoven at every Symphony concert in future, or will the audience follow the example of the Athenian who, tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, voted for his exile? P. H.

YEAST IN THE THEATRE

Eva Le Gallienne's Daring Venture—Ibsen No Longer Spells "Failure"

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

A young poet, uncompromising, singing in his garret, if he can find a garret today, stirs the imagination. He is a lovely thing, apart from our life, unworried by antique furniture or the cost of gin, removed from a civilization where leisurely hours are as rare as secretary birds. In the world of the New York theatre, Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory venture is that young poet. Any one who would watch birth, the beginning and the struggle, and who can stand the trip to Fourteenth street, should see at least one of her plays.

The old Fourteenth Street Theatre has been made usable again. Its walls are newly and warmly red and gold, very restful to the eye, even if the chairs are not, as Mr. Ziegfeld advertises for his new theatre, "upholstered on the back as well as the seat." The lights are shaded in parchment and have a simple Jordan Marsh look. At a dollar and 60 cents for the best seats, Miss Le Gallienne draws into this theatre "that nebulous thing, 'The People.'" The People who ordinarily would be straggled at the movie palace around the corner over "Forbidden Passions," seem to take their Ibsen and like it. They have their choice of the six plays given every week. There are "The Master Builder" and "John Gabriel Borkman," "The Three Sisters," a delightful "Twelfth Night," "The Cradle Song" and Goldoni's "La Locandiera." According to Miss Le Gallienne, their favorite is "The Master Builder," something on the borderland between the world of reality and the world of the imagination, a play which when it was first produced in London the majority of critics condemned as meaningless and far-fetched. The Fourteenth Street audience, with Ibsen apparently newly rising on its horizon, is either more intelligent than the London critics, or it does not bother with the play's meaning in terms of a workaday world, but opens its heart to the poet.

Miss Le Gallienne plays Hilda Wangel. She comes dancing into the Master Builder's gloomy home, young, cruel, reaching for her happiness. The Younger Generation (not exactly a new topic to any audience). Her last act is a poem, Hilda's ecstasy as the Master Builder climbs the tower, defying God, her triumph even when The Builder falls—it is all exquisite.

The following night the company gives "The Cradle Song," a play at the opposite extreme from the "Master Builder." From spirits light and dark, hypnotism, Promethean defiance, they go to the simplest story of life in a Dominican convent. Miss Le Gallienne is Sister Joanna of the Cross—one of the nuns who find in their adopted baby girl the joy of life they have given up. The story could not be simpler. Teresa grows up as little girls will, a nice young man comes along as nice young men do in Spain and the world over, and Teresa leaves the convent for America. Music is one of the accessories lacking in the Fourteenth Street Theatre. As a result the audience is very audibly moved. Gregorio and Maria Sierra describe their play as a comedy in two acts, but it is one of those wistful little comedies which put a bad strain on the marvelous stolidity apparently considered de rigueur by American audiences. But at least if you are blowing your nose so is everyone else. Emotion doesn't seem quite so gauche in this theatre.

Because she wants to keep her company fresh and elastic, Miss Le Gallienne has refused to take "Cradle Song" uptown for the delights and profits of a Broadway season. By playing her six plays every week all winter she avoids for her actors both that long settling in one part, which goes with a long run, and the difficulties of the one-play-a-week method. With a new play every week and only five rehearsals for each play, Miss Le Gallienne says, the actors cannot absorb their parts and must depend on outward tricks rather than a real understanding. Then, no matter how good the play, an inspired interpretation is almost impossible. Watching her company, her conception of what Repertory should be is justified. There are no husky bellows from the prompter, nor important parts taken in the grand ham manner. One can sit back and enjoy the play without any back-seat worrying over the brakes.

Everything about the Civic Repertory is unpretentious; the creaky theatre whose only effort is to be unobtrusive, the audience with dinner coats and bare shoulders as decided oases, Miss Le Gallienne herself, who does her business interviews as she drifts about her empty theatre like a slender, serious child with close-cropped hair, a dog at her heels. Even her own dressing room has no frills. There is barely room for two persons and the second had better be thin, too, and somehow manage to avoid

sitting on the dog or the dress of La Locandiera, the Mistress of the Inn. There is something gallant about the theatre. The young poet is proud.

The poor young poet is romance, without a doubt. Then what if he suddenly pounced upon and held up with screams of appreciation by The World? While still young he acquires a public and a house on Long Island, the glamor of success. This is the Theatre Guild. In their very expensive-looking new theatre, "Pygmalion" alternates week by week with "The Brothers Karamazov" and at the John Golden Theatre they strike the native drama note with "Ned McCobb's Daughter" and "The Silver Cord" succeeding each other. The permanent Guild players who shift from one play to another all have established reputations, Clare Eames, Margalo Gilmore, Dudley Digges, there are 10 stars in all. Lynne Fontanne, at the height of her art and beauty, is their leading lady. Her husband, Alfred Lunt, equally handsome and talented, plays with her.

For a thoroughly absorbing and gloomy evening, there is the Guild production of "The Brothers Karamazov," compressed into play form by Jacques Copeau. A series of scenes rather obviously dramatic in the manner of the 80's, is somehow caught into a whole which gives the very spirit of Dostoevsky's epic. The play plunges into the Karamazov milieu with the first rebellious, ardent words of Alfred Lunt's Dmitri, and you barely come up for air between the acts. Dudley Digges gives a superb Dickensian performance of the thoroughly bad old reprobate of a father, who gives all his sons more or less mad after the Russian manner. Lynne Fontanne is Grouchenka, alluring, entrancing; all the passion in life walks the stage with her. But in such a whole it is unfair to pick out any individual performance. "The Brothers Karamazov" is anything but a pleasant evening for those who like their sweetness and light in the theatre, but it is enthralling and perfectly played, if that means a pleasant thing to you.

The audience gives a perfect production, too. Park avenue and chauf-fis, metal brocade and emeralds, subscription seats and ticket agencies. plays out of the five produced this winter were "hits." The Theatre has arrived. It has that intoxicating air of succeeding at something while. Miss Fontanne is vibrant and happy, bubbling with the joy of life that she puts on the stage.

The Theatre Guild will not be coming to Boston for the present. Its tors are under contract for three years in New York, where the Guild has established itself permanently, like the Moscow Art Theatre; then plans to tour.

But Miss Le Gallienne has a different idea about her theatre. She is idealist first, with her ideal to make the theatre a part of the life of people, as it has been in continental countries. She wants to stir up interest in her Repertory idea, which she thinks is bound to come, sooner or later, in all our American cities. If Eva Le Gallienne should come to Boston with her company, our somewhat apathetic city would surely be interested to see a Repertory Theatre, giving good plays produced with inspiration. A little money helps. Miss Le Gallienne pays Broadway prices for her actors. But more than that, a little interest, a tiny bit of yeast in our theatre. Some time in the late spring Boston may see, if not the et at the height of his fame, at least the young one, struggling.

RENA H. GARDNER.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

NDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mme. Schumann-Heink, contralto. 50th Anniversary Jubilee Recital. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor; Olga Avlereno, soprano. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 150 Newbury street, Dartmouth street entrance, 3:30 P. M. Boston Flute Players' Club. Burgin String Quartet (Messrs. Burgin, Gunderson, Lefranc, Bedetti). Georges Laurent, flute and musical director. Jesus Sanroma, pianist. Mendelssohn, Quartet, E minor, op. 24, No. 2. Tansman, Sonatine for flute and piano (first time in Boston). Beethoven, Quartet, C sharp minor, op. 131.

Steinert Hall, 3:30 P. M. Bernardo Cigiel, Brazilian pianist. Bach, Italian concerto. Beethoven, Sonata, F major, op. 10, No. 2. Bach, Prelude from English Suite, G minor. Field, Rondo, E major. Mendelssohn, Scherzo, E minor. Borodin-Siloti, Serenade. Moszkowski, Etude. Liszt, Waldesrauschen. Weber, Concertstueck. (Second piano part to be played by Alexander Koberline.)

Lecture Hall, Boston Public Library, 3:30 P. M. Orchestra of Lincoln House Association. Jacques Hoffmann, conductor. Delibes, Prelude from "Sylvia." Beethoven, Overture to "Coriolanus"; Allegretto from Symphony No. 8. J. Strauss, Waltz, "Vienna Life." Wagner, "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal." Volkmann, Serenade, D minor (cello solo, Ernest Edler). Ponchielli, Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda."

Lecture Hall of the Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Burgin String Quartet: Beethoven, Quartet, F major, op. 59, No. 1; C minor, op. 18, No. 4; C sharp minor, op. 131.

NDAY—Women's Republican Club, 46 Beacon street, 3:30 P. M. Bruce S. Bonds, pianist. Recital for the benefit of the South End Music School. Beethoven, Sonata, op. 26. Debussy, Pagodas. The Engulfed Cathedral. Puck's Dance. D'Indy, Lermoo, De Severac, Menetriers et Glaneuses. Chopin, Nocturne, C minor, Berceuse, Etude, A flat, op. 10, No. 10, Ballade, G minor.

EDSAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Beethoven's Missa Solennis. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Eva Brochu, soprano; Frances Weeks, accompanist. Rossini, Una voce poco fa. Palmer, Song of the Nile, Chadwick, The Danza. Homer, Sheep and Lambs and Sing me to Sleep. Franz, Ach wenn ich doch ein Immchen war, Vergessen, Sterne mit den goldenen Fueschen, Der Schmetterling ist in die Rose verliebt. Fourdrain, Le Papillon and Ma Maison. Vidal, Si j'étais rayon. Augusta Holmes, La Belle du Roi. Arensky, Song of the Little Fish. Bleichmann, Come, Child beside me. Gretchaninov, Slumber Song and The Skylark.

Repertory Hall (Repertory Theatre), 8:15 P. M. Huntington Rice, baritone; Elizabeth Polder Rice, play reader, songs; Handel, Lascia ch'ia pianga; Schubert, Du bist die Ruh'; Massenet, Vision fugitive. Handel, Where'er you walk. Ulster melody arr. by Hughes. The Next Market Day. A Ballynure Ballad, County Antrim, arr. by Hughes. Play: "Mr. Pim Passes By" by A. A. Milne.

EDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Beethoven Festival. Symphonies Nos. 1, 2, 3. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Public rehearsal of the Boston Woman's Symphony orchestra, Mme. Leginska, conductor; Lydia Gray, mezzo-soprano; Lucille Oliver, pianist. See special notice.

URSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Beethoven Festival. Trio B flat, op. 97; String Quartet, op. 59, No. 2 (London String Quartet); Pianoforte Sonata, A flat major, op. 110 (Homer Samuels, pianist).

The Allied Arts Centre, 558 Massachusetts avenue, 8:15 P. M. "A Beethoven and Bridgetower Evening." The musicale will take the form of an "At Home" given by the Countess Guiccardi in Vienna 1803. Beethoven and his friends to be impersonated by the young people of the Allied Arts Centre, Maud Cuney-Hare, director.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Angela McCarthy, contralto; Reginald Boardman, pianist. Monsigny, Peut on affliger ce qu'on aime. Schubert, Le Faure, Barcarolle. Duparc, La Vie Antérieure. Tchaikovsky, Tourjours a toi. Mortari, Il mago Pistagna. Donaudy, O del mio amato ben. Respighi, Nebbia. Gibbs, Ann's Cradle Song. Agnew, Dirge. D'Arba, Russian Lullaby. C. Burleigh, Awake, it is the Day.

DAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30, Boston Symphony orchestra; Beethoven's Symphonies Nos. 4 and 5. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, see special notice. Women's Republican Club, 46 Beacon street, 8:30 P. M. Elizabeth Morse, mezzo-soprano; Henry Levine, pianist. Donaudy, O del mio amato

ben. Paisiello, Qui vuol la Zingarella. Cimara, F. ben. When I bring to you color'd toys, The Sleep eyes. Titcomb, Absence. Lefebvre, Ici-bas tou. L'Heure délicieuse. Grieg, Lauf der welt. Hildach, The Danza. Foote, Tranquillity. Rummel, Ecstasy. Two Irish Songs, arr. by Hughes: The Gartner Mother's Lullaby, and I Know my Love. Kentucky Folk Song, The Nightingale.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Anita Atwater, soprano; Celius Dougherty, pianist. Schubert, Non t'accostar ale' urna; Mio ben ricordati. Respighi, Stornellatrice. Cimara, Stornellata Maritara. Schumann, Der Himmel hat eine Traene geweint. Brahms, An die Nachtigal, Mainacht, Von ewiger Liebe. Chausson, Le Temps des lilas. G. Faure, Serenade Tos-cane. Grieg, Mens Jég Venter, en Drom. Scott, The Unforseen. Le-mont, Shule shule shule aghra. Watts, Wings of Night. Quilter, Love's Philosophy.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. Beethoven's Symphonies, Nos. 6 and 7.

John Campbell and Hans Ebell Heard at Jordan Hall

Hans Ebell, pianist, and John Campbell, tenor, gave a concert together yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. They performed to a good-sized and thoroughly pleased audience.

Mr. Ebell began the program with Schumann's symphonic studies, in the course of which he did some very agreeable playing. In a later group of solo pieces Mr. Ebell made it clear, from his delivery of a Chopin mazurka and a Johann Strauss waltz, that the latter rhythm is, to him, far the more sympathetic. He had, though, but a few measures in which he could show his fondness for the waltz, for he elected to play a paraphrase by Godowsky, in which the essential rhythm got lost in the bedizements of display.

As well as a pianist, Mr. Ebell appeared as a composer, with a song called, "Viens! Sur tes Cheveux." He had something to say when he wrote this song, with a melody in his mind that really expresses the meaning of the poem, and with an accompaniment so skillfully devised that, though brilliant, it does not cover the words. Mr. Ebell manages his declamation so skillfully that it would be a very good thing for singers if he would write them a song or two with really singable texts in English.

He had the help yesterday of an accomplished singer. Mr. Campbell knows well how to make sung words understandable, also how to give each musical phrase its becoming turn. He appreciates, furthermore, the value of differentiation; his songs do not sound all like. So, to hear him is a pleasure.

But why should a singer of Mr. Campbell's quality choose to rag out Faure's "Berceaux" with a violin obligato which Faure did not write? Though Mr. Ary Duffer played the obligato well, he could not make it suit.

By the same token, surely Mr. Campbell showed questionable taste when he placed Siegmund's Spring Song from "Die Walkure" cheek by jowl with a song by Pearl Curran. There is such a thing as the fitness of things. He also sang two songs by Widor, Rubinstein's "Es blinkt der Tau," "Shelling Peas" by John Duke, and Warford's "Earth is Enough." R. R. G.

The friends of Mr. Alan Mowbray, and they are many, who have keenly regretted his withdrawal from the Copley Theatre Company, will be glad to know that he will be seen in Boston this week in a little play of his own invention. The title, "The Try-Angle," should surely disarm any professional or amateur censor of the stage unless he should insist that "Try" is an euphu-ism for "Tri."

Apropos of "Macbeth," now playing here, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his "Shakespeare's Workmanship," which has just reached its sixth edition, speaking of "Macbeth," pleads stoutly for the supernatural, saying that without it, we have "an ordinary sordid story of a disloyal general murdering his king." "A. N. M." does not think the story would have been wholly ordinary, but he admits that though "the witches are not at the centre, the supernatural is inextricably part of the play."

We quote from his interesting article in the Manchester Guardian of March 4: "I think that the supernatural in 'Macbeth' has, so to say, shrunk a little; most of us do not react thrillingly to 'liver of blaspheming Jew' and the other tit-bits. Fortunately the essence of the play is untouched; Lady Macbeth is far greater than these weird creatures, though they have their provocative function. It must never be forgotten that Macbeth and his wife had sat together by dying fires discussing their project long before the witches appeared."

It is surprising to find "A. N. M." saying he had seen "only one great Macbeth—and I recollect him as slightly

skeptical with those apparitions in the cauldron scene." Leading critics thought Irving's Macbeth one of his failures, for he represented Macbeth as neurotic, if not at heart a coward.

LINES ON BRINGING HOME SOME CHAMPAGNE, BEFORE DAWN, MARCH 17, 1927

(For as the World Wags)
A soft night, a round moon,
A city black and four arc lights,
Reflected in the river.
Above are curly clouds—theatrical,
Below the river—dead—uninterested—
Blue, cream, gold, black
Lie prone on its flat surface.
The distant purring of a car,
Tiny twin lights revolving, far.
Merely a city, bare, at night,
Glistening with cold shadows bright.
It is the very stillness lovers want;
Was't not on some such night as this
Leander jumped the Hellespont?
HOMER J. ALLSOP.

"ELMER GANTRY"

As the World Wags:
We are waiting for the bears to come out of the woods and eat Sinclair Lewis. For in his new book, "Elmer Gantry," Sinclair pictures evangelists and preachers as being very naughty. We wish the bears would hurry up and eat Sinclair, as they did the horrid little boys who mocked at Old Man Elijah. We are going to wait three days and give the bears a chance. And then if they don't come we're going to say that we think "Elmer Gantry" is a great book, a book you can't afford to miss reading. But of course we don't want to say that until after we find out if the bears are coming. Safety first.
R. H. L.

HOW TO ACHIEVE LONGEVITY

As the World Wags:
Some people want to live long. It is a matter of taste. To such as do, the following questions asked by me and the answers received may be of interest.

I am sixty-five years old and fairly spry, but I want your advice about hygienic apparel for old age.

1. Does weight or material make a difference?
2. Should I wear a coat when it rains?
3. What sort of clothing is most conducive to longevity?

Answer: 1. No.
2. Not unless you go outdoors.
3. Wear a dark suit with white cross bands, white hat and gloves. At night wear a red light in your hat. On country roads wear a coat of luminous paint. So clothed you may live to be 100. And you may not.
JOSCELYN.

As the World Wags:
"Men can talk 'slang'—I should like to call my luggage 'traps,' and my curiosities 'truck and dicker,' and my weariness 'being knocked up,' but I might as well rob a bank." This passage, written by Gail Hamilton in 1882, gives a distinct shock in these days, when to call an act or an expression unladylike is for the girls its highest commendation.

But would it not be well in these days to adopt a different uniform for the Boston police—or at least a portion of them, to be denominated The Purify Squad? Put them in long petticoats with a bonnet and veil, with a white lily in one hand and a copy of "Elsie Dinsmore" in the other. It seems as if this much concession might be made to the old maids with an impurity complex among us—old maids of both sexes, married and single—left-overs from the mid-Victorian.

But seriously, how are our young people going to learn that these snappy, breezy stories are really just as stupid as the Sunday school books, and the primrose path as weary, flat, stale and unprofitable as the straight and narrow way, unless they have a chance to find out for themselves? They certainly will not take our testimony.
Ashland. W. C. ROSE.

WAITIN'

(For As the World Wags)
There's a Daffodil a-waitin'
Down beneath the snowy ground.
And perhaps anticipatin'
Listenin' for the tell-tale sound
of a defender.

When a robin's song makes certain
That old April's raised her curtain,
And the springtime's come around.
There's a heart I know a-waitin'—
But the spring seems far away,
Seems forever hesitating,
Sometimes think it's lost its way.
Till your calendar-upsettin'
Voice beguiles me into bettin'
Winter has been turned to May.
R. R. R.

NEW CANDIDATES

As the World Wags:
It should thrill the joke department of the Academy to know that Mr. Ernest Bever is a plumber in Amarillo, Texas.
Also it seems pertinent to remark that even Mr. Charles R. Weatherhogg, architect, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., would be satiated had he lived in these parts this winter. M. G. B.
P. S.—As associate to the Immortal Dean Wimp permit me to nominate Mr. Rudder Moe of Chicago.

SCHUMANN-HEINK

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall: My Heart Ever Faithful, Bach; Before the Crucifix, La Forge; Spring Aria from "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saens; Erda Scene from "Rheingold," Wagner; Mutter an der Wiege, Loewe; Von Ewigem Liebe, Brahms; Traum durch die Dammerung, Strauss; Erlkonig, Schubert; Roeslein, Schubert; Taps, arranged by Paster-nack; Trees, Rasbach; Cradle Song, MacFadyen; Kerry Dance, Molloy; Bolero, Arditi.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was celebrating yesterday 50 years of service as a singer before the public. The public assembled yesterday in throngs to do her honor; Symphony hall was filled to the very doors. How many singers entering on their careers today will find their 50th anniversaries hailed with such enthusiastic acclaim? Not many, one may make bold to guess.

Not many are given a voice like Mme. Schumann-Heink's, young singers may truthfully argue in their defense. But to the good of their souls they may as well admit, those who were present yesterday in Symphony hall, that still fewer among them are taking the trouble to acquire a skilled technique like Mme. Schumann-Heink's. When yesterday she began to sing she was not in good voice. Did she grow worse as time went on? Not a bit of it. She knew how to husband her resources, how to coax back resonance, till presently, when she sang of Minnetonka, she was uttering tones the sheer sonority of which was enough to send shivers down the back. A voice like hers is vouchsafed to few; but every singer can learn to make the most of what he has.

To achieve so much, of course, rare intelligence is pre-supposed. Few singers, agreed, are blessed with intelligence like Mme. Schumann-Heink's. But the trouble is that only a few of the lot appear to make full use of what intelligence they have. Because the most of them have not taken the trouble to become sound musicians, not one out of ten, even with the justness of youth in their favor, can model a phrase with the firm touch of Mme. Schumann-Heink today.

They would also find themselves at a loss, these singers ill-prepared, when some fine day their vocal powers refused to respond to their way with this song or that. Mme. Schumann-Heink has only to imagine a new way, as she did with the Erl King, a way quite as thrilling as the old. She can do it because she knows her songs root and branch, what sentiment poem and music are meant to convey. Not all young singers know their music so completely; if they did they would not so often murder it for the sake of sentiment pushed to the point of meretricious mawkishness.

But her personality! hear the young singers cry. Who else has the like of it? Just so. Magnetic no doubt at the start, this personality has grown with the years because of its genuineness. What she is Mme. Schumann-Heink has always shown herself, with no efforts to be something else, a great lady one season, a French soubrette the next, a dazzling prima donna the third. Ever herself—with all the defects of her qualities—never essaying what she could not compass well, always giving of her best with all her might, so has Mme. Schumann-Heink let her personality grow, and so has she grown into the hearts of her hearers. Long may she continue to rejoice them—and to show young singers how.

To complete the account of this gala occasion it should be added that Florence Hardeman did some extremely good violin playing in the course of the afternoon, and that Stewart Wille, a pianist of beautiful tone, played some excellent

R. R. G.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY IN 16TH CONCERT

The People's symphony, Stuart Mason, conductor, gave the 16th concert of this season at Jordan hall yesterday afternoon. The program:

Glinka, "Kamarinskaja"; Tschlakowsky, "Tatiana's Letter" from "Eugen Onegin"; Moussorgsky, prelude to "Chowantchikna"; Rimsky-Korsakov, "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" from "The Legend of Tsar Saltan"; Tschlakowsky, symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64.

The assisting artist was Mme. Olga Avlerino, soprano, who won much applause with her singing of "Tatiana's Letter" from the opera "Eugen Onegin." She sang it, indeed, so effectively that a person hearing her for the first time felt intrigued to know what she might do with a number of other songs that came to mind—felt the desire to become really acquainted with her voice.

Mr. Mason and his men gave the audience a pleasurable afternoon. As the season progresses the orchestra's development is markedly noticeable from week to week, as is also Mr. Mason's increasing power in controlling it. And when, as yesterday, he builds a program of works that are dramatic, full of rhythm, obviously melodic, the results can hardly fail to please. Being independent of subtleties, such music does not fall empty on the ear even though there may be a few rough places in the reading.

Perhaps Glinka yesterday set the key for the program, as he is said to have set it for all Russian instrumental music. In the writing of "Kamarinskaja" he wanted to "unite the requirements of art and the demands of the public and to compose a work which would satisfy both the connoisseur and the ordinary hearer." He certainly satisfied such connoisseurs as Tschalkowsky and Rubinstein, and, listening to the simple mixture of gaiety and somewhat humorous gravity which is "Kamarinskaja," the ordinary hearer, too, could feel satisfied.

The fairy-tale music of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Tsar Saltan," to the theme, "out of the sea comes a bumble-bee and over the swan," charmed the people as ever did the good fairy-tales of their childhood. Mr. Mason finally answered the familiar request expressed through the applause, "tell it again!"

The Tschalkowsky Symphony left a little to be desired. It needed to be a bit closer knit, in the main, and more particularly in the second movement, "andante cantabile." But as has been said, even without the addition of subtleties and greater finish, Mr. Mason made the music enjoyable, and those who helped fill the hall found their time and money well spent. The empty seats were easily countable.

The program for next week lists Chadwick's Symphony No. 3 in F; Faure's Elegie for violoncello and orchestra; John Beach's "The Phantom Satyr"; Storey Smith's "Shrine and Temple" (three songs with orchestra); and Auber's Overture, "Le Domino noir." The assisting artists will be Rulon Robison, tenor, and Lawrence Rose, violoncellist. H. L.

Chamber Music

The Boston Flute Players' Club gave its thirty-sixth concert at the Boston Art Club yesterday afternoon. The artists were all members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Messrs. Laurent and Sanromá gave the first Boston performance of Tansman's Sonatine for flute and piano. The Burgin String Quartet, Messrs. Burgin, Gundersen, Lefranc and Bedetti, played Mendelssohn's Quartet in E minor, op. 44, No. 2, and Beethoven's in C sharp minor, op. 131.

In the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library, last evening, the Burgin Quartet ushered in Beethoven Centennial Week by playing the master's Quartets in C minor, op. 18, No. 4; F major, op. 59, No. 1, and again the great op. 131. This latter concert was open to the public without charge through the generosity of the players. Their service of love was rewarded by the attendance of a large audience which applauded them warmly.

Tansman's Sonatine proved to be a suite which held nothing more fearsome than a foxtrot, which, by the way, pleased the audience more than any other of the five movements. Why do composers elect to write for flute and piano? Perhaps they are like the man who put an irrelevant detail into his conundrum, "to make it harder." Or do they

hope that the novelty of the combination will distract attention from possible musical lacks? Yet Tansman's piece, if it does not make an overwhelming impression, is agreeable music. The composer has accomplished rather more than a tour de force. He has expressed, in some of his movements, musical ideas of interest, and he has shown a sense of structure. The opening "Modéré" sets a mood. An "Intermezzo" is engagingly songful. The foxtrot, which is undisguised, is a comedy relief in preparation for a "Notturmo," which on a first hearing of the piece, made the deepest impression. One feels that it is program music which owes something to Debussy and something to Respighi; as if the Roman legions had marched through a Granada evening. The Finale merely takes a polite leave. No doubt the composer owes much to his interpreters.

The playing of the Burgin Quartet in both concerts proved again that Bostonians need not await the advent of visiting organizations in order to hear expert and musicianly quartet playing. A young ensemble in their present personnel, they achieve remarkable unanimity. Their playing of the Beethoven quartets was more than a conventional gesture; it was a musical tribute.

L. A. S.

Mr. P. P. Howe has collected and published a second series of writings by Hazlitt not to be found in the "complete" edition. How violent Hazlitt could be! No more violent than the writers for Blackwood's Magazine who slandered him outrageously.

Here is Hazlitt's description of a fellow-journalist: "This fellow is a perfect scrub, and yet would pass for a wag by dint of sheer impertinence. He fat keeps him company, and his conceit keeps his folly in countenance. He wheezes out a sentence, and sweats with all the inspiration of official authority. He is a sprightly fool, and rolls and wriggles and crawls about in the rank corruptions of the press like a maggot in a rotten cheese."

M. Paul Claudel is known as a remarkable poet, essayist, dramatist. He has filled important diplomatic positions, to his credit and to the advantage of France. Who can doubt of his valuable services as French ambassador at Washington? Did he not say there on March 18 that he considers Herman Melville one of the greatest writers of the English language?

OUR QUERY BOX

1. How many potentates are represented on postage stamps as wearing spectacles or eye glasses?
2. On how many statues do spectacles, eye glasses or monocles appear?
3. How many stove-pipe hats are to be seen on statues?
4. Does any statue show a man smoking a pipe, cigar or cigarette?

THE PERFECT LANDLORD

The keeper of a French wine-shop has posted this notice:

"Remember, drinker, that:
Four glasses make a litre, and two litres a bumper;
"Two bumpers bring on a discussion, and a discussion leads to a quarrel;
"A quarrel ends in a fight, and a fight brings two gendarmes;
"A police justice, a clerk, and a bailiff make a fine or some hours in prison, plus the costs;
"So come here, drink moderately, pay moderately, leave amicably and go home quietly."

TWINKLE, TWINKLE

As the World Wags:

Travelling in the subway, as I do daily, I have visions which are responsible for the following effusion:
Twinkle, twinkle little socks
Underneath your dainty frocks!
Up the subway stairs you fly
Like a golden butterfly.

When the sun at eve doth call
With a ticket for the ball,
Then you show your colors bright;
Twinkle, twinkle all the night!

Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you when you stop to spark,
He does not know which way to go
Just because you twinkle so!

—A. T. C.

TWO APPRECIATIONS

Mr. Mencken apparently still enjoys the freedom of being as rude as he likes about his fellow-Americans and

their political gods. He would not be long alive if he escaped from the much abused Congresses and Senates to ply his pen in Rome or Moscow, a fact which he might occasionally consider while he is whooping and howling against the tyrannical abominations of democracy—
I. B. In the Manchester (England) Guardian.

T. P. O'Connor gives this thumbnail sketch of Nicholas Longworth: "He is a man who has been transformed by circumstances from a man of fashion to a serious statesman. He remains the best dressed man in Congress; he has the cold, almost detached deportment of a man of the world; but he has the iron hand under the glove. He made a very brilliant marriage when he took the daughter of President Roosevelt. I have met the lady, and I found her a very able politician; like her husband, detached, independent, with a very keen sense of humor. She would make an ideal President's wife."

Mr. Roland F. Tillson of Fall River has favored us with a poem of 16 verses entitled, "Corn Cobs, or Yankee Notions." He found it in "The Forget Me Not Songster," published by Nafis and Cornish, N. Y. (after 1832). The first verse runs as follows:

There was a man in our town,
I'll tell you his condition,
He sold his oxen and his plough
To buy him a commission.
Corncobs twist your hair,
Cartwheels surround you,
Fiery dragons carry you off,
And mortar pestal (sic) pound you.
The lines beginning "Corncobs" were added to each verse.

As the World Wags:

Recollections of my earliest interest in books entail "Don Quixote," which I have never desired to read—Gustave Dore made the reading superfluous—and the "Mystery of a Hansom Cab." The latter was semi-proscribed for some reason or other and in our household was laid, out of the ordinary track, in a hall table drawer. From the date just remembered it is surprising to me that Hume is no more than "70 years of age" or that he is alive even. I have always thought that the furor created by the novel was responsible for the song that included the words (chorus?) "Stop the cab, stop the cab, whoa, whoa, whoa!"

Somebody hold the horse's head and don't let go."

The song evidently was a hit and so far as hanging on went almost took rank with "Champagne Charlie" of an earlier date. P. G.

Fergus Hume, according to biographical dictionaries, was born in 1859. His popular novel was published in 1887. Born in England, Hume was educated in New Zealand, where he was called to the bar. He went to London in 1888.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

Why do so many persons, including the representatives of the press, persist in calling the authors of all these post-war books of a certain type "daring"? Any little boy with a nasty kink in his mind, a piece of chalk in his hand and a blank wall in front of him can be, and usually is, just as daring, even if more limited as to vocabulary.

FORREST F. BARBOUR.

Mansfield.

CERTAINLY NOT

As the World Wags:

Calvin Coolidge is not the 30th President; the Bible does not say that money is the root of all evil; an apostrophe at the end of a word does not pluralize it; Moses did not take any animals into the ark with him; nothing ever costs a mere song; the closing book of the Bible does not end with the letter "s"; going into debt is not a budget plan; the Book of Jonah does not call it a whale that swallowed Jonah; satisfaction cannot be guaranteed; Eve did not give Adam an apple; and irregardless is not a proper substitute for the word regardless.

THE SAGE OF BEVERLY HILLS.

"LINE FORMS ON THE RIGHT"

(From the Plymouth, Mass., Old Colony Memorial)

"Lack of space prevents the publication of all obituaries in this week's paper. Full accounts of persons who died the past week will appear in next week's issue of this paper.—Ed.

DIANA NEEDEAM

Impressive Cast of Stars Excellent in "Trelawny of the Wells"

By PHILIP HALE

Tremont Theatre, "Trelawny of the Wells," a comedy in four acts by Sir Arthur Pinero, produced at Court Theatre, London, on Jan. 20, 1893.

The cast last night was as follows:

James Telfer Wilton Lackaye
Mrs. Telfer Henrietta Crossman
Augustus Colpoys Otto Kruger
Ferdinand Gadd John F. Keane

The first big fire of the picture takes place that night. It is thrilling to see the big engines swerve in and out of

traffic. The camera has caught the reality and excitement. The flames of the fire are a little too perfectly staged and it seems the building would not have been in the last stages of conflagration at the rate the engines answered the alarm, nevertheless it is a stirring ordeal with thick, rolling, black smoke and exploding chemicals. Jim O'Neill gives his life to the cause at this time.

The next episode concerns an orphan asylum. The contractors raise an insecure building in spite of the pressure the chief of the fire-fighters brings to bear. It all ends in another fire, with the race to the burning building even more dramatic. A four-alarm fire brings out the old horse-drawn apparatus to compete with the latest and fastest engines and the race between the two is vivid and startling and remarkably well screened.

All of the children are saved, the last little tot is catapulted from the roof in the arms of Terry O'Neill and safely caught in the waiting net. The villains who built the inflammable structure are found out and the love interest is capably handled by May McAvoy and Charles Ray, so all is well.

Bert Woodruff as Capt. O'Neill, Eugene Bessner as Mrs. O'Neill and Tom O'Brien as Joe O'Neill deserve special commendation for their characterizations. C. D. M.

FLORENCE MOORE HEADS KEITH BILL

Alan Mowbray Appears in Sketch Called "Try-Angle"

Florence Moore, whose last Boston appearances have been with the Music Box Revue and the Greenwich Village Follies, is lending her comedic talent to vaudeville and this week is heading the bill at Keith's. To Miss Moore's fans let it be said that she's funnier than ever, for she not only appears in her own offering but acts as mistress of ceremonies as well for the other acts on the bill. Miss Moore clown, makes fun of herself, never forces her comedy and the laughs come thick and fast. And what wonders she accomplishes with the songs Neville Fleson did for her. Vaudeville has been hungry for a type like Miss Moore and she was fortunately able to step in and fill the bill. Lt. Gitz Rice accompanies her.

Alan Mowbray, formerly with Mr. Clive at the Copley Theatre, is another attraction at Keith's this week. He is appearing in a sketch which he wrote himself, called "The Try-Angle." The playlet is amusing, suits him nicely, and the audience gave him an enthusiastic reception. Eric Erskine and Alice Moffat assist him. He stepped before the curtain at the conclusion of his act and told several entertaining stories.

Deno & Rochelle present one of the best dancing acts seen in a long while.

They are finished artists and keep the act moving at an unusually fast pace.

An exhausting Apache dance was quickly followed by the same thing done in Charleston and Black Bottom tempo, which carried them off to an excellent wind-up. Marty May, assisted by a young lady who did her little well, is a delightfully nuchalant type of comedian who kept the audience in a constant state of laughter. George and Jack Dormonde do wonderful stunts on cycles. The remaining acts are all entertaining. A. F.

Adolphe Menjou in "Evening Clothes" is a rollicking French farce, a Paramount presentation at the Metropolitan Theatre this week. Directed by Luther Reed and with the following cast:

Lucien.....Adolphe Menjou
Germaine.....Virginia Valli
Lazere.....Noah Beery
Fox Trot.....Louise Brooks
Henri.....Lido Manetti

Here is one farce that has caught dramatic angles. The action is nicely timed and runs smoothly throughout the story which survives without side-tracking or paralysis.

Lucien (Adolphe Menjou) is a French Marquis with a few comfortable millions and a great love for horses and Germaine (Virginia Valli). The wedding is brought about with Germaine's father holding the family debts as a whip, driving Germaine into this loveless marriage.

The Marquis however loves his beautiful wife and when she tells him that she married him because of his millions he promptly turns most of them over to her and takes his friend's advice to try "Six months in night school in Paris and she will find you irresistible."

Paris and a shave bring us back the Menjou we are used to seeing with trials and tribulations balanced.

played some excellent R. R. G.

Louise Brooks This young person is carelessly effective.

Upon losing his money and all of his worldly possessions excepting his evening clothes, we have the material of which the plot is built and Menjou makes the most of his situations in this

Milton Sills in New Film Play at Sister Theatres

Picturesque in its locale, powerful in its love story, "The Sea Tiger," Milton Sills' latest starring vehicle, opened last night at the Washington Street and Scollay Square Olympia theatres. The setting is in a tiny hamlet in the Canary Islands, that famous group of mid-ocean islands belonging to Spain. Sills plays the role of a slow but powerful and manly Spanish fisherman, and garbed in these simple clothes, gives one of the most human portrayals in his entire screen career. Mary Astor has the leading feminine role, while Larry Kent and Alice White have the second leads.

The story is simple: Sills' love for his younger brother is the main theme. The brother, handsome and somewhat of a Don Juan in the islands, boasts that he will make a conquest of Mary Astor, a newcomer to the islands and daughter of an expatriated Spanish nobleman. Sills loves the girl, too, and determines to protect her from his brother. A beautiful but rattle-brained Spanish actress comes to the islands and raises havoc in the lives of all three. The climax comes in a tremendous storm at sea, where the true natures of all concerned are revealed and Sills succeeds in steering a middle course between fraternal and passionate love to happiness.

Two American playwrights furnished the material for the new photoplays at the Modern and Beacon Theatres, the topliner being the version of Avery Hopwood's comedy, "Nobody's Widow," starring Leatrice Joy in a cast including Charles Ray, Phyllis Haver and David Butler. The associate picture is from Hal Reid's famous society melodrama, "Driven from Home," the cast comprising Virginia Lee Corbin, Ray Halton, Anna May Wong and Virginia Pearson. The seventh episode of "The Collegians" serial, "The Relay," and news pictures also are being shown.

Miss Joy is seen as a young woman who marries a man in England, and because she finds him in what she believes an incriminating position she leaves him an hour after the ceremony. She goes to America, makes a confidante of her dearest friend, and accepts the advice of the latter to practise the deception of announcing herself a widow. The merry complications that proceed from this act are what make the comedy intriguing, and the plot-building skill of the author pointing to laughter-production is advantageously revealed. Acting and direction match the story's high excellence.

Hal Reid wrote more directly to reach and play upon the emotions. His heroine is a rich man's daughter who gives up home and luxuries to escape marrying a man she does not love. Her experiences in winning her way are varied in their course through swift changes of dramatic development.

"The Beloved Rogue" Shown at Loew's Theatre

John Barrymore plays Francois Villon in "The Beloved Rogue," the screen feature at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week. In his dual characterization of the great French beggar-poet and lover, Barrymore brings to Villon all the human traits and faults that caused him to be known to the Parisians of the 15th century as "The Beloved Rogue."

Conrad Veidt, Germany's premier character actor, skilfully enacts the tyrannical monarch, King Louis XI, while Marceline Day appears opposite Barrymore as Charlotte de Vauxcelles, ward of the king.

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Sunny," Charles Dillingham's musical comedy starring Marilyn Miller, co-starring Jack Donahue, and featured Clifton Webb. Last week.

MAJESTIC—"What Price Glory," film version of the Stallings-Anderson war play with Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Costello. 10th week.

PLYMOUTH—"Queen High," Lawrence Schwab's popular musical comedy moved from the Shubert to the Plymouth last evening where it will play for two more weeks only. Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit and John Hazzard head the cast.

WILBUR—"Americana," J. P. McEvoy's satirical revue of American modes and manners. Fourth week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," Arnold Ridley's mystery thriller now in its 13th week.

REPERTORY—"Macbeth," annual Shakespearian production. Third week.

PERFORM MASS BY BEETHOVEN IS OPENING OF

GREAT FESTIVAL

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society and these solo singers: Olive Marshall, Jeanne Gordon, Tudor Davies and Arthur Middleton, gave a performance of Beethoven's Mass in D last night in Symphony hall. This was the first concert of the Beethoven festival. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted. The glee club had been trained by Dr. Davison; the choral society by G. Wallace Woodworth. John P. Marshall was the organist.

This Mass known to many as the Missa Solemnis (or "Missa Solennis") has led certain commentators to write in the Corinthian manner; to indulge in hifalutin. We are told that the music provides us "with a genuine release into the infinite." The same writer asks: "Does it not tap the mysterious reservoir of the beautiful?"

"One forgets the physical nature of his surroundings,"—i.e. in Symphony hall the statues of gods and goddesses, satyrs, dancing fauns—"and is immersed in an ecstatic contemplation of divine verities"; although Count Keyserling is said to phrase it somewhat better: as "the opening of the consciousness to the influences which are awaiting liberation in the innermost depths of the soul, which, when liberated, connect the spirit directly with God."

There are others, as Mr. Vincent d'Indy, who insist that the later works of Beethoven were inspired by his strong, abiding deep faith in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church; but Beethoven, though he was baptized a Catholic and died a Catholic, was negligent in his religious duties during his life and was profoundly impressed by Hindu and Egyptian religious thought. Even Dr. Hermann Delers, a devout Roman Catholic churchman, in his long analysis of the Mass, points out the departure of the music from some of the dogmas as well as the rubrics of the church.

As a matter of fact Beethoven wrote the Mass for the installation of his friend and patron the Archduke Rudolph as Archbishop of Olmuetz. The Mass was not completed in time for the ceremony. The circumstances attending the dedication and publication of the work were worldly, commercial, unworthy the dignity of the composer. By the time a portion of the Mass was publicly performed in a theatre as "Three Grand Hymns" (1824), the Mass had grown to such huge proportions, the technical difficulties of performance were so great, that it was not for the church service.

Beethoven was undoubtedly and chiefly inspired in the composition by the poetic and dramatic elements of the text. It might here be said that after the first performance of the "Three Hymns," he was bitterly disappointed at the smallness of the receipts and accused his friends of having cheated him at the box-office. It is wiser to say, with Mr. Paul Bekker, that this extraordinary Mass was a "logical pursuance of the paths struck out in the symphonies... the summary of Beethoven's world philosophy." One need not say with this German writer that the symphonies express "the struggles of man towards self-realization."

It has been said that the Kyrie and the Gloria are the only movements that are suitable for ecclesiastical use. Surely the "Agnus Dei" with its dramatic interruption, with its "alarms without," the wild appeal for peace, is not for the church; the same might

be said of the colossal "Kyrie" and the "Benedictus"; yet in the movements just named are the most emotional and expressive pages. It was in the dramatic portions of the text that Beethoven rose to sublime height, to so lofty a flight that singers of earth could not follow him.

Even if they were superhuman, with trumpet voices, they could not prevent many purely scholastic pages from being prosed without spiritual significance, without religious emotion. Witness many interminable choral pages with endless repetitions, pages in which, as they are written without respect for natural limitations of the voice, must be shrieked; they cannot be sung; and so the effect is one of infinite labor and vain endeavor, not an uplifting of the hearer's soul. Beethoven once said that ecclesiastical music should be for voices alone; he named Palestrina as the great master; but in this Mass among the most beautiful portions of the work are the orchestral introduction to the "Sanctus" and the orchestral prelude to the "Benedictus." They invoke a mood that is not sustained afterwards by the voices; and it is a question whether the orchestral accompaniment to the text, "Et incarnatus est," is not of a finer inspiration than the music for the reciter of the text.

The performance last night reflected great credit on the chorus, admirably prepared by Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth. These singers well-nigh accomplished the impossible. There was rich tonal sonority, there was an intelligent regard for nuances; there was no faltering even when the burden put upon these unprofessional men and women was almost insupportable. The orchestra was, it is needless to say, eloquent whenever the opportunity was given. Mr. Burgin played most musically the violin solo in the "Benedictus."

Miss Austral was prevented by a severe cold from taking the solo soprano part. Miss Marshall, who had sung the music in New York; replaced her at short notice. While all the soloists strove valiantly with the difficulties that over a century ago drove to desperation the first quartet—and Mmes. Sontag and Unger were famous for musicianship and vocal skill—it must be said that last night the two men were much more satisfactory in solo work than were their sisters in art; in ensemble was there always a just balance.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted with a care, an appreciation of text and music, an enthusiasm beyond all praise. His interpretation of the mighty work was an inspiration.

Would it be irreverent to say that this mass as a whole is not a sacred opus, but an ecclesiastical opera?

There was a great and deeply interested audience. The Mass will be heard next Sunday for the benefit of the pension fund of the orchestra.

Not to keep the readers of this column in agonizing suspense we now answer the questions propounded in The Herald of March 22.

Men portrayed with spectacles, eyeglasses, monocles on postage stamps: Duke Wilhelm of Luxembourg with an eyeglass; King Alexander on the stamps of Yugo-Slavia; President King on the 5-cent stamp of Liberia; at least three Brazilian stamps in the issue of 1906; A. T. A. Zaimis, Crete; President Masaryk, Czechoslovakia, 1920; Itali, President Borna, 1924; President Wilson, 1925; King Gustave of Sweden; C. C. Branco of Portugal, 1925; President Roosevelt; men of Bulgaria, Monaco, Lithuania, Cuba, Mexico, China. Mr. H. R. Clunfield, to whom we are indebted for some of this information, says that the British Empire has not furnished an example of spectacles, but of a stamp issued by St. Kitts our old friend Columbus is pictured on his shield with a telescope glued to his eye though the telescope was not known to Europeans till a century later.

Statues and stovepipe hats: Kruger wears one; so does Samuel Palmer a Reading, England—he also sports an umbrella. The statue of a member of Parliament at Glasgow pictures the top hat held upside down.

The monocle is included in the Chamberlain bust at Guildhall. Walter Besant wears an eyeglass in a medallion in London. "The eyeglass does not appear in the new Chamberlain statue though the sculptor has suggested it by marking the indentation."

Mme. d'Arblay spoke of the Marquis d' Astorgas, who "insisted that a pair of eyeglasses should be placed on the marble nose of his statue."

Mr. Arnold Bennett has been playing a favorite form of solitaire by naming "12 great novels." They are all by Russian authors. This will lead those who to quote Charles Reade, are "so overflowing with mental power that the Weeklies have had to set up a water pipe for their intellects," to name the "12 great novels." It's a game of amusement, except for novelists living, whose inward conscience will

not be ranked among the works greater Beethoven; there is too following of old time formulas; any pages that are common-place invention. When Moschles heard performance with Beethoven, he found many traces of grand style" but added that the lacked clarity and precision. To the grand style" is hard to find; the clarity and the precision are in evidence than originality of and warmth or nobility of ex-

the pleasure of the more recent mentators to dwell on the "psycho- of Beethoven's later music. Thus d'Indy sees in the Sonata, op. 106 moral sufferings endured by the loser; but Paul Bekker believes

the last sonatas portray the in- able will of Beethoven. The sonata, ed with technical proficiency and etic appreciation by Mr. Samuel, tably contains compelling mean- the melodic lamentation is deeply tional in a manner peculiar to Bee- oven; but there are other pages that are dry and uninteresting except to those who think that all the later sonatas are "mystic, wonderful."

It seems impossible that the three ssoumowsky quartets were at first a zle to even accomplished musicians, o could not believe that Beethoven ote them seriously; some insisted at the music was of a madman. Per- ps a century from now the lovers d the practitioners of music will wonder the harsh judgments pronounced on rtan compositions of today. The art chosen by the London String artet is charged with the genius of thoven; this is revealed not only the ineffable beauty of the Adagio, s seen in the other movements. The formance was ideal, in euphony, in the phrasing, in the eloquence of as well as in the perfection nble.

concert this afternoon the and fifth symphonies will be ed.

LER PAYS TRIBUTE

Recognition of the Beethoven cen- Gov. Fuller yesterday issued the ing statement:

little do we today, who have the lege of listening in rapture to the ertful music bequeathed to us by eat master, Beethoven, appreci- x "diverse conditions under which bloomed. Hard work amid ticult circumstances was the nderful composer.

plication from infancy to ent of his musical talent e violin, then the clavier, in and the piano—enabled years to bring forth the odies which have been Beethoven one to conjure ly the life of Beethoven s us that beauty, like life itself, n of suffering. Its secret is sacri-

is artistic proficiency brought him real recognition and acclaim. His positions became known throughout hole world. Of him it is true that n is surpassed by his works, for s works he displayed a mastery s was denied him in what he him- calls his attempt to 'grapple with

ANGELA M'CARTHY

gela McCarthy, contralto, well ac- aded by Reginald Boardman, his program last night in Jordan eut on affliger ce qu'on aime, ny, Le desir de Beethoven, Schu- poir en Dieu, Beethoven; Elegie, Barcarolle, Faure; La Vie ure, Duparc; Toujours a Toi, owsky; Il m'agio Plstagna, Mor- del mio amato ben, Donaudy; no di Pino, Mortari; Nebbie, n. Ann's Cradle Song, Gibbs; agnew; Russian Lullaby, d'Arba; It is the day, Cecil Birligh.

McCarthy proved the possession ht of a singularly lovely voice, a ontralto of long range and un- a scale. Best in its medium regis- he voice already rejoices in low of a peculiarly appealing quality. ones, though very agreeable when nditions favor their delivery, at e not under the singer's firm t; too often spread, they tend to ity of intonation. This defect oubtedly disappear with further al study, for Miss McCarthy's obviously accurate, and the high well within her range.

to the present silly fashion in recital programs. Nothing would do, of course, but she, as well as all the others, should sing in several languages and let us count how many styles a classic aria, a Schubert song (in French, if you please), a Beethoven song, French songs of the great periods, modern Italian songs of wit and humor, a dramatic song like "Nebbie," and songs quite commonplace, let their composers bear as good names as you like—six styles distinctly different, five of them exacting.

Of course neither Miss McCarthy nor the usual singer of experience similar to hers, could do justice to them all. Because she tried so much that lies beyond her present scope, Miss McCarthy sang too many songs monotonously, relying too constantly for her effects on the beauty of her tones. That she can sing interestingly, when she sings music in her vein, she proved by her performance of Tschalkowsky's song and Donaudy's air.

These comments apply to young sing- ers by and large, by no means to Miss McCarthy alone. A pity it is they will not remember that art is long; every- thing is not to be learned in a year or two. To learn to sing all kinds of music in public—that takes time.

Miss McCarthy had a large and en- thusiastic audience. R. R. G.

Rudyard Kipling, when he was un- happy in this country, would purchase magazines, tear out the "literary" con- tents and cheer his soul by reading the advertisements; at least this story is told. A correspondent sends us, not the editorial page of the Albany (N. Y.) Evening News, which no doubt is in- forming and public-opinion-moulding, but clippings from the columns of ad- vertisements.

Thus "West 3827" does not wish a sour, sullen, tripe-visaged domestic ser- vant:

"GIRL or woman for general housework. Must understand cooking; references. West 3827."

"LARGE front room, bay window near bath. Ask, \$8."

Light, more light, said the dying Goethe.

"Help Wanted—Female

BARITONE singer for church quartet. W. 5817 mornings or 5-7 p. m."

This baritone singer would undoubt- edly be a bearded lady.

We read that Mme. Naomi is a "beautician."

Are not the "realtors" of Albany a joyous lot? They burst into song, ignoring prosaic details.

Secluded in beautiful wildwood

Where lofty old trees shade the street,

Is a haven for happy young childhood

Where country and town seem to meet.

A leafy new road now invites you,

Where the "house of your dreams" may appear

Close to Delaware avenue,

Deep in the heart of Elmsmere.

Charming homes shown by appoint- ment. Call Delmar 51-W, or Main 4963.

As the World Wags:

The renewal of the discussion of plans for the Improvement of Copley square brings to mind the suggestion published some years ago in B. L. T.'s column:

"If any one objects to the trees in Mr. Capen's plan, there might be substituted a row of anheuser bushes. These would not obstruct the view and would prove a boon to the thirsty."

MARY A. HOLT.

"HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?"

1. What legislative body has for its motto, "It is never too late to spend?"

2. Who called bootlegging "the foot and mouth disease?"

3. Who discovered that the use of the corkscrew gave rise to the saying, "One good turn deserves another?"

4. When did who say what to whom?

5. In what year did 1900 A. D. come to an end?

6. How many feathers has a hen?

7. State the approximate age at which college students join Police Clubs.

KATHARINE W. HUSTON.

The plus-fours is about as far as many golfers get with their game.—

Denis Bradley.

There is a question, propounded to me on the windows of omnibuses and on the printed sheets thrust into my hand by very poor men, hired to distribute such things. It is put in these terms: "Are you prepared to meet your God?" The answer is simple. No.—

Hilaire Belloc.

Chairman of the committee on Streets An' Gondolas in Venice, had a daughter hoo wuz so ritzy looking that merchants coughed up the equivalent uv many banana stands jst fer the privilege uv using her mug on Kold Kreem advertise- ments. This filly's name wuz Desde- mona, an' she crashed fer a Moor named Othello. Othello wuz darker than most Moors—much moor. He wuz a brave general—in fact he wuz so brave he married the gal. After a few days uv married life, Othello decided he needed sum quiet, so he went to war. He had a couple uv star boarders hanging around his house, an' strange tuh say, one uv them wuz a villain. Tha uther one wuz a Drug Store Gren- adier named Cassio. Iago, hoo wuz tha villain, decided to inject a little slap- stick komedy into Othello's home life, so he trots over to tha Moor an' sez:

"Lissen, Othello, this bozo Cassio may be yer Lieutenant an' all that stuff, but around yer house yew wood think he wuz tha ice-man!"

"Yeh?" sez Othello, so he beat it for home an' found his wife in her room, sleeping, so he woke her up an' sez, "Pardon me, deerle, but I must now smother yew to death."

"Aw, dam tha luck," sez Desdemona, weeping wildly, but she died gracefully. Jist then Iago busts into the dump an' asked Othello if he had bumped off the useless haff. Tha Moor replied in the affirmative.

"Har, har," howled Iago, holdin' his sides with lafter, 'har, har, har! That's hot, that is! It wuz all a joke uv mine, an' yew bit on it."

"That's a hell uv a trick," sez Othello, reel peeved, an' they say he didn't talk

to Iago fer 4 days. Later on, uv course, they had many a good laff over it.

ART IN ALBANY

To go back to the Albany Evening News. They have been having an art exhibition in that delightful city. We say "delightful," for the most enjoy- able years of our life were spent there. The bloom was on the rye, the beer was flowing, the chimies were heard at midnight. There were oysters at Keeler's and Jo Walters; there was the Windsor, with its "cold tea"; Capron and Pike served marvellous ale on State street nearly opposite St. Peter's Church; there was Helderberg mutton. Tony Brady was keeping a little tea- shop, not dreaming of a fortune to be made in New York. Rosa Leland was running her theatre. Ada Rehan was playing under her real name and with black hair; as Desdemona to Johnny Abough as Othello and John McCul- lough as Iago.

And now Albanians go in for art.

"In the lace group," wrote the appre- ciative reporter of the Evening News, "is a clumsy centerpiece, the work of Mrs. Jacob Congdon." Have the com- positor and proofreader left town?

The argument in defense of the mod- ern woman almost invariably amounts to this: "The Victorian girl was weak and cowardly because she wore ringlets and crinolines when ringlets and crino- lines were fashionable. The modern girl is independent and individual be- cause she wears shingled hair and short skirts when shingled hair and short skirts are fashionable."—G. K. Chester- ton.

WHY LISTER IS FAMOUS

(Battle Creek Moon Journal)

To address students—As part of a series of extension health lectures sponsored by the University of Michi- gan, Dr. R. C. Stone, local medical man, will talk on Lister, noted scientist and discoverer of Listerine, at a Battle Creek College student convocation next Monday.

THE SCOTCHMAN AND THE BELL-BOY

As the World Wags:

There was a Scotchman and a bell- boy. Now the two had never met until the Scotchman decided to go to Ameri- ca for a little look. So, in the course of his itinerary, he blew into one of our own homelike hotels and was blowing out again when he bethought himself to hand the bellboy a little fee. . . . And that's how he met the bell- boy. . . . You see, what folly it would have been to mention a bell- boy in the first sentence, if there wasn't some object. . . . Well, when the Scotchman handed the bellboy that lit- tle fee, the bellboy said: "Yer from Scot- land, aintcha?" "Ha ha," hooted the Scotchman, good-naturedly, and again, "Ha ha—do you know that you'd get fired in Scotland for looking in the hotel register?"

ORACLE.

SYMPHONIES GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Sym- phony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, con- ductor, took place yesterday afternoon. (The concert was the fourth in the series of the Beethoven Centenary Festi- val.) The program comprised the fourth and fifth symphonies.

Little can be said of the symphonies themselves that has not been said and well said from the time that Berlioz wrote his eloquent words of wonder and praise. The old theory that the fourth was inspired by Beethoven's love for Therese Brunsvik; that he was be- trothed to her, which made happiness the keynote to the music, has been dis- proved, if it ever was accepted by stu- dents of Beethoven's life. As a matter of fact nothing is known about the "origin" of the music. A German com- mentator has recently spoken of "Inde- cisiveness of mood" as "part of the imaginative scheme of the whole work"; he even sees in the Adagio "the stim- ulus of some tense emotion such as in- spired the love-letter, whether aroused by the "Immortal," or some other, be- loved. Is it not enough to hear the serene, nobly emotional Adagio without vain speculation as to why Beethoven was so deeply moved? Nor is it neces- sary to see Berlioz's archangel Michael, who by the way, was the warlike leader of the angelic hosts, sighing and over- come by melancholy, as "he contem- plated the worlds from the threshold of the empyrean." One might ask why should Michael grow melancholy at the glorious sight? Nor can Beethoven's Adagio be justly characterized as mel- ancholy.

Concerning the interpretation of the two symphonies by Mr. Koussevitzky and concerning the orchestral perform- ance, there can be nothing but words of praise. Not that Mr. Koussevitzky has introduced to us a Beethoven with a strange face, strange gestures, strange speech. He has not dressed him in clothes of his own invention, but has shown us the man as he lived and wrote; without standing in front of him. He has allowed Beethoven to have his say, without conjectures as to how he composed, or how he should have com- posed. He has interpreted these sym- phonies with such insight into Beetho- ven's inherently romantic nature, with such musical understanding, poetry, force, authority that it is not extrava- gant to say that there has been this week a revelation of Beethoven to the heathen that have sat in darkness. No wonder that the great audience was deeply moved; that its emotion at the end of the concert found vent in en- thusiastic tokens of approbation.

As for the fifth symphony itself, what words can be said of its composer more fitting than those of De Quincey's apo- strophe to Shakespeare: "O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frost and snow, rain and dew, hall-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert, but that, the farther we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had nothing but accident!

The program tonight will comprise the sixth and seventh symphonies.

The program announced for the con- certs of next week is as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, G major, for violin, two flutes and string orches- tra. Lalo, Concerto, D minor, for vio- loncello (Mr. Bedetti), Prokofeff, Clas- sical Symphony. Honegger, "Pacifico 231," orchestral movement.

Agha Zaro, who is probably the oldest man in Europe, for dwellers in Constan- tinople say he has survived 145 sum- mers and hard winters, has no teeth, for he lost a third set which developed after the decay of the second. In 1808 he became a sergeant in the guards. He remembers the reign of Mahmud II, Medjid IV, Asiz I, Murad V, Abdul Ha- mid II, Rasad V, not to mention others, and in spite of his lack of teeth he can pronounce their names correctly. His first wife died after 32 years of con- nubial bliss; his second after 23 years, his third after 42.

He told a correspondent of the Mag- yarsag (Budapest) that he once set forth to go round the world, but in Italy the "ignorance about cooking" discour- aged him, so he returned home where the government gave him a house and the position of porter to the Prefecture. He has been a regular customer at or for 100 years.

The dramatic meaning of songs, it would appear from her performance last night, interests Miss Brochu more strongly than its purely musical expression. Beauty of vocal so-

He never tasted anything, he eats little meat but drinks quarts of sour milk daily and gaily.

If it were not for his dislike of Italian cookery we should urge him to wed Lucia Saselli of Vignazzolo in Piedmonte. She is only 106 years old, does needlework without spectacles, eats heartily of dishes prepared by her grandchildren, has never taken medicine and is as lively as a cricket.

PLACE AUX DAMES

(A little study for a folk-song in the music-hall manner, based upon Sir William Arbuthnot Lane's remark, in an interview on "face lifting" and beauty culture, that "It is a great pity that surgeons do not make themselves familiar with such operations, and that they are content to leave the work in the hands of people who in so many cases are not properly qualified.")

I went to Sir Hercules Hackett,
The eminent F.R.C.S.
My appendix was all on the racket—
It wanted removing, I guess.
I sent up my card for attention;
His man brought it back for to say,
"Sir Hercules asked me to mention
He can't cut you up, sir, today.

CHORUS

"For he's lifting the lid of a lydy,
He's just got a grip on her face,
He's getting the loose bits all tidy
And stitching her ears into place;
He's put a large tuck in her chin, sir,
And reefs in her scalp and her brow—
Oh, he's far too full up to begin, sir,
Removing appendices now!"

I was caught in a railway collision—
My word, it did fetch me a clout!
"He needs," said the Doc with decision,
"A leg off and an eye or two out."
They sent for my nearest relations
And rang up Sir Slashington Sneeke,
Who replied with some haste, "Amputations
Are quite out of question this week.

CHORUS

"No, I can't leave the job I'm attending
For any emergency smash;
If I let go the physog I'm mending,
Gee whizz! would drop with a crash!
Oh, it's not the least use to come drifting
Round here with an accident case—
For I'm right in the middle of lifting
The Duchess of Jellybag's face!"
—LUCIO.
(In the Manchester Guardian.)

YOU CAN'T MISS IT

(Adv. in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin)
HOW FINDING MY SHOP
Do not discourage until finding because
small retired places my shop. North
King Street go until become Fish Market.
Pass away until little more River.
Makal sides you saw nice sign say so
Musa-shiya the Shirtmaker 179 Nam-
bers. O, happy day you find it. En-
treance immediately.

OR, TELL US THE REST

As the World Wags:
Last Saturday nite I trots over to The
Blonde Flapper's house. I had called
her on the phone first an' told her I
wuz coming over, so to my great sur-
prise she wuz in.
"Lissen," sez I, "it's raining, so we
can't go out. Therefore, I shall tell yew
sum bed time stories—"
"Apple-cider," sez tha gal frend,
"we'll go to a dance."
"We will like hell go to a dance," sez
I, "because I don't dance!"
"Sall rite," sez she, "I'll teech yew
to dance."
"But I don't wanta learn to dance,"
sez I, wich brings on a swell 10 minit
argument, wich I won—BLAH! Any-
how, I made her promise that she wud
take me to a small, quiet place where
hardly anybuddy koud watch me, an'
where nobuddy wud recognize me, be-
cause I aint never had no use fer dan-
cing. She agrees tuh take me to a nice
little joint where I wont feel embar-
rased, so we goes out an' hails a taxi.
"Where to?" sez the Balloon Tire
Bandit.
"To tha Aragon!" sez The Blonde
Flapper. So that's where we landed.
As soon as I sees the joint I decides that
the small places are rather good sized,
but I'm a glutton for punishment, so
I stands in line tuh buy tickets. A sign
on the ticket window informs yew that
if yew are a girl yew kin buy yer way
in fer 6 bits, but if yew is unfortunate
enuff to be uv tha opposite sex it will
set yew back a buck an' a quarter. So
I prys myself loose frum 2 berries, an'
we gallops in.
NOW COAX ME, ER I WONT TELL
YEW THA REST!
SNOWSHOE AL.

ELISABETH MORSE

Elisabeth Morse, contralto, sang this program last night at the Women's Republican Club, to Henry Levine's extremely good accompaniments:

O Del Mio Amato Ben, Donaudy; Qui vuol la Zingarella, Palsiello; Flocca la Neve, Cimara; When I Bring to You Colored Toys, The Sleep that Flits on Baby's Eyes, Carpenter; Absence, Tiltcomb; Ici-bas tous les Lilas Meurent, Lefebvre; L'Heure Delicieuse, Staub; Lauf der Welt, Grieg; Lenz, Hildach; The Danza, Chadwick; Tranquillity, Foote; Ecstasy, Rummel; The Gartner Mother's Lullaby, I Know My Love, Irish, arranged by Hughes; The Nightingale, Kentucky Folk Song, arranged by Brockway.

Mrs. Morse downed the difficulties of program making more successfully than do most of the singers who give recitals, for, though she obeyed the dictates of fashion—singing in four languages and music both ancient and modern—she was wise enough to limit her choice of songs to such as lie within her present powers. Since, to say it out, her range is not very wide, her program approached monotony; how could it do otherwise, since placidity was its keynote, with Donaudy's air its highest dramatic point, its utmost gaiety proceeding from the song by Grieg and "The Danza"?

But, even so, Mrs. Morse showed good sense. A well planned program, granted, should bring forward a great song or two, songs with passion in them, or whatever emotion you will, so long as it stirs. But if the singer has not the temperament that stirs? Then leaves those songs that demand it on the piano at home, to be studied, of course, but not to be sung in public.

Mrs. Morse, wise woman, sang no song last night she could not manage with credit, and many she sang charmingly. By her sensitiveness to melodic line she could do full justice to the Carpenter songs. Because she feels rhythm she did well by Mr. Chadwick and Grieg. The poetical atmosphere she had at hand for Mr. Foote's song, the humor for the song of the sorely vexed Irish girl. The Kentucky song she made delightful.

Of course she has a very good voice to sing with; a voice that sounds especially rich in moderately strong tones in the medium register; at her best she makes her very soft tones so round and full it is a pity that at other times she lets their body escape her. Her high notes, too, when taken full strength, sometimes she lets soar too high. Her enunciation, on the other hand, she has brought to a fine development.

So Mrs. Morse managed shrewdly. She planned a program within her scope, and so sang it well, to the satisfaction of a very large audience. Pray let her now widen her scope; she suggests a singer who can presently venture more than she did last night. R. P. G.

"BREAKING CHAINS"

"Breaking Chains" by the International Workers' Aid, with Moscow Artists, given at Symphony hall last night suggests more than a movie to come. The oppressed ones of Turgenieff's tales, the sufferers in Dostoevsky flit through your mind. You imagine something epic, the great groaning Titan of the Russian people straining apart his bonds. What you get is an extremely dull piece of propaganda. A few more improvements like this should be enough to turn the most extreme left into a right.

The picture starts fairly well. Katya's father is killed on the barricades at Moscow by a smiling, damned villain of an aristocrat, a factory owner's son, and Katya is left alone with a very Russian looking kettle of soup and an old grandmother. The decline in dramatic intensity from this point is unbelievable. Katya grows five years older, works in the aristocrat's factory, now run "in a thoroughly efficient manner" by the workmen, the wicked factory owner's son disports in Paris with roulette and a mistress (a very unattractive mistress at that). The son returns to Russia after the family jewels (hidden in Katya's room), is found out and killed by the noble youths of the proletariat, and that's that.

Whenever the plot is about to break down completely, a picture of Lenin is shown, speaking, on the wall of a house, or in the coffin. Apparently Lenin is as much photographed in Russia as the Prince of Wales in the British empire.

The interesting thing at Symphony hall was not the picture, but the audience. Russian in tenor, soviet in sympathy, enthusiasm rose at every flash of Lenin, or sub-title about how extremely well the workers are doing. When the factory owner's servants left him to cook his own dinner, zest entered the clapping. A faint echo of the savage joy of 1917, when the oppressed walked free.

The picture was apparently non-Hollywood. The fine upstanding hero did not say "Katya, I love you," but obviously its equivalent in Russian, which was something. With a flash of street fighting, or a worker's lunch-room, your interest quickened so immediately that it was evident what a film the soviet government could have made from the overpowering chaotic events of the last 10 years. But with factories, railroads, babies' homes, schools to run, all learnt from the ground up and now done perfectly "in the most efficient manner," there hasn't been much extra time for learning the most dramatic way to put their cause in the movies. Perhaps all their Rex Ingrahams were shot by the Extraordinary Commission, or are leading lives of sin in Paris. R. H. G.

Sixth and Seventh Symphonies Are Conducted by Koussevitzky

On March 26, 1927, about 5 o'clock of the afternoon there was a heavy thunder clap in Vienna and a flash of lightning illuminated the death chamber of Beethoven. He opened his eyes, clenched his fist, then letting his hand fall to the bed, as Huettnerbranner, who was then by his side, tells the story, "the genius of the great master of tones, fled from this world of delusion into the realm of truth."

And on March 26, 1927, the Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky, performed at its 20th evening concert the sixth and seventh symphonies. This concert was the fifth in the series of the Beethoven centenary festival; the "Pastoral," one of Beethoven's most popular works, the seventh, which, characterized by Wagner as the "Apotheosis of the Dance," might be more fitly called the apotheosis of rhythm. Of the two symphonies the seventh is indisputably the greater work in structure and in eloquence, yet it was well on this anniversary day that the two should have been heard, the one after the other, for they are in strong contrast.

The "Pastoral" often suffers from perfunctory treatment at the hands of a conductor, who is over sentimental, so

that the first movement, "cheerful impression awakened by arrival in the country," taken at too slow a pace, provokes anything but cheerful impression in the mind of the hearer. As for the second movement, "Scene by the brook," it reminds one of the brook sung by Tennyson. And there are some who object to the ornithological measures, while others eagerly anticipate the imitations of the feathered fowl.

As for the seventh, here one finds Beethoven intoxicated with Dionysiac joy, in the finale shouting madly and throwing his hat in air.

The performance was masterly; enthusiasm was at its height.

This afternoon the recent performance of Beethoven's Mass in D will be repeated.

ANITA ATWATER

Anita Atwater, soprano, accompanied by that excellent pianist, Cellus Dougherty, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall:

"Non t' Accostar All Urna," "Mio Ben Ricordati," Schubert; Stornellatrice, Respighi; Stornellata Marina, Cimara; Der Himmel Hat Eine Trane Gewelt, Schumann; An Die Nachtligal, Malnacht, Von Ewiger Liebe, Brahms; Le Temps Des Lilas, Chausson; Serenade Toscana, Faure; Mens Jener Venter, En Drom, Grieg; The Unforeseen, Scott; Shule Shule Shule Agrah! Lemont; Wings of Night, Watts; Love's Philosophy, Quilter.

Miss Atwater employed five tongues instead of the usual four held requisite; she added Norwegian to the array. It was well she did for the first song of Grieg she sang more attractively than any other offering of the afternoon, delightfully, no less, with the light rippling tone that it must have, with buoyant spirit.

Other songs that suited her Miss Atwater sang nearly as well. Songs of forthright appeal, the kind you can set your teeth into, as the old tragedian in "Trelawney" put it, she seemed to find most sympathetic. Schubert's first song, with its suggestion of Italian dramatic recitative—wherever did Miss Atwater lay hands on it?—she made much of, and so she did of his melodious "Mio Ben," not to forget Respighi's equally melodious song, an intrinsically common song, for all he made it sound so impressive. Where poetry was called for, or in "You or Char-

acterization, there Miss Atwater rose not so well to the occasion. She has a very fine voice, long in range and excellent in every zone, when produced with care. Sometimes she lets her resonance escape her, with the inevitable result of dryness. Though in some languages Miss Atwater enunciates distinctly, she seems not to have paid due heed to the art of tonal color. In Grieg's song, where she applied color most successfully, she showed how admirably she can sing when she does her best. The audience liked her well. R. H. G.

'SWIM, GIRL, SWIM,' AT METROPOLITAN

Bebe Daniels Provides Fun in Film Comedy

"Swim, Girl, Swim," a film comedy starring Bebe Daniels is presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Alice Smith.....James Hall
Jerry Marvin.....Herself
Gertrude Ederle.....Josephine Dunn
Helen Tracy.....William Austin
Mr. Spangle, Ph.D.....James Mack
Prof. Twinkle.....

When a comedy can loose the flood-gates of unrestrained laughter and an hour passes as if it were a minute, some one has been clever. The watery "Swim, Girl, Swim" is better, far better than the title.

Bebe Daniels as a boob collegiate with tortoise spectacles and her hair almost in a braid is funny because Bebe has a sense of humor. There is nothing particularly new or novel about the background of this picture, it is, in fact, a glorified Mack Sennett bathing piece, ignited by the ridiculous Bebe.

James Hall, with something new in hats, inspires our heroine to learn to swim. She takes a correspondence course, receives her diploma and hurries with it to the swimming tank. The fair cod-eds are pranks. They do not take her as seriously as she takes herself and kiddingly elect her as captain of the swimming team.

There is to be a channel swim and Bebe is there in the kind of a bathing suit which is always good for a laugh. One of those that were popular in the last decade. Greased, she is a sight, but pride in her college and belief in her newly-acquired prowess, start her on her way in a rolling surf with her good friend, Mr. Spangle, Ph.D., manning the boat that escorts her.

Purely by accident, Bebe comes in first. Her romance takes a turn for the better and she is the heroine of the hour. It doesn't sound so funny but it is, in an adroitly silly fashion. Gertrude Ederle is present, swims like a flash of sunlight on the water and adds her knowledge of the art of swimming to what Bebe learned at the correspondence school, so in the end, Bebe swims like an old-timer, wins her laurels and James.

The revue, "Joy Bells," is staged by John Murray Anderson, assisted by Gene Rodemich and his competent band. The excellent talent includes the Stefano Mascagno Ballet with Eva Mascagno as premiere danseuse, Charlotte Arren, Joseph Parson, Maxwell and Lee, and the soloist, Chauncey Brown.

Windsor McKay appears in person and directs his animal circus. Arthur Martel's organ solo is "Glow Worm."

C. M. D.

WESTPHALIA IS

Apropos of the Beethoven Centenary Festival. Some time ago a correspondent wrote about a "Beethoven Clock" now in her possession but purchased in Boston by her parents at the time of a Beethoven Festival. Their visit was probably in 1870, when there was a week of musical performances commemorative of the centennial anniversary of Beethoven's birthday. (On one afternoon the Handel and Haydn Society with the Harvard Musical Association performed the Ninth Symphony. The program also included the overture to "Egmont"; the quartet from "Fidelio"; two movements from the "Prometheus" ballet, and the Hallelujah chorus from "The Mount of Olives." The audience "fell short of expectation" and there was a loss of over \$500. The chorus numbered 550; the orchestra 64. The solo singers were Mmes. H. M. Smith and C. A. Barry; Messrs. W. J. Winch and Rudolphsen. Carl Zerrahn conducted.)

Our correspondent asked, who made this clock with a bust of Beethoven? No one has answered the question.

The Boston Public Library wished to include a Beethoven clock in its exhibition now holding. It also wished to show Beethoven's shirt.

This shirt—we do not say that Beethoven had only one—was given by A. W. Thayer, Beethoven's biographer, to a lady in Cambridge. It was clean and in excellent condition. We once were permitted to see it; we gazed on it with the expected admiration and awe, but did not fall on our knees and kiss the flap. As we remember, the shirt was a substantial thing, without lace, ruffles, or any frippery. The shirt—long may it wave!—is now treasured in New York by some Beethoven society.

In the same house stood a cabinet used by Beethoven. It is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas W. Surette.

Of course, there has been much writing and speaking in various cities about Beethoven. The most valuable contributions to this literature have been made by the indefatigable, learned and accomplished Mr. O. G. Sonneck.

His "Riddle of the Immortal Beloved," designed as a supplement to the Thayer-Krehbiel biography, should interest all those curious about Beethoven's amorous adventures, hopes, illusions, bitter disappointments. Mr. Sonneck begins by saying that while Beethoven put his art above everything else (even his loves), while "his tremendous personality dominated all who approached him," he otherwise resembled millions of other men. "Especially in his relations with women. That is to say, Beethoven was neither an ascetic nor a rake. Ever susceptible to a pretty face and a pretty figure, whether of a countess or a peasant maid, he yielded to the other sex or made it yield to him through the whole gamut of more or less normal experience. With this difference only that L.'s close association with Viennese aristocracy naturally led to more frequent intimacies with baronesses, countesses, princesses than fell to the lot of ordinary mortals. If, however, contemporary friends would have us believe that Beethoven's heart beat only for blue-blooded ladies, the record of his life contradicts them. Beauty of some kind seems to have been the only sine qua non." He longed for a wife and children. Ferdinand Hiller, who visited him dying, tells us that he sighed with regret at having gone through life without a wife.

Who was the woman to whom he wrote the famous letter, discovered by accident, when his brother and two friends were searching, after Beethoven's death, for his hidden bank shares—the letter with the second postscript containing the words, "my immortal beloved"?

Seven women have been named, and have had earnest advocates through the years. Was she Magdalena Willmann, Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, Countess Therese Brunswick, Countess Josephine Deym, Amalie Sebald, Therese von Malfatti, or Bettina von Arnim?

Mr. Sonneck has investigated the respective claims with amazing patience and shrewdness; weighed the evidence and come to the conclusion that the riddle is still unsolved.

"She would have to be a woman who probably lived, as did Beethoven, in Vienna, who was in K. during the same week that Beethoven wrote his 'Immortal Beloved' letter at Teplitz on July 6-7, 1812, whom he perhaps expected to see again, probably at Teplitz. Until that woman is discovered, the answer to the question, 'Who was Beethoven's 'Immortal Beloved'?' will remain: Unknown. And many of us will not regret this at all in these days when privacy is fast becoming obsolete and publicity of private affairs a curse."

This book is published by G. Schirmer, Inc. Mr. Sonneck's "Beethoven Letters in America: Fac-similes with Commentary" is published by the Beethoven Association, New York. The stately, handsome volume of 213 pages is dedicated to the memory of Louis Svecenski, "whose veneration for Beethoven was reflected in the purity of his own character as Man and Artist"; but the book will be an enduring monument to Mr. Sonneck. His introduction, his exhaustive but not exhausting notes on the letters are of far greater importance than the letters themselves which are sometimes mere scraps, or of a trivial nature, relating to insignificant matters. There are exceptions, as the letter addressed to the Prussian legation in Vienna, in which Beethoven expresses the wish to send his Mass in D to the "Most High Court" and asks 50 ducats in gold for the expense of copying the score. He says that this Mass can also be used as a grand oratorio. This letter is in the possession of Dr. Roderick Terry of Newport, R. I. In his commentary Mr. Sonneck expresses the belief that grave injustice has been done Beethoven by Thayer and the "parrots of Thayer" in charging the composer with undue commercialism in regard to the Mass.

Of the letters now in this country, two are owned by the estate of Amy Lowell, Harvard University; one is in the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum; one is owned by the New England Conservatory; one by the Harvard Musical Association. One, owned by Mr. Malcolm Lang of Boston, is not in the book, for Mr. Sonneck's attention was not called to it until the book was in page-proof. We understand that a letter or a manuscript of some nature or other is in the possession of the Boston Public Library. The fac-similes are careful and interesting reproductions.

Mr. Sonneck has also compiled for G. Schirmer, Inc., the recollections of Beethoven's personality by his contemporaries. Due acknowledgment is given to the pioneer attempts of Nohl, Kerst and Leitzmann in this direction. Here we have the testimony of nearly forty contemporaries,

men and women. Thus one gets intimately acquainted with the great man. For example, Sir John Russell saw him in 1821 and heard him play. "Except when he is among his chosen friends, kindness or affability are not his characteristics." Sir John tells this amusing story: "He used to frequent a particular cellar, where he spent the evening in a corner, beyond the reach of all the chattering and disputation of a public room, drinking wine and beer, eating cheese and red herrings and studying the newspapers. One evening a person took a seat near him whose countenance did not please him. He looked hard at the stranger, and spat on the floor as if he had seen a toad; then glanced at the newspaper, then again at the intruder, and spat again, his hair bristling gradually into more shaggy ferocity, till he closed the alternation of spitting and staring, by fairly exclaiming, 'What a scoundrelly phiz!' and rushing out of the room." But another Englishman Sir George Smart, caricatured by Thackeray in "The Ravenswing," saw a good deal of Beethoven in 1825 and found him most agreeable, "plenty of jokes" and hospitable, telling his nephew to see to the wine at dinner. Sir George overheard Beethoven say: "We will see how much the Englishman can drink," and Sir George adds with British pride: "He had the worst of the trial."

Here is an entertaining and valuable addition to the many books about Beethoven. There are 15 portraits. Grillparzer's funeral oration is included. P. H.

THREE OF A KIND

Underground Life Shown on the Stage— "Lower Depths" in Chicago and New York

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

A short time ago a lady of my acquaintance was accosted in the lobby of a New York hotel by an utter stranger. Strange though it may seem to decorous Bostonians, he had no immoral intent. The man was simply a traveling salesman in ecstasies of excitement over a play he had just seen and over someone's telling him that there were two others running in New York just as good. He just had to talk to someone about it, so great was his enthusiasm and so 100 per cent. American his nature.

"Yes, lady," he effervesced, "Broadway is the best show I ever saw, and if 'Chicago' and 'The Barker' are as good I just can't leave town without seeing them, even if I pass out from joy."

And then he dashed away to the news-stand to try to buy tickets.

I hope he wasn't too cruelly disappointed. For the three plays named have only two qualities in common: their excellence, and the fact that all three are played against a background of realistic scenery in amazingly naturalistic dialogue and purport to represent the doings of strollers on the "lower walks of life." "Broadway" is tense melodrama. "Chicago" bitter satire, and "The Barker" is the kind of hokum that anybody but an intellectual snob should enjoy.

The locale of "Broadway" is back stage at an "exclusive" night club. It deals with the loss of lives and loves of rival bootleggers. By "exclusive" is meant all who look as though they are able and foolish enough to pay for five-dollar cover charges and two dollars for a bottle of White Rock. In the course of a quarrel between two bootleggers as to who shall sell booze above One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, one of them turns his back and the other shoots him. The murdered man's mistress, euphemistically termed by herself his fiancée, is in the chorus of the night club and is determined to avenge her lover's death. Her moment presents itself in the third act; she corners her man and makes him face the music while she bumps him off. A new type of detective—civilized in manner and kind of heart—has definite ideas as to the perpetrator of this second murder but hands in a report of suicide.

While this goes on, the heart interest is supplied by an earnest young dancer with immense but unfounded confidence in his own ability, who makes love to a sweet and simple girl in the chorus. The murderous bootlegger also has designs on her. The murders and the love-making occur without the other cabaret entertainers paying the slightest attention to either. At the tensest moments in the plot, the chorus dances on from the cabaret stage singing "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" and dashes upstairs to the dressing rooms, tearing off odd bits of clothing as they go. In fact, the hoover makes love to the pure young girl during a quick change entirely unperturbed by the fact that most of the time he is in his B. V. D.s. As they would have to be for such a mixture of thrills, romance and comedy to be effective, the acting, staging and direction are well-nigh perfect. The authors are Philip Dunning and George Abbott. The latter, an experienced collaborator and play-doctor, is also the director responsible for the smooth production and admirable co-ordination of the players, whose acting is uniformly excellent.

As your readers probably know through the widely circulated story that the Yale dean of divinity walked out of the theatre in a rage, "Chicago" is the work of Maurine Watkins, one of Prof. George P. Baker's star students in the Yale School of Drama. Almost devoid of dramatic suspense, it is the story of Chicago's most beautiful murderess, told in a style which is sometimes bitterest satire, at other times broad burlesque. At its presentation the hard-boiled New York theatre men who produced it introduced and laid emphasis on burlesque which "Chicago" never possessed when Miss Watkins wrote it. Since then, the "gags" which the director interpolated have been dropping out one by one as the commercial producer has modified his low opinion of the audiences' intelligence. More and more the satire is allowed to carry the play alone. Francine Larrimore now plays the role of the murderess without a trace of the slapstick which annoyed the more discriminating critics at the opening. Although it begins with a murder, "Chicago" is in no way a melodrama; it is a deeply satirical representation of how the tabloid newspapers enhance the importance of an utterly cheap and vulgar slut and, with the aid of a clever and sincere lawyer and a publicity-seeking judge and court, prevent anything even remotely resembling justice from taking its course. If you are ever perplexed at the comedy of life in our so-called democracy and do not mind having your laughter at it a trifle sardonic, don't miss "Chicago."

Something wholly different again is "The Barker." Apart from the superficial resemblance noted above, it has, however, one other thing in common with "Chicago." Kenyon Nicholson, its author, although now engaged in teaching the rudiments of drama at Columbia, comes from Crawfordsville, Ind., where Miss Watkins also breathed her first. It remains to be seen whether their combined fame will ever equal that of another noted citizen of the town, Gen. Lew Wallace, whose chief literary effort was "Ben-Hur."

In "The Barker," Walter Huston plays superbly the part of a veteran circus man who realizes the drawbacks attendant on the life, endeavors crudely to keep his son from making the same mistakes he did, and, after having made a mess of that, tries to quit the circus but finds the lure too strong for him in the end. This sounds suspiciously like hokum. It is, although so lifelike is the dialogue with which this sure-fire plot is expounded that only once or twice is even the most hardened and cynical playgoer apt to groan at its obviousness.

As the Barker whose son turns up and joins the show at Shelbyville, Ill., instead of studying law, Mr. Huston is given excellent support by the whole company, but particularly by Norman Foster as the son and Claudette Colbert as a snake-charmer who can fascinate human beings as well. On the appearance of his son, the Barker discards as a mistress the Hula-Hula dancer with the show in order not to set a bad example to the boy. The jilted woman persuades the snake-charmer to vamp him and, of course, having a heart of gold beneath the powder and paint, she falls in love with him, and he with her. Inasmuch as she had previously been the delight of the owner of the show, you can imagine the rage of the Barker. In fact, he opposes their love so strongly that they elope and get married. This so disgusts him with life in general and circuses in particular that he decides to quit. But when he hears his successor making a mess of the "spiel," he cannot resist the old fascination; he jumps on the stand and delivers his own harangue in inspired fashion. Curtain.

From all of which perhaps our readers will infer that if they like beautifully constructed and well-presented melodrama, satire, or hokum, they should not miss "Broadway," "Chicago" or "The Barker" should their affairs call them to New York in the next year or so. There is no particular hurry, as all three are firmly established as hits, as they deserve to be.

New York.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert for the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Beethoven's Mass in D. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Mason, conductor; Rulon Robison, tenor; Lawrence Rose, violoncellist. See special notice.

Convention Hall, 56 St. Botolph street, 8:15 P. M. Beethoven Centenary concert, under the auspices of the Boston Relief Committee, Inc., for the relief of distress in Germany and German-Austria. Overture to "Fidelio." Songs, Die Trommel geruehrt and Der Wachtelschlag (Etta Bradley). Songs: Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur and in questa Tomba (Martin Albrecht). Romance in F for violin (Jacques Hoffmann and orchestra). Songs, Ich liebe dich, Der Kuss, Malgesang (Emma L. Bledenharn). Finale of the first act of "Fidelio" (male chorus). Song: Adelaide (John B. Siefert). Choral Phantasia for piano, mixed chorus and orchestra. Heinrich Gebhard, pianist. Benjamin Guckenberger, conductor.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Beethoven concert. The Myrtle Jordan trio, Helene Diedrichs, pianist; Joseph Lautner, tenor. Open free to the public.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Commemorative exercises in honor of Beethoven. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concluding concert of the Beethoven Centenary Festival. Symphonies Nos. 8 and 9. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 4 P. M. MacDowell concert by the Prelude Club, in aid of the MacDowell Colony Endowment, Annie Sumner, soprano; David B. McClosky, baritone; Frederic Tillotson, pianist; Hazel Hallett, pianist; Naomi Hewitt, violoncellist.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Camille Girouard, baritone; Margaret Kent Hubbard, accompanist. Perl, Invocazione di Orfeo. Cavalli, Donzelle, fuggite. Verdi, O Carlo ascolta from "Don Carlos." Schubert, Der Lierman and Der Neugierige. Liszt, Kling! leise, mein Lied and Es rauschen die Winde. G. Faure, Clair de lune. Duparc, Le Manoir de Rosamonde. Hahn, Trois jours de Vendage. Saint-Saens, Air from "Henry VIII." Martin, Wayfarer's Night Song. Scott, Time O' Day. Bridge, Strew no more red Roses and 'Tis but a week.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Harry Hughes, baritone; Reginald Boardman, pianist. Bononcini, Per la gloria d'ardorarvi from "Griselda." Vivaldi, Un certo con so che. Mozart, Se vuol Ballare from "Nozze di Figaro." Borresen, If you have kindly feelings. Tove, The Inn. Dvorak, Prayer. Heise, When I was a little tiny boy. Schumann, Schoene Wiege meiner Leiden. Strauss, Heimliche Aufforderung. Griffes, An old song resung. Folk song, The Jolly Carter, arr. by Moeran. Anson, Last Night. Tchaikovsky, Don Juan's Serenade.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 21st Symphony concert. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor; Mr. Bedetti, solo violoncellist. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. The 18th Century Ensemble: Bruce Simonds, pianist; Dorothy Brewster, Cocomack and Mariana Lowell, violins; Anna Golden, viola; George Brown, violoncello; Carleton S. Smith, flute. W. F. Bach, Concerto, F major (ensemble). Rameau, Trio (Messrs. Smith, Brown and Simonds). Mozart, Sonata for piano (Mr. Simonds). Boccherini, Quintet, D major (ensemble).

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

This is sad news from Yale. Not that another "epoch-making" play has been produced by some budding Mollere under Prof. Baker's watchful and approving eye; but the academic seniors have voted that three of their class are the most gentlemanly members; that three are the best looking; that three enjoy the "greatest social celebrity"; that three are most likely to succeed; also that three are the most brilliant; and so on, and so on. Thus are these unfortunate young gentlemen instead of being complimented, handicapped for life.

We should like to see photographs of the three "best-looking." Do they resemble the Apollo Belvedere, or the sweet youths of the hair-collared advertisements? Is their shirt slushed with brillantine? Are their legs symmetrical and sculptural? How self-conscious these young men will be in the years to come, before they acquire a paunch!

How they will pose at afternoon teas and in the ballroom.

And the three that enjoy the "greatest social celebrity"; do they belong to the "first families" as one enters by motor car or railway train their respective towns? Are they already members of "exclusive" clubs and enrolled in the Social Register?

"Three most likely to succeed." How laughable, as a rule, is the judgment of a class concerning the future of this or that member! We are reminded of a letter written by Artemus Ward on visiting the village of his boyhood, and recalling the friends of his school days: "Dashington, the youth with whom I used to read the able editions of Cicero, and who, as a declaimer on exhibition-days, used to wipe the rest of us boys pretty handsomely out—well, Dashington is identified with the halibut and cod interest—drives a fish-cart, in fact, from a certain town on the coast back into the interior. Hubertson, the utterly stupid boy—the lunkhead, who never had his lesson, he's about the ablest lawyer a sister state can boast. Singlison, the sweet-voiced boy, whose face was always washed and who was real good, and who was never re-

gretted."

—he is in the penitentiary for putting his uncle's autograph to a financial document. Hawkins, the clergyman's son, is an actor; and Williamson, the good little boy who divided his bread and butter with the beggar-man, is a failing merchant, and makes money by it."

When did this custom of class-voting come in at Yale? Even in the '70s the Wooden Spoon that in former years was given by vote to the most popular man in his class was only a tradition. The "most popular man." Can you not see him working for this honor even in his freshman year, always saying "Yes," toadying to the supposedly influential classmates, smiling vacuously, siding with the majority, without the individuality that might antagonize?

Pity the three "wiltiest." Condemned to hard labor for years to come, or to express it otherwise ever talking under forced draught.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson is singularly reticent about his college days from which we infer that neither the professors nor his classmates held him in high regard, nor foresaw his brilliant future. We have been told that he was suspended twice and on graduation was next to the lowest man in scholarship.

Apropos of Gillam's cartoon picturing President Harrison's hat recently reproduced in The Herald, Mr. Frank H. Briggs writes:

"GREET THE OLD MAN WITH A SMILE"

"And if o'er the horizon should suddenly shine

Old Grandfather Harrison's hat, Don't you think that the people— Well, nine out of ten, would greet The old man with a smile."

"I think this was sung (or possibly recited) by DeWolf Hopper in one of his pseudo comedies along in the '90s." Mr. Briggs adds: "I think Hopper used to recite the fourth line: 'Well, ten out of nine.' This was after Harrison's first term as President."

POEM FOR THE DAY

"Everyone should read as a preparation for the daily routine some poem, whether it is by a master or some humble bard."—Jerome K. Silvers.

And so for this morning we reprint lines by Charles Heber Clark, better known as "Max Adler."

"Oh, bury Bartholomew out in the woods,

In a beautiful hole in the ground, Where the bumble bees buzz and the woodpeckers sing,

And the straddles-bugs tumble around;

So that in winter, when the snow and the slush—

Have covered his last little bed, His brother Artemas can go out with Jane

And visit the place with his sled."

ADRIAN RAISES THE RENT

As the World Wags:

Adrian likes not Willem Evarts. So that when he knows that Evarts is to be to Ten Eyck's, he himself comes not for fear of embarrassing Ten Eyck; for Evarts is Ten Eyck's landlord. So that the other night when Evarts himself invited in, Adrian was not pleased.

By bad chance the talk was of mynheer Steen, an old man of much learning but very poor, and greatly respected by us three.

"Ah, yes," said Evarts, "a fine figure of a man, is he not, with his Latin and Greek, and he wearing the same coat for 12 years. Better he should be less learned and more sensible, eh, Ten Eyck?" But Ten Eyck said nothing.

"He should be more like me," Evarts went on, "I have no learning, and I am not ashamed to say so. But I know how to gather in the guilders. Six houses have I now and two more bad I have in the spring. That's not bad eh?" But the only answer he got was a creak from Adrian's chair.

"Ta, ya," he went on, as if talking to himself, "it is indeed a great misfortune to be old and poor."

"But there is a greater misfortune mynheer," said Adrian.

"Zo?" said Evarts. "And what is that?"

"To be old and ignorant," said Adrian.

And after mynheer Evarts was gone, Ten Eyck said to Adrian, "You have caused my rent to go up at least \$10, but you are still my very good friend."

DEI LOTSE.

As the World Wags: Perhaps those in the "secondary education" line would be provided with ammunition by a glance at the following advertisement in the Lynn Item of Feb. 26:

"WOMAN FOR TRAVELING POSITION not married, entirely unencumbered with high school education, between 25 and 40. Salary, bonus and transportation.—"

FLORENCE M. OSBORNE.

Beethoven's Mass Repeated with Choral Groups

For the benefit of the Symphony Orchestra's pension fund, Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" was repeated yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall before an audience that filled every nook and cranny. The Radcliffe Choral Society again sang, the Harvard Glee Club and Olive Marshall, soprano; Nevada van der Veer, contralto, who, in place of her predecessor Tuesday, sang very well indeed; Tudor Davies, tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass. The organist was John P. Marshall.

Of the performance not a word need be said, since Tuesday's production was reviewed in detail. Of the mass itself only a bold person would venture to write at present, so very much has been put forth this week. The temptation, none the less, is strong, in these days when Beethoven is being hauled over the coals by the daring or else being patted kindly on the back by the patronizing, to set down the humble opinion that this Mass in D is built from grander material than almost any other musical work in existence; its melodies write sublimity with expressiveness as to few others; its rhythms, in their variety and force, lend it a life that will never die. What other work of its length and breadth escapes so few weak moments?

If only some day a few devoted men and women could study it bar by bar, with a man to guide them, if such a man lives, who, with the power to penetrate to the very soul of Beethoven, combines skill with an orchestra and an understanding of the human voice—a man who would give the words, when they demand it, right of way? Who would shape each melody in accord with its line, and, by a wise analysis of Beethoven's score, would make rough places for the singers, plain? One who would recognize when sheer massiveness must make the effect, when shading and pure grace?

The mass may not be religious music; they say it is not. But surely it is expressive of many human emotions—to mention only the kyries, in which men plead in many moods, the conviction of the creed's opening statement, the bounding of joy of the "Pleni sunt coeli." Some day, when all is well in the musical world, a man will rise, a master of the orchestra and of the voice in one, in one as well a musician and a poet—then behold the mass as some people imagine it. In the meanwhile, till these ideal conditions obtain, let us be duly thankful for what is spread before us.

The audience, thankful yesterday, applauded. Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Woodworth with enthusiasm, Dr. Davidson with frenzy.

R. R. G.

B. C. MUSICAL CLUB IN ANNUAL CONCERT

Program Includes Selections by Glee Club, Orchestral

A program, including selections by the Boston College orchestra, the glee club and individual solos was given last evening by the Boston College Musical Club at their annual concert at Symphony Hall. The soloists were: James B. Connors, '27, bass; Arthur J. Hagan, '29, baritone, and Francis X. Merrick, '27, violin.

The program opened by the orchestra playing the overture, "Raymond," by Thomas. The glee club's selections during the evening were: "The Viking Song," "O World Thou Art So Fair," "Sunset," "Bendemeer's Stream," "The Long Day Closes" and "College Medley." The octette sang "Would God I Were a Tender Apple Blossom," "Old Hunting Song," "Mosquitoes" and, assisted by Mr. Hagan, "Kentucky Babe," "Bells of St. Mary" and "Gypsy Love Song."

The orchestra, assisted by the octette, rendered "Japanese Sunset" and "In a Monastery Garden." Mr. Hagan sang "Aria-Celeste Alda," "Invocazione Di Orfeo (Euridice)," "Life and Death," "The Blind Ploughman" and the "Trumpeter." Mr. Connors sang "Duna" and "Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride." Mr. Merrick played "Chant Negre" and "Hungarian Dance." James Ecker is director of the club.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

At Jordan hall yesterday afternoon the People's Symphony Orchestra played its 17th program of the season. Allowing the honor of presenting, during this festival week, the nine symphonies of Beethoven to rest on the broad, capable shoulders of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the People's Symphony chose rather for its 17th concert the Third Symphony in F of Chadwick; Elegie for Violoncello and Orchestra of Faure, with Lawrence Rose as soloist; a first time in Boston of

Beach's "The Phantom Satyr," a first performance also of Storey Smith's three songs with orchestra, "Shrine and Temple," Rulon Robison singing the voice part; and to close the performance, overture "Le Domino Noir" of Auber.

As to the Chadwick symphony—a scholarly work indeed, built with care, with fine broad themes of the first movement contrasting the song-like larghetto, then a skipping dance tune for a vivace, and to close a glorious, full-voiced, rich finale. The orchestra played well this symphony under the careful, guiding hand of Mr. Mason, save only a few times when it demanded more from the players than rehearsing had allowed.

Mr. Rose played with fine feeling and musicianship, ever with breath of phrase, the elegy of Faure. With imagination Mr. Beach writes for a ballet-pantomime of a water nymph as she seemingly dances with a faunlike satyr. The composer takes delight in fanciful orchestral colorings, playing back and forth strings to woodwind a theme whispered out and lost again.

Mr. Smith chooses for the text of his three songs Eunice Tietjens's "Profiles from China." They in themselves urge a composer to dare to play with an atmosphere certainly not of the New England variety. What an impersonal factor this voice is during the first song, "The Altar of Heaven!" There too, the composer asks the orchestra to create a tonal mood strange, unfeeling, unknown. In "The Abandoned God" Mr. Robison seemed to find his best voice. "The Most Sacred Mountain" certainly had a sweep of line, but the orchestra here over-powered the voice.

All in all, music delightful in an individual idiom.

Auber's Overture received the usual popular reading. Not only was the program made up to a great part by present-day composers, but they, too, were present. Messrs. Chadwick, Beach, and Smith acknowledged the applause of an enthusiastic audience.

R. A. C.

Mr. George Moore, alarmed by the threat to build over the London squares, which, as he thinks, will bring with it the peril of cancer, has written a long article, "Overgrown London," in which he says: "Man is intended to live a large part of his life in the country." Ancient potentates were of this opinion. Cyrus, for example, lived seven cold months at Babylon, three at Susa, two at Ecbatana, and thus, says Xenophon, had a perpetual spring. Men of high degree, kings, orators, generals, writers, statesmen in old times had a "variety of secessus," and their several progresses to this purpose. The Bishop of Exeter was master of 14 several houses all furnished, in times past. The members of our untitled aristocracy and the suddenly rich have their city house, their cottage-palace by the sea, their mountain house for autumn, and often an inland palace within easy drive to town. Even the humblest of our citizens speak of their "little bungalow," often a ramshackle cottage on the Cape, with a leaky roof, creaking floors, windows that rattle, and uncertain plumbing; generally of hideous architecture, and far from being "bungalows" in the true meaning of the word.

As for Mr. Moore's fear of cancer in the city, that disease favors not the country, where cancer is as common as in the town.

To sojourn in a well-appointed country house in the summer reconciles one for a time to life. How many dwellers in the city would be willing to pass a winter in a northern New England village, having the villagers their only neighbors? No one should be deterred from a village home by reading Hazlitt's bitter essay on the character of country people, portrayed by him as little better than Swift's Yahoos. Hazlitt preached at length from the text: "If a stranger comes to live among country people, they have a bad opinion of him at first; and all he can do to overcome their dislike only confirms them in it."

Zephine Humphrey (Mrs. Wallace Weir Fahnestock) found joy and happiness in the winter spent with her husband in Dorset, Vt. She tells her experiences, her adventures; relates her meditations; remembers gratefully her helpful neighbors, in "Winterwise," published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Here is a volume of essays written as letters to anyone that may read. She writes of her own intimate life, describes her dog and cats, discusses books, beginning with Ouspensky's "Tertium Organum," which, if we possessed a copy of that valuable work, we should put on a shelf with Dormstock's "Logarithms of the Diapason," which was in lively demand at the circulating library of Frank Stockton's M. Tolman, when that city man went to village for rest and bought out a small store shop.

Lovers of animals will take particular pleasure in reading about Miss Humphrey's cats, Shem, Tommy, especially the latter. Tommy sickened. His mistress tried to put castor oil down his throat. "He jerks just at the wrong moment and the sticky stuff goes all over his fur. There it stays, too, for he will not exert himself to lick it off, and he is a sorry sight."

It was winter, so Tommy could not have eaten grasshoppers, and thus contracted a sort of distemper. We, too, have administered castor oil to a disheartened cat as relentlessly as a Fascist to a rebellious Italian; the cat came back after a disappearance of some days; its fur was also a sorry sight.

There were barnyard cats entertained when Tommy, mourned by Grizel, was thought to be dead. There was the patient Grizel overjoyed when Tommy returned; there was Dick, the one-eyed, "eternally mature and preoccupied with care, a sober nature, patient and subdued," yet, playing with leaves, "a Maenad, bilthe and free."

There was Muff, the magnificent Persian, a neighbor's cat, dumped on Miss Humphrey by a summer neighbor leaving for the winter. Muff ate nothing but raw meat. His hostess was practically a vegetarian. The neighbor brought with Muff a slice of porterhouse and half a broiled chicken. Muff turned up its nose at cereal, potato, bread and milk, canned salmon. When the meat wagon driver failed to appear, the husband begged a friend's left-over lamb stew. Miss Humphrey knew another Persian cat that would eat only a fresh codfish's tail.

"One wonders if every Persian kitten surveys the menus of the world and makes his unique selection from which he never thereafter departs. But what does he do when he asks in vain for fresh codfish in Vermont?"

These joyous human exiles in Vermont read other books than Ouspensky's formidable treatise. They could not find in Marcel Proust after a fair trial what others found and so concluded that there was something lacking in their intelligence. Tomlinson met with approbation. Balzac, Shakespeare, Emerson, Thoreau, Dickens, Hazlitt, Keats, Matthew Arnold were on the shelves. Keyserling did not frighten Miss Humphrey by his long-windedness; but Morley's "Thunder on the Left" puzzled her. Nor did she accept gladly the gospel according to Gerhardt, Dreiser and O'Neill.

Miss Humphrey went to town meeting; she attended a pageant in the village church. The driller of the chorus—he had worked in Boston, was severe. "Let yourselves go! Open your mouths! Smile when you sing Alleluia! Feel it all in your hearts—joy, joy! Oh, that was rotten!"

There was the unmarried elderly woman, living alone on a mountain side, with a cow and a dozen hens. "She is to me an outstanding example of the truth I am always proclaiming: that the plainer and barer life is, the richer it can often manage to become."

Life—why, it brims her as a cup, and her stillness seems a deliberate intention not to spill a drop. Miss Marcia showed Miss Humphrey a Bible in which was a leaflet bearing 365 fragments of texts with blank spaces after them ready to be filled in with book, chapter and verse; "That's what I do when I get lonely."

One envies Miss Humphrey's contentment of mind, the willingness to find pleasure and strength in what to others would be intolerable loneliness and boredom in this winter village—"with a highly imperturbable plumber seven miles away." And from this winter sojourn comes a book of essays that are gay and serious—for Miss Humphrey, thinking of the eternal mysteries, strikes a solemn but helpful note—a book that is graphic in description of winter landscapes, household cares, village life and neighbors' characters and kindness; a book that stimulates thought, high endeavor, without preaching.

ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

Mme. de Duras, the author of "Ourika," was born on Feb. 22, 1777. Her novel made a sensation. Gowns, bonnets, hats, shawls, colors, perfumes were named Ourika. She died young, a woman of unusual intelligence and wit. Her husband soon married again; a very pretty girl but not otherwise endowed. He remarked with an air of satisfaction to a friend: "You cannot understand my happiness in having more of a mind than my wife has."

Ernest Newman

By THOMAS CARENS
Ernest Newman, brilliant English critic, gave the music-lovers of Bos-

ton a new and an appealing interpretation of Ludwig van Beethoven in Symphony hall last night. He delivered the principal address at the commemorative exercises, with which the centenary festival of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which began a week ago, neared its climax.

Mr. Newman gave due attention to Beethoven as a great historical figure, as the interpreter of a great transition in civilization, but he insisted that his genius will live not so much because he was the right man for the right time, but because he wrote into his music the elements of ethics, of humanitarianism, of philosophy, and above all of the high moral impulses which were working in his own mind.

WAVE OF IDEALISM

"He came at a period," said Mr. Newman, "when a wave of political idealism, social idealism and humanitarianism was passing over Europe. A new spirit had come into men. It shows in all the literature of the time. Beethoven was full of this spirit, and it has to be admitted that in his weaker moments he did not always find a music as great as his moral impulses. But when he did find it the effect was incomparably beyond that of any music ever written."

On this failure to find at all times the proper forms for the turmoil in his mind, Mr. Newman continued, is based the present reaction against Beethoven. And it has also been the basis of the continuing criticism of the Latin races, which are not given to philosophizing in music, or mixing it up with metaphysics and morality. The real friends of Beethoven, he said, have never ignored this criticism, nor will they ignore it in meeting the present sizable reaction, but he made bold to predict that appreciation of Beethoven will keep pace with man's appreciation of musical values, and that in the year 2027, when the world observes the 200th anniversary of his death he will still be the "most intriguing, the most baffling problem in all musical criticism."

ALL SEATS OCCUPIED

As on every night since the centenary festival began a week ago, all the seats in Symphony hall were occupied when Judge Frederick P. Cabot, president of the trustees, walked on the stage at the head of a distinguished group of trustees, guests and members of the orchestra. In his opening remarks, Judge Cabot spoke with deep feeling of the vision of Maj. Henry Lee Higginson, whose energies brought the Boston Symphony into being, to "enrich and refresh the community and the country."

"The significance of music and rendering," said Judge Cabot, "transcends the limits of time and space, of language and nationality, and satisfies the longings of many people for joy, happiness and spiritual strength."

He pointed out that Symphony hall was dedicated 27 years ago with a rendering of Beethoven's "Dedication of the House." Then he presented Mr. Newman as the principal speaker of the evening.

The visiting critic admitted at the outset that centenarians are often regarded with suspicion, because very often the celebrity or notoriety has the sole claim to distinction that he died 100 years ago. He ventured the opinion that some of the modern composers would evoke a more sympathetic response in the breasts of the critics if they too, had chosen to die 100 years ago.

BEETHOVEN NOT WITHOUT FAULTS

He would not attempt, therefore, to assert that Beethoven was without his faults. A good case could be made out against him, and has been recently.

But the very fact that the world is not absolutely agreed on him, Mr. Newman said, is most convincing proof of his vitality. He is still alive. In fact his personal significance is even greater today than his historical significance.

He discussed Beethoven historically, then. He took up first the all too prevalent belief that he was merely the continuer of Mozart. Mr. Newman did not dispute this hotly. He admitted that it afforded room for debate. But he did hold that the world is apt to forget that Mozart and Beethoven were in a sense contemporaries, a fact somewhat obscured because Mozart died young. One can only speculate as to Mozart's reactions to the changing world during the years of Beethoven's greatest usefulness. Paraphrasing, he bemoaned the poverty of the music world today, when great movements are in progress with no one seemingly at hand to interpret them.

AGE OF REVOLUTION

It was not merely a political revolution, however, that surged about Beethoven when he entered his great years just after 1800. There was a revolution in music, too, in the new form of

the sonata. Beethoven saw the right time to take this new instrument and to enlarge it and perfect it. He became, therefore, the dividing line between two musical civilizations: those of the classic 18th century and of the romantic 19th.

"In other ways," Mr. Newman continued, "we see him as the man of a new time. It is at this point that elements come into the work of Beethoven that have not endured so much as the purely musical elements. I mean ethics, elements, the humanitarian elements. It is one of the points that the modern objector raises against Beethoven most powerfully that his music draws too much upon other than purely musical impulses, that it tends to rely too much on what we call good moral intentions."

GREATEST ELEMENT

"Now we have got to take note of that, because, there could be no doubt that the greatest element in Beethoven's music is the strong sense it gives us of a philosophical and a noble and a moral mind, working at the back of the music. And that is magnificent."

long as everything goes all right, so long as the music is the equal of the moral intention. But when the music falls below the noble purpose, as we are bound to admit it sometimes does, then the result is bound to be something of the same difference as between Wordsworth the seer and Wordsworth the mere moralizer."

Mr. Newman asked his audience to note one important phase of Beethoven—that he was constantly changing, constantly growing. He divided into three groups the works of the master, showing the development between the early symphonies, obviously under the influence of Mozart and Bach, and the series between the "Eroica" and the eighth symphony; and the later development which contributed to the wizardry in the ninth symphony and the Mass in D. This constant growth, the speaker held, represented the cardinal difference between Beethoven and all his predecessors.

In the concluding parts of his address Mr. Newman discussed Beethoven's personality, but he did not attempt to gloss over his personal shortcomings. He was vain and imperious. His physical infirmities drove him to pessimism. Yet somehow in the closing years of his life a strain of sweetness penetrated his harsh exterior, and Mr. Newman cited a number of examples of his latest works as proof of this. Because of this fact, he expressed the opinion that Beethoven was one of the composers who died too young. He was only 57 years old when the cold winds of Vienna struck him down, yet there was evidence of another change coming over him which in 10 years more of life might have brought new and almost unbelievable wonders to the world of music.

When Mr. Newman concluded, there was a short intermission, and then S. Foster Damon, president of the New England Poetry Club, and member of the Harvard faculty, read his own composition, "Beethoven; an Ode." The Lenox string quartet played the quartet in F Major, Op. 135. And closing the exercises, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony spoke briefly, thanking the symphony audiences for the appreciation they had shown during the week, and the members of the orchestra for the splendid co-operation in making the festival such a pronounced success.

'THE MONKEY TALKS'

REPERTORY THEATRE—"The Monkey Talks," comedy adopted by Gladys Unger from the French of Rene Fauchols. The cast:

Mata	William Mason
Dada	Ralph Roberts
Zizi	William Faversham, Jr.
Vito	Robert Hambleton
Flut	Philip Jenney
Lorenzo	Elmer Hall
Miss Dora	Guy Phillips
Nelly Goldsmith	Linda Ann Carlton
The Viscount	Ruth Taylor
Brassol	William Kershaw
Louis	Marshall Vincent
Sam Wick	Louis Leon Hall
Countess Almenza	Charles Francis
A Chambermaid	Agnes Elliot Scott
Adonis	Mack Schweid
A chorus girl	Mary Mathews
A waitress	Philip Jenney
	Phyllis Ford
	Florence Ferline

A French playwright of skill, Rene Fauchols, devised this play for an actor blessed with a remarkable aptitude for portraying animals and their ways. Between them, according to competent judges, they produced something so unusual and so fine that its fame spread quickly abroad. When Gladys Unger made the adaptation for the New York performance, though the same actor appeared as the talkative monkey, the effect seems not to have been the same as in Paris. Last night, at the Repertory, there was the Unger adaptation, but a different animal actor, Mar-

Since the play last night depended on such effect as it made on the element of surprise, it will be fairer to theatre patrons not to disclose more of the plot than is necessary to suggest the comedy's character. The play deals with one Sam Wick, a sprig of nobility who, some years before the action began, had had a love affair with a circus rider, Nelly Goldsmith. When Nelly, wearying of his youthful ideals, had turned him adrift, this young nobleman, too broken in spirit to live up to the role of the returned prodigal, had taken refuge in the circus, where, when first we come to know him, he was living in high prosperity as the trainer of a remarkable monkey, a beast who could talk, no less.

The monkey, to tell the truth at once, was a very small man, who owed the noble circus man a debt of gratitude—a debt he surely paid, and with interest. For, not only by his antics did he make his benefactor's fortune, but, by grace and kindness, he made his love-course smooth; both monkey and trainer loved the same girl, Dora.

There is more than this to the tale. Nelly, thinking better of her lover as he grew older, stirred up trouble. A rival monkey trainer, the possessor of a clever creature who could do everything but talk, made trouble too. For atmosphere there were clowns about, who talked after the manner of clowns. And Miss Unger had furnished much smart dialogue, of a kind in all probability not like that of Mr. Fauchols. The entertainment, in short, was so mighty odd that one's enjoyment of it was all a matter of personal taste.

At least it was not unpleasant, as some people who cannot abide monkeys had feared. These same people cannot judge sympathetically of the verisimilitude of Mr. Schweld's impersonation of the ape. Of the unhappy, pathetic man who was willing so to degrade himself he drew a vivid, convincing portrait.

There was one other excellent stage portrait, Mr. Louis Hall's of the monkey's keeper. And Mr. Marshall Vincent did well with the rival trainer of monkey. Nobody else had anything to do that would tax the powers of capable actors; everybody did very well. The pace was brisk and the stage settings, all excellent, were quickly changed. There was a large audience.

R. R. G.

COLONIAL THEATRE—Sam H. Harris presents the Marx Brothers in "The Cocoanuts," a musical comedy in two acts. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Book by George S. Kaufman. Musical numbers staged by Sammy Lee. George S. Hirst conducted. The cast:

Jamison	 Zeppo Marx
Eddie	 David Breen
Harry Potter	 Margaret Dumont
Harvey Yates	 Henry Whitmore
Penelope Martin	 Janet Vellie
Polly Potter	 Phyllis Cleveland
Robert Adams	 Jack Barker
Henry W. Schlemmer	 Groucho Marx
Willie the Wop	 Chico Marx
Silent Sam	 Harpo Marx
Hennessy	 Basil Ruysdael

Specialty Dancers The Three Brox Sisters The De Marcos

It matters little whether the plot of this piece was lost in the lobby of the Cocoanuts, in the Manor or in the Patio, it is nevertheless outstanding entertainment of our current theatre. Messrs. Berlin and Kaufman are excellent in collaboration, the one for the music, the other for the book, but let us not think of others than the Marx Brothers in the interpretation of this opus. Let all else be reduced to ashes the quartet rises above the piece itself.

And so again Mr. Groucho aired his flippancies, indulged in his interesting asides, bore the brunt of many a scene with that authority, that air of nonchalance that is rather innate than acquired. So again did Harpo, in his flair of slapstick, in his rugged burlesque, in the subtleties of his miming, "stop the show," as they have it; once more did he attack the piano as a fellow going into battle to the delight of the big audience; once more and encore did he set off his skill in the technique of the harp.

Chico came forward again as Willie, the Wop, bidding recklessly and out of turn at the auction; again obsessed with the penchant for bidding in the most irrelevant moments; again did he, too, cascade and shoot his notes from out the piano to fine rounds of applause. Zeppo dressed well as is his wont and did little more.

For others of the cast returned there was again the blonde prettiness of Phyllis Cleveland, who sang "Prettily," Jack Barker was the Bob Adams, with a manly voice and a fetching way with women. Margaret Dumont was Mrs. Potter in the grand manner except when Groucho touched her risibles to the point of her leaving the picture.

Basil Ruysdael was the detective, Hennessy, and he again roared his lament for his swiped shirt. The Three Brox Sisters cooed their way in soft pedal melodies and there was wonder at the dancing program of the De Marcos. And we must say a word for Sammy Lee, responsible for the arrangement of the dances, the groupings and evolutions always pleasing to the

eye. And so the story of the erstwhile Florida real estate boom found its way again in burlesque. It was not said whether they were realtors or just plain real estate men. It matters little in the pleasing outcome of "The Cocoanuts." And when you pronounce the title we suggest the accent on the ultimate.

T. A. R.

"Hills of Kentucky" Taken from Noted Novel

Dorothy Yost's dramatic story, "The Untamed Heart," in film version under the title, "Hills of Kentucky," with Rintin-Tin and a cast including Jason Robards, Dorothy Dwan and Tom Santachi, tops the bill of photoplays at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. The associate picture is a comedy of Parisian night life, "Don't Tell the Wife," the cast comprising Irene Rich, Huntly Gordon and Lilyan Tashman. News pictures and a short comedy also are being shown.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Square Crooks." A comedy drama in three acts, by James P. Judge. The cast: Eddie Ellison, Walter Gilbert Kay, his wife, Florence Shirley Jan Brown, a boarder, Kathleen Wallace Bridget O'Rourke, the landlady, Florence Pendleton Timothy Hogan, a police sergeant, Charles I. Schofield Larry Scott, a friend of the Ellison's.

Day Manson Harry Welch, a detective, Frank Charlton Mike Ross, a gunman, William Gerald Philip Carson, a capitalist, John Winthrop Olney, plain clothesman, Frank S. Peck Reardon, a plain clothesman, Frank Lindsey

Here is life in a coterie of perfectly reformed burglars. Even before they went straight for the sake of the little woman, they supported their old parents in Wisconsin by only the purest second-story work. In their circle, strangling a baby in the course of business simply wasn't done.

There are the Carson pearls, left at one time or another on every innocent person in the cast; there are the imitations of the Carson pearls and a plain clothes man with a cigar, and a "killer" with a "gat." Speaking of gats, the St. James this week is no place for members of the Society for the Prevention of Gunfire on the American Stage. The gat makes its appearance in act 2, and from that time on, the more timid souls in the audience are more or less rigid in their chairs.

The first act is soporific, but with perfect rest made impossible by constant pricks of irritation from an entire play in English as she should not be spoken. Most faithful, the company remembers its "aint's" and "comin's" to a painful degree and, if the manner is poor, the matter is worse. Such dull conversation only seems really convincing in the love passages. In addition, while this reviewer is not a purist, if people do soak their toast in their coffee, it's a trait that should not be immortalized. A sin better ignored in the Victorian manner.

After the first act, when the pearls begin to pop in and out, there is less incentive for looking about to see if Minnie and George came tonight, but the play never achieves intensity except when a revolver is unsheathed.

Mr. Gilbert and Miss Shirley, as the reformed safe cracker and his wife, played their parts brightly, though the speech of Second Avenue didn't come trippingly from their tongues. Miss Wallace had the worst assignment of the evening, as the young lady boarding with the Ellisons. A visitant from another sphere, she showed her origins by an indiscriminate use of "animosity" and "need you ask?" Little Jane translated all the wisecracks into "Lady Vere de Vere, so that there were stretches like this—Kay Ellison—"The bulls are out to get Eddie." Jane—"Do you infer that Edward is eluding the police?"

"If I was rich," is the next attraction at the St. James. Grammatically speaking, the outlook is not bright.

GILDA GRAY STARS AT METROPOLITAN

Gilda Gray in "Cabaret," is presented at the Metropolitan Theatre this week with Chester Conklin and Tom Moore prominent in the supporting cast.

Owen Davis, the prolific dramatist, is responsible for the scenario of this photoplay that is starkly void of originality, excepting Gilda Gray's gifted dancing, and Chester Conklin's pleasant self. The cabaret is present, jazz band, well trained chorus, shiny floor and crowded tables, but to most of the hardened sinners of the city, the cabaret has lost its novelty, with the exception, of course, of the gunning gangsters that Mr. Davis interpolated.

And so we have a hodge podge of aged and rheumatic tricks tacked on to Gilda Gray's ability to dance. A cabaret is a

good background for Miss Gray. She knows the atmosphere and fits into the shoes of the star performer with precision.

Her first appearance in a Rosy O'Grady costume flinging violets to the customers is a splendid disguise, and shows how beguiling Miss Gray can be. Tom Moore, as a special "cop," is combining business with pleasure, according to a sub-title, and is almost immediately chosen as the fair dancer's future husband.

Almost anyone could write out the rest of the story. The villain is all that a villain should be. The dancer's kid brother is under his evil influence and there is a mix-up about some money. The villain declares he does not want the money, but the girl, and in the shooting scene the villain is killed and the kid brother wounded. For some reason we are told that it is all right, the boy shot in self-defense, but there had to be some footage about something, so Gilda arranges to send the poor kid out of the country that night, and it makes a lot of splendid moving picture scenery. The friend who sees that everything is properly adjusted is the ever-ready Tom Moore.

In the meantime, Gilda Gray puts on a fascinating costume and dances—and how she does dance. She puts art in the least tremble and expresses tons of elemental joy in her pagan quiverings.

Chester Conklin, as Gilda's taxi-driving father, is delightful. Whether he glances over his spectacles or sneezes into his bowl of corn flakes, he is a master of that delicate thing known as comedy, nicely tinged with tolerance and understanding.

Other players in the cast are Mona Palma, William Harrington, Jack Egan and Charles Dyer. "Cabaret" was directed by Robert G. Vignola. C. M. D.

'EASY PICKINGS' AT WASH. ST. OLYMPIA

"Easy Pickings," that long awaited mystery drama had its first Boston showing last night at the Washington street Olympia Theatre. There have been eerie and gripping stage plays, but the picture and the effects which were obtained on the screen have eclipsed all of these.

Anna Q. Nilsson has the leading role, that of Mary, who is seeking to secure her share of Peter Van Horne's estate; Kenneth Harlan is cast as Van Horne's son, and there is a beautiful little romance between him and Mary. Billy Bevan, a successful comedian taken from two-reelers, has his first big part as the dumb detective, and makes the most of it. Secret doors, hooded spooks, mysterious sounds, all these are plentiful in the picture, but happily everything turns out right for the hero and heroine in the end as always. Philo McCollough has the heavy role of the villain, while Jerry Miley, Charles Selton, Zack Williams and Gertrude Howard lend their convincing support to the principals.

'A NIGHT OF LOVE'

"A Night of Love," featuring Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, is a George Fitzmaurice production, at the State Theatre this week. The cast:

Montero	 Ronald Colman
Princess Marie	 Vilma Banky
Duke de la Garda	 Montague Love
Dame Beatriz	 Natalie Kingston
Jester	 John George

If you like romance, dainty and fainting heroine, handsome and virile gypsy lover, you don't want to miss one minute of "A Night of Love."

In the 17th century in Spain there happened to be a law for cinema purposes that gave the duke of the feudal country the right to claim a gypsy bride on her wedding night. The Duke de la Garda (Montague Love) happened to be riding by a gypsy camp where the elaborate wedding festival was taking place and after seeing the comely bride he exercised his right and carried the struggling lady to his castle.

Rather than tolerate the kisses of the duke, the gypsy girl kills herself and her lover Montero (Ronald Colman) vows eternal vengeance by the rather uncomfortable method of singeing his arm.

Later the duke takes a bride, the niece of the King of France (Vilma Banky) and Montero appears at the bridal chamber to pay back his score. He carries off the groom as well as the bride, to the fastness of his mountain home. The duke shows what a thoroughly cowardly and despicable person he is by being willing to sacrifice the girl to save himself. The girl jumps from the window and the gypsy rewards her fearlessness by treating her with respect.

There are some wonderful gypsy camp scenes with moonlight, music and dancing. The spell weaves its charm about the princess and Montero. They fall in love and then there is the usual

60 minutes of breath-er-tion so the escapes, dungeons and fits into the final happy close-up. If you

Irving Aaronson's Commanders are a versatile combination of jazz band, singing comedians and dancers. There is one—"Red"—whose knees and feet are joyous examples of tremulous activity.

JIM MALONEY AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

Mae Murray Seen in Film at Downtown House

The popularity of a local fighter was clearly demonstrated by the capacity audience yesterday at Loew's Orpheum Theatre, where Jim Maloney, Boston's own challenger for the heavyweight championship, is headlining the vaudeville show this week. As this is his first stage appearance since his climb to fame in the pugilistic world, his many friends and admirers, both new and old, were present to give him a tremendous ovation when he stepped before the footlights.

Maloney is right at home in his new role of actor. He is a picture of physical perfection, and, for the benefit of those who have never witnessed him in his ring encounters, he engaged in three rounds of fast boxing. Jack Sheehan, veteran referee, was on hand as announcer.

KEN MAYNARD FILM AT SCOLLAY SQUARE

"The Unknown Cavalier" Is Shown at Olympia Theatre

HUNGARIAN COMIC STARS AT KEITH'S

Nan Halperin Pleases with Song Repertoire

Elsa Ersi and Joe Fejer, billed as Hungary's foremost comedy stars, supported by Joe Fejer's Hungarian orchestra, head a list of entertainers at Keith's this week that present a well-rounded and sufficiently diversified program to prove interesting and entertaining. The Ersi-Fejer act in itself is finely presented, both musically and artistically. Miss Ersi sings sweetly and the instrumentalists give a superior performance.

Nan Halperin, in a repertoire of songs and impersonations, by no means a stranger to Boston audiences, was as pleasing as usual and found many friends in the gathering. The same was true of Hamtree Harrington and Cora Green in "Nobody's Gal," a comedy sketch in song and pantomime that brought them a recall.

Frank Sinclair & Co., including Otilia K. Barton, Louise Miller, Jean Benton and Kay Karyll, presented an amusing comedy sketch, "Findem and Foolen"; Johnny Hyman gave a witty chalk and blackboard skit entitled "Playing Franks With Webster"; Bert Erroll in female impersonations and songs, assisted by Ray Hartley, gave a sketch entitled "Modes and Melodies of 1927," and Ray Huling and his dancing seal, the Chevalier Brothers in a tumbling act that was skillfully done, and Dippy Diers, assisted by Flo Bennett, closed the program with an exhibition of pantomime juggling. The news reels and topics of the day were shown as usual.

JEWISH OPERETTA

More than 3000 of Boston's Jewry attended the presentation of "Bar Kochba," Yiddish historical operetta, by the Boston Unit Junior Hadasah, at the Boston Opera House last evening. The production costs \$5000 and it was the first time it has ever been staged in Boston. The proceeds of the affair, which exceeded \$8000, will be given to an orphan asylum in Palestine.

The musical drama, which was written by Abraham Goldfaden, was presented in three acts and nine scenes. The story is woven about the historical tragedy of "Bar Kochba" who strove

to regain Jerusalem about 60 years after its destruction by the Romans under Titus in 70 A. D.

Dinna, heroine of the operetta, was charmingly played by Miriam Kressy. Cecil Gordon portrayed Bar Kochba, the young hero patriot, with great zeal and skill. Others who rendered stellar performances were Joseph Shnoll as Eleazer, Dinna's father, and Isadore Bookblinder, as Rufus, Caesar of Bethar. The operetta was directed by Julius Nathanson. Jascha Musnitsky arranged the music and directed the orchestra, and Rubin Ossosky trained the chorus and Miss Sara Horlick coached the ballet.

Ruth B. Feinberg was executive chairman and Frances Day Lesser was chairman ex-officio. Esther Cooper was chairman of production, Edith Kramer, chairman of dramatics; Frances Wiener, secretary, and Beas V. Wolper, treasurer. The officers of the Junior Hadassah are: President, Frances Lesser; first vice-president, Bella Cohen Lipsitt; second vice-president, Hattie B. Harris; treasurer, Rhoda Alperin; recording secretary, Ruth C. Mann, and corresponding secretary, Gertrude Neitlich Mason.

CONTINUING PLAYS

New Park—"Ghosts," revival of Ibsen's play starring Mrs. Fiske. Last week.

Majestic—"What Price Glory," film version of the Stallings-Anderson war play with Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Dolores del Rio and others. Last three weeks.

Plymouth—"Queen High," last week of Lawrence Schwab's musical comedy which up to date holds the longest-run record of the season. Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit and John Hazzard head the cast.

Shubert—"The Vagabond King," Russell Janney's musical version of "If I Were King," now in its second week.

Wilbur—"Americana," J. P. McEvoy's revue with Lew Brice, Roy Atwell, Charles Butterworth and others. Last week.

Copley—"The Ghost Train," mystery thriller continues at the Copley. Fourteenth week.

ENDS BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL HERE

By PHILIP HALE

A performance of Beethoven's 8th and 9th symphonies by the Boston Symphony Orchestra assisted by the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society and a quartet composed of Jeannette Freeland, Nevada Van Der Vere, Charles Stratton and Fred Patton, ended last night in Symphony hall the Beethoven centenary festival.

Whenever the 9th symphony is heard, the question inevitably comes up whether Beethoven would not have been wiser, if the symphony would not be a more complete work of art, if he had written a purely instrumental finale. The question also arises, Of what nature would the 10th symphony have been; for he purposed to write a tenth.

He had in mind two symphonies when he was composing the 9th. He thought of one "in an old mode," based on "We praise thee, O God—Alleluia," with an Adagio suggested by a Greek myth, and an Allegro portraying the Festival of Bacchus. This was to be a "Symphonie Allemanda," differing from the one ordered by the Philharmonic Society of London. But from a late year in the 18th century he was possessed with the idea of setting music to Schiller's Ode to Joy. He thought of a finale in fugue form. He also meditated a finale "With Turkish music" and a vocal chorus.

The result of these various purposes and plans was the 9th Symphony as it now stands. The first movement and the gigantic, demoniacal Scherzo remain; the "Cantique ecclésiastique" designed for the other symphony became the present slow movement; Bacchus was thrown overboard, at least by name, though many pages of the Ode to Joy have a Bacchic exultation and frenzy.

And so we have a hybrid work in that the Finale has no logical connection with the preceding movements. For this reason, and on account of the almost impossible task set for the singers, even fervent worshippers of Beethoven have wished that this Finale were for instruments only. It is stated by some contemporaries of Beethoven that he was not wholly satisfied with the vocal Finale; that he thought of writing a new one, possibly a huge fugue, for instruments.

Whatever may be thought of the Finale, which contains certain sublime pages that only Beethoven could have written, the movements preceding are beyond praise and blame. Never was he more inspired in thought and in expression. The movements of the 5th Symphony are more closely knit together, one the inevitable continuation in mood and in emotionally dramatic expression of the one preceding, the whole a portrayal of a mighty struggle as that of Jacob wrestling with the angel, until the victory is trumpeted in triumphant song; but in the first and third movements of the 9th Beethoven is even more the master of the sublime and the beautiful, while the fiery energy of the Scherzo, a Scherzo dreamed of by John Davidson in his strange poem, is unique in the whole of musical literature.

The performance of this symphony and that of the eighth brought a glorious end to the festival. Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation was poetically dramatic, vital throughout, by reason of his choice of tempi, his keen sense of rhythmic values, his command of significant nuances, his enthusiasm, which inspired orchestra, chorus and audience and did not turn into the wildness of sensational extravagance.

Seldom, if ever is heard a more impressive choral performance. Chorus and quartet, for once, were not dismayed by the reckless disregard shown by Beethoven for vocal limitations. No wonder that at the end of the concert the audience that filled the great hall, not content with customary tokens of appreciation and approbation, remained to cheer.

The grand old school of journalism still has able representatives. The Italian Mail of March 5, published at Florence, had occasion to answer "sneering paragraphs" in the Sunday Express, which the Mail said, cannot be found in public places of Florence.

"Even were it to be seen lying on the ground, we doubt if any Englishman here is given to the unhygienic habit of picking up soiled papers and reading them."

As for the writer on the Sunday Express, "his language and his opinions are of a nature more likely to be found on a garbage heap than acquired by legitimate means in the broad light of day."

THE REAL GEORGE WASHINGTON

As the World Says:

There has been much in the papers lately about the Father of His Country, and the truth of many of the pleasant tales about him has been questioned.

One paper casts doubts on the cherry tree incident and states that the elder Washington never had a cherry tree upon his place; another welcomes the recent movement to recover "the real George Washington"; while another would like to see him as a human being.

It seems to me that the following song, which I often heard as a boy, throws some light on the cherry tree incident and shows George as a very human boy:

G. WASHINGTON

There lived once a planter with a son,
his only love,
To whom upon his birthday a brand
new axe he giv.

Now this planter had a garden all filled
with apple trees,
Which for the city market he was try-
ing for to reese.

Now the boy he took his hatchet, all
joyous and jocund,
And, going to those apple trees, he
chopped them to the grund.

Now the planter called his servants and
stood them in a row,
Saying, "Who has chopped my apple
trees and killed them root and
bo'?"

The servants stand amazed, all drawn
up in a line,
When there came running up to him
his young and filial sine.

"Oh, pa, I cannot tell a lie," the boy he
thus begin,
"I did not chop your apple trees, 'twas
little Ben Franklin."

"My darling boy," the father cried,
'twere better far for thee
To tell your pa ten thousand lies than
chop one apple tree."

Now who d'ye think this planter was,
and who his youthful son?
It was the noble Augustine and young
G. Washington.

Moral.

Now whoso'er a hatchet takes and
apple trees cuts down,
If he tell lies enough will be a great
and plous mown.

It will be seen that the gifted author of this lyric discards the cherry tree legend and brings in an entirely new personality in the person of Ben Franklin. This may furnish new material for some of the recent biographers of Washington to mull over. XENES.

ADMIRAL JONES

Mr. F. A. Golder has written a book entitled "John Paul Jones in Russia."

Mr. Minnerode, reviewing the book, says that in New York are many letters written by Jones to ladies. "The same letter to several ladies at once, a convenient way, surely, however insincere, of conducting concurrent amatory correspondence." Going to Russia as Admiral in the service of Catherine the Great, our Jones made a mess of it though he described her as "the most delightful of women." Mr. Minnerode asks whether "Sir Jones" had not looked at himself in the mirror before going to Russia. At any rate Jones was given a leave of absence: "A back door imbroglio with a girl and a disagreeable lawsuit and a great deal of trouble—all of it unfounded, he maintained."

"Looked at himself in a mirror." Was Mr. Minnerode thinking of Paul Jones seeing himself in a large mirror over the mantel in Dr. Franklin's apartment in Paris? Herman Melville describes this scene and gives a remarkable portrait of the "rather small, elastic, swarthy man, with an aspect as of a disinherited Indian Chief in European clothes." (See chapters X and XI of "Israel Potter.") Jones was then "elegantly and somewhat extravagantly dressed as a civilian; he carried himself with a rustic, barbaric jauntiness, strangely dashed with a superinduced touch of the Paris salon." He sported a small, richly jewelled lady's watch. His hands were half muffled in ruffles, and ornamented with several Parisian rings.

"After a closeted consultation with Dr. Franklin he left the place with a light and dandified air, switching his gold-headed cane, and throwing a passing arm round all the pretty chambermaids he encountered, kissing them resoundingly, as if saluting a frigate. All barbarians are rakes."

How many who are still "discovering" Herman Melville could pass an examination on "Israel Potter"? To us this story, based on a ragged copy of "The Life and Remarkable Adventures of Israel R. Potter," published in 1824, is one of Melville's most characteristic and delightful books, with its sketches of Franklin, George III, and Ethan Allen; with the magnificent description of the sea fight between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis. Even in "Israel Potter" there are touches of Melville's irony. He ends the long account of the sea fight, having extolled the heroism of Jones, by this conclusion: "In view of this battle one may ask—What separates the enlightened man from the savage? Is civilization a thing distinct, or is it an advanced stage of barbarism?"

Mr. Nicholas Slonimsky of Boston contributes to the current number of Modern Music an interesting article on the little known Russian composer, Vladimir DuKelsky, little known in Boston, though his overture "Gondia" was performed in New York in 1923 (he was then 19 years old and living in New York). Mr. Slonimsky says that DuKelsky sailed for Paris in 1924, taking with him the manuscript of a piano concerto "to offer the Parisian Witenagemot."

Mr. Slonimsky now writes to us: "Some of my friends point out that the word 'Witenagemot' will pass uncomprehended. What I meant was to convey a humorous idea of a 'council of wise men' elected or self-appointed. The word 'Arcopagus' is too hackneyed. Why not revive 'Witenagemot'? Besides, it is the longest word of purely Anglo-Saxon origin."

"Witenagemot," a compound word—"to know" and "assembly," is in good and regular standing. It was the name in Anglo-Saxon times of the great national council or parliament, consisting of members of the royal family, the archbishops, bishops, abbots, earldormen and king's thanes. "In practice its members varied from a score to 100, but in theory the W. having been evolved by absorption of the lesser Ws. or folkmoths of the tribes comprising the Heptarchy, it is probable that all freemen were entitled to attend." J. R. Green in his "Short History of the English People" writes that the council gathered by Theodore of Tarsus in England by Rome in 663

dispatched to England were the first of all national gatherings for general legislation. It was at a much later date that the Wise Men of Wessex, or Northumbria, or Mercia, learned to come together in the Witenagemot of all England.

But why "Arcopagus" or "Witenagemot" with reference to these Parisians? Why not "The Wise Men of Paris"?

The program of the Symphony concerts this week will not include any work by Beethoven. Let him rest in peace, let him rest in peace. Nor will there be anything to excite the rage of the reactionaries in the audience except, possibly, the locomotive engine piece, "Pacific," by our friend Honegger. There will be a concerto by the highly respectable J. S. Bach, also a little and agreeable symphony, "Classical," by Prokofiev, who writing it was in gentle, amiable mood. The concerto and the symphony have already been performed here this season. That admirable violoncellist, Mr. Bedetti, has chosen Lalo's concerto which he played some time ago at one of the orchestra's extra concerts.

Mr. Damon's poem read last Monday night at Symphony hall will be found in the Symphony's program book of this week.

Notes and Lines:

Is it fair play to follow the policy that has been established regarding admission to the Symphony concerts Friday afternoon in Symphony hall, when one finds that this policy is nullified by a few persons who upon reaching the second balcony claim 10 or more seats each, for friends at the end of the line outside the hall, by placing a program book, magazine or newspaper on each seat? Is there no relief from this situation?

MRS. BOWEN B. SCOTT.

Providence, R. I.

Harry Hughes, baritone, will sing tonight in Jordan hall arias by Bononcini, Vivaldi and Mozart, and songs by Borrensen, Tøye, Dvorak, Helse, Schumann Strauss, Griffes, Anson, Tchaikovsky and an English folk song "The Idly Carter," arranged by Moeran.

Next Saturday afternoon the 15th century Ensemble (Bruce Simonds, pianist; the Misses Comstock and Lowell, violinists; Miss Golden, viola; George Brown, cellist; C. S. Smith, fustist), will give a concert in Jordan hall. W. F. Bach's concerto in F major; a trio for flute, cello and piano by Rameau; a piano sonata by Mozart; and a Quintet in D major by Boccherini.

Tomorrow evening Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and their Denishawn Dancers will give an entertainment of oriental dances and ballet scenes at the Boston Opera House for the benefit of the Boston Dispensary. The cause and the entertainment should fill the theatre.

Miss St. Denis, Mr. Shawn and their dancers will also give dances and ballet scenes on Saturday afternoon and evening.

"WITH A SMILE"

Notes and Lines:

Regarding Mr. Frank H. Briggs's paragraph on "Greet the Old Man with a Smile," published in As the World Wags column on March 28.

This song appeared in "Tabasco," which was brought out by the Cadets at the Tremont Theatre and was later produced by professionals. De Wolf Hopper did not appear in either production. Thomas Q. Seabrooke was starred in the later production and appeared here at the Boston Museum in the spring of 1894. The words in question ran as follows:

"If upon the horizon some day should appear
Little grandfather's famous old tile,
Wouldn't nine out of ten folks be glad
to see that,

And greet the old man with a smile."

Mr. Hopper's contribution to that campaign appeared in "Wang." In the song with the children he sang:

"Grover, Grover, four more years of Grover;

In he goes,
Out they go,
And then we'll be in clover."

F. S. AMBROSE.

The music for "Tabasco" was written by George W. Chadwick (1893), but his song with the refrain "Greet the old man with a smile" was originally very different from the topical song in that comic opera. The original was written for a semi-private occasion. The last lines of each verse were—

"Remember the barkeeper never forgets
To greet the old man with a smile."

We do not believe that "Grover, Grover," originated with Mr. Hopper or any one of his librettists.—Ed.

Mr. Rachmaninoff will give the afternoon Symphony hall concert of next Sunday. He will play Beethoven's Sonata op. 26, Schumann's Etudes Sym-

phoniques, and pieces by Mendelssohn, Liszt, Medtner and Rachmaninoff.

The People's Symphony orchestra will give a concert that afternoon in Jordan hall.

Concerts next week: Monday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Alexander Bralowsky, pianist. Tuesday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Claramond Thompson, contralto. Wednesday, Steinhart hall, 8:15 P. M., Earl Spicer, baritone. Thursday, Repertory hall, 8:15 P. M., Alice Allen Drayton, pianist. Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Alice Armstrong Kimball, soprano. Steinhart hall, 8:15 P. M., Luther O. Emerson, baritone. Friday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Alden Davies, tenor. Saturday, Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Povla Frijsh, soprano. Mrs. Moilewitsch, pianist, will play in Jordan hall on Wednesday evening.

Camille Girouard Pleases Large Audience

Camille Girouard, baritone, well accompanied by Margaret Kent Hubbard, sang this program last night in Jordan hall: "Invocazione di Orfeo," Peri; "Donzelle, Fuggite," Cavalli; "O Carlo, Ascolta," from "Don Carlos," Verdi; "Der Leiermann," "Der Neugierige," Schubert; "Kling! leise, mein Lied," "Es rauschen die Winde," Liszt; "Clair de Lune," Faure; "Le Manoir de Rosemonde," Duparc; "Trois jours de Vendange," Hahn; "Henri VIII," Saint-Saens; "Wayfarer's Night Song," Martin; "Time O' Day," Scott; "Strew No More Red Roses," "Tis but a Week," Bridge.

Mr. Girouard last night, through his well schooled voice, did credit to his teaching, for this voice is one of those most troublesome to train, a baritone so high and light, it is almost, but not quite, a tenor. Just what to do with an organ of that character—there you have a tough nut to crack.

This difficult problem Mr. Girouard seems to have met with rare intelligence. Though perhaps he employs his sweet light tones till they tend to cloy, never does he spoil their quality by forcing. And when he so chooses he can deliver tones both high and reasonably low that are strong and finely resonant. To go on with the list of Mr. Girouard's technical virtues, he has learned to manage his breath with every appearance of comfort; he enunciates with unusual distinctness, and he has acquired a smooth legato.

To judge by the evidence of last night's performance, Mr. Girouard is operatically disposed; he sang the Verdi air and that by Saint-Saens in such wise as to suggest that presently, when the time comes, he will sing them very well indeed, with genuine dramatic feeling which he will be able to express.

More ample justice he did last night to simpler songs in the narrative style, like that by Hahn; for this song in particular he had character at hand. Of the German songs or of Faure's he showed faint appreciation, either musical or poetic.

Since he is blessed with talent, a voice and a technique, it is to be hoped that Mr. Girouard will see his way to the higher development of the purely musical side of his nature. Yesterday evening, to say the truth, he sang not many melodies as though their beauty meant much to him. But this beauty must come to mean much to him, if he hopes to become a singer of consequence. For still it remains, when all is said, the foundation of fine singing.

Mr. Girouard's large audience liked him well. R. R. G.

LOUISA JAMES STARS IN 'THE KING'

Fine Arts Theatre—The Dramatic Workshop presents "The King," by Sylvia Cushing Anderson for the benefit of Community Service of Boston, Incorporated. The principals in the cast were:

Woman of the People Doris Sanger
The Queen Louisa James
Soul, Perfume Slave Francesca Braggiotti
The King Charles Leatherbee
First Lady in Waiting Mrs. Edward Holton James

Armenians sonorously chanting behind curtains over which tinted lights flickered, gave proper atmosphere before the audience was transported to the palace gates of a powerful king.

A mob of peasants seek mercy from their King and beg that he give them relief from pestilence and famine. Hands are raised in supplication. How effective this use of imploring hands—fingers and uplifted palms have such dramatic possibilities. They can do so much toward interpreting action without need of words.

From among the mob steps a woman whose babe has just died from the plague. She courageously goes in to the king to test his power by asking

him to give her back her child. Instead, however, we find her before the Queen in the perfume-laden room facing a derisive, but curious audience she tells her story. The Queen wearis and orders this oddity to be cast forth but not until the grief-stricken woman has cursed her for her heartlessness.

The king arrives, secure in a sense of his own majesty, but his power avails him nothing when his queen sickens and dies before his eyes. Then at last does he humbly bow before a greater God and then only does rain fall upon a parched and dying world.

Especially creditable was the characterization of the Queen by Louisa James. She did not—as is often lamentably true in amateur theatricals—act only during her own scene. Her gestures, her facial expressions, her actions were always appropriate. She showed genuine dramatic ability.

Doris Sanger as the woman of the people, never over-did her tragic moments. Her grief at the death of her child was particularly well done and her talk before the Queen was restrained.

Miss Braggiotti, as always, danced with infinite grace. As she tossed rose petals about her she called to mind the lines of Amy Lowell anent the exquisite liteness and beauty of her dancing.

A word should be said in praise of the tasteful scenery designed by Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins Sullivan.

The entire performance was a credit to the directing of Miss Joy Higgins and to the cast itself. Every part, from the principal to the most minor, was acted with thought and genuine feeling. Each one felt and portrayed the ignorance and superstition of the helpless ancient days. F. B. B.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1927

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE

Miss Pauline Frederick is meeting with extraordinary success in London as the distressed heroine in "Madam X." We learn from the Daily Express that women in the audience swoon with emotion. "A little sob, a thud"—we hope not "a dull, sickening thud"—and two attendants hurry quietly to carry out another too enthusiastic admirer. Cold water acts as a restorative, and with tears pouring down her face, the too emotional woman creeps back to her seat. Women who have survived dozens of Miss Frederick's emotional scenes on the screen swoon away on the tide of intense emotion at the stage representation.

Are the gallery attendants callous? One of them said to a reporter from the Daily Express office: "Saturday is the worst day. They are dropping all over the place."

Miss Frederick, or her press agent, might well exclaim: "Let 'em swoon. Let 'em drop," even if they drop from the gallery into the pit. Are there no physicians in attendance or named in the bill?

We infer from this report that Miss Pauline Frederick is an emotional actress.

THE DUKE AND THE "REALTORS"
As the World Wags:

Since we got to talking about bungalow buyin the B and C goes and gets ritzy and broadcasts the news to about 10 girl friends. You should of heard the line she pulls over the phone. She calls up and just fer a bluff she asks some fool questhun and then drifts into, "O I almost forgot to tell you of hubby's New Year surprise. What do you think? We're going to buy a home of our own," then she asks em all to keep it dark as she hasn't breathed it to a soul. Yesterday she picks up a noose-paper an writes to about a hundred guys whats advertising bungalows and last night the door bell sounded like a Swiss Bell Ringers Act. I talked to real estators till I was blue in the face, cnnyway I got about 50 cigars which rank all the way from a nickel to 15c. One bozo tells me they got a plan where if you lose your job your payments stop until you get another an I tole him if he could get me a agreement from a grocer and butcher an a coal man to the same effect I would sign up at once. I had in mind that then I could tell the boss what he could do with his job and retire.

Another glnk has got a place whats got 2 baths, that would be the nutz cause every Sunday morning theres a helova argument as to who takes there bath first. The next peddler has got the word mortgage so hypnotized with high falutin non de plumes that he makes you think the dump is clear when you pass over the 500 buck 1st payment. I had the damest time trying to get somewhere with one old fossil who I asked how big was the lot, he tells mo its 50

ft. wide an a 125 deep. I kept tellin him I didn't want to know how deep it was, I wanted to know how long and how wide it was, this guy must of thought I was gonna rent out part of it for a grave yard. One gazabo had the nerve to tell me the suhway would soon be out near his property, I thought to myself, you should live so long. The last bird asked me if I was stuck on a stucco proposition and I tole him the chances are I would be if I bought onc.

DUKE BAKRAK.
P. S.—If those birds only knew how much kale we got together so far I bet they would be back tomorrow for their cigars.

WE DON'T KNOW
As the World Wags:

Some 20-30 years ago in the Boston Journal on the last page—first column—about half-way down there was a little verse that ran something like

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of corn,
Make Glengarry whiskey
And the morning-horn.
Little drops of claret,
Now and then at first,
Form an awful habit
And a dreadful thirst.
And the whiskey-toddles,
Humble though they be,
Make red eyes and fill the
Pen-l-ten-tia-ry."

Will you tell me who wrote it?
H. G. C.

J. P. of Portsmouth, N. H., writes: "The lines sent to you by L. M. T., who asked their origin, were in vogue in Portsmouth 60 or 70 years ago in more complete form as follows:

"Aunt Jemima climbed a tree,
And had a stick to boost her,
And there she sat a-throwing corn
To our bob-tailed rooster.
"Corn cobs twist your hair,
Cart wheels surround you,
Fiery dragons drag you off
And mortar pestles pound you."

A SIMPLE SOUL
As the World Wags:

She was a beautiful soul—so real, so genuine—why, her frocks were so simple they cost three hundred bucks apiece. She weathered finishing school, a debut, four engagements and one marriage ceremony. . . . And now we find her telephoning to the grocer one Monday morning, just as sweet and simple as ever: "Please send me some cottage cheese," she cooed softly. "Let's see," says the groceryman, "you live in that big colonial house near the end of the street, doncha?" "Yes—but that doesn't make a particle of difference," she replied ever so softly, "I want cottage cheese just the same."

TOP-HATTED
As the World Wags:

To the statues with tall hats listed in your column on Wednesday, March 23, may I add that of Gromme, the great French artist, in the Musee du Luxembourg, Paris, by Henri Greber?
CHARLES ST. C. WADE.
Taunton.

A RECENT CONVERSION
As the World Wags:

I've been credited by relatives and by very many dear friends as one with a strong stable mind, and yet I've never been stabled by any of the individuals; this probably is because they have not recognized that I have horse sense even if they would be justified in declaring that I am somewhat mullish. Some have said that I am so firm in my convictions and resolutions that dynamite could not swerve me, although I've been blown up more than a few times after one of my explosions. Be it so, but I was surely opposed that Congress should give the farmers West, or East, any relief. I've changed my mind in their favor. I've also been steadfast in my support of prohibition, the drierest of the "Dryes"; but now I'm an out-and-out "Wet." It has been said that even great men sensibly change their minds, and so I count myself one of the "Great." The changes in my mind have come about through reading a cablegram dated "Paris" that a professor of one of the leading colleges of France has completed a series of tests with six hens and has proven that any individual may have fresh eggs for breakfast instead of "cold storage" laying. With six hens, each of which he gave a small amount of wine in their food each feeding to aid digestion, they produced in six months 169 more eggs than six other hens given a prohibition bill-of-fare. And now I want Congress shall modify the present law for the benefit of the farmers in fact, and the farmers to be.
HEROD.

HARRY HUGHES

Harry Hughes, baritone, sang last night in Jordan hall, excellently accompanied by Reginald Boardman. This was his program: Per la gloria d'ardo-

ravi, Bononini. Un certo Ron so cano Vivaldi; Se vuol ballare, Mozart; If you have kindly feelings, Hakon Borresen; The Inn, Francis Toye; Prayer, Dvorak; When I was a little tiny boy, Peter Helse; Schone Wiege meiner Leiden, Schumann; Der Sandman, Schumann; Heimliche Aufforderung, Strauss; An old song resung, Griffes; The Jolly Carter (English folk song), arr. by Moeran; Last Night, Anson; Don Juan's Serenade, Tschakowsky.

This was surely a very good program of Mr. Hughes's arranging, for, although it brought few masterpieces to a hearing, at least it offered no rubbish that did shame to Jordan hall; so the average stayed high. Some ingenuity, too, went to its making. It was a happy notion to sing Figaro's remarks behind the count's back instead of his more usual address to the page, and it was good for the world to be reminded that Dvorak wrote songs worth the hearing. The modern Englishmen so much the fashion rose worthily to the occasion—these young people appear to be doing extremely good work, Griffes, stirred by Masfield's poem to put his mind, for once, on his declamation, wrote a song as singable as it is imaginative. And the Schumann songs were very unfamiliar.

Mr. Hughes sang, on the whole, this pleasant program well. He has a voice of not very long range but of full volume and of excellent quality, a voice finely resonant when he will let it be, but sometimes muffled and dull, as when he takes a curious fancy to sing with his mouth all but closed. He sings very smoothly, with sound breath control, and his enunciation, for the most part, he has learned to make very clear. He phrases with musical intelligence.

Mr. Hughes, in the way of interpretation, has already learned much—more, perhaps, than he has had time to assimilate; he interprets something too obviously, too visibly, it may even be said. He scarcely brought conviction home last night that he felt everything as earnestly as he said it. And yet if he had not tried for emphasis, where would he have been? The two horns to every dilemma do indeed make us trouble.

Dvorak's Prayer Mr. Hughes sang as though he truly felt it. So he did that song by the man with the Scandinavian name, Borresen, and Anson's song to the old English poem. He also dealt effectively with the Griffes song, though it would have been more effective still if he had trusted more confidently in Griffes and Masfield and so had not tried to put more into the song than is there.

An audience of very good size seemed well pleased with Mr. Hughes's singing. R. R. G.

ORACLE.

21ST CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 21st concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Brandenburg concerto No. 4, G major for violin, two flutes and string orchestra. Lalo, concerto, D minor, for violoncello and orchestra. Hill, "Lilacs," poem for orchestra suggested by lines of the late Amy Lowell. (First time in Boston). Prokofieff, Classical Symphony, op. 25. Honegger, "Pacific 231." Jean Bedetti was the solo violoncellist.

The concerto by Bach and Prokofieff's charming symphony were performed earlier in the season. Again Messrs. Birgin Laurent and Eladet played delightfully the chatter of Bach; again the little symphony by Prokofieff, much more important musically than many pretentious works, symphonies, symphonic poems, fantasias, aroused applause that was spontaneous, hearty, genuine and long-continued. The versatility of Prokofieff is, indeed, amazing. This Russian, thought by some to be a wild man of the steppes, not only voices the barbaric, Pagan Scythian, chants the wild, ferocious incantation of Akkadian priests and shrieks with the shuddering multitude; he turns about and writes a symphony which, for its grace and elegance, its melodic fascination, its exquisite sense of proportion Mozart would not have been ashamed to acknowledge as his own. And how beautifully it was performed by the orchestra!

When Lalo's violoncello concerto was played in Vienna by Adolf Fischer in 1878, the critic Hanslick could find nothing in it. He called it "peppered apple-sauce"; thought the first movement pompous and boring; the Intermezzo was too French, too dissonant; throughout the concerto there were no melodious themes.

O, Eduard, where were your ears? Did you leave your taste behind on your writing desk when you went to the concert?

The stately, impressive Introduction is as a preparation for something worth while to come. It is as if the orchestra

said to the artist: "There, that's that. Now see what you can do." And the interpretation of the brass in the first movement are as comments: "Well done" (or, when the soloist is not the accomplished artist heard yesterday, these comments might be indignant and contemptuous). The Spanish blood in Lalo's veins inspired the second theme of the first movement and the chief and haunting motive of the Intermezzo. No melodic beauty? No trace of the peculiar elegance characteristic of Lalo, admirable musician and composer? Herr Hanslick is dead and by many clean forgotten, not deservedly, for a spite of his violent prejudices, he was a man of parts; Lalo's concerto is still alive in its freshness and beauty. Mr. Bedetti richly deserved the enthusiastic applause for his performance. Not only for its tonal quality, the taste displayed in phrasing, the personal, intimate appeal, but also for the refinement of the interpretation.

Mr. Hill's "Lilacs" may be regarded as his tribute to the memory of Miss Lowell. His poem contains pleasing lyrical ideas that grow in warmth of expression till they burst forth in sonorous emotion. As he is an admirer of the French modern school, it is not surprising to find here and there the marked influence of Debussy and Ravel, but there is little or no impressionistic vagueness; the melodic outlines are clear, the thematic treatment is that of a musician, the instrumentation is discreet but significant. "Lilacs" would gain by revision. The second crescendo leading to a fortissimo is an anti-climax, practically a repetition in effect of what has gone before; nor does the musical material warrant a composition of this length. "Lilacs" was well received by the audience; the composer was called to the stage.

Some say that Honegger had no business to summon a locomotive engine for inspiration; but there is majestic poetry in great machines, even in railway engines. One of Turner's most striking pictures is the one depicting a hare running madly across a viaduct with a pursuing locomotive in rain and mist. What was the most poetic thing at the Philadelphia exposition of 1876? The superb Corliss engine epic in strength and grandeur. Walt Whitman, Kipling and others have found inspiration in a locomotive; why reproach a composer for attempting to express "the visual impression and the physical sensation" of it. One may like or dislike "Pacific 231," but it is something more than a musical joke; it was not merely devised for sensational effect.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. The program of April 15 and 16 will be as follows: Tommasini's suite of five sonatas by D. Scarlatti, a suite derived from the former's ballet, "The Good-humored Ladies"; Loeffler, symphonic poem, "Memories of My Childhood"; Tchaikowsky, symphony No. 5, E minor.

RUTH ST. DENIS

Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and their Denishawn Dancers (Misses Humphrey, Douglas, Graham, Day, Lawrence, Howry, Ware and Messrs. Weldman, Steares and McLean, gave an entertainment last night at the Boston Opera House for the benefit of the Boston Dispensary. Clifford Vaughan was the pianist-conductor; Hugo Bergamasco, the flutist; John Passarelli, the violinist, and Al. Alessandri, the cellist.

The program was as follows: Straussiana with music by Johann Joseph and Edward Strauss (Miss St. Denis, Mr. Shawn, Miss Humphrey, Mr. McLean and others). Four visualizations of music by Sterbach, Liszt, Schubert, Sinding, "Invocation to Buddha" (Miss St. Denis). Cambodian dance. Maple-leaf viewing party in Japan (Mr. Shawn and others). "White Jade" (Miss St. Denis). Gen. Wu's Farewell to his wife). A Javanese Court Dancer (Miss St. Denis). Impressions of Shadow Puppet Drama. A Ylin Pwe in Burma (Miss Humphrey and ensemble). "The Soul of India" (Miss St. Denis), the "Cosmic Dance of Siva" (Mr. Shawn). In the Bunbia Bazaar (Miss St. Denis and ensemble).

For the Indian dances the music comprised compositions by Lily Strickland Anderson.

The entertainment was indeed a varied one, filled with much that was interesting, exotic, strange and beautiful. The Viennese Dance Medley with the music of the three Strauss made one sigh for the old days of waltzes and polka mazurkas, when dances were graceful, a pleasure to the looker-on as to those on the ball room floor; when the music had a voluptuous or intoxicating charm and was not an excitement to acrobatic and vulgar embracing. The Choir Dance by the Misses Day, Douglas and Garrett, three young girls, pleased by its artful simplicity, while Miss Humphrey "At the Spring," reminded one of Swinburne's

one "And all her body was more virtuous than souls of women fashioned otherwise."

The Oriental scenes, plays, dances, were especially attractive. Miss St. Denis's "Invocation to Buddha," and "White Jade" will long be remembered for exquisite calmness that was eloquent. In these scenes, and as a Javanese dancer and by the imaginative symbolism of her "Soul of India" she brought into the opera house the spirit of the venerable and mysterious East.

The Javanese Shadow Puppet Drama, amusing, was all too short, where as some of the dances seemed a little drawn out. Miss Graham's carefully studied Cambodian dance, performed with great skill and apparent ease, was a feature of the evening. The Chinese play, admirably performed, brought in our old friend the indifferent property man as in that delightful play, not appreciated here seasons ago, "The Yellow Jacket." Mr. Shawn's "Cosmic Dance of Siva" was remarkable in every way, a veritable portrayal of the dance as described and pictured in Mr. Coomaraswamy's volume of essays on Hindu beliefs, customs, mythology and philosophy, while as the Demon in the Japanese play, Mr. Shawn was a demon of atrocious, fearsome appearance, actions and qualities.

The costumes were gorgeous in color, but not at the expense of taste. The background for them and the manner in which the lights were thrown on them were artistic. The music was appropriate and added greatly to the "atmosphere" of the scenes.

There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. In one of the intermissions Charles F. Weed made a short address, sketching in a few words the history of the Dispensary, the oldest charitable institution in New England, and relating the beneficent work.

Miss St. Denis, Mr. Shawn and the Denishawns will present a different program at the Boston Opera House this afternoon and this evening.

A. L. Peirce of Hyde Park wishes to know if there is such a person as Mr. Herkimer Johnson. "I was led to investigate if there was a really and truly Blossom court. I found it! Many nooks and crannies off the beaten path in the old West end are given over to studios and artists. But Blossom court does not furnish an environment conducive to literary output. I don't recall Joseph C. Lincoln ever mentioning Clamport on Cape Cod. Please enlighten me on a subject I've long pondered over."

Is there "such a person" as Mr. Herkimer Johnson? "Person" forsooth! Mr. Johnson is a PERSONAGE. Like all truly great men he is modest and retiring, or The Herald would publish in the Sunday rotogravure section a series of portraits: Mr. Johnson at the interesting age of 6; Mr. Johnson at school (at the foot of his class); Mr. Johnson addressing the Consolidate Sociological Society at Plauen, Saxony; Mr. Johnson conversing with Sir Oliver Lodge; Mr. Johnson eating sausages and buckwheat cakes with Cal at the White House; Mr. Johnson at the age of 60 reading an improving book (probably Artemus Ward) on a veranda at Clamport.

Not able to work in Blossom court? You do not know Mr. Johnson's power of concentration. Some of the most remarkable chapters in vol. 1 of his colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast" (Elephant folio; sold only by subscription) were written when, in happier days, he was living in a little suite over a beer saloon in Hoboken.

As the World Wags:
Adv. in The Boston Herald:
"LADIES READY TO WEAR CLOTHES"

Can this account for the incipient boom in the textile industry as reported in other columns of The Herald?
Aiken, S. C. LIVDAV.

No one but a lunatic could really make a habit of having no habits.—Robert Lynd.

As the World Wags:
T'other day, in Tucson, which is still in Arizona, I went into a restaurant. While I was in the restaurant there came a handsome fellow to dine. Now, whether he hailed from London, Harvard or Hollywood I do not pretend to know, and would have erased him entirely had he not said: "Way-tah! Way-tah!—I say, WAY-tah!" And the waiter replied: "Aw, that's nuthin'—I knew a guy onct what sez 'Bawth,' but he 'ad adnoys er sumptin'." ORACLE.

Long hair is lovely. It gives grace and dignity, and lets one see the shape of the head. Shingled or bobbed heads have no shape, and all look alike.—Ethel Walker.

A BOY'S OPINION
(For As the World Wags)
They's jes' one day of all the year

Its . . . to shoot!
(I'm juvver sick when that comes roun')
An, that, is April Fool.

What fun to put on fellers' backs
A great "Please kick me" card:
Er offer doughnuts fer the'r lunch
Of cotton fried in lard!
The little kids is easy game,
The big uns er more sly;
But we er sure to sell 'em all
B'fore the day's gone by.

Out on the wardrobe nalls we mix
Each coat, an' cap, an' hat;
We turn the clock a nour ahead,
An' heaps o' things like that.

The teacher she might lick us boys
Untill we howled with pain,
But when nex' April Fool was here
We'd do the same again.

An' so I say that onct a year
I like to go to school;
It makes up fer the other days—
The fun of April Fool.

ADELE BARNEY WILSON.

Brockton.

OUR DAILY SHORT STORY

"Curses!" She Hissed, or the Co-Ed's Dilemma

She made her debut. It was a lovely little debut, rose-hued, with cunning little corners and a handle. Just as she was about to carve her initials on it she awoke with a start, but it was a slow start and she was disqualified. As she sank for the third time into the depths of her pillow she grasped at a straw, despite the fact that straws were not in season, and her head swam. Her body could not swim, so she lost her head. Reaching the bank, she cashed a check and decided to cut a class. She did cut the class, deliberately, and with malice aforethought. The class gasped, staggered and fell bleeding at her feet. She was struck with remorse—struck so forcibly, in fact, that she resolved never again to cut a class. There was no school next day. It was Sunday.

GEORGE THE RED MAN.

Mr. W. R. Thomas of Liverpool is disturbed by the deterioration of words which is prevalent today. A Communist is not necessarily an Anarchist; the term was originally applied to "a lofty (if impracticable) social scheme, adopted by the early Christians, and described in the Acts of the Apostles." A Socialist is not necessarily a Revolutionary. (Mr. Thomas might have mentioned "Christian Socialism," the doctrine or theory promulgated about 1850, by Frederick D. Maurice, Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hughes and others. They advocated a form of socialism on a Christian basis.) Secondary is not the same as second-rate, yet the word is so used.

AT HOME, SWEET HOME

As the World Wags:
Found a new arrival . . . in a swirl of soft coal smoke . . . inhaling it deeply . . . exultantly. "Where are you from, stranger?" I interrogates. "Pittsburgh," said the stranger. "Oh!" said I.

OSWALD OF WESLAYAN.

ON THE 5:15

As the World Wags:
"Myrtle got six books of poetry for Christmas."
"She did?"
"Yes. I was reading one the other day."
"You were?"
"Yes. One of Alfred Noyes, the Englishman that teaches at Princeton or somewhere. You know, he wrote a lot of poetry during the war."
"Oh, yes—Rhymes of a Red Cross Man."

"No, that was written by some American. Alfred Noyes is English."
"H'm. You sure?"
"Yes, I'm sure. You know I heard him read one. Read, my dear, he hardly looked at the book. Just recited as if he was talking to you by the firelight. And he looked so well too."

"H'm."
"And you should have seen his wife! So lovely, just the kind of a woman a poet ought to pick out!"
"H'm."
"No, he didn't write 'Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.' That is not unless I'm mistaken. That was written by an American and Alfred Noyes is English."
"I'm getting hungry."
"So'm I . . . I'm sure Myrtle would be glad to lend you the book if you'd be careful to return it."

DALE WARREN.

April 3 1927

18TH CENTURY

By PHILIP HALE

The 18th Century Ensemble—Bruce Simonds, pianist, Carleton S. Smith, flutist, Dorothy B. Comstock and Marlana Lowell, violinists, Anna Golden, viola, and George Brown, violoncello, gave a concert, yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. The program was as follows: W. F. Bach, Concerto, F major, Rameau, trio for flute, cello and piano.

Mozart, piano sonata, Boccherini, quintet, D major.

Rameau published in 1741 five pieces for three instruments, "Pieces en Concerts," for Clavecin (harpsichord), violin or flute and viol or a second violin. The pieces are modelled on the ternary form of the Italian concerto, a form adopted in France by at least two of Rameau's predecessors. The three movements usually bore titles recalling the memory of some person or a locality. Rameau would begin with a lively movement, follow it with a Rondo at a more moderate pace and end with a rapid finale. The harpsichord often announces the themes, which are taken up by the stringed instruments.

The Trio chosen for performance yesterday was agreeable music, vivacious, tuneful, pleasant to hear. It was performed in the appropriately spirited manner without any foolish attempt to give the work undue importance. Mr. Simonds played the piano part discreetly and tastefully, yet one could not help wondering whether a harpsichord would not have been better suited to the music. At any rate it would have gone well with the 18 tall candles that lighted the platform. Eighteen for the 18th Century? Symbolical candles?

Friedemann Bach, it has been said, might have rivaled his illustrious father if he has not given himself to strong waters and generally loose living. His concerto in F is not cast, to be sure, too rigidly in the old and approved moulds of his time; there is pronounced individuality of treatment in the first movement. The lugubrious Adagio would be more appealing were it shorter; had not Friedemann indulged himself in the luxury of woe, writhing possibly "the morning after."

It is a pleasure to hear Mr. Simonds. Whatever he chooses to play is interpreted in a delightful manner. Were he to play only runs and florid figures, tonal beauty would charm the ear. May one venture to doubt whether one or two of Mozart's variations and the final march should be taken at so fast a pace as Mr. Simonds chose? Saint-Saens in his edition of Mozart's Sonatas has some interesting remarks about tempi in Mozart's time.

The ensemble yesterday was technically proficient, well balanced, and musically intelligent.

Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn at Opera House

Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and the Denishawn Dancers gave a second entertainment at the Opera House yesterday afternoon, before a large and enthusiastic audience. Scenes and dances of Chinese life, of Java, of Burmese matters and Indian, fully described and warmly praised in yesterday's Herald, formed a large part of the program. But there was much else to see that proved attractive.

Doris Humphrey, Charles Weldman and the ensemble came first, in a graceful dance to the music of Schumann's "Grilleu"; these dancers have gained both in precision and grace since last they appeared in Boston. Jeordla Graham and Ted Shawn, more ambitious, expressed their views, as suggestively as the art of the dance will allow, on the topic of what is sacred, what is profane; each individual present yesterday must determine for himself with what degree of success they achieved expression, how poetic they were able to make it.

The same may be said of Miss St. Denis's interpretation of a Brahms waltz and a Liszt Liebestraum. A waltz by Doris Humphrey, if less lofty in aim, at all events did what it set out to do; whirling scarfs or many colors, after the order of Loie Fuller, gave pleasure to the eye. So did the brilliant picture by Miss Humphrey, Mr. Shawn and the ensemble, to music by Eduard Schuett.

CASTING poetry for the moment behind them, Miss St. Denis, a dazzling creature in red and green, brought vivid characterization to the impersonation of a Spaniard, and Mr. Shawn quickened two "Flamen" dances with the very breath of life. Prose, no doubt of it, is a more normal speech today than poetry, for performer and auditor alike. Mr. Weldman, Mr. Steares and Mr. McLean presented next a Devil Dance from Ceylon, most uncanny; Miss St. Denis, gorgeous once more in robes of amazing volume and beautiful colors, named the Legend of Pelee, the Hawaiian volcano goddess, a second scene deriving from Loie Fuller; and Miss Humphreys danced very prettily to a Bach bourree.

These "divertissements" closed with four American sketches by Eastwood Lane. If it was Mr. Weldman who did the Crapshooter here two or three years ago, he has cause to congratulate himself on the growth of his art, he missed the little scene delightfully, with not one needless or empty gesture; he even accomplished the feat of making his dancing interludes in a pantomime seem part of it, not a mere interjection. Mr. Shawn, still dealing in prose, made much of a dance with

When a young singer comes before a Boston audience and, though possessing by nature a good voice, shows a lack of technical preparation and an almost complete ignorance of the aesthetic qualities of the songs, singing only the notes without regard to the period of composition, the thought, the composer's interpretation and expression of that thought, the poor wretch is blamed for presumption.

Nine cases out of ten, it is the fault of the teacher, not the pupil. For there are teachers who in their zeal to acquire more pupils urge those already have to sing in public. "You must gain experience," they say; "the only way to gain it is by singing to an audience."

Thus these teachers obtain publicity in addition to their advertisements in the newspapers. They can say to the world at large: "Take notice of me: my pupils have the opportunity of singing in public, for I prepare them for that purpose."

What is the result? The pupil is at once recognized by the critics as one of those in the audience who are not personal friends and relatives but ready for a public appearance. The pupil pays, often dearly. Does the teacher gain in reputation? Is he not discredited?

And these pupils, singing as a rule without understanding of the English songs, sing without trepidation, yes jauntily, arias that an operator of high reputation, acquainted with the foreign language, would long and earnestly before venturing to put them on a program. These young singers arrange "groups" of Italian, French, German songs in their programs, when it is doubtful whether they could sing effectively. In the proper emphasis and emotion, Clay's "Sand o' Dee" or Molloy's "Song of the Wooden Shoon."

Managers are also to blame for this exhibition of vocal and aesthetic preparedness. It is to their pecuniary advantage, yet they are not so much to be censured as the teachers. This is a sadly commercial world; music has been and is commercialized. The more clients, the more money in the pockets of the managers.

Mme. Bertha Kalich will play in Sudermann's "Magda" ("Heimath") at the Plymouth Theatre tomorrow night. She played the part in Yiddish in New York before she came out in an English-speaking role in 1905. Mme. Kalich, a Galician by birth, began her public life as a singer, having studied at the Lemberg Conservatory. She sang in light and grand opera. Her first success in New York was won by her interpretation of roles in operettas by Offenbach and others. Later she played in "A Doll's House," "Fedora," "Madame Sans-Gene," "Sapho," "Magda," but all in Yiddish, until in 1905 she played Fedora in English.

When Sudermann's "Magda" was first performed in English in this country by Modjeska (New York, Jan. 29, 1894), the play shocked William Winter. He was so annoyed that in an article he characterized "Magda" as "radically pernicious." (In the preceding sentence he spoke of "the lugubrious Ibsen's paltry play of 'A Doll's House'"). As for Magda herself, she gives a display of "pig-headed perversity"; she presents "almost every repulsive attribute possible to a female character"; she is "vain, silly, perverse, obstinate, self-willed, unchaste, ugly in temper, and absolutely selfish."

Thus did the heathen rage even on the staff of the New York Tribune. Today the playgoer, if he takes the trouble to read this diatribe, rubs his eyes in wonder, for Winter was indisputably a man of parts; but for some reason or other, perhaps because in New York he looked out on a New England horizon, he was quick to resent the importation of foreign plays and, with a few exceptions, foreign actors.

Mme. Modjeska had made in print this statement about "Magda": "That which appealed to me was not so much the Bohemianism, the plea for woman's rights, as Magda's enthusiasm for art, the consciousness of the high mission of an artist."

Later she replied to the adverse criticism by saying she supposed the writers of it wished the theatre to be conducted as a kindergarten. Again good Mr. Winter leaped into the air with rage. Coming down to earth, he seized his pen, described "Magda," "Camille," "The Second Mrs. Tanager," poor Mr. Jones's "Michael's Lost Angel" as "tainted plays"; as for the "Kindergarten": "at least it could be visited without risk of nausea at the ribaldry of an insensate libertine or the woes of a sentimental drab." Not stuff!

In spite of Winter's foaming fury, "Magda" continued to be played and famous women were far from loathing the chief role. In London, as in this country, there was a dispute as to whether Duse or Sarah Bernhardt excelled in the portrayal. Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Nance O'Neil also had their own ideas about Magda's nature. Women of Germany and Austria won the approbation of critics and the public.

English and Americans found it hard to understand that "Puritanism," that "wooden-headed and wooden-hearted old snob and tyrant" was a father, the Oberst lieutenant Schwartz. William Archer found this character possibly interesting as an illustration of "domestic Bismarck"; but the Colonel's Christianity is too 'clearly made in Germany' to be home to the sympathies of the English public, even in the modified sense designed by the author. Yet, within recent years, equally innumerable examples of domestic tyranny—and stupidity—in England and in America have come under our personal observation.

Damage has been paid the memory of Beethoven even in the smaller cities of this country. We learn from an Akron newspaper that "in honor of Beethoven Centennial, the Cleveland Orchestra would play in Akron on Jan. 28 'the first movement of the famous composer's 'Symphony.'"

The Persimphans, one of Moscow's leading orchestras, devoted five of the concerts this season to Beethoven's works. All the symphonies were played (This orchestra, by the way, plays without a conductor.) An Irish pianist, Mr. Elinson, played all the sonatas in a series of recitals. This has been done in New York, but Allah be praised, not in Boston.

And in Moscow a play was produced, "The Moonlight Sonata," written especially for the occasion. This play is said to have depicted the loneliness and tragedy of the composer's life.

Thomas Beecham recently freed his mind concerning the pitiable condition of music in England, a condition that he described as "hopelessly

bad." He spoke of music left to "the tender mercies of those big British Broadcasting Corporation."

"Let us not befooled ourselves any longer. Let us realize once and for all that whether they are unpleasant toys like broadcasting, or agreeable toys like the gramophone, none of these inventions and substitutes and imitations, excellent though they may be, can ever take the place of the real thing * * * every serious organization is threatened with cessation and annihilations * * * the smallest continental town spent more money in one year on music than was spent by the entire official authorities of this country on the whole music of Great Britain."

Sir Henry Wood speaking at the same luncheon said: "In the future concert conductors might be heard and not seen, because the gramophone would be the only thing left to them. It was very difficult to arouse anything like a true love of music in London. They all knew how hard it was to get a 'fiver' for music. When people paid a guinea to go to a concert—which they rarely did (laughter)—they did not think they were ever given a guinea's worth of music. When he paid himself to go to a concert he felt he could criticize the music, think about it, and argue about it, and if it was a fine performance it remained with him as a living memory. The reason why people would not go to music or give money to it was that it was not something tangible that could be put in the pocket or leave in one's will, and there were so many people, moreover, who liked to see a definite return for their money. (Laughter). When he consulted his festival committees about whether they wanted a good festival or a bad one the answer was invariably that they wanted a festival that would make money."

P. H.

DEBUSSY'S LETTERS

Wit, Humor and Shrewd Sense in the Correspondence with His Publisher

Debussy was fortunate in his publishers, and would not have written as Byron wrote: "Now Barabbas was a publisher." When Debussy was poor and struggling, Georges Hartmann befriended him for he believed in him. Later Debussy found a warm personal friend in Jacques Durand of the great house of A. Durand & Son.

The letters of Debussy to Jacques were recently published in Paris and show the composer's lively wit and affectionate nature. Debussy was interested in other things than music. He was a keen observer; a thoughtful man.

There is a reference to the Boston Opera House in the letter dated July 15, 1910:

"I have seen M. Russell. He is full of enthusiasm for 'L'Enfant Prodigue' but pretends that he cannot stage 'Pelleas' before next season, wishing for that opera other settings than those of Hammerstein's, a different mise-en-scene; in short he has many projects by which he gives one to understand that the Boston Opera is the first in the world, as H. Russell is the model director."

In a letter written in January, 1912: "Between us M. Russell and the people of Boston give me the air of having definitely found the only, the true manner of producing 'Pelleas.'"

"Yet I am distrustful; are not the Americans, perhaps, the Marsellais across the sea? Have they not invented 'bluff,' which is so analogous to the spirit of the Midi?"

In the same letter, Debussy speaks of the rain where he was sojourning: "But we have a new ministry, which will surely bring back the sun and end the taxi-auto strike."

In 1906 Debussy was at Le Puys near Dieppe, pleased with the proofs of "Pelleas" in German; "the translation is perfect, all the accents are in place."

"Here I am again with my old friend, the sea; she is always innumerable and beautiful, truly the one thing in nature that puts you in your proper place. One does not sufficiently respect the sea. It should not be permitted to soak deformed bodies in it. All these arms and legs which stir themselves in ridiculous rhythms—it is enough to make the fish weep. There should be only sirens in the sea, and how can you expect these estimable persons to be willing to return to waters so badly frequented?"

"The hotel where we are is kept by a Mr. X; he is a dangerous man—he does the marketing himself, and brings back the most fallacious food, he brings misfortune to fish—he is a licensed assassin. As his hotel is the only one in the region, he smiles at all remarks and continues his sinister mission. Excuse these details of domestic economy, but Carlyle, who knew all about it, being a dyspeptic, pretended that an artist should eat better than others. As for music I have at present three different ways of ending 'Iberia.' Should they be played heads or tails, or shall I search for a fourth?"

Debussy found trees good friends, better than the sea, "which stirs itself, wishes to encroach on the land, bite the rocks, having bursts of anger like those of a little girl, singular for a person of its importance. One would understand better its sending vessels a-walking like vexing vermin. Trees accept, renew themselves in spite of the centuries. Is this not the most beautiful lesson in philosophy? Men could apply this to themselves if they were more patient, especially less greedy. You may say that the old trees resent the efforts of little ones to grow! That is not exactly true. One should not forget the foot of man, the paw of the animal, which enters largely into this accusation."

"The last time I worked in my garden, a branch of dead wood hit me in the eye—probably the revenge of dead branches, the prophetic reminder that I must return to music and let them die in peace. Dead trees certainly contain a little of the soul of gods exiled from man's memory; it is better to hear them than the warnings of Mme. de Thebes, chamber prophetess."

The English at home and on the continent amused Debussy. He was at Eastbourne in July, 1905. "The sea unrolls itself here with wholly Britannic correctness. Little bits of important and imperialistic English disport themselves on the combed and carefully nursed lawn. But what a place to waste! No noise, no pianos except delicious mechanical pianos, no music, no painting, no painters talking about music."

hold and we upon herself.

first time anywhere.

Jaroslav K

concert

not

In short a fine place to cultivate egoism. Besides, as yet I have seen only one poor person and he was comfortable. The poor should be concealed during the season."

At Pourville in 1907, he found everything bad except the sea. "And of an absurd pretension exaggerated by our good English neighbors, who in this hotel, fit only for negroes, dress in ceremonial garments to eat foods unnamable—at least in French."

Two years before there were at Bellevue "some neurasthenic Americans and two or three Russians, forgotten by the Japanese."

In this letter there is mention of the late Mrs. Richard J. Hall, the Bostonian, who did so much for music, especially French music, and commissioned French composers to write pieces for her saxophone. "Madame E. Hall, the 'Femme-saxophone,' demands politely her Fantaisie. I should greatly like to oblige her; for she deserves a reward for her patience."

At Brussels they were bringing out his "Pelleas." "There is a bell that should be in G, but by a spirit of contradiction is in C. It is as if it announced dinner at the castle, and that renders the death of Melisande less sad. The little Ynioed is such a child that he does not yet know his music, and tomorrow is the dress rehearsal!"

Resting at Houlgate, Debussy complained of the changing of clothes at least four times a day—"a custom which comes to us from the Americans, and good French people with a touching candor eagerly imitate. All the same, allow me to cry: 'Vive la France!'"

It was in 1908 that Debussy saw Miss E. F. Bauer, an American journalist. "She came to ask advice concerning the way of educating little Americans of genius. For you are not ignorant that what can be discovered in art will henceforth come to us from America. And to make up for lost time, one will determine the genius of a child when it is eight or ten years old. This is so ridiculous that it is pathetic. I told Miss Bauer that her compatriots should invent a machine for putting a child into it and turning out a complete artist in five minutes."

"I find our epoch singularly offensive on account of its tumultuous ado about nothing. We mock, justly or unjustly, American 'bluff,' for we cultivate a sort of artistic 'bluff' which one of these days will fall on our nose—very disagreeably for French vanity."

London, 1909: "This evening I must go to a reception organized by the Society of English Composers. What sort of a figure shall I cut there? Something like that of a man condemned to death. It appears that I cannot refuse, on account of the Entente Cordiale, and some other sentiments invented to hasten the death of one's neighbor."

In 1913 Debussy received propositions from Messrs. Koussevitzky and Siloti for concerts in Russia. He wrote: "Russia bores me, and I'll end by not going to either Moscow or Petersburg."

Switzerland: "The delicious landscape shown by the postal card you sent me resembles curiously a chimney-board. Ah, when nature decided to be Swiss, she truly failed in predilection for green, the most disagreeable color one can see. Switzerland is the country of 'cartons' and 'billiard cloth'—don't speak to me of a country where it is necessary always to climb or see others climb. It does not even answer what is expected of it, from the curative standpoint, for you have found there the means of having trouble with your stomach. It seems to me the Avenue d'Alma would suffice for this occupation."

There are many interesting notes about Debussy's music—brave but pathetic letters written when he was suffering from cancer. P. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mr. Rachmaninoff, pianist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Stuart Mason, conductor; Hazel Hallett, pianist; Lloyd Del Castillo, organist. See special notice.

The Barn, 38 Joy street, 4 P. M. Fanla Lurio in costume will sing Yiddish folk songs, Hindu songs, Spanish folk songs.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Alexander Brailowsky, pianist. Bach-Busoni, Chaconne. Schumann, Carnaval. Rachmaninoff, Prelude, G major. Scriabin, Etude, op. 63. Prelude, op. 7. Liszt, Mephisto Waltz. Chopin, Nocturne, G major, Ballade, G minor, Three Ecossaises. Andante Spinato and Polonaise.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Claramond Thompson, contralto. Mary Shaw Swain, accompanist. Folk songs from Great Britain and Ireland! The Keeper, Wrangle Taggle Gypsies, O! Lord Randal (arr. by Sharp). Billie Boy, Felton Lonnin (arr. by Whittaker). She moved thro' the Fair. Half a Bap, My Aunt she died. Ballynure Ballad (arr. by Hughes). Old French songs: Verdunette, La Legende de S. Nicolas, Petronille, Le Joli Tambour. Folk songs from the South: Kentucky Mountain Songs: Sweetheart in the Army, Toad's Courtship, Little Sparrow (arr. by Wyman-Brockway), Negro song, Kerless Love (arr. by Jean Taylor). Bayon Ballade (arr. by Mina Monroe). Songs to be sung in costume.

Repertory Hall, 8:30 P. M. Mario Oliver, soprano; Jessie Fleming Vose, pianist. Wolf-Ferrari, Four Respetti, and songs by Griffes, Henschel, Regor, Brahms, Gront-Schaeffer, Paladilhe, Saint-Saens, Fouldrain, Ross, Paul Russell, Cox, Olmstead.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M.—Benno Moisevitich, pianist. Bach-Liszt, Organ Fantasia and Fugue, G minor. Chopin, Sonata, B minor. Ravel, Jeux d'eau. Debussy, Minstrels. Stravinsky, Etude, Hertz, Le petit ane blanc. Rachmaninoff, Prelude, B minor, Prelude, B flat major. Liszt, Sonata, B minor.

Stelner Hall, 8:15 P. M. Earl Spicer, baritone, from Nova Scotia, who has sung in London and the English provinces. Songs by Peri, Carissimi, Williams, Bach, Cornelius, Liszt, E. Wolff, F. Bridge, Dear, Clay, Stanford, and six folk songs.

THURSDAY—Repertory Hall, 8:15 P. M. Alice Allen Drayton, pianist. Rameau, Sarabande. Clayton Johns, Introduction and Fugue. Scarlatti, Sonata, Minuet and Gigue. Liszt, Gnomen reigen, Etude and La Chasse. Brahms, Intermezzo and Ballade. Debussy, Prelude, Minstrels and Polonaise. Cyril Scott, Sphinx. Ireland, Island Spell. Rachmaninoff, noresque.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Alloo Armstrong Kimball, soprano. Beatrice Warren Roberts, accompanist. Donaudy, O del mio amato ben, Ah, mai non Cessate. Sibella, Villanella. Dupont, Mandoline. Chausson, Le Temps des Lilas. Szulc, J'ai peur d'un baiser. Widor, Mon bras pressait. Jacques-Dalroze, L'oiseau bleu. Poldowski, Dansons la Gigue. Schumann, Der Nussbaum. Strauss, Staendchen. Watts, The Little Shepherd's Song. Horsman, The Shepherdess. M. Shaw, Summer. Eric Coates, Sea Raptures. Fenner, Spring dropped a song into my heart.

Stelner Hall, 8:15 P. M. Luther O. Emerson, baritone; Reginald Boardman, accompanist. Songs by Handel, Strauss, G. Faure, Liszt, Fouldrain, Weingartner, Qulter, H. Fisher, Foote, Scott, J. A. Loud, and an old May Day carol.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Aroldo Lindi, tenor, and Marie Sundellus, soprano.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Alden Davies, tenor; Richard Malaby, accompanist. Songs by Handel, Piccinni, Wolf, Brahms, Schubert, Grieg, Pizzetti, Widor, Paladilhe, Rachmaninoff, R. O. Morgan, Griffes, Bantock.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Povla Frijsh, soprano; Frank Bibb, accompanist. Benati, Believe in my faithful heart. Beethoven, With painted ribbon. Mozart, Longing for Spring. Schumann, Message. Debussy, The Balcony. George, The Rain. Fevrier, Death the intruder. Hahn, Infidelity. Chabrier, The Cicades. Kricka, The Albatross. Moussorgsky, After Years. Evening Prayer. Cul, The Fountain at Czerskoe zelo (by request). Sibelius, Was it a Dream? Henriques, Serenade. Enna, Dance of the Gnats. Grieg, Friend, thou art staunch.

Ann Douglas, ably seconded by his lady, and even more of a tango, in which Ernestine Day did excellently.

The Boston Fancy, 1854, delighted yesterday, even as it did two years ago. They danced it admirably, all eight of them—Misses Humphrey, Graham, Lawrence, Ware, Messrs. Weidman, Stears, McLean and Brown—but an especially warm word of tribute is due the lady in the black basque, for her animation and her powers of characterization.

R. R. G.

April 4, 1927

Several volumes of humorous poetry are on our table. Three of them are illustrated.

"I wrote some lines once on a time In wondrous merry mood, And thought, as usual, men would say They were exceeding good."

But as the ham actor remarks in the play: "It's very different just behind the scenes." A humorous poem is often the result of hard labor, and the labor is quickly felt by the reader. A comic writer is often as gloomy in private life as the traditional clown, a veritable Dismal Jemmy.

These remarks in all probability do not apply to the authors of two little volumes published by Doubleday, Page & Co.: "She-Shanties," by A. P. Herbert of Punch, illustrated by A. K. Zinkelsen; and "Poems of Impudence," by Evvoe (I. V. Knox), also of Punch, whose verses are illustrated by Arthur Watts. The two poets are fortunate in their illustrators.

Mr. Herbert tells us of Miss Primrose, "Primitive Prim."

"Deep within that limpid minx (Or so at least she fondly thinks) Is a powerful, passionate, pre-primordial, pagan, primitive Prim."

She wished no sentimental stuff, no sugared words; and what was her fate when she had her heart's desire?

"At length she met, to her delight, A man who hated her at sight, Though now and then, Like complex men,

He loved her more and more. His courting ways were queer; He used to bite her ear, Or throw, as though his love to show, Whole tea-sets on the floor. And deep—deep—deep

She loved that forceful Him, And loved him best when by the hair He dragged her backwards down the stair

That palpitating, passionate, pre-primordial, pagan, passionate Prim.

But when he knocked the cook about and flung the goldfish out of the window she divorced him.

Mr. Herbert satirizes neatly the passing fashions and fads and does not hesitate to rhyme about politicians.

"All the lions stood a-roaring In my Lady Lucy's den, And you could not see the flooring For the literary men:

Novelists discussed together Metaphysics and the weather, Claret, sandwiches, and sin, While the painters and musicians Shyly mentioned their ambitions And the women drank it in."

We wish we could reprint the illustrations to "Chloe":

"My husband, who has not much brain, Is in the Cabinet again, My brothers all are bishops or Command at least an Army Corps, My aunts and uncles own the Press— And I control them, more or less."

But in spite of all that I'm as gay as a sprat, And the friskiest fish that I know; I am known to the mob As 'Topsy' or 'Bob', While bishops address me as 'Chlo.'"

We are tempted to quote from the Victorian "Miss Chynoline," from "I Go All Girlish When I See the Moon," from "Close-ups," from "Unfashionable Fan."

"Let other girls be British—I'm bizarre! Let other girls look round—I'm angular."

I've eyes like plover's eggs, And strange electric legs, Fantastic, Elastic, Unfashionable Fan"

Mr. Herbert's humor bubbles, his satire is frosty but kindly. As a rhymster he juggles dexterously with words and rhythms.

"Evvoe" can also be satirical. Witness his Child's Guide to France, Germany

and Russia—The Germans

"They work for trifling sums at hour When English mothers and papas Recuperate their failing powers At football or in cinemas."

"And thus although their ships are gone, Of dignity and tact devoid, The German people still goes on Making their neighbors unemployed." The Russians.

"The use of the explosive bomb Has rendered Russia different from The kindlier nations of the West; For always when he felt depressed And life appeared to lose its zest The Russian strove to cure his fits Of glooms by blowing things to bits."

The little student here should note The name Karl Marx, and try to quote Some portion of the books in which He proves that poor men should be rich."

How did pirates keep Christmas long ago. No one knows whether they

"Lit the rum round the pudding And cursed in a kindly way But refused to do any business Because it was Christmas Day."

There are parodies of Masfield, Housman, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold. Here is Andrew Marvell on the Volstead act:

"Where the remote Bermudas ride On ocean's bosom still undried, From a small steamer filled with rum I heard the sound of revelling come."

John Still, Ben Jonson, Keats, Fitzgerald, Burns are revised for the use of prohibitionists. Byron suffers this change:

"Fill high the plate with currant buns! In Boston town on Freedom's shore Remains a remnant of the sons

Such as the Pilgrim ladies bore. And there, perhaps, some drinks are known That might have made the Dorians groan."

Is Mr. Herbert or "Evvoe" the more amusing? Who shall say? Their verses are not merely for hasty reading—to provoke momentary laughter and then be forgotten; nor are they feeble echoes of Gilbertian quips and wheezes. They are a commentary, humorous, satirical on the times in which we live. These writers do not find it necessary to call in the aid of slang; they do not mistake coarseness for fun; it may be said of either one of them, he writes "like a gentleman and a scholar."

AESCHYLUS MODERNIZED

As the World Waags:

An interesting dramatic event took place in Hingham last night (Wednesday) and is to be repeated tonight.

The presentation of a modern version of "The Persians" of Aeschylus by Pierce Long, son of ex-Gov. John D. Long, struck a decidedly new dramatic note. There was a suggestion of the popular "Private Life of Helen of Troy," but the play was even more modern, and proved to be extremely effective on the stage. The audience found the wit and ultra-picturesque slang of the day astonishing and amusing in the mouths of famous personages of the ancient world, especially in the case of the mother of Xerxes, who showed herself a decidedly modern matron, appears with a knitting bag and complaining of being worn out with "all this war work." Mr. Long himself took the part of the Shade of Darius.

PAULINE W. LEONARD.

Accord,

L. W. B. asks: "Can any one of your readers tell me the author of 'The Country,' a poem of some 800 lines? An old copy bears the imprint of Russell & Jones, Charleston, S. C., 1858."

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY IN FINAL CONCERT

For the 18th, and final, concert for this season by the People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Mason continued his admirable policy of showing Bostonians what Boston musicians can do. Thus he began the program with Henry M. Dunham's tone poem for organ (Lloyd Del Castillo) and orchestra, "Aurora." Inspired by Guido Reni's famous picture, this music, by its grace, its delicate coloring, and its suggestion of motion is more akin to the original than is always the case with tone poems "after" this or that. Pleasantly melodious, too, richly orchestrated as well

delicately, the poem made a most readable impression. Joseph Wagner's "The Blind Girl of Cullin" made no such definite impression, for the composer appears to have done scant justice either to Longfellow's poem or even to the brief program which he drew from it. The music, well written enough and sonorous, seems, at a first hearing, far too violent for Longfellow in any mood, and, in particular, for the first part of this poem of the blind girl.

Then came Miss Hazel Hallett, the New England candidate for honors in the Music Clubs' Federation national contest at Chicago, to play the piano part in Cesar Franck's "Variations Symphoniques." She is a musical girl and she has been well taught; so much she made clear. Her melodies she let sing with grace and with some feeling; she placed her accents aright; her tone she held good from first to last, and made it always audible. If to her sound musicianship and technique she could now add a more brilliant tone in passage work, a more decisive rhythm—in announcing, for instance, the final theme—it would be all to the good.

Mr. Mason closed the program with Beethoven's fifth symphony, a performance rich in spirit and poetry, though sometimes the flesh, being weak, led to ragged attack and harsh tone. Tone was better in Mr. Dunham's poem, indeed very beautiful, in ensemble as well as in every single choir. The enthusiastic audience was very large.

So ends a series of interesting concerts, with programs, judiciously planned, that have brought forward music and soloists we should not have heard but for them, with a standard of performance constantly heightened. Would it not be possible for Mr. Mason another year to let us hear again such unfamiliar pieces as seem worth while? Not otherwise can new music get to be known. It may, to be sure, die by the way. But at least it should be given its chance.

R. R. G.

RACHMANINOFF

At Symphony hall yesterday afternoon Sergel Rachmaninoff, pianist and composer, gave his second recital of the season, with the following program: Sonata, Op. 26, Beethoven, Two Etudes, F major and A minor, Mendelssohn, Etudes Symphoniques, Schumann, Funerailles, Liszt; Fairy Tale, E minor, Medtner; Two Etudes Tableaux, A minor and E-flat minor, Rachmaninoff; Valse, Strauss-Taussig.

A few months ago, when Mr. Rachmaninoff played here, he had to share the stage with the public; yesterday he could be alone with his instrument. Indeed, there were a number of unoccupied seats in both the floor and first balcony sections of the house. End-of-the-season apathy is setting in. Too, Mr. Rachmaninoff began his program with a Beethoven sonata and our recent week of Beethoven is not yet digested.

Those whose musical palates did not need teasing, however, were privileged to enjoy one of Mr. Rachmaninoff's most brilliant performances. One hesitates to use that hackneyed term, "brilliant performance," yet nothing else quite so well characterizes yesterday's concert.

To be sure, the sonata in A flat major is not one of Beethoven's flawless gems. It belongs to the period (1801) when he had not yet made the sonata form wholly his own, when he was still warring against the limitations of the pianoforte of his day. Withal, it has an interesting scherzo, an impressive funeral march, followed by an Impromptu allegro that reminds one of the hearty meals and lusty conversation not unknown as finales to funerals; and in the opening movement, the variations are admirable for beginning a concert because of their finger-warming service.

Variations of a different sort was the Schumann, Opus 13, Etudes Symphoniques. A dozen studies of as many moods, composed by the impassioned Robert at the age of 25, to which Mr. Rachmaninoff yesterday gave life and beauty in myriad tone colors.

Between these two longer works were the two short and sprightly etudes of Mendelssohn, played by Mr. Rachmaninoff with a charming, elf-like dexterity.

The second part of the program began with the only other long work, the Liszt Funerailles. The fiery-spirited Abbe himself could not have spellbound his audience more with his playing of it than did the reserved dignified, enigmatical Russian.

For the rest, there was another Medtner Fairy Tale (E minor, this time), two Etudes Tableaux (A minor and E flat minor) by the pianist himself, and a Valse that was charming when Strauss wrote it and became an ostentatious pianoforte exhibition when Pausig finished playing with it. But from first to last whatever beauty a

composition contained was given full voice, each according to its composer's design.

There were, of course, the inevitable encores, ending as apparently Mr. Rachmaninoff must always end, with "It"—the C sharp minor prelude. Perhaps Boston audiences may be forgiven this insistence, where elsewhere it might be childish, since it was in Boston where first the famous work was heard in America.

H. L.

A good many years ago Figaro of Paris published paragraphs signed "The Man With the Iron Mask." These paragraphs were usually witty, often cynical, as when he wrote: "The man that marries the second time does not deserve to have lost his first wife."

Under the head "Echoes," Figaro now publishes jests that may be read in the happy homes of the most smug and prudish. Are these jests so funny that as Hannibal of blessed memory at Yalc used to say: "They would make a man laugh if he were all alone, by himself, and solitary in the woods." Let us read and ponder. Here are a few in condensed form.

A noted epicure published a book praising super-refined cookery. The literary critic of a journal, excited by the rhapsody, wrote a long review of the book. The grateful author thanked him in a letter and invited him to luncheon. The critic licked his chops in anticipation, but his host took him to a modest restaurant, ordered two fried eggs, and said: "If you only knew, my dear fellow, when one eats elaborate and too rich food, as I do, what a pleasure it is to return to simple housewife dishes."

Dupont, walking with Durand, asked him for the 100 francs he had loaned him.

"I haven't them with me."

"Oh, there's no hurry," said the friendly creditor; "I just happened to think of it. Take dinner with me tomorrow."

The day came but Durand did not appear. Dupont received a dispatch: "You probably would have spent 100 francs for my dinner. Don't expect me. We are quits."

The two deaf men and the crowded beer hall. The deaf men, playing cards, being poor players, had violent discussions in the shrill voice peculiar to the deaf. Many of the guests were so disturbed by the noise that they complained to the landlord. It was the hour for turning the tables into use for the restaurant. The landlord went to the deaf men and took away the cards, saying: "At this hour, gentlemen, card playing is not allowed." They made no protest, but one cried to the other: "Good! Now we can talk a little."

Sacha Gultry and his charming wife, Yvonne, on their return to Paris, were entertained by the American Club. He had much to say in praise of their reception in this country; much about Mr. MacKay's (sic) hospitality; something about Mr. Otto Kahn, who "spoke beautifully to us about France and America." As for Mr. Al Woods, their manager, "no one could conduct himself with greater delicacy and consideration."

"We played 'Mozart' at Boston. It was at the fifth performance that Mr. Howell told me a lady and gentleman wished to see us and give us something. He handed me Mr. Kaufmann's card. We were in our dressing room. Mr. Kaufmann said: 'I have seen 'Mozart' five times and enjoyed myself so much that I wish to give you something invaluable, which I have had for many years, a treasure that is very dear to me, but I give it to you. I don't believe there are four of them in the world—it is an autograph of Mozart's.' You can imagine how greatly I was moved."

We doubt if Mr. Kaufmann, parting so generously with this treasure, said there were "only four in the world," for Mozart was a voluminous letter writer, whose letters have been published in more than one edition.

OUR DAILY SHORT STORY

THE SLAVES OF PASSION

"Oh, confusion!" lamented Chadwick. "Where did I leave that piano?" The wife took her eyes off the dusty mantel and then absently put them back. "Hey!" shouted Chadwick, "did you clean this room?" "Yes," she retorted, "but I never touched your old piano!" "Neither did I," inserted the ice man, and, curiously enough, he hadn't.

The door bell rang and was opened to admit a stranger. The door bell, not being human, would admit anything. "With one of our alphabetized filing systems," observed the stranger, "you will never lose anything." The body was removed by a stage hand. A smile flitted across Chadwick's face and out the window.

The regular Wednesday night meeting of the Soul Rescue Workers—bless them!—will be postponed.

GEORGE THE RED MAN.

THE DEAD COP

(Written in Boston Municipal Court)
"The crooks have shot a cop!"
The news is whispered 'round the court.
A few friends raise a meagre fund—
Enough to scare away the wolf,
And keep the bairns in shoes,
Just for a few brief months.

Then come bouquets and tender words,
Not for his folks, but for the crook in jail,
And rich-dressed women visit him,
Shed maudlin tears and gab and pray,
The widow washes strangers' clothes
And tries to keep the kids at school.

And then the murderer's trial comes,
With many thousands for defense,
Collected from the underworld,
For some great legal master-mind,
To search out loopholes in the law.

But Justice, calm and even, will not
down,
And juries as a rule see but the truth,
The mills of retribution slowly grind,
But surely grind, and to the very end,
Which end the warden signals with his cane.

—JAMES L. EDWARDS.

INFANT QUIZ

As the World Wags:

Who said: "The bad music which superior folk despise is agreeable enough. What is disagreeable is their good music."

A.—Jean Cocteau, in "Cock and Harlequin."

THE HOMESTEADER.

'PUN MY WORD

As the World Wags:

"It seems that the Queen will see you now," announced the man in livery. I humbly followed the attendant and soon found myself bowing over the Queen's hand. "How are you-all?" I asked courteously. "Everyone is at home now so we have a full house," said she, with a straight flush. "I am a bit off-color myself, jaundice, you know. The King of Diamonds can't see to everything because he has only one eye you know. Just now he is in the clutches of the gripe. And so it goes. "Have you no more apples in the royal cellar?" I asked with a sly wink. "Apple cider," said the Queen tartly. I hummed a few strains from "Sweet Cider Thine." "Restrain yourself," said the Queen. I refrained. Just then a few bars of Ivory Soap floated in through the window. The Queen was equal to the situation and proceeded to shave the Ivory for the royal wash, remarking that she had clean forgotten it was Monday. "As one queen to another," I said smoothly. "What do you think of Pond's Vanishing Cream?" "Can't see it at all," said she. She stared mutely through the cretonne curtains as the king remarked that the artificial flowers struck a false note. "They do not connect that to me," said I. "They do!" said the King. "They don't!" said I. I sneezed and coughed, "isn't it gold?" I murmured as the King crowned me.

DIMITY IN KING'S PIN'S COURT.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

As the World Wags:

Officer (examining recruit): "Have you any scars on you?"
Recruit: "No, but I can give you a cigarette."

NOBODY ATOME.

BERTHA KALICH PLAYS 'MAGDA'

By PHILIP HALE

Plymouth Theatre: "Magda," a play in four acts by Sudermann (Revised translation by C. E. A. Winslow).

Lt. Col. Leopold Schwartz. Edward Fielding
Magda. Bertha Kalich
Marie. Ina Hards
Augusta. Louise Mulcahy
Frauzinska von Wendowski. Mary Hubbard
Max von Wendowski. Misha Auer
Heffertinet. Leonard Munnie
Von Keller. Warburton Gamble
Mai-Gen von Klebs. Jerome Collamore
Mrs. von Klebs. Helena Clara Benedict
Mrs. Justice Elrich. Hilda Holstrom
Theresa. Margaret Arrow

Does Magda's revolt against parental control and discipline no longer seem the craving of woman for the expression of her individuality? Thirty-odd years ago Magda undoubtedly voiced the wish of many for freedom, for emancipation. Today the thesis of Sudermann seems untenable. The actress is no longer necessarily a disgrace to her family; even the German women, from what we read, have broken their chains, doing the work of men; disporting themselves as men. Are fathers, even German ex-officers, now tyrannical, as in the day when Magda was turned adrift?

It might be argued that Sudermann wrote his play as an attack on domestic and social conventions; or that the play was a defence of them; for by butting her head against the wall of conventionalism and glorying in what her father called her shame she brought ruin on her household and we upon herself.

Though some may say that conditions have changed the purport and the creditability of "Magda," the play still holds the attention and gives opportunity for an emotional actress. When Bernhardt and Duse took the part in turn, it was said that the manner in which each would portray the role was at once known by the entrance of the singer after her long absence from home. Mme. Bernhardt entered as the spoiled darling of the opera house, the prima donna with airs and graces in rollicking mood. Mme. Duse came in shyly almost as a penitent.

Mme. Kalich gave last night her own idea of Magda's character. (The role was played by her before she appeared on the English speaking stage). This Magda, doubtful inwardly of her reception, affected indifference and at first was simply curious to see her old home. She still resented her father's puritanism, his severe discipline, his domestic militarism. She knew at a glance that only her sister was still dear to her; her step-mother a good-natured old soul. Magda, after her free life, at once felt cramped, confined, caged. Was she inherently selfish and vain, as some would have it? Mme. Kalich was proud and justly so of her position in the operatic world. No wonder that she could not endure the insufferable Franziska, a part over-played last night. No wonder that she looked forward to a life at home with dread. She was afraid of her father, and well she might have been.

Little by little she softened knowing better the pastor whom she had rejected as a lover. Little by little she began to respect the things he stood for. If the father had not insisted on questioning her about her purity. Why should she not have lived her life as she thought best?

Her light conduct in the house after her return, her undisguised contempt for the neighbors, her wish that her father would meet her, not as a disciplinarian, not as a grand inquisitor, all this was plausibly portrayed; one would say, convincingly. If one could accept Magda in 1927 as a creature of flesh and blood and not as a symbol of woman's revolt against narrow and formal small-town sentiments and philistine beliefs.

In the "scenes to make," the long scene with the pastor and her dismissal of the self-seeking hypocritical Keller she showed tragic power and intensity without evident striving after the effect that should result.

Her Magda was first of all, a human being, who notwithstanding her fame, her gratified ambition, craved the love of the father that had been and remained pitiless in his fixed ideas.

This father as played by Mr. Fielding would gladly have forgiven her—but Magda hated the very word "forgiveness" as she hated the word "duty" except when it had reference to her art. There were excellent moments in Mr. Fielding's portrayal; his conception of the part was intelligent, generally effective. Mr. Mudie succeeded in making the pastor Heffertinet a sympathetic, sincere soul without falling into sentimentalism, without shop talk; his persistent love for the woman that had rejected him, his tolerance for her loose living, his fidelity were the more marked by artistic understatement of emphasis. Miss Mulcahy gave a wholly admirable impersonation of the mother; Mr. Gamble was sufficiently contemptible as the sneak Keller; Miss Hards was approximately simple, unsophisticated and affectionate as Magda's sister.

A large audience, deeply interested, called the company before the curtain after each act and insisted enthusiastically on a "few words" from Miss Kalich.

'WHITE CARGO' OPENS AT GAYETY THEATRE

"White Cargo," which has been seen in this city at the regular high prices of the legitimate houses, is the new attraction at the Gayety Theatre, where it opened last night for a limited engagement. The appeal of a capable company, an interesting drama and popular prices apparently make an irresistible combination to Hub theatre-goers, as the auditorium was filled to capacity with an enthusiastic audience.

The play is one that has plenty of dramatic interest, and the company sponsored by Lewis Talbot is one that would do justice to any of the larger houses.

Perhaps the best of the players is Maurie Morris, an actor of the Frank Bacon type, whose interpretation of the part of the doctor is a most sympathetic one. Closely following him are Robert Burns, as the cynic Witzel; Christine Cooper, as Tondelayo; Joseph Forte, as Langford; and Dennie Mullen as the raucous-voiced, hard-boiled skipper. Others in the cast are William Marble, J. C. Louden, Tom G. Jones, Edward Hudson, and Alonzo Gillen.

There will be daily matinees.

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"The Cocoanuts," Kaufman-Berlin musical production starring the Marx brothers. Last week.

MAJESTIC—"What Price Glory," film version of the Stallings-Anderson war play. Last two weeks.

SHUBERT—"The Vagabond King," Russell Janney's musical version of "If I Were King." Third week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," mystery play continues at the Copley. Fifteenth week.

BRAILOWSKY HEARD

Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall: Chaconne, Bach-Busoni; Carnival, Schumann; Prelude, G major, Rachmaninoff; Etude, op. 65, Prelude, op. 74, Scriabin; Mephisto-Waltz, Liszt; Nocturne, G major, Ballade, G minor, Three Ecossaises, D major, G major, D flat, Andante Splanato and Polonaise, Chopin.

His most unsympathetic listener could not, with his hand on his heart, honestly pronounce Mr. Brailowsky dull. He might complain of the noise he made; at times the pianist thumped, at others he gave every beat, for bars at a stretch, equal tonal value—and full value into the bargain. Conceivably he might resent the frequent restlessness of Mr. Brailowsky's rhythm, especially in the more brilliant episodes of the Carnival. Perhaps he would not approve the performer's too frequent way with a melody, as though he liked it best in little pieces. To the general excitability, too, of the Carnival—which did not always spell romance—he might easily take exception.

Mr. Brailowsky, it may be freely admitted, was vociferous last night in his musical speech, too hasty, sometimes too mannered. But, find what fault one will with his speech, nobody can deny that the man said something. To say something—that is beyond the power of nine-tenths of our young pianists, technique-bound, the most of them, or the victims of ill-regulated nerves.

So pray let Mr. Brailowsky's youthful sins of commission be forgiven him in view of his ardor. If he over-gloried at moments in his strength, he had every appearance of genuinely feeling the music that way. And, whatever may be said, he held the attention of a very fine, enthusiastic audience; people listened to what he did.

He did, for one thing, make the Bach-Busoni chaconne bearable; for, while he let it sound stirringly romantic, he held fast to Bach's design. The Scarlatti piece he added he played more simply than is the wont of pianists, and so more charmingly, with beautiful tone and rhythm. In the Rachmaninov prelude he found much that was delightful, and he contrived to make something comprehensible and attractive out of Scriabin's curious prelude; with the study, doing more, no doubt, than most people could, he at least achieved an effect of brilliancy. The audience was quite ready to applaud it, once sure the piece had reached the end.

R. R. G

VINCENT CLUB

Deft parody and pantomime, with spirit and dash gave the "Vincent Varieties," the annual revue of the Vincent Club, a happy start last night, when the production was staged in the Repertory Theatre. Matinees and evening performances today and tomorrow will be given in the same playhouse, all for the benefit of the Vincent Memorial hospital.

The program encompassed the sphere of comedy, dance and song with an exhilarating ease, and freshened the usual olio of revues with unusual zest. As usual, comparative values were used to bring color into the show, and the contrasts employed in various scenes brought out the originality of the club members to an adequate degree. Between the stately dances of the Victorian period to the breath-taking beauty of the Braggiotti sisters, Francesca and Berthe, was slipped the Charleston and the Black Bottom, with a cross called Swanee Bottom, performed by six fast stepping girls.

One of the most popular number in the show was the Highlanders Drill,

which brought out another accomplishment of the talented Eleanor Sears, that of mastery of the bagpipe. With the strains of the bizarre instrument blending with the full orchestra led by Mrs. W. S. Parker, a company of lassies performed difficult drills and military manoeuvres with abundant skill and enthusiasm.

The most amusing skit was a channel swim with a traffic officer and a refreshment server ensconced in a boat between England and France. The traffic was heavy, with families, sweethearts and friends making the swim, and the cash register in the boat ringing a merry tune and the hot dogs and drinks selling fast.

The Misses Laura Taylor and Louise Fessenden, with Mrs. Donaly Moffatt rendered a group of songs with skill and poise, and Mrs. Christopher LaFarge made a tremendous hit with her dance depicting the effect of disillusionment on youth. The soloist were Mrs. Morgan Butler and Mrs. Roger D. Swalm. A specialty dance of remarkable precision was given by Mrs. Robert Almy, Mrs. Frederick Church, Jr., Mrs. Richard Saltonstall, Mrs. David Sears, Miss Louise Fessenden and Miss Laura Taylor.

BLOSSOM SEELEY
KEITH'S HEADLINER

All the jazz singers in vaudeville have to take a back seat when Blossom Seeley, headliner at Keith's this week, steps out to sing. Her method is not the strident one of her sisters in the art. She is, for the most part, given to soft syncopation, and Benny Fields, who each year becomes a larger part of her act, coaxes her along.

Miss Seeley is one of the few who can sing a song about wanting to go south without making you feel like asking her why she doesn't get her ticket and stop talking about it. Just as many stars of the legitimate stage think they need a song now and then, Miss Seeley evidently wants to try herself out in dialogue and the result is far above the average. Of course most of her material is good, for its author is Ralph Bunker, who will soon be in Boston with the dramatization of Dicken's Pickwick, but she and Mr. Fields got everything out of the lines.

Any references to cross-word puzzles on the stage now-a-days are so passe that it is surprising that Miss Seeley would not substitute a song in her old style for this trick encore. Needless to say the act is beautifully staged, the costumes are strikingly original and the audience clamored for more last night.

Charles Withers has a travesty on the old-time vaudeville show which is boisterously funny. The whole act is set at a burlesque pace and the harder the falls the louder the laughter. The act is novel, at least, and the humor obvious, so that everyone was happy last night.

In a quieter comedy vein came Moss and Frye, famous for their "How High Is Up," and other puzzling questions. They are probably the best in their particular line and the simplicity with which they answer the most involved questions in a delight.

"The Three Little Playmates," Haynes, Lehman and Kayser, none of whom can possibly weigh less than 175, sing some popular songs, but with unusual harmony.

Helen Higgins and her company have a dancing act; Cardini is a sleight-of-hand artist who has all the showmanship to be desired and he, with Bert Ford and Pauline Price, complete a bill that is superior in every way.

the actress whose parents were unwilling to stand marriage for their sakes, were put into a convent. There a diminutive Clara Bow and a serious small Esther Ralston became friends. Most pathetic were these small waifs in their full-orphan regalia and even when the other half-orphans were claimed by somebody, these two were left within the convent walls. Over the wall comes a small Gary Cooper and a play-house scene follows with Esther and Gary deciding that when they grow up, they will get married and have a baby and not a divorce.

Years pass and the three children grow into active members of the younger generation with at least three cocktails in evidence. The serious and the wild Gary tames down for her sweet sake, even to the point of going to work. At least he opens an office goes on a party with Clara Bow and her crowd "just to get rid of them." Clara and the Prince de Sfax (Einar Hanson) are in love but Clara will not marry the prince because neither of them have money, but she marries Gary who happens to be wealthy when they are on the party. Gary does not remember anything about it. Imagine his surprise when he is told, just before he receives a note from his beloved Esther that she is going to help him reform by marrying him.

Later in Paris the unhappy quartet comes together again. Esther keeps a dinner party waiting while she cuddles the elfin child of the ill-mated pair and later when Clara obligingly kills herself so that love may triumph, one knows the child will be mothered and mothered.

C. M. D.

"TOO MANY CROOKS"

"Too Many Crooks," a comedy charged with hilarious humor by its unusual treatment of the satirizing of the crook play, is the top liner at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. Its cast includes Mildred Davis, Lloyd Hughes and George Bancroft. The associate picture is the William Fox production, "The Bronco Twister," starring Tom Mix with Helene Costello as featured player, and the wonder horse, Tony, sharing honors. The eighth episode of "The Collegians" serial, entitled, "The Cinder Path," and news pictures also are being shown.

Eager to obtain true atmosphere for a crook play she was writing an amateur playwright engages the services of a quartet of adept members of the thieving gentry, and, with the aid of a male friend, houses them in a residence among the Long Island fashionables. Their exhibitions of the gentle art of thievery result in too realistic exploits, as a consequence to which the dramatist and friend are in danger of being in the police toils. They are saved by a clever ruse of the men, and wiser and happier, she resigns from writing a crook play. It is a ludicrous comedy, almost extravagant, yet a true laugh-getter, well acted and directed.

Mr. Mix is seen as a returned marine from war activities. On the way and at home he finds still greater opportunities for heroics in coping with two bands of desperadoes. It is a Tom Mix story of most approved pattern, with abundant thrills and a glowing romance.

Esther Ralston in "Fashions for Women" is presented at the Metropolitan Theatre this week. This is a film adaptation from the play "The Girl of the Hour" by Paul Armont and Leopold Marchand. Dorothy Arzner directed from the scenario by Percy Heath. The cast:

Celeste de Givray..... Esther Ralston
Sam Dupont..... Raymond Hatton
Raoul de Bercey..... Einar Hanson
Alard..... Rosalino Boratto
M. Pattibone..... Edward Fasel
Mimi..... Yvonne Howell

There are several "firsts" in this picture. This is Miss Ralston's first starring picture. This is the first directorial exhibition of the second woman to wield a megaphone in the history of the "movies." This is Raymond Hatton's first after the breaking up of the team of Beery and Hatton. First and last it is spotted with brilliant attacks and some clever sub-titles.

Upon the same principal that it takes a "thief to catch a thief" it has taken a woman to breathe a soul into Esther Ralston's statue-like beauty. Not only does she put her heart in her eyes in some of her scenes, women's endearing charm in others, but she has been turned to a flip of a page in a book into a courageous young gamine at times. Dorothy Arzner has made Esther Ralston a human being and a person to be feckoned with in the firmament of cinema stars.

The story and plot are incidental to Miss Ralston and a fashion show in "Fashions for Women" Raymond Hatton and Zinar Hanson are somewhat lost in the deluge of ostrich feathers.

as Ralston plays a dual role. Givray, who is the most fashionable woman in Paris, has her face lifted long enough to give Lola Dulay, an American chorus girl doing duty as a cigarette vender in a Parisian restaurant, a chance to pose as the great le Givray. There is also a fair amount of deftly handled comedy and an intelligent love story.

KEITH ALBEE ST. JAMES—Keith Albee players in "If I Was Rich," a three-act comedy by William Anthony McGuire. The cast:

James Sterling..... Day Manson
Henry King..... Hal Chase
R. Murray Pembroke..... Frank Charlton
William Donroy..... Walter Gilbert
Elizabeth McCue..... Florence Shirley
John Slevin..... William Gerald
Ruth Stirling..... Kathleen Wallace
Harold Rogers..... Winfield Saxton
Beatrice Van Ness..... Paula O'Hare
Tillie..... Nancy Wayne
Lillian Spalding..... John Winthrop
Lillian Pembroke..... Edith Sneare
Mrs. Percy Burton..... Florence Pendleton
George Hildreth..... Charles Schofield

Apparently Mr. McGuire thought the time was ripe for the revision of certain portions of Emily Post when he wrote this play. He sat down one day, accordingly, and gave forth his ideas—not Emily's—on how society should run a successful house party. In the first place the hostess should immediately comment on the gown of the guest who belongs to a lower social stratum. This done, she should mention the glitter of the other's jewelry. Then after ignoring other guests and committing several faux pas by introducing gentlemen to each other before presenting the ladies, she has the stage set for a pleasant evening.

The etiquette is not the only place wherein the play is weak. Several times it has no props to support it. For instance, Mr. Pembroke as landlord of Sterling's apartment, calls on him in an attempt to collect the rent. At this time he is made acquainted with the facts about the running of the menage. He knows that Sterling works for 40 per, and that his wife also toils from nine to five, yet when Sterling's boss later appears at the Pembroke villa and accuses Sterling of the mean crime of working for a living, Pembroke acts as if he had never known this before.

But why quarrel over technicalities when the audience had such a good time watching the gaucheries of the young Sterling couple in their attempt to climb the social ladder and enlist the aid of some one really rich? What if they did week-end in a house that could afford only a maid and a chauffeur who had to do double duty as butler?

Day Manson did some mighty good work with his first big part in a long while. Kathleen Wallace, too, took her part well.

Florence Shirley was the wise-cracking, home-loving middle-class girl to the life. Not since "The Show Off" has Walter Gilbert had such a finely shaded part and he was keen enough not to miss any of the shadings.

F. B. B.

"ANNA MARIE" IS
GIVEN AT BARN

The Barn. Anna Marie: a play in six scenes, by Edward Massey.

The Mauve Decade, torn of late from its modest retirement into the past, has become a fashion. Thomas Beer and Life's cartoons, and now Mr. Massey's play with a delightful opening scene in the life of a raving belle of the gay nineties. Anna Marie at twenty-two met life with "Ta Ra Ra Boom de Ay" on her lips. In the era when no really respectable young lady ever kissed a gentleman, unless he asked first, she managed to have a very good time. There were unlimited theatres and red-ribboned boxes of chocolates for nothing but a smile.

Much to our regret, the play moved rapidly from the days of "When I Danced at the Odd Fellows' Ball" through Anna's life after she had married the earnest young man who ever was and ever shall be the favored suitor of the older generation. Money entered into the match, then as now, for Fred was a good provider with a salary of \$15 a week. There is an unrelieved study of male selfishness as an accompaniment to Anna's change into a crushed, mouse-like creature, living only to give her daughter better things.

Anna's own dream had been the stage, and she counted years of drudgery nothing to give the daughter elocution and dancing, graces that were to lift her into the brighter life of New York. When the daughter married a drug store loafer, as a mode of self expression, there was a splendid turning of the worm. Off the mother went to New York and the life of a wardrobe mistress, and, let it be noted, stayed there.

The production has a professional air, perhaps because the author is a practised producer. He has coached the Stage Society company so that only an occasional awkward gesture or lack of emotional depth in a crisis, betrays the amateur. Muriel Snow does well with

...Mark...
...part, and...
...thoroughly selfish product of too much
...other love, is beautifully detestable.
The play holds the interest. It is
above the average and well worth a
trip to Joy street. There is another
thing about The Barn. Having an ex-
traordinary interest in play experiment,
the audience seems to be entirely with-
out coughers, which in itself goes a
long way.
R. H. G.

THE FIRE BRIGADE

"The Fire Brigade," co-starring Charles Ray and May McAvoy, is the screen feature at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week. It unfolds stirring scenes of mother devotion to the heroism of her fire-fighting family, tender episodes of love and romance, and the most thrilling and exciting fire scenes ever screened.

This Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer epic is not a "propaganda" film, but rather a graphic description of the life and hardships of a family of "smoke-eaters." Charles Ray portrays the youngest of the family in the character of a rookie fireman, who falls in love with the daughter of a prominent citizen. Ray then wins the favor of his chief by exposing a band of dishonest building constructors, and then calls it a day after becoming the hero of a realistic four-alarm fire. Included in the big cast are Bert Woodruff, Eugene Besserer, Tom O'Brien and Holmes Herbert.

They were talking at the Porphyry about the secret of long life. All agreed that over-eating more than rum killed thousands. Mr. Herklmer Johnson, whose abstemiousness is a wonder to his friends (including distinguished sociologists of all countries) cited the case of Alfred Lyttleton, a famous English cricketer and once colonial secretary, who said that he lived in the simplest way: "With soup, fish and a bird for dinner I should never ask for anything more." He said this with the utmost seriousness. Another spoke of Dr. Holmes' "Contentment."

"Plain food is quite enough for me: Three courses are as good as ten:— If nature can subsist on three, Thank heaven for three. Amen! I always thought cold victual nice:— My choice would be vanilla ice."

HARD QUESTIONS

As newspapers are now asking questions. As many hasten to answer them in order to show remarkable intelligence, we feel it our duty to ask a few hard ones, but we'll not cause our readers sleepless nights in cudgelling their brains. These questions are now accompanied with the answers.

The questions were propounded by good King Boetus to the learned Jew Sidrac.

Q.—Why did God not will that man should be hungry only once a week?

A.—Hunger is one of the punishments brought on man by Adam's sin.

Q.—What makes beasts go mad? (This probably includes the wild cat, but inquiring into the cause of its madness, the learned Jew gives another reason than that generally accepted).

A.—Looking at a certain star in the East on the 21st day of the March moon.

Q.—Why did Noah take scorpions, serpents and tarantulas into the ark?

A.—First, in obedience to God, who having created these creatures for his glory, did not wish them destroyed; second, because these creatures live on the world's venom and without them the world would become uninhabitable; for if you take the most venomous serpent in the world, isolate it from the earth and feed it on bread, meat and non-poisonous things, it will become perfectly harmless.

Q.—What language does the deaf-mute understand in his heart?

A.—Adam's; that is Hebrew; every child brought up without being taught one of your modern languages would speak Hebrew spontaneously. (This statement has been made by other deep thinkers.)

Q.—If my father and mother had never existed, how should I have been born?

A.—The number of living beings was foreseen from all eternity; consequently if your father and mother had not been born, you would have been born from another man and woman.

We should all remember that Tiberius the Emperor, who amused himself by inventing monstrous tortures, took pleasure in asking baffling questions. Sir Thomas Browne wrote: "What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions are

not beyond all conjecture. These were propounded by Tiberius to grammarians. Unfortunately no gramophone record of the Sirens' song has come down to us. Ulysses neglected to take one of these ingenious machines on board his ship. Composers as Kastner, Debussy and Gliere have put a song into the mouths of these seductive women, but we doubt if the Sirens would have recognized it. In some old pictures they are portrayed as playing on flutes and stringed instruments.

The question about Achilles, disguised in female dress, is easily answered, though there is a dispute about the name. Some say Pyrrha; some say Issa, or Cercyera. Whatever woman's name he assumed the wily Ulysses succeeded in detecting him and took him to the Trojan war.

Censorship has gone mad in Budapest—Budapest of all cities in the world! The police were ordered recently to remove from shop windows any object they judged "shocking" and "immoral." One of the first things they denounced was a book with the Venus of Milo on the cover.

OUR DAILY SHORT STORY

Marie Antoinette in a Boyish Bob Paris was having an election and Mayor Capet couldn't understand why the straw vote was going against him. "I'm a good man," he wailed, almost plagiarizing the blonde Emma in "Oh, Please," "and I'm the most impressive-looking Reception Committee they've ever had." At a fashionable tea, Campaign-Manager Colonne broke it to him that the Paris mobs were howling for subways. Mayor Capet was aghast—he'd never thought of subways. "Why don't they ride in limousines?" said Marie Antoinette helpfully. CLIO.

TO A WANDERER

(For As the World Wags)
Spring is not Spring with you away. The blue bird pipes his mournful call in tune with longing for your voice. No bird notes now our minds enthrall. Our thoughts are spanning tossing seas, And bridging weary leagues of space. Spring will not bourgeon for us here Until we look upon your face. FRANCES BOWLES PRATT.

A GOOD WIFE

As the World Wags:
Mrs. A.: "Ed tells me the boys around the Elks consider your husband quite a raconteur."
Mrs. B. (coldly): "Oh, I guess he doesn't drink any more than the rest of them." JOD.

NOT THE SAME

As the World Wags:
It might be well to point out that the new novel, "Falling Seeds," by Elizabeth Cobb Chapman, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is the work of Irwin Cobb's daughter—not Ned McCobb's Daughter, as I heard the other day. DALE WARREN.

"DO TELL!"

As the World Wags:
"Truth spreads by testimony: There is a post of high compulsion which lofty spirits recognize, to bear witness to the truth wherever found. That is how the best Inns secure their patrons. A satisfied guest spreads the news of his discovery to others whom he desires to enrich. If this inn has pleased you, will you not tell about it to the most appreciative person you know?" On the bottom of a bill-of-fare of an Inn in a Vermont village, not Peacham nor Norwich which might have suggested its authorship. Somehow it "smells" more of a Massachusetts town famous for grapes and letters. Bangor, Me. H. MORSE LEWIS.

QUANTUM MUTATA

As the World Wags:
In the good old-fashioned days they said that a coward was a person that hid behind a woman's skirt. Now even a woman cannot hide behind her own skirt. KRAKATIT.

Clairmond Thompson Gives Costume Recital

Clairmond Thompson, soprano, sang "folk songs from the Old World and the New" last evening in Jordan hall, wearing a characteristic costume for each group of songs, three in all, including Great Britain and Ireland, old French and our own southern melodies. Miss Thompson has a rich, pleasing dramatic soprano voice, and her program was sufficiently varied so that there was opportunity for her to use her interpretative art to the fullest. Some at costume recitals are satisfied to let their costume suggest the mood and nature of the song, but Miss Thompson could have held the attention of her audience last evening without the aid of costume changes, which very naturally, however, added a more colorful

note to the concert. It would be difficult to say in which group she excelled, although perhaps the last two were more interesting. She felt the simplicity of the little *Legende de St. Nicolas* and again the gay motive of *Verdunette*. "Toad's Courtship," the "Kerless Love" and her three Bayou songs were particularly well done. The singer did not attempt to do too much and all her songs showed that she has given their interpretation much thought. Miss Mary Shaw Swain was accompanist. The audience applauded vigorously. A. F.

MARIE OLIVER SINGS

Marie Oliver, soprano, gave a recital at Repertory hall last evening, accompanied by Jessie Fleming Vose. The program:

Group of Rispetti (4), Wolf-Farrari; Auf Geheimen Waldesphade, Griffes; Morgen-hymne, Henschel; Maria Wiegand, Reger; Botschaft, Brahms; Mus-leu Bainjo, J'entends le Moulin, and Long-tail Blue, Grant-Schaeffer; Lamento Provençal, Paladilhe; La Solitaire, Saint-Saens; Psyche, Paladilhe; Le Papillon, Fourdrain; Night in the Desert, Ross; The Watchers, Paul Russell; To a Hilltop, Cox; Tears, Olmstead; Thy Sweet Swinging, Olmstead. Miss Oliver has a natural voice whose tones have a sweet, velvety quality. It is a voice, too, that has strength. One would like to stop talking about it right here, for with singers and their friends the "critic" (in this case the reviewer) is professionally as popular as the surgeon. Like the surgeon, however, he may, if he's conscientious, have his uses, and on that chance we will devote a bit more space to Miss Oliver's qualities.

Quite aside from any consideration of art, Miss Oliver has yet far to climb before she is a full-fledged singer. In the first place, she seems to sing with empty lungs. In the second place, she is jaw-bound. Over and over again last night she sent her tones out through her upper teeth, especially at the cadence of a phrase. Where the word happened to be "sleep," or "deep," or "weep," there was nothing more than the "e" sound, and such words as the German "schlaft," or the French "jour," or French words having the "ou" sound, or the "oir," had to be guessed at or lost by the listener. Not alone the diction, but the tone itself, suffers by this habit, the eradication of which should have been fundamental in Miss Oliver's studies. There were times last night when her tones were nasal, and at times she flatted. One felt, however, that if she could learn to use her mouth and jaw muscles she would go far toward correcting much of her faulty production.

And then, with a better technique, there still remains the evolving of the artist, if it is at all possible to expect such a process. If one were an unintentional listener to Miss Oliver's singing, as last evening, for an hour and a half—say if one were sitting in an adjoining room, the thought might be that she was varying the program for an unusually restless baby, but that the object or expression of her song was nothing more. Everything had the quality of a lullaby. One is tempted to quote the Abbe Liszt, but suffice it to wish Miss Oliver courage and patience, on the premise that she has the necessary intelligence. H. L.

April 7, 1927

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, being out of town, will not give concerts here this week. In New York the program will comprise Beethoven's Symphony No. 1; Roussel's Suite in F major and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5. For next Saturday afternoon the program is as follows: Bach's Brandenburg Concerto for violin, two flutes and strings; Hill's "Lilacs"; Honegger, "Pacific 231" and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5. Mr. Burgin will play in Brooklyn tomorrow night Glazounov's violin concerto.

The program of the concerts in Symphony hall April 15, 16 has been enlarged. It now stands as follows: Scarlatti-Tomassini, Five Sonatas; a Suite derived from "The Good-Humored Ladies"; Loeffler, "Memories of My Childhood" (Life in a Russian Village); Converse, "Flower 10,000,000"; A Joyous Epic; Fantasy for orchestra (Inspired by the familiar legend "The 10,000,000th Ford is now serving its owner"; "Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5. Tomassini's Suite will be played at these concerts for the first time. Three of the movements were performed here at a concert of the MacDowell Club, conducted by Mr. Longy.

Mr. Converse's Fantasy will be performed for the first time anywhere. He

"Dawn in Detroit—Chanticleer" announces the Dawn—The City Stir—The Call to Labor—March of the Tollers—The Din of the Builders—Birth of the Hero—The Hero emerges from the welter fullfledged, ready for service. He tries his metal. He wanders forth into the great world, in search of adventure. May night by the roadside (America's Romance)—The Joy-Ride (America's Frolic)—The Collision (America's Tragedy)—Phoenix Americanus (The Hero, righted and shaken, proceeds on his way with redoubled energy, typical of the indomitable American spirit."

The program of the Symphony orchestra's concert in Cambridge on Thursday, April 14, will comprise the Scarlatti-Tomassini Suite; Wagner's Preludes to "Lohengrin" and "The Mastersingers" and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5.

At the Monday night concert of the orchestra in Symphony Hall, April 10, Weber's overture to "Oberon," Converse's new Fantasy, Prokofiev's Classical Symphony and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 will be played.

G. R. inquires about the origin of the Habima Theatre of Moscow now giving plays of unusual interest at the Grand Opera House (Washington at Dover street). Tomorrow night "Gohem"; Saturday afternoon "Dream" and at night "The Jew," that is "The Wandering Jew."

The Habima Theatre was founded in 1905 by a young actor, N. L. and it began "as a candlelight" whose members worked all day bread and performed little one-acts at night. Their stage was a platform set up in a private house on a side street in Moscow. Their plays in the Hebrew language were based on legends and the history of the Jewish people, but the people of the Catholic faith attended and were ly pleased.

The Imperial government pers these actors so that they were to rehearse and perform in Russia, they toured in Russia, Lithuania and Austria-Hungary. Stanislavsky gave advice to Zerk encouraged him. He gave him rector his own associate, Vac who worked zealously. After tuction of "The Dybbuk," Vac died, having been borne to the sals on a litter.

The Soviet Government thought, jurious to the people to allow tistence of a theatre in which the language was not understood b masses. Stanislavsky, Gorky, Cha and others signed a protest against government's purpose; they spok Russian art being greatly indebted Habima; "that its chief charm value lie in its true exp... national being, in language and spirit." Then the government rem the ban.

In 1915-16 the Habima theatre to Europe exciting enthusiasm. As K. said in an article published in New York Times of Oct. 31, 1922 article to which we are indebted for facts stated above—"Thus Zerk his troupe have lived through a heard of adventure. Coming from cow, seat of Marxist superstition troupe speaks the language of prophets of Israel. It was not new Palestine that the Hebrew arose—it was a few paces from Kremlin, among the ancient sanct of orthodoxy."

Four concerts are announced for night:

The tenor Lindi of the Chicago Opera Company, with Mme. Sur of the Metropolitan Opera Ho Symphony hall.

Alice Allen Drayton will pla piano in Repertory hall.

Alice Armstrong Kimball, sop will sing in Jordan hall.

Luther O. Emerson, bariton heard in Stelnert hall.

Tomorrow night Aiden Davi will sing an air from Picc Molinarella, an opera prod Naples in 1766, and songs by Wolf, Brahms, and other compos program of songs in English, Italian, French and German, mention American.

Mme. Fovia Frijs, that rem interpreter, has prepared an un interesting program for her recit Saturday afternoon in Jordan Ha name, Jaroslav Kricka, is not

In 1882, he studied at Prague, taught composition in Russia, Prague, where he won a great reputation as a chorus master, produced many new works. In 1920 he was named professor of composition at the Prague Conservatory. "His very world is that of a subjective lyricist, sometimes passionate and thrilling, sometimes smiling and full of mischief." He has written an opera, "Mor," based on Hewlett's story; a play, "The Blue Bird," a Scherzo for orchestra; a cantata and song-cycles.

Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor, will give its last concert of the season today afternoon at the Boston House. The orchestra will be by Dorothy Raynor, soprano; utter, tenor; and a chorus of voices. Veber, overture to "The Blue Bird"; Piano Concerto in G major, Op. 23, No. 1, by Brahms; "The Princess" (The Princess of the Mountains, by Berlioz, time here); Berlioz,

SPICER

PHILIP HALE

Baritone, sang for the Boston last night in Steinway Levine was the accompanist. The program read as follows: dal caro bene, Carissimi, Breton sang "L'Angelus" gault-Ducoudray. Will-e. Somerset Folk song, rd. Bach, Komm-suesser illus Wegenlied. Liszt, in dem Himmel bist. Wolff, Harfe; Selg mit blutendem Bridge, Ischel. J. Dear, (Daybreak). Clay, The Dee. Stanford, The Little Folk Songs: Little Mawhee, Cat, Goin' to Shout, the Dumb

He said that Mr. Spicer, born in Scotland, began by singing in a choir. While he was in college he was persuaded to become a professional singer. He served actively with Canadian forces in the great war for years. His first concert in America was in 1922. Since then he has appeared in European cities in orchestral and solo recitals. His first recital in New York was in March, 1926. He sang last night the two old songs, he evidently was not accustomed to the fine acoustics of the hall, though he did not force tones, unnecessary vocal strength. He is an interesting singer, with a voice of range, flexible enough for florid passages, a manly voice that lends itself to the expression of sentiment and emotion. He sings with surety and uncommonly distinct diction.

Interpreter he caught and held, most part, the spirit of poet and story. In some songs his interpretation was marred by his putting undue stress on words and notes which had little significance. At the first part of a phrase forte in with no reason ending the piano. These faults, which can be corrected, did not impair his interpretation of each song whether it was a charming little Breton song from gault-Ducoudray's collection, "The Admiral" shouting forth British defiance, or Dear's fantastical "Daybreak" in Sherwood Forest in Mr. Spicer made an effective use of the words, one of five German songs composed in 1841, was nobly sung, and Bach's solemn apostrophe, while Spicer showed he could be in lighter and still musical mood in the pretty song of Williams.

Interpretation of "The Sands" as a cantata in itself, might be said. The first phrases are a courteous invitation to one could have wished a more delicate treatment of the questions of the object seen afloat. Mr. Spicer, at short notice, took Mr. Spicer, accompanied, as is his wont, delightfully and helpfully, managing greatly to the freedom of the and the enjoyment of the which applauded Mr. Spicer

HABIMA PLAYERS IN "THE GOLEM"

Grand Opera House. The Theatre Habima players in "The Golem," dramatic poem in three acts and prologue, by H. Levick.

Maharal, a rabbi of Prague. R. Tchemerisky his mother. E. Winlar-Katchur Deborah, his grand-daughter. T. Ben-Ari The Golem. A. Meskin A pale girl. C. Tchechik-Efrati A young man (the Messiah). A. Rovina Tadeush, an inquisitor. B. Bertoni A monk. E. Winyar The Shames (Beadle of the synagogue). S. Brook Boruch, the cantor. E. Galland A ruddy man. L. Warshawer A tall man. B. Zemach A sick man. T. Yudelevitch A blind woman. A. Paduit An old woman. M. Edelman A woman with a child. E. Winlar-Katchur A young woman. Ch. Edelman An insane woman. L. Paduloff A red headed girl. E. Factorowitch

Something extraordinary is happening at the Grand Opera House. Last night there passed through the crazy old houses and gloomy towers of 16th century Prague a most unreal, oddly beautiful and moving drama. The medium of the Habima players is purely theatrical, an approach as far removed from realism as Moscow from America. In makeup so extreme that we think of masks, in dramatic monologues far more emphasized than our use, in flowing groupings as inevitable as the figures in a kaleidoscope, their stylized performance reaches our surprised eyes and ears.

The Jewry, always an unhappy people apart, were particularly the miserable ones of the earth, in old Prague. The Rabbi Maharal, like an earlier Frankenstein, yearning to save his people from the inquisitors, built a clay monster and brought his Golem to an old tower where the cruel Tadeush was to hunt the wretched homeless Jews. With the tattered refugees rested the Messiah, come to earth to help his chosen ones. But Maharal, fearing an influence for gentler methods, drove out the Messiah and used his Golem to crush the inquisitors. Slaughter accomplished, with no further outlet for a tremendous strength, the Golem turned on the Jews, escaping Maharal's control, until the rabbi, transported in his horror at being the means of shedding Jewish blood, returned his monster to clay. The Jews were again in bondage. A madman cried, "When will come our salvation?" The curtain fell.

There was a scene where Maharal, outside the walls of the city, created his creature, patting the huge clay figure, while in a weird chant the soul of the Golem prayed that he might not be given life. There was a scene in heaven where the Messiah strained at the chains that bound him, crying to help his people. In Maharal's house the newly alive Golem, immense, horribly strong and stupid and doglike, was taught to speak by his master. There was a "drunken porter scene," with two of the outcasts he has saved dancing about the figure of the Golem, cast face down on a bench in a frenzy of Titanic gloom. Through all the play ran the sorrow and despair of an oppressed people. At the opposite extreme in presentation from "The lower depths" of the Moscow Art Theatre, the same sense of utter misery was there. With the wretchedness ran the mystic nature of the Jews, a people rooted in religion. The play, the actors, with their background of race and experience, merged. The Opera House audience was thrilled and silent. Not one laugh in the wrong place interrupted a drama of the soaring type that must necessarily sometimes approach the ridiculous. This play always stopped short, and so deep was its spell that not one fool in the audience heralded the approach by a titter.

MOISEWITSCH

Benno Moisewitsch, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall. Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, Bach-Liszt; Sonata, in B minor, Chopin; Jeux d'eau, Ravel; Minstrels, Debussy; Etude, Stravinsky; "Le petit air blanc," Ibert; Prelude, B minor, Prelude, B flat major, Rachmaninoff; Sonata, B minor, Liszt.

So the virtuoso has not vanished from this earth. Mr. Moisewitsch proved the point, for he is a virtuoso if ever one existed—a virtuoso, furthermore, in the finest sense of the word, for not only has he developed his technique to an amazing height of brilliancy, but he is content to confine its use to the setting forth of musical beauty; mere display, to judge from last night's program and performance, does not tempt him.

To hear an artist of Mr. Moisewitsch in a small hall was an

unusual treat. The whole occasion, indeed, was unusual, for the audience was distinctly one worth playing to, a fact Mr. Moisewitsch no doubt felt. After the Bach fugue, at all events, he must have felt satisfied of his hearers' sympathy.

Never has he so far as one knows, set himself up as a specialist in Bach. The more the pity, then, that those who do so set themselves up should not learn from Mr. Moisewitsch how a fugue should run—the sense of gaiety it should convey, if it is one of the gay kind, the excitement and at last the majesty. They might also, to their advantage, listen to the limpidity of tone that becomes Bach's music. For sheer splendor of tone fitting a splendid musical plan, it would do those learned folk no harm to study Mr. Moisewitsch's performance of the fantasy. They, as well as many another listener, may prefer Bach's piano music to organ arrangements, but if an arrangement must be played, finer playing than Mr. Moisewitsch's could scarcely be imagined.

A second set of specialists might, for their good, listen attentively to Mr. Moisewitsch; those who prize their skill with Debussy and Ravel, a body of players, the most of them, who make these composers' music as melodically and rhythmically shapeless as a kettle of mutton broth. Mr. Moisewitsch found rhythm in plenty last night for Ravel, and melody too, poetry and design, not merely a formless daub of colors. For Debussy he did as well. With a Stravinsky study, if you please, he delighted his audience to such a pitch that they must have it again. Engaging humor he had ready for the piece about the donkey.

Where there is real music in the Chopin sonata, Mr. Moisewitsch played it admirably; the padding he made more tolerable than most pianists can contrive. Because he did justice to Chopin's rhythm and felt no urge to improve it, he made the finale wildly stirring. The melody of the largo he let sing exquisitely, with a tasteful management of the florid ornament any coloratura soprano might envy.

Throughout it all Mr. Moisewitsch played with a variety of beautiful tone not often equalled—magnificent tone when power was in order, dazzlingly brilliant when need be, delicious in passages that sing. The race of virtuosos verily has not passed away. R. R. G.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1927

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

We spoke a few days ago about Herman Melville's "Israel Potter" and the description of the sea-fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis. After reading Melville's account, one should compare it with Walt Whitman's graphic and stirring description:

"Serene stands the little captain, He is not hurried, his voice is neither high or low. His eyes give more light to us than our battle-lanterns."

Melville's irony enters into this description. (Note the introduction of the observing, interested harvest moon.

"Not long after an invisible hand came and set down a great yellow lamp in the east. The hand reached up unseen from below the horizon, and set the lamp down right on the rim of the horizon, as on a threshold; as much as to say, Gentlemen warriors, permit me a little to light up this rather gloomy-looking subject."

This idea of a hand controlling the moon is the subject of Algernon Blackwood's extraordinary story, "Playing Catch," in which a gigantic arm and hand plays ball with the moon having for partner something unseen. And so Mr. Anthony was convinced, as he had long suspected, "that there were Beings in the Universe compared to whom the greatest human was the merest microbe."

Strange to say, the morning our paragraph about "Israel Potter" was published, a friend sent us this item from a catalogue of books to be sold at auction:

"574. Potter, Israel R. Life and Remarkable Adventures of (a native of Cranston, R. I.), who was a soldier in the American Revolution, with curious frontispiece portrait. 12 mo. Original boards, Providence, 1824." This must be the book referred to in Melville's preface to his "Israel Potter": "a little narrative of his adventures, forlornly published on sleazy gray paper, appeared among the peddlers, written, probably, not by himself, but taken down from his lips by another. But like the crutch marks of the cripple by the Beautiful Gate, this blurred record is now (1854) out of print."

HOT STUFF

Dr. Fishbein, editor of an American column in a medical journal, makes this comment:

"A member of the Hot Stove League suggests this is a 'base-burner'."

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD

As the World Wags:

Reading of the death of Nat Roth stirs up memories.

In 1888 or thereabouts, John B. Stetson formed a so-called "Casino Opera company" and rehearsed it in his old Globe Theatre, located at Washington and Essex streets, if memory serves. John leased the road rights of the New York Casino productions and sent his company to the Pacific coast and return under the management of Nat Roth. They played "Erminie" the first season. Helen Lamont was prima donna, Louis de Lange the Caddy, and that admirable comedian who afterward made a hit as Prof. Tweedlepunch in "Floradora" (name forgotten), played the stately and elegant Ravvy.

In the summer time some of the chorus and small part men obtained engagements in comic opera stock in Washington, D. C., a queer place to hold summer opera. The boys received \$15 a week and earned a little on the side, making singing records for phonographs. Pretty fierce soloists, but even the present day radio singers are no Carusos.

Do you remember the large, white, iron-stone pitcher and bowl found in theatrical boarding-house rooms at that period? The pitcher was an amazing fine growler; held a gallon or two. A favorite hang-out of some friends of mine in that company was a basement saloon whose fat German proprietor, named Gus, acted as his own bartender. He was sentimental, and the boys liked him. He idolized his little son, called Hermann, and talked about him constantly. The thirsty opera singers, on a hot night after the show, would congregate in one of the members' bedrooms and send their best actor out with a dime and the good old white pitcher, for a growler of beer. The can rusher timed his approach, and, when he had the dear old father all to himself, handed the pitcher over the bar, the boss would start the spigot, and our friend would ask "How's little Hermann today?" The father, who up to this time had been watching the rising tide of beer with the idea of shutting it off when it reached the pilmsol mark, would raise his eyes with a grateful smile and plunge into a long talk about the wonderful son of his and completely forget to turn the lever off, so that eventually the pitcher would overflow, and the fond papa would suddenly realize he was drawing beer.

But it was too late—why worry over a few quarts of beer? It would be needless waste to pour the excess into the slop sink, and, anyhow, these so pleasant-talking opera boys were good fellows and appreciated the heaven-sent qualifications of little Hermann, so Gus would lift the heavy pitcher over the mahogany, slap the 10 cents into the till and bow a friendly good-night to the patron, who lost no time in lugging his precious load back to the thirsty comrades, and it was consumed with hearts overflowing with gratitude that a divine Providence had made known to them the life-savers, dear old Gus and little Hermann.

Those were days worth while.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

As the World Wags:

As the presidents of our leading universities seem to be much exercised over the evils of over-emphasis on football (and under-emphasis on college presidents) I should like to submit the following methods of reform:

- 1—Abolish all college cheers, songs and colors.
- 2—Confine all membership on teams to members of the faculty.
- 3—Forbid all females under the age of 65 admittance to the games.
- 4—Forbid all attendance of undergraduates at teas, dances and concerts on the day preceding and the evening following a game.
- 5—Precede all games by lectures on the ecletic "Te" by the presidents of the contesting institution and follow all games (attendance compulsory) by a lecture by the president of the winning college on the "Upnished."
- 6—Confine membership on teams to members of the faculty having wooden legs.

A. C. HUMP.

An inquiry concerning rheumatism has been conducted in London under the auspices of the Medical Research Council. Is rheumatism infectious?

Not if you go about with a horse chestnut in your pocket, or better still, wear it on your chest suspended by a neck string.

ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

Recapitulation of the First Duchess of Northumberland read by J. C. L. September 27, 1771. Men that are generally prefer the

ble to good company & occupied with the conversation of jockeys, coachmen, groomers & postillions they contract in such company a rude, coarse manner of speaking which destroys that politeness so necessary in the Society of Ladies by which means they come to neglect them & often become swearers & Brutes. And the Ladies in return always reckon them to have little wit & much ignorance."

Alice A. Kimball and Alice A. Drayton Appear in Recitals

By PHILIP HALE

There were four concerts in Boston last night. We were able to hear Miss Alice Armstrong Kimball sing for a time in Jordan hall, and Miss Alice Allen Drayton play the piano for a time in Repertory hall. In each case we regretted that it was not possible to hear the whole recital, on account of the programs and the excellence of the performances.

Miss Kimball's accompanist was Beatrice Warden Roberts. The program was as follows: Donaudy, O del mio amor a ben, and Ah, mal non cessare. Sibella, Villanella, Massenet, Les Larmes; Dupont, Mandoline. Chausson, Le temps des lilas. Szulc, J'ai peur d'un baiser. Widor, Mon bras pressait. Jacques-Dalcroze, L'Oiseau bleu. Schumann, Der Nussbaum. Grieg, Ein Schwann. Strauss, Staendchen. Watts, The Little Shepherd's Song. Horsman, The Shepherdess. M. Shaw, Summer. Erio Coates, Sea Raptures. Beatrice Fenner, Spring Dropped a Song into My Heart.

Miss Kimball's voice is a pure soprano, a lyric voice of fine quality and good compass, even throughout. The voice is well-schooled, used with a skill that does not obtrude. Excellently suited to light and sparkling music, which, by the way, Miss Kimball sang delightfully, without a suspicion of the flippancy that some mistake for pleasing richness, this voice was also competent to express pathos and tender emotion. It is not every singer that can in the same recital give adequate expression to songs of so different a character as those of Jacques-Dalcroze, Szulc and Poldowski, and those of Szulc, Widor—whose "Mon bras pressait" is beautiful in its simplicity—Schumann and Grieg. Whether the music was light and tripping or serious and emotional, Miss Kimball's interpretations were individual, charged with understanding. She was ably assisted by Miss Roberts.

Miss Drayton's program was also well arranged. It was as follows: Rameau, Sarabande. Clayton Johns, Introduction and Fugue. Scarlatti, Sonata, Minuet and Gigue. Liszt, Gnomengræn, Etude and La Chasse. Brahms, Intermezzo and Ballade. Debussy, Prelude, Minstrels, and Poissons d'or. Cyril Scott, Sphinx, Ireland, Island Spell, Rachmaninoff, Humoresque.

It was an evening of beautiful sounds. One forgot that the piano is too often a box with jingling, jangling wires, an instrument of torture. Thoroughly well-taught, as tonal charm and brilliance clearly showed, the interpretations were not mimetic. Miss Drayton played as the music appealed to her, whether it was the Sarabande with its stately melancholy, the fine introduction to Clayton John's Fugue, a fugue not burdensome in its development, the reckless dash of Scarlatti, or the bravura of Liszt. Much to our regret we were unable to become acquainted with her interpretation of the pieces by Brahms and Debussy, but enough was heard to convince one that Miss Drayton is an unusually musical pianist. There are applauded pianists by high reputation who are not musical, but put their trust in speed and thunderous speech. Such pianists have not found their way into the Temple of Art; they have not crossed its threshold.

AROLD LINDI AT SYMPHONY HALL

Aroldo Lindi, the Swedish-American tenor who should have made his first appearance here with the Chicago Opera Company, but was too ill to do so, sang last night in Symphony hall, assisted by Marie Sundelius, soprano. In the early part of the program they sang Nicias and Jose's duet from "Carmen"; Mr. Lindi sang songs in English by Gretcheninoff, Hageman, Juiliter and Rachmaninoff; Mme. Sundelius sang a group by Faccio, Guarnieri, Marx and Grieg. Then they sang an aria apiece, he from "Turandot," she from "Louise." Each planned to sing later a group of Scandinavian songs, and they were to close

the concert with the duet from the first act of "La Boheme."

In his English songs Mr. Lindi displayed a very pretty voice of the type usually termed a "lyric tenor," a voice of agreeable quality when kept within the bounds exacted by the sort of song he chose to sing, capable of swelling to a very considerable volume if the composer were obliging enough to allow him to swell on a comfortable vowel. He sang these unpretentious songs with some spirit; his Swedish songs he doubtless sang still better.

If Mr. Lindi had been born into this world perhaps 100 years ago, it seems quite likely that he would have developed into an excellent Edgardo, or Alfredo Germont; he has the suitable voice. But the gods willed it that he should make his operatic career in these days when a debased style of Puccini singing is all the vogue. Every body knows the style—brute force is its foundation. It must needs be, since every tone must be propelled with every unit of lung power available—and for every tone above the staff—to be held, of course, to the bursting point—more power still must be got together, by hook or crook, it matters little how.

For this popular fashion of singing, Mr. Lindi has not the voice. But what can he do? If he sings as he should, in accord with his vocal equipment, and the roles that he should, he will not sing too often. So, shrewdly enough, he has learned to sing in the way of the day just as well as he can.

And he manages very well indeed. Beauty of voice of course he sacrifices when he sings too loud and high. But what of that? The high notes he can sound and he can hold them long. In the manner therefore, approved at present, he can hold his own with most, for he has at his command its two chief requisites, loud high notes and fervor. Here and there, furthermore, he showed his potentialities for finer singing, if fate had seen things otherwise. Mr. Lindi was well applauded.

So was Mme. Sundelius, who displayed her pretty voice and her art in its familiar manifestations. R. R. G.

LUTHER EMERSON

Luther O. Emerson, baritone, accompanied by Reginald Boardman, gave a recital in Steinert hall last evening, with the following program: "Would You Gain the Tender Creature," Handel; "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me," Handel; "De meines Herzens Kronelein," Strauss; "Die Nacht," Strauss; "Heimliche Aufforderung," Strauss; "Après un Reve," Gabriel

Faure; "Oh! Quand je dors," Liszt; "Marins d'Islande," Fourdrain; "If Slander Lilies Wandered Forth," Weingartner; "The Jealous Lover," Quiliter; "The Secret of the Sea," Weingartner; "Spanish Gold," Howard Fisher; "May Day Carol," Deems Taylor; "Tranquillity," Arthur Foote; "Afterday," Cyril Scott; "Sea Fever," John Adams Loud.

Mr. Emerson gave his listeners an hour of pleasurable, almost artistic, singing. His diction and his phrasing are beautiful and alone a joy to the ear. His tones are pure and resonant, rich in the middle and lower registers, not so strong in the upper, and in his production of them he is a master technician. This was evident last evening in spite of a throat irritation that annoyed him.

Technically, Mr. Emerson left little to be desired. Artistically, however,

one would wish a more powerful torch to his imagination, if his temperament will permit. The frost of austerity chills the wing of his song. There is efficiency in art, but it should be more buried than Mr. Emerson now buries it.

It seems plain that Mr. Emerson likes best subject matter dealing with adventure, for it was in the songs of the sea ("Marins d'Islande" and "Sea Fever"), and in the one entitled "Spanish Gold" that he became least self-conscious and most artistic. Among the other songs, his most successful one was Arthur Foote's "Tranquillity".

If Mr. Emerson could learn to unbend, say in the manner of John Coates, the English tenor, he would be one of the delights of Boston's musicals.

H. L.

"THE PIPER" GIVEN AT THE REPERTORY

REPERTORY THEATRE — "The Piper," by Josephine Preston Peabody. Presented by the class of 1923 of Boston University school of religious education and social service. Cast:

The Piper, Charles I. Davis, Jr.
Michael, the sword eater, Cyril Hicks
Jacobus, the burgomeister, Joseph R. Ludwicks
Kurt, the syndic, George Roberts
Veronika, the wife of Kurt, Helen Albro Park
Barbara, the daughter of Jacobus, Martha Andros
Old Ursula, Ethel Smalley
Childreh: Jan, James Matavias

Otis Skinner's little daughter one day questioned her father thus: "Daddy, don't you think it would be wonderful to have a play made out of the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin'?" Josephine Preston Peabody has given the satisfactory affirmative answer to this query with her play which was awarded the Stratford prize. Almost everyone knows this immortal story which Browning started and Mrs. Peabody finished.

Her play is the glimpse of what comes after the concluding words of a fairy story; it tells what happened in that mythical "ever after" time. Often, it is true, in her version there are many long speeches which strive to point a weighty moral rather than to keep the more pleasing light and fanciful tone, but withal it is interesting to follow the poetic piper, to struggle with him and to finally see him victorious in his renunciation of Jan, the little shipwrecked star.

The Boston University production of the play overrode the first difficulty of amateur performances by beginning punctually, but in many instances it showed a lack of something which might possibly be due to poor directing. The principals were often hidden behind a motley throng, so that the full purport of their lines did not get across the footlights.

Many times, too, the players seemed to be giving a series of speeches rather than attempting to blend their separate parts into a unified whole. The Piper tried to put spirit and verve into his lines, though he was not always given help from the cast.

The children were thoroughly delightful and redeemed any flaws in the rest of the performance, which were doubtless due to first night nervousness. These youngsters entered into the spirit of the play and were natural in every gesture, in all their moments of clamour or dreaming. There was one little lad—the one who played the part of an extemporaneous book rack—who was a joy to watch every moment. He grinned, sobbed and pulled the cat's whiskers with just the right amount of nonchalance. Certainly the lame, deaf, decrepit inhabitants of Hamelin, who thought only of their money bags, did not deserve to be entrusted with the hearts of such children.

Jan's mother—the part taken by Helen Park—deserves a word of commendation. She was charming both in voice and manner.

There were two parts which seemed to be decidedly off centre and this again may not have been due to the players. The devil stealthily crept about the stage, being politely careful not to disturb any one, while it has always been a common belief that the devil is not at all the quiet, meek type, but rather one who is bound to live up to his reputation and make his presence felt at some time. Then Ursula, the deaf old woman, did not handle her voice well. She put no querulous old age into her tones but had instead a piercing semi-shriek which did not seem in character.

By Saturday night a visit to the Repertory will probably be well worth while. By that time the prompter will either be awake or dispensed with, the amateurishness will be worn off and one and all the players will seem born to tread the theatrical boards. F. B. B.

April 9 '27

Mr. Herkimer Johnson told us yesterday that he liked his novels piping hot or sweetly sentimental. For, surprising as it may seem to those who have not the honor of his personal acquaintance, Mr. Johnson reads, yes devours novels as a rest and relaxation from his arduous labors as a sociologist; furthermore, he derives from fiction material for depicting the social life of today. For this reason he subscribes to the Saturday Evening Post, carefully avoiding the serious articles by Messrs. Richard Washburn Child and Isaac F. Marcossan, who, like Lowell's John P. Robinson, say the world'll go right, if they holler out Gee. No, Mr. Johnson gains invaluable information from the S. E. P. about doings in high society, the life of shop girls, the freaks of the English nobility, crooks and detectives, not to mention the moving picture actors and actresses of Birmingham, Alabama.

And so we recommended to Mr. Johnson two novels published by Little, Brown & Co: "Children of the House," by

Owen Johnson, and "The Hidden Kingdom," by Francis Breeding.

Mrs. Chastaine in "Children of the House" reminded us by her luxurious habits of Ouida's upper class heroines. The description of her rising from bed and being in the hands of her maid at 11 A. M. will give Mr. Herkimer Johnson an idea of how some women, divorced or still encumbered with a husband, prepare themselves for the conquests of the day. For breakfast, a cup of coffee (without sugar) and two pieces of dry toast; no marmalade, for she wished to preserve her figure. The curtains of her Louis XV bedroom admitted only softened light. She had worn a harness during the night "to preserve the smooth white surface of her forehead and the soft contours of her throat."

Then her bath! For she bathed at least once a day.

"She threw back the billowing pink silk coverlet and put forth her little feet to be slipped in delicate, furry creations that were renewed every two weeks." (And this in spite of her daily bath!) "She descended the two velvet steps of the platform on which stood the bed of a famous courtesan, whose gilded escutcheon still was raised above the damask curtains by a cloud of tumbling Cupids. She went into the bathroom and down two marble steps where a bath perfumed and not too hot was waiting for her in a gorgeous blue and gold shell with orchids trained against the walls of black marble with gold-encased mirrors—a bath a Roman lady of the decadence might have used."

One is surprised at her moderation. One would have suspected her of bathing in the milk of five hundred asses, like Poppaea; or champagne, like the actress who had a diligent press agent.

But this description of Mrs. Chastaine is only a starter. When Mr. Johnson comes to Mrs. De Lancey's house (New England Renaissance, 40 bedrooms), he really lets himself go. "Scrupulously matched footmen in yellow canaries hovered about serving champagne or waited like caryatides against the walls. They"—the footmen or the guests?"—"passed through a dozen salons brilliantly lit from the sparkling glass chandeliers of Venice. There were tapestries everywhere, Flemish and Gobelin, marbles of Jean Goujon and of Jean Bologne; Italian primitives, naive, colorful; an Albrecht Durer, strangely out of place; a somber Rembrandt; Gainsboroughs; tapestried chairs in which princesses had sat; armor that royal knights-errant had fought in. All this had been amassed from a ransacked Europe for the greater glorification of a little, bony, slouchy woman with blonde bobbed hair, abbreviated skirts abundant shoulders and back, who stood receiving her guests, a cigarette perched from her vermilion lips, among these treasures of a vanished aristocracy."

There! That's what Mr. Owen Johnson can do when he really tries. The late Edgar Saltus's descriptions of our happy American or royal homes at drab in comparison.

Mrs. Chastaine's daughter Jean was a fine and wealthy girl. One is relieved when at the end she refuses to run away with Ted from her husband the Prince de Sfax, of noble lineage but poor. Ted was also a child of divorced parents, with a roistering but incredibly rich father. Ted loved Jean and Jean loved him, but foolishly would not wed him, for she wished him to work, no loaf with wild and stupid companions. When she would marry him, it was too late, for Ted when drunk married Kitty, Jean's closest friend. Kitty, a linnet head, except in scheming, knew what she wanted and was bound to get it. A first we thought that the Marquis de St. Polle would marry Jean; but he was the lover of Mrs. Chastaine, who thought the match would not be proper not nice. It isn't done—except in French novels. What?

There are many interesting pages in this novel; studies of character to relieve it from the slush of other pages. It is a novel that will please many.

"The Hidden Kingdom" is a story of wild adventure. Note the opening. "I just caught his wrist in time. The knife, held point upwards in a diamond, was flashing sideways toward the unprotected ribs of the man in front of me. I bent back the offending arm giving it a sharp twist, and the knife fell to the ground. But the man who held it writhed in my grasp, and in a sane instant thrust his left hand

then 7 "Too"
into the pit of my stomach.

Who would not go on reading, reading till the end, after the hair-raising adventures at Paris and in Spain; the end at last in Mongolia where the heroes meet, at first to their cost, "The Lord of Fear." Dupuis, the Marquis Guadalupe, the Professor, the Deliverer, what a villain! And how about Konrad von Herfiebach, the Deliverer! As Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale would write for street-car literary advertisements, "This is a rattling good novel."

There is no padding, no psychological study, no "sex-appeal"—here is frankly a story of adventure, and what adventures!

We see Mr. Herkimer Johnson, neglecting his colossal work (the first volume is ready for distribution to subscribers—only the printer is still grossly, impudently commercial), spell-bound until he knows what became of the intrepid heroes.

ALDEN DAVIES IN

Alden Davies sang this program last night in Jordan hall: "Come and Trip It," "Oh, Sleep! Why dost thou leave me?" Handel; "Yn Iach i l Gymru, A hyd y nos," Old Welsh; "Non partir!" Plectinni; "Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst," Wolf; "An eine Aeolsharfe," Brahms; "Der Jungling an der Quelle," Schubert; "Ein Traum," Grieg; "Eroica," Pizzetti; "Contemplation," Widor; "Comme un petit oiseau," Paladilhe; "Dimanche a l'aube," Old Breton; "To the Children," Rachmaninoff; "Clorinda," R. Orlando Morgan; "Symphony in Yellow," Griffes; "A Feast of Lanterns," Bantock.

Mr. Davies arranged a program superior to most. It offered no music at all that was commonplace, but on the contrary much that was good, some of real distinction, and some pleasantly unfamiliar; for American songs he

chose one of the very best, Griffes's "Symphony in Yellow," and he also, unlike tenors less enterprising, felt the charm of Morgan's pretty "Clorinda." To add variety, Mr. Davies summoned Miss Lillian Clark to accompany his songs in Welsh with her harp.

In some respects Mr. Davies sang well. He enunciated distinctly, for instance, though his pronunciation in Handel's "Come and Trip It" was by no means correct. He sang in tune; in phrases, especially in Handel's second air, he turned with musical understanding. Making a brave attempt to give each song its full emotional value, he succeeded best, at least in the earlier half of the program, with songs of tender sentiment, like Handel's song to sleep or Schubert's song.

To songs of heavier weight he could not do full justice because of his inadequate vocal equipment. Not richly endowed at the best with vocal material, he has failed to develop to the highest advantage what gifts the gods did make him. In his middle range Mr. Davies is blessed with a few notes of pleasant quality, though slender, a quality which he could have made to serve other tones both higher and lower if he had set his good mind to the task. He chose to do otherwise, with the result of an uneven scale that does his songs great harm.

Mr. Davies had the help last night of an admirable accompanist, Mr. Richard Malaby. An unusually large audience applauded Mr. Davies cordially. R. R. G.

POVLA FRIJSH IN

Povla Frijsh, soprano, sang this admirable program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall: Benati, Credi nell' alma mia; Beethoven, Mit einem gemalten Bande; Mozart, Sehnsucht nach den Fruchling; Schumann, Auftraege; Debussy, Le Balcon; Georges, La Pluie; Fenier, L'Intruse; Hahn, Infidelite; Chabrier, Les Cigales; Kricka, L'albatros; Moussorgski, After Years, La priere du soir (Evening Prayer) from Nursery Songs; Cul, La Fontaine de Czarskoe-Zelo; Sibellus, Var det en Drom; Henriques, Serenade; Enna, Myggedans; Grieg, Tak for Dit Raad.

It is only a few weeks since Mme. Frijsh amazed us by her art, people who had not heard her before, while she roused in us a warmer enthusiasm than we even to stir

some years ago, already possessed of nearly everything else that goes to the making of a remarkable singer, she had gained much in vocal dexterity. To hear again so soon a singer of Mme. Frijsh's pronounced individuality was to take a risk. May she give us opportunity to run the risk again!

To comment once more in detail on her supreme excellence is only to repeat words of praise till they weary. Blessed with a vivid imagination that enables her to "sense" a scene, a mood or what you will, a character, a situation—possessed of the fine musical intelligence through which she can find fitting expression therefor—Mme. Frijsh is able, by the force of her temperament, to bring home to her hearers all that she herself sees and feels. And there you are! It seems so simple, when Mme. Frijsh sings, the wonder is everybody cannot do likewise.

To point out jewels of special lustre would lead to writing down yesterday's program afresh. It is to be hoped, though, that people, after yesterday, will admit that Beethoven was no such mean hand at a song as they thought; he only needs a singer who knows how. Perhaps they observed, too, that Mme. Frijsh found melody, rhythm and genuine dramatic power in Debussy as well as the more usual exquisiteness. Who like her, today, could suggest the shiver of the supernatural as she did in Fenier's song? Who—but why go on? Pray let Mme. Frijsh come soon again—and bring with her Mr. Frank Bibb again to play her accompaniments.

The audience was large, fine, and of an enthusiasm not equalled every day. R. R. G.

HABIMA PLAYERS GIVE 'THE DYBBUK'

Moving Mystic Drama Ghetto
at Symphony Hall

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—The Moscow Theatre Habima presents "The Dybbuk," a play in three acts by S. Ansky.

Batlen A. Baratz and Ben Ari
Batlen B. Benno Schneider
Batlen G. Ben Chaim
Neyer. B. Tchernerinsky and
Chonon. L. Warshaver and
Henech Benjamin Zemach and
Mehulach. A. Prudkin
Osher. Enna
Gnesia. H. Gruber and Winar Katchur
Sender Brinitzer. D. Klein
Leah, his daughter. A. Rovina, Gavinska
Frieda. Y. Yudelevitch and H. Grendler
Gitel, Leah's friend. T. Robbins
Bassia, Leah's friends. P. Lubich and
Pudalova

Relatives of Sender—
M. Goldin, Beth Ami, Pudalovna, H. Edelman, A. Friedland, A. Baratz.
Beggars—
Sindel, a hunchback. E. Winar
Sholom, a deaf mute. Ben Chaim
Dafin. Raiken Ben Ari
Raphael, an old soldier. A. Meskin
Berchik, the lame. S. Brook
Dyosie, without an arm. Winar Katchur
Yachne, the illegitimate. H. Edelman
Menuche. H. Paduit
Rebecca, a Gypsy. A. Factorovich
Babeche, an old woman. P. Lubich
Dreisel, a lunatic. H. Gruber and
Govinskala

Elka
Menasha, Leah's betrothed. Benjamin Zemach
Nachmen, his father. L. Bertonov
Mendel, a teacher. Bena Schneider
Esriel, the Rabbi of Marjopol.
Naum Zemach and B. Tchernerinsky
Michal, his sexton. Z. Friedland
Shimshon, Ray of Marjopol.
B. Tchernerinsky and Tchetchik Efrathy
Chasidim—
S. Brook, Chechik Efrath, A. Meskin, A. Baratz, L. Gallant, L. Bertonov, Reikin, Ben Ari, L. Warshaver, Benjamin Zemach, H. Hendler, P. Lubich, L. Gallant
Voice behind the scenes. L. Gallant

In a civilization where mysticism reigned, where the word of God and the spirit were the outstanding features of life, a Dybbuk was a demon, the soul of a departed one taking possession of the body of the living. Our more scientific age might explain Leah's unnatural mental state, her mounting madness at her marriage to an unloved bridegroom, by the aid of a volume on psycho-analysis. The society of the synagogue knew at once that she was possessed by the soul of her dead lover, Hanan.

The whole life of the orthodox Jewish people, a life gathered about the synagogues, where ritual governs the most ordinary events, passes across the stage when Habima presents "The Dybbuk." We enter the synagogue, centre of ghetto existence, with its idlers, chanting, praying, arguing, its students of the Talmud and Kabbalah, thin with the pursuit of knowledge, its chants for the dying, and dancing for the betrothed. A poor synagogue it is, shabby and bare, but it lives.

In Leah's home before her wedding the beggars dance and feast. It is the

Charles Bennett, singer, composer, teacher, who died suddenly last Monday, was a singularly attractive man. He was always companionable. Modest about his own musical attainments, he was quick to appreciate the merits of others in his profession. In the course of the many years we knew him, we never heard him say an unkind word, a malicious comment on the work of others. He had decided opinions, but he was courteous and kind in the expression of them; not from policy, not from the wish to be popular, but because he could not act otherwise. Generous in action, he was generous in speech. A lovable man, versatile in his calling. As a singer and teacher, he was known to many. As a composer he wrote songs, music for pantomimes and plays produced at the New England Conservatory. His most important work, a cantata "The Lady of Shalott," which was awarded a prize, was performed in several cities and heard in Boston this season.

Malipiero's "The Princess Uralia" will be performed this afternoon for the first time in Boston at the concert of the Boston Philharmonic orchestra. The first performance in this country was at New York on the 19th of last February.

Malipiero is greatly interested in music of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, has edited ancient music and written about it, and is now engaged in preparing a complete edition of Monteverdi's works. In some of his letters he speaks of "The Princess Uralia." We are indebted to C. C. Burchard & Company for quotations from these letters:

"I am full eagerness and enthusiasm for this subject of my cantata, and the whole work is already mature and ready in my mind... The Princess Uralia receives the news of the death of her husband at the war. She then relates seven episodes of her own life connected with her dead love, and each one of these has always as main spring an ancient song, a popular refrain. These ancient and popular songs are of a rare beauty and I hasten to assure you that they have nothing in common with the popular songs of Naples and Venice. They are characteristically Italian not local to one district. I discovered them by mere chance in an old MSS. ... I am glad to be able to tell you that a few days ago I finished the general sketch of my cantata and that I am satisfied with it. I have forsaken all other work and am here in the country so that I can work incessantly to finish the score and the arrangement for piano and voice. This is for me a purely mechanical labor, because already in my general sketch I have all the orchestra in my mind."

Malipiero, born at Venice in 1882, is best known here by his orchestral works: "Pause dal Silenzio" and his first suite, "Impressioni dal Vero," performed at concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Dorothy Gordon, who will sing in costume folk songs next Saturday afternoon, has arranged a program that she thinks will interest children as well as older persons. She has been quoted as saying: "There is no need of playing down to an imaginary level when dealing with children. When she sings in a foreign language she never translates, for she thinks that the 'character of the song lies chiefly in the original conception; in a song with a decided point, the child will laugh at the moment when the tale takes an unexpectedly humorous turn, though the singer be singing in French, German or Italian."

For her North American Indian songs, Miss Gordon has gone to the Winnebago, Hopi and Kwakiute tribes; for the Colonial to North Carolina and Kentucky mountains and Vermont hills. The Plantation songs have been collected by Dorothy Scarborough and Mina Monroe, while two songs by Stephen C. Foster have been added to this group. The final group comprises six modern songs.

On the program the collection with arrangement of the Kentucky songs is attributed to Howard Brockway; but Lorraine Wyman was the chief collector and the first to sing the songs. Mr. Brockway wrote the piano accompaniments.

The MacDowell Club presents an interesting program for its concert on Wednesday afternoon.

Two movements from Mehul's second symphony are among the orchestral works. Mehul's first symphony was performed at Paris in 1861. A contemporary wrote that it was "found to be a very beautiful work even after one of Haydn's most magnificent symphonies had been performed." From March 12, 1809, to March 18, 1910, Mehul brought out four symphonies. The second was first performed in 1809 at the Paris Conservatory. Mehul is known in Boston's musical life by music from his opera "Joseph," in which, by the way, Potiphar's wife does not appear and by the overture to his opera "Jeune Henry," an overture better known as "La Chasse du jeune Henry" because it portrays musically all the episodes of a hunt, from sunrise to the death of the stag. The opera itself was a dismal failure, for the libretto was thought detestable. An air from Mehul's "Ariodant" was sung by Sophie Braslau at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1919. An orchestral suite by Marguerite Mason will be performed. She is the wife of Stuart Mason, excellent musician, composer, and conductor, whose reviews of concert published in the Christian Science Monitor were for several years a feature of that newspaper. Let us here say that no other journal in this country devotes so much attention to music life in Europe. His correspondents in Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Moscow, all prominent in the musical world, write with understanding and acumen, not as mere gatherers of news.

Miss Tingley will sing with orchestra Saint-Saens's "The Drummer Betrothed" (words by Victor Hugo). This dramatic ballad was sung by Marie Brema in 1900 at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra and by Louise Homer in 1909. Hugo wrote the ballad in 1825. Saint-Saens' music was first sung by Mme. Montalba at Lamoureux concert in 1888.

"At the Cloister Gate" was written shortly after Grieg had returned from Rome, where Liszt had greatly encouraged him. This work, dedicated to Liszt, is a scene from Bjornson's "Arnljot Gelline." A girl knocks for admission at the gate of a convent late at night. She talks with a nun. The girl is from the far North. She had a lover, but he killed her father. She fled; passing the cloister she heard women singing the "Hallelujah." "Methought they sang of peace; it soothed my soul." Unlock, unlock, I love him, wretched I must love him till I die." The choir of nuns is heard "inviting her to come in from grief and sin to God."

The late Henry T. Finck described this work in his "Grieg" regretting that he had heard it only with a piano accompaniment, remarked: "I could only wonder and wish I had been born some decades later, when professional musicians will have discovered Grieg and forgotten most of the

ephemeral odes of our day, with their purposeless cacophonies, their war on musical beauty, and their frantic efforts to conceal their lack of new melody in the din made by monster orchestras and by the choice of sensational programs."

Finck wrote this in 1909. What would he have written in 1927?
P. H.

PICKWICK ON THE STAGE

His Graves in the Theatre's Cemetery. As Represented in Paris

Mr. Pickwick will be seen here on the stage a week from tomorrow. This will not be the first time he has honored Boston with his presence. De Wolf Hopper, touring for two years as Pickwick, came to the Tremont Theatre in January, 1904. Charles Klein wrote the libretto of this comic opera. Manuel Klein, his brother, wrote the music; Grant Stewart wrote the lyrics. In this version of the "Pickwick Papers," the first act showed the Dingley Dell Arms; where the audience met the Wellers, Jingle, the members of the Pickwick Club, the Fat Boy, Arabella, Mrs. Bardell and Miss Wardle. The second act showed the Manor Farm with the picnic party and hunt. The Boston Herald said at the time that the librettist had taken many liberties with the text of the novel. He had "picked out lines and connected them with some of his own manufacture, including a few puns and jokes that, even if they do win a laugh, seem out of place." The trio, "Boys will be boys" had to be repeated over and over again. The company included Digby Bell, Sam Weller, Frank Beleher, Tony Weller, Laura Joyce Bell, Mrs. Bardell. These were the comedians now best remembered of the 21 in the cast. The Herald said that Mr. Hopper was not Dickens's Pickwick and did not suggest him. He worked hard and the audience appreciated his efforts, but he won his success as De Wolf Hopper the comedian, not as Pickwick.

Mr. Pickwick has been on the stage for nearly 100 years. Edward Stirling's dramatization of the novel was performed at the City of London Theatre on April 27, 1837.

William Moncreiff made a version about the same time and gave it the title: "Sam Weller, or the Pickwickians."

Another version of that period was "The Pickwickians, or the Peregrinations of Sam Weller." This was in three acts and 12 scenes. The dialogue followed almost exactly the text.

These plays were not very successful.

Irving appeared as Alfred Jingle in James Albery's comedy at the Lyceum, London, in 1878. We saw it there that summer, when it was on the bill with "The Bells."

Albery had written a "Pickwick" comedy in four acts that was produced at the Lyceum in 1871 with Irving as Jingle.

Albery. Does anyone remember his "Two Roses," in which Irving, as Digby Grant, won one of his earliest successes? Albery, a man of indisputable talent, died a disappointed man if his own epitaph is to be accepted as true:

"He walked beneath the moon,
He slept beneath the sun;
He lived a life of going-to-do,
And died with nothing done."

Then there was "Dr. Pickwick," a one-act operetta, text by F. C. Burnand, editor of Punch; and music by Edward Solomon. The scene was Pickwick's apartment with the incident on which Mrs. Bardell founded her suit.

S. French published "The Pickwickians," a comic opera in three acts. Was it ever produced?

The dramatization for De Wolf Hopper was produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, on Jan. 19, 1903.

"Sam Weller, or the Pickwickians," was produced at the Park Theatre, New York, on March 16, 1838, with William Rufus Blake as Sam. Did not Blake play this part at the Franklin Theatre, of which he was director in 1836-7?

"Mr. Pickwick," a comedy-burlesque in five acts, by Georges Duval and Robert Charvay, with incidental music by F. Heintz, was produced at the Theatre de l'Athenee, Paris, on Sept. 21, 1911. Gorby, Pickwick; V. Henry, Jingle; Saint-Ober, Sam Weller; Ray Marot, Buzfuz; Sauriac, Lord Chief Justice; Jane Lowry, Mme. Bardell; Germ, Ety Rachel; Le-comte, Joe. Thirty-five characters were on the stage, besides supernumeraries as lawyers, jurors, invited guests.

In this entertaining version, in which many lines are translated from "Pickwick Papers," Dodson and Fogg in the opening scene dun Mrs. Bardell for her rent and suggest that she marry her lodger, the rich Pickwick. Later the members of the Pickwick Club enter and the proposal is made that they should sally forth in search of adventure. The Wardles come in—they had attended a meeting of the club, and extend an invitation.

In the second act Sam and Jingle are introduced at the Bull's Head Inn. There is the irate Dr. Slammer, accusing Pickwick of pinching his wife. Mrs. Bardell enters.

At the Wardles's in act three. Mrs. Bardell shows up and cares, in a most amusing manner, for Pickwick, who had been accidentally shot by Winkle, shot in a place that warranted Buzfuz in calling attention to the incident. Mrs. Bardell in this play is like our old friend in George Thatcher's monologue: "Scene rises in a stone-cutter's yard in Detroit. And the villain still pursued her." But Mrs. Bardell in the fifth and last act, the prison scene, turns out to be a good sport and promises to care for Pickwick and not to faint again in his arms.

The fourth act is the trial scene. The dramatists say that the examination of Sam Weller may be omitted if the play is thought too long.

Jingle and Rachel run away; Pickwick is generous to Jingle—there's a good deal of Dickens in this version.

Does Bob Sawyer appear in any of the dramatizations? Yes, in the "Pickwick" to be seen next week; a "Pickwick" in three acts and eight scenes: the White Hart Inn, Pickwick's Living Room, Shooting Party at Dingley Dell, Manor Farm, Christmas Night, a Courtroom, Fleet Prison—

Manor Farm again. Cosimo Hamilton and Frank C. Reilly wrote the play "freely based" on the novel; the incidental music and lyrics are by Bernard Hamblen.

Now that the universal question is "What do you know?" would it not be well for Mr. Reilly to mail copies of the examination paper on "Pickwick" prepared by C. S. Calverley at Cambridge University in 1857. There are 30 of these questions. Here are a few of them:

1. "Mention any occasions on which it is specified that the Fat Boy was not asleep; and that (1) Mr. Pickwick and (2) Mr. Weller, senr., ran. Deduce from expression used on one occasion Mr. Pickwick's maximum of speed.

2. "Translate into coherent English, adding a note wherever a word, a construction, or an allusion requires it: 'Go on, Jemmy—like Black-eyed Susan—all in the Doun.' 'Smart chap, that cabman—handled his fives well—but if I'd been your friend in the green, Jemmy—punch his head—pigs' whisper—pieman, too.' Elucidate the expression, 'The Spanish Traveler,' and the 'narcotic bedstead.'

4. "Who little thinks that in which pocket, of what garment, in where, he has left what, entreating him to return to whom, with how many what, and all how big?

13. "What kind of cigars did Mr. Ben Allen chiefly smoke, and where did he knock and take naps alternately, under the impression that it was his home?

18. "How did the old lady make a memorandum, and of what, at what? Show that there were at least three times as many fiddles as harps in Muggleton at the time of the ball at Manor Farm!

19. "What is a red-faced Nixon?

21. "How many lumps of sugar went into the Shepard's liquor as a rule? And is any exception recorded?

28. "Deduce from a remark of Mr. Weller, junior, the price per mile of cabs at this period?

36. "Who, besides Mr. Pickwick, is recorded to have worn gaiters?" One might add in what year did Debussy write his piano piece "Homage a S. Pickwick Esq. P. P. M. P. C." and why?

P. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. John McCormack, tenor. See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 8:15 P. M. Sixth and last concert of the Boston Philharmonic orchestra, Mme. Legniska, pianist and conductor. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. MacDowell Club. Marguerite Mason (Mrs. Stuart Mason), Suite for orchestra (Mr. Lenon, conductor). Brahms, three Liebeslieder—Joseph Wagner. Two choruses. Holst, A chorus. (Mr. Weston, conductor). Mehl, Two movements from Symphony No. 2, Saint-Saens, La Fiancee du Timbalier (Gertrude Tingley and orchestra). Duparc, Aux Etoiles (orchestra). Grieg, At the Colster Gate, for solo voices, chorus, orchestra and organ.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Harvard Pierian Sodality, George Sidney Stanton, conductor. Bigelow, Harvard March, "Our Director." Haydn, Symphony No. 12, Rachmaninoff, First movement of piano concerto, op. 18 (Mr. Slonimsky, pianist). Songs: Debussy, Recitative and air from "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Slonimsky, Impressions and the Flight of the Moon (Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano; Mr. Slonimsky, pianist and conductor). D'Albes, Valse lento. Donizetti, Entr'acte from "The Daughter of the Regiment." Berlioz, Rakoczy March. Fair Harvard.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Roland E. Partridge, tenor; Margaret Kent Hubbard and Edward Ballantine, pianists. Ballantine, Bird, Messenger of Zeus, Palazzo Pagan, Saint Valentine's Day in England (first time in Boston). Strauss, Heimkehr, Dem Herzen aehnlich wenn es lang, Mit deinen blauen Augen, Caecille. Debussy, Recitative and air of Azrael from "L'Enfant Prodigue." Les Cloches, L'Ombre des Arbres, Le temps a laisse son manteau. Griffes, The Dreamy Lake, Cone, Love, Across the Sunlit Land, in a Myrtle Shade, The Lament of Ian the Proud. Giordano, Improvisio di Andrea Chenier.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Dorothy Gordon, soprano; Blanche Fleming, pianist. Folk and Period songs of America in costume. Indians: Song of the Sun, A Fable, Rain Song for Little Girls, Cradle Song, Colonial, Grandma Grunts, The Little Pig, the Little Sparrow, The Toad's Courtship, Plantation, Creation, Shortnin' Bread, Lullaby, When Your Potatoes are Done, Uncle Ned, Oh Susanna. Modern: MacDowell, To a Wild Rose. Carpenter, The Lawd Is smilin' thro' the Dew. Hadley, A French Doll's Wooing. Schafer, the Cuck-Coo Clock. Stoner, The Bum-blo Bee. Zucca, The Big Brown Bear.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

custom. Vivid and horrible, the merry-making of these scarecrows sends shivers down the most stolid spine. In their gray flapping rags, the imbecile, the lame and the blind shriek with crazy laughter, stagger in a travesty of a dance, or snatch ravenously at their food. On this one day they may dance with the lovely young bride. Her long black braids fly as white satin is pressed by dirty beggar hands, half fainting she is passed from one to the other. She falls, her mind gives way. The Dybbuk has entered her body.

Not to a psychiatrist but to a holy rabbi they carry lovely Leah. The demon is driven out, but the voice of her lover is too strong. Leah joins him.

There could rarely be a more moving scene than the meeting of Leah and Hanan in the synagogue. It is a poem, or a picture, the intense wasted face of the boy as he gazes at Leah standing with downcast eyes. Dancie watching Beatrice pass, the seconds when Vronsky saw Anna in the railway station, all the beautiful moments of passion in life are there as Leah says "Peace be with you. Are you here again?" And Hanan, "Yes."

Much of the Habima players is exhausting. They are strong wine. The watcher sees not actors, but living suffering human beings, and must live with them. He is drawn from a detached viewpoint, whether he will or not, to feel with Hanan in ecstasy chanting "The Song of Songs," or feverishly hunting in the magic book Kabbalah for a spell that will give him Leah. "The Dybbuk" leaves a squeezed dry feeling, and a sense of beauty known.

To pick out one actor in such a whole would be to place your finger on one figure in a Rafael and say, "This is good." There is a perfect co-ordination with no false note. It is impossible even to say, "Among the poorer actors were—" In that knowledge the Habima players must find their reward.

R. H. G.

IN 'JACOB'S DREAM'

Grand Opera House. The Moscow Theatre Habima in "Jacob's Dream" by Richard Beer-Hoffman. Cast:

Rebecca	Elisheva Factorowitch
Esau	Naum Zemach
Jacob	L. Warshawer
Rasmath	Khabibama, wives of Esau
Shamarty	Miriam Goldin, Chana Hendler
Jacob's Servant	Benno Schneider
Idibahal	Chechik-Eliot
The Stream	E. Berger
	Winnar-Katchi

The Rock — Aaron Messin
First Angel — Winmar-Kachur
Second Angel — Tamara Robbins
Gabriel — I. Golland
Raphael — Goringkaya
Uriel — Miriam Goldin
Michael — D. Itkin
Satan — Benjamin Zemach

Transported visually to the nomadic life of Genesis and spiritually to the surge of Jewish mysticism, the Habima players lift their audience into an unrelieved dramatic intensity. "Jacob's Dream" is a simple play, soaring, never dropping. Its characters step from the pages of the Old Testament clad in skin and rags, a half-primitive people who can fall writhing with anguish of soul, crawl in abasement, or laugh to the depths of their lungs, entirely without a repression.

Esau, "red, all over like an hairy garment," moans with rage that Jacob has stolen their father's blessing. Calling his slaves, he tracks his brother to a high place in the wilderness, but with Jacob unarmed and baring his breast, an invisible force holds Esau from murder. The hairy one returns to the fields and flocks of his father, leaving Jacob alone in the desert, possessor of the more intangible and uncomfortable "blessing"—to be the restless one, the seeker for light.

To Jacob appear the four archangels, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel and Michael. In place of Esau's material inheritance they offer him Kingdoms for his children. But Jacob rejects, "while mankind is oppressed." Satan, sliding from behind a rock, hears Jacob's spiritual faith with a sneer, and when Gabriel promises that the Jews, God's eternal people, shall live forever, mocks Jacob with a prophecy of the miserable fate of the Jewish people. "God will not concern himself with your sufferings. Deny him." Jacob clings to his belief. The archangels bless him, while Satan laughs.

In the first act, Esau's wives await his coming. Henna-haired, they loil like dogs in an open space before the tents, talk and roll over to sleep again, loose full-throated animal laughter, or shriek with anger as they think of Jacob's trick. Esau, the hunter, returns Savage sounds of fury tear from his throat. Sleeping from Isaac's tent, he rolls on the ground in rage, then up with an oath to kill his brother

while a red-haired woman crawls to his feet with a bow in her teeth. Wild laughs, screams of defiance from the women, in a truly Eastern hubbub the hunter goes forth. The primitive tribal life of the Bible is alive before your eyes.

The productions of the Habima are intently visual. Players flow from one grouping to another with beautiful dramatic gestures, as though they had all been trained as dancers against a background of crazy planes and shadows, huge leaning silver trunks of palms or crooked futuristic rocks with their emphasized make-up, thrilling voices, and dramatic bodies, they give something unseen in our theatre. Something intensely theatrical, insanely convincing.

What can be said in praise of a company which places on a mountain top four archangels, not to speak of Satan, two minor angels, and the souls of the rock and the stream, and for an entire act has them converse with Jacob and each other (in ancient Hebrew), while an extremely Anglo-Saxon reviewer never even considers that they are not angels, that the dreadful mocking white face is not really Satan's, or that the beautiful youth in skins does not actually answer to "Jacob"? The reviewer not only feels no doubts, but is spell-bound through their talk and unearthly chanting, emotionally carried away by Jacob's dream. R. H. G.

Biographies were once regarded by "the man in the street" as stiff reading. There were exceptions, John Evelyn's life of Mrs. Godolphin, Izaak Walton's lives of Donne and the others. One might mention Johnson's lives of poets and several other biographies. But there was no poking into privacy, no kitchen gossip, no ear to a keyhole, though Boswell in his inimitable book gives us this pleasure.

Today biographies are among the best sellers. All the mean, contemptible traits of the victim are shown as under a spot-light. "Did you think Jones was generous? Let me tell you a little story to prove that he was a tight-wad, a sanctimonious hypocrite. Smith knew all about Jones and told Robinson. Several anecdotes illustrating his real character, Robinson's son told me." The biographer must be epigrammatic; he must coruscate. If Lucius B. Ferguson at school in 1848, there must be a

humorous account of the schoolhouse, the teacher, the houses where the teacher was boarded round, the village itself, and social and political life in the country, state and the United States. In a footnote there is a description of the geography studied by Ferguson.

One is naturally curious about the private life of famous men. In a recent German edition of Mozart's letters there is one of a bawdy nature addressed by Mozart to his wife. No biographer henceforth will fail to expatiate on this side of Mozart's character. Mr. Ernest Newman in his latest book about Beethoven devotes a chapter to the unsavory cause, as it is supposed, of the composer's deafness. Probably old John Aubrey was one of the first, if not the first, biographer who dragged out decently hidden things and chuckled over the exposure.

There is an excellent chapter, "The Pleasure of Reading Biographies," one of 18 readable chapters in the late A. Clutton-Brock's "Essays on Literature and Life," published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The essay was suggested to this graceful and thoughtful writer by Modest Tchaikovsky's life of his brother Peter. We single out this essay, for it is perhaps as characteristic of the writer as the others in the readable, stimulating volume; it reveals with greater clearness his own individuality of thought and fascinating manner of expression.

Clutton-Brock believed that a biographer should have that kind of affection for his subject which would not allow him to misrepresent him and should have full and intimate knowledge of him. Biographies of this kind are not often written. "Most biographers either do not know enough, or they are afraid of the family which has commissioned them to write, or they fail to see what is interesting." They find out what is interesting only through knowledge and affection. For example, if some one had done for Shelley what Hogg began to do and would have done if Shelley's family had not stopped him and what Trelawny did, we should not have to think, of Wordsworth as a "prosy old man with an unaccountable gift."

The majority of biographers "provoke malicious curiosity," by what they leave out (yes, even the new school of biographers fall on occasion in this respect. We should like to know more about John Brown and Queen Victoria; whether she consulted him in public matters. What was Poe's favorite tittle?

"If you read the life of an archbishop who seems to be always an archbishop, from the cradle to the grave, and in his night shirt no less than in his garters, you search for the slightest hint of some moment when he was not an archbishop, and magnify it in your own mind so that you come to believe he must have been more violently and more often not an archbishop than was really the case. The cupboard is so carefully locked that you think it must be full of skeletons."

Biographers like the one of Tchaikovsky enthralled Clutton-Brock as no other books except a few of the greatest masterpieces as "Hamlet." He named "Hamlet" because it seemed to him a biography, one that Hamlet wished Horatio to write, "I acquire with Hamlet that kind of intimacy which comes only at rare moments with real men and women, an intimacy which makes all judgment seem irrelevant and which supercedes all other pleasures and excitements of literature."

And so reading about "Disraeli and Gladstone, Clutton-Brock, while he found these biographies less frank, intimate, affectionate, realized that the opposed party leaders were often all human beings, without approving or disapproving of them. Biography, when it is also concerned with a whole society, is the best kind of history, which is nothing without intimacy. "Unless you can live in a period, you know nothing about it except dates." So Disraeli and Gladstone are to history what character is to plot."

It is easier to be intimate with Hamlet and Tchaikovsky than with real people, this essayist argued, because we long for intimacy while at the same time we are afraid of each other in the flesh. "There are two sides to every actual human being, the practical side, which is concerned with living, and the other or ideal side, often hidden and

suppressed by the practical, which is concerned with the kind of life we should like to live. The practical side is at the same time particular, individual and uninteresting."

One absorbed in income, state of health, cannot win intimacy; if one tries to achieve intimacy by talking about them, one is a bore. "Yet even bores have a passionate desire to achieve intimacy, though they try to do it, like bores, by absorbing others into themselves." This craving for intimacy is discussed at length with marked analytical acumen.

One would gladly have this essay bound with Marcel Schwob's preface to his "Vies Imaginaires" in a little volume with flexible covers, though here it may be said that Clutton-Brock's essays, well-printed, can easily be a pocket companion. They are on various subjects written in the years that followed the publication of two volumes that have already been discussed in *The Herald*. There are 18 essays in this latest book, in which Hazlitt, George Moore, Wordsworth, Blake, Croce, Matthew Arnold, Bernard Shaw, critics, puritanism and art, the future life and some other subjects are treated in a delightful and illuminating manner. "Simpson's Choice," is the title of "Essay on the Future Life," and it is in verse.

Among the perversities of criticism is the suggestion of anxiety. "Those who suffer from it are afraid of liking anything they ought not to like." There is "Puritan suggestion"; the "Comparative"—for there are some who can think of one artist only in terms of another. There are the "Tendency" and "Movement" suggestions.

Clutton-Brock was free from these suggestions in writing these essays.

"The Princess Ulalia" Heard Here for First Time

Yesterday afternoon Ethel Leginska drew a large audience to the Boston Opera House, to hear this season's final concert by the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra. She began her widely varied program with Weber's "Euryanthe" overture. Though the pianissimo melody for violins was exquisitely sung and tastefully accompanied, the performance as a whole was not one of Miss Leginska's most successful, because of a lack of precision of attack in tutti passages; an excess of zeal, furthermore, on the part of the trombones and the kettledrum did violence to the spirit of Weber's music.

Far better playing followed, a beautifully balanced performance of the introduction to Beethoven's C minor piano concerto. The Duo Art Piano— included, if you please, in the list of "assisting artists"—played the first movement, as recorded by Miss Leginska. The lady, herself, assuming the burden of the largo and the rondo, played them delightfully, indeed. But notwithstanding her peculiar sympathy for the music of early Beethoven, the deftness of touch that seems made for the purpose, the performance lacked the brilliancy it has when all is well, for the orchestra was not secure enough to play with the useful verve.

They were more at their ease in Malipiero's cantata, "The Princess Ulalia," which was receiving its first Boston performance, its second anywhere. It has already been told how Malipiero found seven ancient Italian songs in an old manuscript. To make a frame for them, he devised a simple scheme. The Princess Ulalia is mourning the death of her husband. And as she muses sadly she sings old songs, songs that leap to her mind as she thinks of her childhood days, her youth, her marriage, her loss.

They are lovely, these ancient songs of the people, and Malipiero made choral versions of them with taste, variety, and skill in writing for voices. Their charm is so great that perhaps Malipiero might best, letting well enough alone, have let them be heard by and for themselves, with no attempt to make something dramatic out of material not dramatic at all.

All he invented is pleasant enough, neither harsh nor freakish. But the introduction, curiously vague, establishes no mood. The opening chorus, a "dance for fair Ulalia," though of a strongly marked rhythm, lacks the gaiety the words suggest. The lament that follows the herald's announcement of the prince's fall on the field has more beauty in it than the most of Malipiero's original music, and also more emotional force. The final lament seems an anticlimax. The interludes of the "Singer of the Tale" sound as though they might be made both expressive and melodious.

But though some of the music sounded empty let us be thankful for the opportunity to hear it. New choral music, for all we hear in Boston, might

as well be never written, and this piece by the Italian, because of the folk songs, proved well worth the hearing.

Miss Leginska got fine tone from her chorus, though the basses might have done better by her; she has taught

them to sing correctly, and, of greater importance, with spirit and sentiment. She has a big field open to her in choral concerts with orchestra.

Dorothy Peterson Raynor sang intelligently and Joseph Lautner declaimed the herald's announcements with becoming vigor.

The concert closed with Berlioz's Rakoczy march. R. R. G.

JOHN MCCORMACK

At Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon John McCormack, tenor, assisted by Jean Bedetti, cellist, and Edwin Schneider, accompanist, gave a recital. Mr. McCormack sang:

Minnelled (Old German); Enjoy the Sweet Elysian Groves, Handel; La Procession, Franck; Desolation, Banck; Luoghi sereni e cari, Donaudy; Is She Not Passing Fair? Elgar; three Irish folk songs—No, Not More Welcome, The Ballynure Ballad and The Snowy-breasted Pearl; The Bitterness of Love, J. P. Dunn; Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal, Roger Quilter; Just for Today, Blanche Seaver, and Thine Eyes Still Shined, Edwin Schneider.

Mr. Bedetti played: Adagio and Allegro, Cervetto; Allegro, Valentini; Arioso, Bach; The Bee, Schubert; Evening Song, Schumann; Scherzo, Van Goens, and La Chasse, Popper.

If one were to consider Mr. McCormack as the "lyric tenor" that he is supposed to be, one would have to admit that yesterday he was in poor voice. But the poorness was only in the highest tones, where the voice cracked several times and where he was not able to hold the evenness on sustained notes. But without desiring to follow audacity where expertness fails

to tread, it seemed, to one who had not heard Mr. McCormack for some time, that his voice had changed from tenor to baritone, in range if not in quality. His middle and lowest tones were mellow and strong and showed no signs of the weakness that beset the highest ones.

Beyond mere voice quality and production, however, Mr. McCormack is an artist. Therefore for him to give a recital in which the listener finds no pleasure and the student no profit is quite unlikely. One listens to his clarity of diction and his clearcut phrasing with little or no thought of the study and work behind them, so simply and naturally do they fall from his lips. To this perfection of technique, which is the body of his songs, he gives to each a soul that enables the hearer to feel its full significance. By this process yesterday he gave to that simple prayer "Just for Today," an effectiveness

a beauty probably unmatched in nature, a church service for the day. No wonder the audience begged to hear it again. Equally beautiful was his singing of Franck's "La Procession." With the folk songs he charmed. And of course a certain number of encores were pre-ordained, although among these Mr. McCormack omitted what might be termed, for him, some of the inevitable ones.

The position of assisting artist on a program is usually a thankless one, but Mr. Bedetti, by his selections and his playing, was accorded his full measure of enthusiastic response.

The hall was filled, several hundred persons being seated on the platform and many others standing. H. L.

London String Quartet

The last of the season's series of chamber concerts given to the Boston public by Elizabeth Shurtleff Coolidge took place at the Boston Public Library last evening, when the London String Quartet played. Well before the appointed hour every seat was taken, and the doors were closed. The large response of audiences to the concerts made possible by Mrs. Coolidge's generosity does credit to the city as well as the players and the donor. Each of the concerts has drawn a large attendance, and it may well be assumed that the promised series for the coming season will draw equally large numbers.

The players of the London Quartet James Levey, first violin; Thomas Petre, second violin; C. Warwick vane, viola, and H. Waldo Warner, alto—chose an admirable program. The first of Beethoven's Rasoumowcy Quartets, a pair of Indian sketches from the pen of Griffes and avel's quartet comprised the music. The Beethoven Quartet, well known as it is, served largely as an exposition of the method of the players, who took part in the recent Beethoven Centenary, held at Symphony Hall. They were heard to better advantage last evening than when the last expanses of Symphony Hall oused them, but they renewed many arlier impressions. The men are usicians of fine individual ability. Each draws from his instrument lustrous, firm, warmly vibrant tones. Playing together, their fusion is smoothly welded and productive of ensuously beautiful tone. But that usion is not so complete that the istener forgets the individual play-rs. This emphasis on the four mem-bers of the quartet rather than on he group as a unit is quite appar-ently intentional. Without diminish-ing the coherence and the unity of heir playing, the men have secured a strongly characteristic manner of playing.

The Griffes music held real inter-est for last night's audience. Both sketches are zestful mood pictures, the first being the more subjective. The material and the treatment are simple and unassuming; the effect of the whole is unusually stirring. In contrast with the Beethoven which had preceded and the Ravel which followed, the brevity of the sketches heightened their impressiveness.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1927

As the World Wags By PHILIP HALE

Not to keep the readers of this column in agonizing suspense we now answer the questions propounded in The Herald of March 22.

Men portrayed with spectacles, eye-glasses, monocles on postage stamps: Duke Wilhelm of Luxembourg with an eyeglass; King Alexander on the stamps of Yugo-Slavia; President King on the 3-cent stamp of Liberia; at least three Brazilian stamps in the issue of 1906; A. T. A. Zalmis, Crete; President Masaryk, Czecho-Slovakia, 1920; Haiti, President Borna, 1924; President Wilson, 1925; King Gustave of Sweden; C. C. Branco of Portugal, 1925; President Roosevelt; men of Bulgaria, Monaco, Lithuania, Cuba, Mexico, China. Mr. H. R. Clamfield, to whom we are indebted for some of this information, says that the British Empire has not furnished an example of spectacles, but on a stamp issued by St. Kitts our old friend Columbus is pictured on his ship with a telescope glued to his eye, though the telescope was not known to Europeans till a century later.

Statues and stovepipe hats: Kruger wears one; so does Samuel Palmer at Reading, England—he also sports an umbrella. The statue of a member of Parliament at Glasgow pictures the top-hat held upside down.

The monocle is included in the Chamberlain bust at Guildhall. Walter Besant wears an eyeglass in a medallion in London. "The eyeglass does not appear in the new Chamberlain statue, though the sculptor has suggested it by marking the indentation."

Mme. d'Arbly spoke of the Marquis d' Astorgas, who "insisted that a pair of eyeglasses should be placed on the marble nose of his statue."

Mr. Arnold Bennett has been playing a favorite form of solitaire by naming "12 great novels." They are all by Russian authors. This will lead those who, to quote Charles Reade, are "so overflowing with mental power that the Weeklies have had to set up a waste pipe for their intellects," to name their "12 great novels." It's a harmless amusement, except for novelists now writing, whose inward confidence has a hard struggle with becoming modesty.

To name "favorite novels" is another matter. It may be that the "favorite" novels of Jones, Brown or Robinson are not among the so-called "great." In our boyhood we regarded "Mad Mike the

Death Shot" as a masterpiece and it cost only a dime. Mr. Herkimer Johnson reads and rereads with delight novels by Mortimer Collins. We agree with him in saying that this delightful novelist is today neglected. Mr. Johnson prefers Blackmore's "Maid of Sker" to "Lorna Doone." There are persons, we hear, who still read the novels by E. P. Roe.

It has long been known that Mr. John Drew dislikes the throwing aside the character he is portraying to say a few words to the "kyind frends" beating their hands together the other side of the curtain. Time and time again he has refused to yield to the barbaric clamor, except to bow gracefully in acknowledgment. Last Monday night the audience would not be content until he changed suddenly from Sir William to Mr. Drew.

This attitude of an audience shows that it has more regard for a man playing a part than for the part he plays; or does the audience leave the theatre thinking it has not had its money's worth unless an actor or actress gives assurance by word of mouth that it is a pleasure to be again in "dear old Boston" that he, she, the company, the manager, the author, the scene-painter, the stage hands, including the electrician, the shopkeepers who furnished the costumes, hats, boots, wigs—are all profoundly grateful?

Mr. Drew is too fine an actor to indulge in moth-eaten platitudes that give indescribable joy to the spectators. Last Monday night he reminded them that he was not a maker of speeches; that this fact was well known to them.

MONEY UNDER FALSE PRETENCES (Manchester, Eng., Guardian)

It was a Gentile errand-boy who applied to his Jewish employer for a rise in wages. To this the careful Jew replied:

In Leap Year there are... 366 days
You work 8 hours per day
Therefore you don't work... 244 days
122 days
You don't work Jewish and Christian Sabbaths... 104 days
18 days
You have 14 days' holiday 14 days
4 days
You don't work Christmas Day, New Year's Day, and Good Friday... 3 days
1 day

"If it wasn't Leap Year," added the lad's employer, sternly, "you wouldn't be working for me at all."

As the World Wags:

The big business man advertised for an office boy. The next day a boy came. He was a truthful little boy. "Do you think you will make a good office boy?" said the big business man. "Yes, sir," replied the truthful little boy, "but I thought I could get some job a little better'n that." "Why, goodness me!" said the business man, "I started as an office boy." "I know," returned the truthful little boy, twisting his hat, "but I kinda wanna get somewhere."

ORACLE. Huntington Rice, Baritone. Elizabeth P. Rice, Reader

Huntington Rice, baritone, and Elizabeth Pooler Rice, reader of plays, gave a joint recital at Repertory Hall last night, Henry L. Gideon at the piano.

Mrs. Rice read "Mr. Pim Passes by," by A. A. Milne. Mr. Rice sang the following songs: "Lascia ch'io Pianga," "Rinaldo," Handel; "Du Bist die Ruh," Schubert; "Vision Fugitive," "Herodiade," Massenet; two Irish folk songs arranged by Hughes: "Where'er You Walk," "Semele," Handel.

Mr. Rice used his voice with consummate skill and intelligence. It is really not a solo voice for the concert hall, for it is brittle, of a limited range, and not robust enough. It probably sounds much better in a drawing room or in a quartette. Mr. Rice enunciates clearly, yet the limitations of his voice prompt him to declaratory statement of his melodic lines rather than a songful one, and there is no emotional reaction from the hearer.

There was a large, sociable audience of the everybody-knew-everybody sort, which was appreciative of both the singing and the reading of the play—the latter, no doubt, being familiar to many because of the several performances it has had on Boston stages.

H. L.

April 12 1927
FRED STONE

By PHILIP HALE COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Criss Cross," a musical comedy in a prologue and two acts. Libretto by Otto Harbec and Anne Caldwell; music by Jerome Kern. Produced by Charles Dillingham Victor Barravalle conducted.

The cast was as follows:
Comtesse de Parasao... Allene Stone
Dolly Day... Dorothy Stone
Jasmin... Dorothy Frances
Renee... Cynthia Felt
Goldie Dwyer... Genevieve Keat
Capt. Carleton... Fred Stone
Iphrahim Benani... Roy Hoyer
Prof. Mazeroux... Oscar Ragland
Macstro Vazgiatore... John Lambert
The Marabout of Oran... Angus Aramini
The Cure... Ralph Thomson
Susie, the Camel... Mark Truscott
Joseph Schrode and Thomas Bell

There were many others, including the 16 Tiller "Sunshine Girls" and the surprisingly acrobatic Arabs.

Mr. Stone was up to his old tricks, as indefatigable and as daring in Harlequin fashion as ever, rescuing the maiden in distress by a sensational flying trapeze act, leaping into the air to make his escape and apparently "without the aid of the spring board or any mechanical appliance," to quote the time-worn wheeze of the ringmaster when the circus was of only one ring. Mr. Stone brought his laugh with supplementary wheeze; he danced with gusto; he sang—that is to say, his enunciation was distinct.

His daughter, Dorothy, was charming in song and dance; also in relation to what the librettists might be pleased to call the plot—lonely girl in France, the villainous Benani, the gallant American in the Foreign Legion—something about untold wealth and the key to its recovery in four talismans that must be brought together—all rather vague, but inconsequential. The show was the thing: pretty girls—all of a size, wonderfully drilled in the precision and grace of terpsichorean evolutions; girls with agreeable voices; music tuneful, well written for voices and for the feet; competent orchestra ably directed by Mr. Barravalle; tasteful costumes, rich in color, with effective contrasts; stage settings also effective—the story of the entertainment, hugely enjoyed by the large audience—all to be told in the jerky manner of Mr. Alfred Jingle.

Among stage clowns Mr. Stone is still eminent, rather in action than in jest, for his gags were not sparkling; laughter was excited by his facial play and grotesque dancing rather than by refreshing quickness of repartee or suddenly sprung joke. It would be easy to be enthusiastic over his daughter, one of the most successful achievements of his life.

But there was much to enjoy besides the welcome Stone Family; there was always something doing, something to please the eye and ear. The prologue brought in Mr. Stone in former roles, represented by characters wearing masks representing his face, and costumes reminding one of his preceding roles. Mr. Hoyer danced nimbly and well with Miss Stone; Mr. Herman had a knockabout dance with Mr. Stone. The show is something more than a family affair, but what would it be without this happy family.

LOWELL SHERMAN

Lowell Sherman, well-known legitimate star and his wife, Pauline Garon, motion picture star, are heading the bill at Keith's this week, appearing together in a sketch, a condensation of Samuel Shipman's play "Lawful Larceny." Their material served them very well, for vaudeville sketches are usually such sorry affairs that this entertaining little skit assumed new proportions by comparison. Mr. Sherman was his suave, finished self, while Miss Garon made a decidedly pleasant impression with her intelligent reading of lines and general stage presence. Miss Louise Quinn, the third member of the cast completed a satisfactory trio. The audience liked it all very much.

Bill Robinson, that "dark cloud of joy" fills a niche in vaudeville that nobody else quite touches. The sense of rhythm and the joy of dancing, so characteristic of his race, are his gifts in superlative degree. He tantalizes his audience with intricate tapping and soft shoe work of every description, and when the curtain rises towards the end of his act and discloses the flight of stairs upon which he is to "hoof," the applause becomes fast and furious. What he does on those stairs, must be heard, and not described. The best of them all in his particular line without a doubt.

Grace Allen and her partner, George Burns argue back and forth about nothing. "I know I'm dizzy, boys like dizzy girls and I'm glad I'm dizzy" is Miss Allen's most plaintive line. They were decided favorites last night.

Paul Yocan and company present an attractive and well staged dancing act. There are other entertainers who turn to make up the remainder of the bill.

A. F.

Keith-Albee-St. James Theatre Keith-Albee players in "St. Elmo," a play in four acts by Augustus Evans Wilson.

CHARACTERS

St. Elmo Murray... Walter Gilbert
Rev. John Hammond... Frank Charlton
Murray Hammond, his son... Winfield Saxton
Gordon Leish... Day Manson
Mr. Dent, second in the duel... Richard Sumner
Mr. Clinton, second in the duel... Winfield Hlatt
Aaron Hunt, the blacksmith... Willam Geald
Shadrach, house servant at the Murray's... Harold Chase
Sheriff of Chattanooga... Frank R. Lindsay
Edna Earl, the blacksmith's granddaughter... Florence Shirley
Mrs. Murray, mother of St. Elmo... Kathleen Wallace
Agnes Murray, cousin of St. Elmo... Edith Speare
Mrs. Wood, neighbor of Aaron Hunt... Florence Penleton
Tabitha, her daughter... Nancy Wane

There were days when the daughter of the household carried her edition of "St. Elmo" about with her. She thrilled over every word and when she had read to the last embrace the hired Lizzie carried the be-thumbed book to her garret room where, by the light of the spluttering candle, she, too, sighed and wept over the redemption of that perfidious villain who denounced the female sex. Those are days long since past. Men, women and courtship methods have changed. Men no longer belligerently, and in no uncertain terms, order a woman to bow down and obey their slightest behest. Let them try and do it!

That there are many who publicly proclaim their wish to see the book hero in the flesh, who wish to see him brought to church, forgiveness, and the arms of the heroine, was clearly evidenced at the opening performance of "St. Elmo." It is hardly necessary to relate the wanderings of St. Elmo from his escape to Europe after fatally wounding his best friend. Many may not admit it but there probably is scarcely one who has not been subjected, at some time in his intellectual career, to this tale of how one little woman by her sincerity, trustworthiness and prayer brought the cynical, sneering man back to a belief in womankind and love.

No matter what the vehicle—be it but a one-hoss shay the St. James audience is faithfully appreciative. This week all the applause is well-deserved for, considering the old-fashioned speeches and the dripping emotionalism of the scenes the players, one and all deserve a hearty hand. William Gerald, as Aaron Hunt, the blacksmith, did a realistic b.t. His grandfatherliness was of the gentle, kindly, old-time, type. His resentment of swearing belonged, alas, to courtly days. During the moments of his heart seizure and subsequent death he did not once over act but carefully restrained all his actions.

Edith Speare had a subtler part than most and she handled it ably. It was often difficult to understand just how she figured in the life of St. Elmo but that was the fault of the lines. She does her best in a strong part;—always seeming to be more at ease than she is when she has some light frothy bit to portray. A word might not be amiss about her appearance. Always—no matter what part she takes, she is appropriately dressed and well-groomed.

Florence Shirley does not seem to get inside this part of Edna Earl. She fails somehow to carry the audience along with an emotion, though it would be an injustice to say that she is not sweet and appealing. One of her best moments is when she talks alone with St. Elmo in the drawing room of his home. She shows herself then to be strong enough not to be dominated by this spoiled and selfish man.

Walter Gilbert made an Augusta Evans hero come to life. What if he did soften at one moment and become cruel and sneering at the next? He did only as Mrs. Evans would have him do.

Did Easter week have any influence on the choice of this week's drama? It is so bubbling over with the joy of salvation, so full of biblical allusions and church music played softly. F. B. B.

"CASEY AT THE BAT" AT SCOLLAY OLYMPIA

Wallace Beery in Comedy Heads
Screen Part of Program

Wallace Beery's comedy, "Casey at the Bat," is the principal film at the Scollay square Olympia this week.

Hailed as a "find," Beery, a small town junk dealer, entered the big leagues. So popular does the red-headed Irishman become that he soon emerges as the Babe Ruth of 1890. Funny as Beery was in "Behind the Front" and "We're in the Navy Now," he's even more humorous as baseball's famous "Casey."

Minutemen department. Daughters of the Union Veterans of the Civil War met at

"The Red Mill" Adaptation of Noted Operetta

Marion Davies in "The Red Mill," a screen adaptation of the tuncful Victor Herbert operetta of the same name, popular many years ago, is presented at the State Theatre this week with the following cast:

Marion Davies Marion Davies
Owen Moore Owen Moore
Louise Frazenda Louise Frazenda
Karl Dane Karl Dane
Snitz Edwards Snitz Edwards

Dutch settings, Marion Davies in a Dutch costume, Snitz Edwards and Ignatz, a mouse, are the high lights of the Red Mill. One should change that around and put Ignatz, the mouse, first in importance because the plot, the small amount there is of it, practically revolves around this small white animal.

Louise Frazenda has been completely snowed under in the "Red Mill" and even Karl Dane merely peeks in a couple of times in the seven reels that unwind conscientiously dotted by a few laughs, several grins and a chuckle.

Marion Davies is the slavey at the Red Mill tavern where the handsome Irishman Dennis (Owen Moore), comes owing more than he should. Snitz Edwards is his valet and carries away the acting honors, the comedy and—hope!

Thina falls in love with Dennis and marries him after several reels of skating, haunted windmills, escaping brides and beer drinking, also a cow milking episode.

It is a bit disconcerting to see how utterly woe-begone the fair Marion can look when she does not don her make-up and for the sake of comedy, it is presumed, the make-up was discarded. Perhaps it is just as well Miss Davies is turning to drama again. Joe Farnham is guilty of writing the captions. Director William Goodrich is none other than Fatty Arbuckle and he showed his directorial possibilities in several of the scenes that leaned toward farce.

"THE NIGHT OF LOVE"

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky are the featured lovers in "The Night of Love," the film attraction at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week. George Fitzmaurice produced the story which is based on the feudal law of the "right to the first night."

"The Night of Love" tells a glowing tale of a wronged gypsy prince, Montero, whose bride is taken from him by the lord of the domain, the cruel Duke de la Garda,—and of the revenge of that gypsy prince who turns bandit. For when Vilma Banky, as the Princess Marie of France, is forced into marriage with the Duke de la Garda, it is Ronald Colman, as the gypsy Montero, who abducts her on another and different first night. Others in the cast are Montagu Love, Natalie Kingston, Laska Winter and Sally Rand.

James J. Corbett, former heavy-weight champion of the world, headlines the vaudeville bill with a new hilarious comedy skit, put on by himself and Bobby Marry, the half-pint comedian. Others acts on the well-

Thomas Meighan Stars in Story by Owen Davis

Thomas Meighan in "Blind Alleys" is presented at the Metropolitan Theatre this week. This is the first film Owen Davis wrote after turning cinematic and it has some interesting problems in coincidence and an excellent cast consisting of Greta Nissen (in black wig), Evelyn Brent and Hugh Millar.

"Blind Alleys" is too long and therefore a bit monotonous, but it has Thomas Meighan, enough originality underlying the surface weakness and enough feminine harm to make it pleasant entertainment.

Mr. Davis has a good working theme and Frank Tuttle's direction is smoother than the average. The plot concerns a man (Thomas Meighan) and his wife (Greta Nissen) who are separated soon after their marriage. The man is knocked down by an automobile and taken to a hospital. Next day his wife starts to look for him and climbs into a taxi, to find that the taxi was waiting to take two hold-up men and their booty to the regulation frame house that most thieves seem to inhabit in the movies.

The distraught wife is hustled along and kept a prisoner until she makes her dramatic escape as the police take over the premises. Now fate or the title "Blind Alleys" keep the principals revolving madly searching for each other, passing within a few feet of each other, and swaying on the very edge of loving some one else. Through it all

the little kind, pitiful whiff of a shadow and the shadows that pass over these play actors seem to make them rather real, natural and human.

Ed-Com. John Philip Sousa and his world famous band are the principal attractions at the Metropolitan this week. Without affectation and with a nicely proportioned program made up principally of the marshal music for which Mr. Sousa has been renowned for many years, a rare treat is in store

CONTINUING PLAYS

MAJESTIC—"What Price Glory" last week of the Stallings-Anderson war film with Victor McLaglen Dolores del Rio and Edmund Lowe in principal roles.

SHUBERT—"The Vagabond King," musical version of "If I Were King," produced on a lavish scale. Fourth week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," thrilling mystery play by Arnold Ridley now in its 16th week.

REPERTORY—"The Monkey Talks," continental success done for the first time in Boston. Second week.

GAYETY—"White Cargo," tropical drama now in its third week.

"The Fourth Commandment" is the topline photoplay at the Modern and Beacon theatres this week. The cast includes Belle Bennett, Mary Carr, Robert Agnew, June Marlowe and Henry Victor. The associate picture is of extreme contrast, a hilarious comedy of marital complications, "The Gay Old Bird," enlisting in the cast Louise Frazenda, John T. Murray, Jane Winton and William Demarest. News pictures and a short comedy also are shown.

The progress of a woman's life from 16 to 60 is presented in the first-named photoplay. So adroitly is the plot developed in dramatic sequence that the lesson of the fourth commandment thrusts itself home to the spectator. The humor in the other picture proceeds from the complicated affairs of a married couple who quarrel, separate and then receive a visit from a rich uncle who they expect will donate them a fortune on the condition that they stay happily married and never have a quarrel.

"THE LOVE THRILL" AT KEITH-ALBEE BOSTON
"The Love Thrill," a farce comedy starring Laura La Plante and now showing at the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre, is an amusing picture. Laura La Plante is excellent.

Tom Moore, a film favorite of many years, give a first rate portrayal of the "Husband." Bryant Washburn plays the part of the wealthy bachelor and Jocelyn Lee that of his girl friend.

CAPT. JOHN NOEL GIVES MT. EVEREST LECTURE

Before a large and enthusiastic audience in Symphony hall last night, Capt. John Noel, official photographer of the 1924 Mt. Everest expedition, gave an entertaining account of that venture, illustrated by photographs, both "stills" and motion pictures.

The audience time and again interrupted his moving account of the thrilling ascent of the world's highest mountain to evidence their warm appreciation at the marvelous achievement of photography visible on the screen, showing the majestic, thrilling beauty of the peak that has so far defied the best efforts of man. Particularly deserving of the audience's admiration were the colored photographs and several lengths of motion pictures, taken 23,000 feet above sea level, and showing, with the aid of a telescope, the two climbers, Mallory and Irvine, struggling up a glacier two miles distant from the camera.

The lecture was for the benefit of the Travelers' Aid Society. Former Gov. Channing H. Cox, its president, welcomed the gathering and touched briefly on the work of the organization.

Did any one now living in Boston know E. G. P. Wilkins, who, going from this city to New York, was in the early 60's writing articles about the drama and music, also editorials and paragraphs, for the New York Herald? George Arnold, an undeservedly forgotten poet and humorist, described Wilkins lovingly in the New York Citizen of Sept. 30, 1886, "a tall, thin young

man with a thin shoulders and a strikingly handsome face, with his trousers and vest parted nearly in the middle on a high forehead, with a golden-brown moustache. His dress was always unexceptionable; "he was never at fault for the minor elegancies and hospitalities of life." He had one affection: to let nobody know when he worked, to appear not to work at all; but he rose at 6, wrote till his breakfast hour between 9 and 10; then he would saunter to The Herald office, write something more, go home to dine, drop in at the theatres, write his notes at home and send them by a messenger. He was greatly attached to his sister's children. A brilliant journalist, he left no work by which he was known outside the newspaper world and the memory of his friends.

Are there now in Boston relations of this man, mourned by Arnold, William Winter and all who used to meet at Pfaff's?

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who is fond of truly humorous verse, should send to London for Harry Graham's "Strained Relations." In that book he would read of a man who was in love with a doctor's wife and ate an apple a day to keep the doctor away; but the doctor operated on him for appendicitis and found the appendix full of pips. Here are the "Ruthless Rhymes."

"O'er the rugged mountain's brow
Clara threw the twins she nursed,
And remarked, 'I wonder now
Which will reach the bottom first?'"

"Billy in one of his nice new sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes;
Now, although the room grows chilly,
I haven't the heart to poke poor Billy."

Those who in writing favor abbreviations, who write "Prof." for "professor," have a friend in Mr. Graham, who preaches verbal economy.

"I gladly publish to the pop:
A scheme of which I make no myst:
And beg my fellow-scribes to cop:
This labor-saving syst:
I offer it to the consid:
Of ev'ry thoughtful individ:."
He commends this system to A. C. Bens., G. K. Chest: and others.
"Have done, ye bards, with dull monot:
Foil; my examp: O Stephen Phill:
O Owen Seam!, O William Wat:,
O Ella Wheler Will:."

Thoroughly Repaired
(Mitchell County (Wis.) Press)
Miss Caroline Odden arrived home Saturday from Waterloo, where she had submitted to a sort of combination operation. She had her tonsils removed, and at the same time the surgeon did a little probing and whittling in one of her ears.

The Teacher and Little Boy As the World Wags:

My teacher wears Congress shoes. They have elastic on the sides and are kind of hard to get off. One day when teacher came to school he limped; so when he sat down in the chair behind his desk, he said, "Will some little boy pull my shoe off for me?" A little boy went up and helped my teacher with his shoe. "Can you feel a nail inside the shoe?" "No, sir, I can't feel any nail." So my teacher put the shoe back on his foot. After a while teacher went to the blackboard, and he limped again. "I'll have to get that nail out of my shoe. Will some little boy help me with my shoe?" So the same little boy pulled teacher's shoe off. "Are you sure there isn't a nail in that shoe?" The little boy put his hand in the shoe. "Yes, sir, there's a big nail inside there!" "Well, goodness gracious, why didn't you say so when you had the shoe off before?" said my teacher. "Because," said the little boy, "you had the other shoe off the last time."

ORACLE.
The English-Speaking Union asks us to publish this notice:

"Attractive bookplates, engraved with a portrait of Shakespeare may be had by sending a dollar to the secretary of the English-Speaking Union, at 93 St. James avenue. The money received from the sale of these bookplates will go toward rebuilding the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon."

Cambridge Boating Song

("The Cambridge ladies were decidedly virile. Before the race their captain exhorted them to Row like hell, chaps!") After it was all over they called loudly for cigarettes.")
Row like hell, chaps, and row with skill;
Row like whisksers and row with a will!
Row like blazes and large cigars;
Row like bowlers and beer and bars!
Row like large-size Scotchies and splash!
Row like a man with a big moustache!
Row like glory and gaspers and gosh!

Peel off the flapper and row like a
Row like a flapper and row like a
Row with the grimace of masculine
face!

Down with the flapper who feebly flaps,
And up with the stalwarts who row like
chaps!
Hitch up your trousers and pull up your
socks
And do your damndest from bow to
cox!
Stick to it Amazons all! And then
Row like the youngest of young young
men—
And thus you will prove, I suppose, how
far
Removed from the dominant male you
are!
—Lucio, Manchester Guardian.

Safety First

According to the Mueller Record, a country editor, harassed by libel suits, studied the libel law. He then described a "social function" of the night before at the house of a village swell.

"A woman giving the name of J. G. Jones, who is reported to be one of the society leaders of this section, is said to have given what purported to be a reception yesterday afternoon."

"It is understood that a considerable number of so-called guests, reported to be ladies noted in society circles, were present, and some of them are quoted as saying they enjoyed the occasion."

"It is charged that the firm of Bower & Black furnished the refreshments, and Stringham the alleged music."

"The hostess is said to have worn a necklace of alleged pearls which she declares was given her by her husband."

An hour after the paper appeared the editor quit figuring on how to get away from libel suits. He began figuring on how to get away from town.

The 11:30 P. M. freight bound west solved the problem.

April 14, 1927

Mr. Converse's latest composition will be heard at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week. His Fantasia is a biographical glorification of the Ford "flivver," inspired by the statement that the 10,000,000th is now in use. The action opens in Detroit, not in "a stonecutter's yard" with the pursuing villain, but at dawn, with the music of factory whistles and the thought of honest five-hour-a-day laborers going to work for good Mr. Ford. The car is built, it sets out on its travels; there is a romantic episode by moonlight—we understand that the romance is not interrupted by a "cop"; there is a collision—tragedy—the car is patched up and again goes on its errand of help or destruction. This will be the first performance of the Fantasia.

The program will also comprise five sonatas of Scarlatti orchestrated by Tommasini (the Roman composer), being a Suite derived from his ballet, "The Good-Humored Ladies." The scenario of this ballet, written for the Ballet Russe, is based on one of Goldoni's comedies. The other compositions are Loeffler's pleasing symphonic poem, "Memories of My Childhood" (Life in a Russian Village), and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5. Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of this symphony in New York last week was enthusiastically praised by the audience and leading critics.

The program of the Symphony concerts next week will be as follows: Chadwick's "Tam o' Shanter," Roger Sessions's Symphony (first performance), Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Salome's Dance. Mr. Sessions, born at Brooklyn, N. Y., but of a New England family long resident in Hadley, Mass., having been graduated from Harvard University, studied music with Horatio Parker; later with Ernest Bloch. His home is in Florence, Italy.

The report that Mr. Henry Ford will attend the Symphony concerts this week to hear Mr. Converse's Fantasia, and return thanks, standing between Messrs. Koussevitzky and Converse on the platform, is, we regret to say, wholly without foundation.

Roland E. Partridge, tenor, will give a recital tonight in Jordan hall. Three songs by Ballantine (first time in Boston); Mr. Ballantine, pianist), Strauss, Debussy, Griffes, and "Improvisos" from Giordano's "Andrea Chénier."

Dorothy Corden will sing, clad in no doubt appropriate costumes, folk songs and a group of art songs in Jordan hall on Saturday afternoon.

When they performed Beethoven's Mass in D at Vienna in the course of the Beethoven Festival, the chorus was not more than 100 in number and the

Three of Scarlatti's sonatas, orchestrated by Vincenzo Tommasini of Rome, were played here at a concert of the McDowell Club. The other two were heard yesterday for the first time. Here an instance where ballet music loses its title, if anything, when it is transferred to the concert hall. The scenario of the ballet is said to be rather vague, except for constant agitation on the theme of mad-cap women, fond of practical jokes. Only one of them, love-sick, melancholy, moves, wrapped in her own thoughts, probably to the charming, beautiful music of the Andante played yesterday. It is hardly necessary to speak of Scarlatti and his genius; it is a pleasure to praise the skill shown by Tommasini in his orchestration. Scarlatti, the composer of pieces for the forerunners of the piano, has suffered from the impertinence of editors; Hans von Bülow, who took unwarrantable liberties, changing harmonic

ading, cutting, in other angling. Tommasini preserved old spirit, nor was he audacious in modernization. The lively movements are sparkling in their gaiety; the slow movement is beautifully arranged for the orchestra. The performance was a triumph of virtuosity, especially for the strings. This Suite is a valuable addition to the orchestra's repertoire. It is needless to say that Mr. Koussevitzky is peculiarly happy in his treatment of 17th and 18th century music.

Mr. Converse, reminded, no doubt, by Honegger's "Pacific 231," which, he says in his notes for the Program Book, he admires, found epic poetry in the birth and adventures of a "Flivver." Why not? Mr. Carpenter heard music from a perambulator; Honegger glorified in tones a locomotive engine.

Mr. Converse, in his notes, says that he set about this composition purely for his amusement, "and not too seriously." Unfortunately, the linotype and the proofreader omitted the important word "not." It is a good thing to hear amusing music in the concert hall. Composers, especially the younger, and audiences, are given to undue seriousness. The composers wishing to be dramatic, pathetic, tragic, are too often only dull, little frogs that would fain be oxen. Mr. Converse can afford to be amusing, for he has shown his ability to be serious without being boresome. If Walt Whitman, the poet of Lincoln's Burial Hymn and "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," could view tools and machinery an inspiration for poetic treatment, surely a flivver is worthy of consideration. Mr. Converse has written descriptive music, showing the life of a flivver from its birth in the machine shop to the tragic episode from which, however, it happily recovered. By way of contrast to the making of the machine, its joyous course, the inevitable collision, a charming episode, love music for a May night by the roadside, is introduced. As Mr. Converse says, "The moon shines as tenderly on the roadside in Westwood as ever it did on the banks of the Euphrates." Lovers ride today in a flivver as they did once in a buggy when one-handed driving was an accomplishment. The audience enjoyed "Flivver 10,000-000" and called the composer to the platform.

The same tribute of appreciation was paid Mr. Loeffler after the performance of his symphonic poem, which is more than interesting program music. He has seldom written anything finer, more musical and suggestive in mood than the sections of the peasant song, the ecclesiastical measures, the happiness of children; while the characteristic dance (with the use of mouth harmonicas) and the music of lamentation give the needed variety and hold the attention. In this symphonic poem there is a human expression of joy and sorrow—the latter only a passing mood—that gives the music indisputable charm.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave an amazingly dramatic, eloquent, reading of Tchaikovsky's symphony, music that is the outpouring of a tortured, at times despairing, soul. If ever there is music that is autobiographical, it is to be found in the last symphonies of this self-tormentor. But is this symphony beginning to "date"? Not because of its sullen, gloomy, doleful measures, its wild shrieks, its impotent raging against fate, its half-hearted and momentary gaiety, but by reason of the sentimentalism of the andante, the harassing thematic repetitions, the tossing of a theme not always of great significance from one instrument or group of instruments to another.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Chadwick, "E. minor, in 3 movements (first performance) Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration" and Salome's dance.

Looking at R. V. Culter's book of drawings illustrative of "The Gay Nineties," published by Doubleday, Page & Company, one may easily come to the conclusion that life was more tolerable and to be endured than in these whizzing, tumultuous, distracting days. These drawings were first published in Life. They are now reproduced in a handsome quarto. Charles Dana Gibson contributes a short preface. The volume will be of great assistance to future historians of American social manners, dress, and customs; it will now furnish amusement to the younger generation, while those who enjoyed themselves in the nineties and eighties will renew their youth and say to themselves, "The world went very well then."

Some of these drawings are in a way applicable to the present day. The first shows "The Reverend Thaddeus Bawlem, in a powerful sermon yesterday, attributed the falling off in church at-

tendance to the new bicycle craze. Do not good men in the pulpit now deplore the automobile craze which leads to smaller congregations?

Turn to the extremely funny picture on page 48. "A social hazard in the nineties—the guest who inadvertently used the word 'leg' instead of 'limb.'" See the man of the house and his wife glaring at the unfortunate caller, while the object of his affections claps her hands to her face in horror and disgust. It is true that legs are now flaunted in the face of the public by women old and young; but think for a moment of the present and violent crusade against certain novels, biographies, scientific treatises, a crusade that makes Boston ridiculous in the eyes of the civilized world a city that should be inhabited only by morons.

There was "buggy riding" in those good old days; there was no policeman to cry "Halt" and cool romantic demonstrations.

Three pictures will bring tears to the eyes of the sensitive. On page 41 we are told that anthracite coal was steadily climbing to \$4.50 a ton. On page 55 two children are looking for father's legs, seen under the half-doors of a beer saloon, while a sidewalk sign shows a huge glass of beer with the legend "5c." On page 27 Jake is serving Tom and Jerry "on the house" to old customers on Christmas morning. On page 69 is another barroom scene: "What has become of the fellow who used to say, 'I'll just have a little celery tonic?'"

There was an outcry against theatrical entertainments that shocked the community. On page 5 a group of women are holding an indignation meeting in front of a billboard "advertising the first attempt to glorify the American girl on the stage, also showing a helpless male of the period about to go to the demitition bow-wows unless something is done quickly to safeguard his morals." Yet the burlesque actress portrayed on the billboard is clothed from the waist to the neck, while her legs are displayed only from the knees down.

Bicycles, hansom cabs, carry-alls—yes, on page 65 there is a picture of the "baggogged, gauntleted, linen-dusted automobilist—down to his last match, trying to light the acetylene headlights in a high wind."

A sumptuously appointed motor car is a very fine thing for malefactors of great wealth, but is it comparable to a Brewster carriage drawn by a span of noble horses proud of their shining dress of polished leather and metal?

In those days gone beyond recall small and rude boys made sport (page 56)—"Thirty Love!" "Deuse!" "Your Serve, Dearest!" of a young man passing a lively stable in full tennis regalia.

There were other games and crazes: The camera fever, the flashlight photograph craze—baseball—see on page 17 "a group of sterling athletes in the days when Jawn J. McGraw hardly had a pennant to his name. Baseball, in those pre-Landis days, was played mostly according to the rules laid down by the late Marquis of Queensbury, and umpires were considered legitimate prey." See the excitement of the family group on page 33: "The feverish climax of a wild evening—getting 'home' the last men for the parched championship." On page 50 the neighbors drop in to hear Mr. Edison's latest invention. In the nineties the fairways plus the usual stray cow, were the only hazards necessary. Note the discreet skirts of the ladies in the mixed foursome.

A terrible social hazard was the autograph album pest. Women playing croquet wore trailing skirts which by mere accident, of course, would bring a ball in better position for the wicket. Croquet, ah croquet! (A decade or two before the nineties the balls were almost as big as plum pudding; the mallets were clumsy affairs; Capt. Mayne Reid's book on the game was an oracle). There was the decalcomania craze.

There are often pictures of bar-room life than those we have mentioned, but we have not the heart to describe them.

Mr. Culter's pictures of the dresses, coiffures, hats of the nineties will be invaluable to future writers on costumes. Observe the ardent young man on page 73: "In the 'you-just-know-she-wears-'em' nineties the gallant lover had to fight cold steel to win his lady fair."

What a reconstructor of a period is this Mr. Culter! A period of mansard roofs, stuffy parlors, strange things on mantelpieces and walls; a period of wooden Indians inviting a visit to the tobacconist; a little iron negro boy for a driveway hitching-post. See page 66: "Before the day of the social register one could tell who was who in a town by the front lawns, for instance—a lawn cut up by mere star-and-crescent flower-

The revival of the "Pirates of Penzance" and "Iolanthe" was anticipated eagerly. The name of Winthrop Ames gave promise of carefully prepared and thoroughly artistic performances.

When Gilbert was little, he traveled with his parents in Germany and Italy. He was 2 years old when he was kidnapped by brigands at Naples and ransomed for £25. "Two pleasant Italian gentlemen stopped Gilbert's nurse and said that the English gentleman had sent them for the baby." She handed him over. Gilbert's biographers, Messrs. Dark and Grey, say that this incident was obviously in Gilbert's mind when he wrote the "Pirates of Penzance." "It will be remembered that Ruth, the simple minded nurse-maid, was told to apprentice Frederick to a pilot, and in mistake she apprenticed him to a pirate."

"Mistaking my instructions that within my brain did gyrate,

I took and bound this promising boy apprenticed to a pirate.

A sad mistake it was to make and doom him to a vile lot,

I bound him to a pirate—you—instead of to a pilot."

Some have said that the plot was suggested by an allusion in one of the old "Bab Ballad" and based on a characteristic Gilbertian idea, viz.: that of a band of pirates whose proceedings were regulated by a sort of topsy-turvy logic. Others think that Gilbert's intention was to write a burlesque of melodrama with pirates as heroes, following the example of John Gay, who made highwaymen heroes in the "Beggars' Opera." This led William Archer to write: "Gilbert's pirate king seems to us an almost inconceivable caricature, but he does not exaggerate the poses and gestures, which had been accepted as serious art until well on in the nineteenth century."

Gilbert took pains with the policeman's song, one of the best things in the operetta. He wrote to Sullivan that he had made great use of the "Tarantara" business in Act II. "The police always sing 'Tarantara' when they desire to work their courage to the sticking point. They are naturally timid, but through the agency of this talisman they are enabled to acquit themselves well when concealed. . . . I mention this that you may bear it in mind in setting the general's 'Tarantara' song. I mean that it may be treated as an important feature and not as a mere incidental effect. I need not say that this is mere suggestion. If you don't like it, it won't be done."

The "Policeman's song" has been turned into Latin verses: the first by Arthur Chilton—beginning "Ubi fraudibus fraudator abrogatis," the second by the bishop of Southampton when he was bishop of Tokio; it begins: "Quando desinet dolosus fur furari, fur furari."

It might be said that the tune of this chorus is almost note for note like the opening measures of a rondo for piano taught at the Leipsic Conservatory of Music when Sullivan was a student there.

A Plutarchian comparison might be drawn between Gilbert's Major-General Stanley and Meilhac and Halevy's General Boum in "La Grande Duchesse."

The chorus sung by General Stanley's daughters on their first entrance is taken from "Thespls; or The Gods Grown Old," a little operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan produced at the Gaiety, London, in 1871, but without success.

The reviews published in newspapers of New York and Boston when the "Pirates of Penzance" was first brought out are entertaining. Some of the critics in New York found it inferior to "H. M. S. Pinafore" and were violent, prophesying a short and inglorious life. The Dramatic and Musical Mirror said, apropos of the operetta in Philadelphia, that the characters were cranks; the humor depended not so much on the text as in making grown up men and women act like children or idiots. The jokes were "stupid enough to be worthy of Punch, but old enough to secure the discharge of an end man in an American minstrel show." Even in Boston one critic found the "Pirates of Penzance" only a "rechauffe of 'Pinafore.'" Both libretto and music show unmistakable evidence of having been written to meet an occasion, and consequently seem labored, and bear no traces of spontaneity either in thought or execution.

But the public thought otherwise and the operetta drew large and enthusiastic audiences. The first performance in New York was on Dec. 31, 1879. The singers were Blanche Roosevelt, Jessie Bond, Rosina Brandram, Alice Barnett, Messrs. Ryley, Brocolini, Cook, Talbot, Clifton.

Philadelphia was so impressed by the costumes that there were minute descriptions of dresses worn by Mabel, Edith, Kate, Isabel and Ruth in the Philadelphia Times.

It was declared unanimously that Miss Blanche Roosevelt was not at ease in the operetta, not suited to works of this species.

As the older generation knows, the plot of "Iolanthe" was taken from the "Bab Ballad, George and the Fairies." In the ballad, the father is an attorney; in the opera he is the "highly susceptible Chancellor." When "Iolanthe" was brought out at the Savoy, London, in 1882, Punch found that the idea of beings half-mortal and half-fairy was "something not quite pleasant"! Even after a revival this season in London, no less a person than Ernest Newman declared that he could not rank "Iolanthe" with the best of the Savoy series. Yet this operetta, also, has been a great favorite with the public. The lines about the Peers are especially pertinent today in England.

It was at the dress rehearsal that Gilbert said to the chorus men representing the House of Lords: "For heaven's sake wear your coronets as if you were used to them."

Produced in New York on Nov. 25, 1882, "Iolanthe" was performed by Marie Jansen, Augusta Roche, Mina Rowley, Florence Remister, Belle Barrow, Sallie Reber; Messrs. Carleton, Wilkinson, Denman, James, White, Ryley. Names, for the most part only names. W. T. Carleton, excellent singer and actor in grand opera with Clara Louise Kellogg and Marie Roze, is remembered by many, as is Marie Jansen. Ryley, admirable in Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas, was the lord chancellor; Sallie Reber was Phyllis; the charming and unfortunate Marie Jansen was the Iolanthe.

In the N. Y. Times of Sept. 21, 1919, Mr. Carleton freed his mind about certain revivals.

"I was the original Grosvenor in 'Patience,' Strephon in 'Iolanthe,' &c., in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas produced under the management of

D'Oyly Carte at the Standard Theatre, New York. During my association with the Savoy management as a result of Sir W. S. Gilbert's (then plain Mr.) stage direction I absorbed a respect for the libretti which made interpellations and so-called local witticisms, as were permitted in subsequent productions, a gross impertinence! For the sake of a laugh from those of the audiences who were unable to appreciate the delightful wit of Mr. Gilbert, who, I think, may be well regarded as the Shakespeare of the literature of light opera, the clown comedian is allowed to substitute lines and business quite inappropriate to the delicate wit and keen satire of the author. In the Times of the 14th inst. you say: 'Clever people, who, by im-provisations here and there, improve tremendously on the feeble lines and lyrics of W. S. Gilbert.'

"Being an Englishman, it may be that, according to our American cousins, I cannot see a joke, which, though the humor seems somewhat obscure, may have been intended as such. 'Feeble lines and lyrics.' Surely, your thoughts slipped with your pen!"

Carleton's rebuke was well deserved. Too many have gagged and clowned it in these operetta. "Iolanthe" was the operetta when the Bijou Theatre in Boston was opened on Dec. 11, 1882. Janet Edmondson, Messrs. Fessenden, Brocolini, Dixey (Lord Chancellor) were in the company.

Let us add a tragic note. When Sullivan left home to conduct the first performance of "Iolanthe," he was handed a letter that told him of the failure of Cooper, Hall & Co. The savings of a lifetime went, and there was only about \$100 left to him; but, says a biographer, "he conducted 'Iolanthe' that night as though nothing had happened."

P. H.

'THE CONSTANT NYMPH'

Music by Eugene Goossens; Not by Lewis
Dodd with His Symphony in Three Keys

"The Constant Nymph," which will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night, was produced at the New Theatre, London, on Sept. 14, 1926: Teresa Sanger, Edna Best; Lewis Dodd, Noel Coward; Jacob Birnbaum, Kenneth Kent; Florence Churchill, Cathleen Nesbit.

Philadelphia saw the play early in December, 1926. It arrived at the Selwyn Theatre, New York, on Dec. 9 of that year.

When this dramatization of Margaret Kennedy's novel—she and Basil Dean made the adaptation—was produced in London, Mr. James Agate said that the play must always be happy in three themes which no amount of good writing could ever defeat: the "heart of a child" theme, "perennially refreshing in a world grown sick of war, war debts, labor leading and misleading, and all the other knavish trickeries of the grown spirit." He was less sure about the validity of the second theme—the early dying. "There never was any reason why the naughty heroines of Prevost, Murger and Dumas should find Heaven by the consumptive route except that death pays all and secures the moral ending. There is no reason that I can see why Miss Kennedy's good little woman should not have borne her husband a brood of sturdy, constant little children." The third theme is the age-long one of the conflict between respectability and the artistic temperament, "I am not quite sure whether we are asked to assume that because Sanger was a great composer he was bound to take to brandy, women, and winking at his family's irregular habits, or that it was these laxities and irresponsibilities which gave him his inspiration and so led to his being a great composer. Personally, it has always seemed to me that one of the disabilities attaching to a great artist's career is that he cannot indulge in dissipation as freely as other men."

Mr. Agate ended his long review by saying: "For people who can recognize a plain, unvarnished transcript from life and like a good play 'with no nonsense about it,' I can imagine nothing better."

Nothing is said in the English reviews that we have seen about incidental music for this play. Music has been composed by Eugene Goossens, known here as a composer and a guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

We are indebted to Mr. John Montague for the following article with reference to this music:

"The trouble with incidental music is generally that it is too incidental. Unless it has a vital significance in the development of plot or character, it is likely either to assume an independent existence or to be forgotten entirely."

"Shakespeare's plays are full of incidental music, and in most cases the relationship to situation or character is scarcely perceptible. A marked exception occurs in 'Hamlet,' where Ophelia's use of the old English Willow Song is a truly poignant expression of her madness and her tragedy. In 'As You Like It,' on the other hand, the Ben Greet players used to sing 'Come Hither' to a melody taken from Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and nobody seemed particularly worried, on or off."

"Plays about music and musical people have been common enough, but the actual music never figured prominently in the productions. Trilby sang plaintively about 'Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,' but the current slang concerned itself entirely with her feet. Leo Ditrichstein's musical efforts in 'The Concert' were limited to Schumann's 'Warum,' played off-stage. David Warfield gave Minnie Dupree lessons in 'The Music Master,' but made no attempt at personal performance."

"Since then we have had Chrystal Herne's admirable interpretation of a Chopin scherzo in 'Expressing Willie' (with the help of a reproducing piano). Genevieve Tobin's 'Don't you hear me calling?' with an Irish harp in 'Little Old New York,' Fay Bainter's Chinese ditty in 'East Is West,' and John Barrymore's 'Madrigal of May' in 'The Jest,' Roland Young spoke darkly of composing a symphony in 'Beggars on Horseback,' but Deems Taylor's charming ballet, 'A Kiss in Xanadu,' was all the audience heard."

"In view of this tradition, it is interesting to note the fact that 'The Constant Nymph' is essentially a play about music. It is more than that. With the exception of 'Trelawny of the Wells,' in which the song 'Ever of Thee' plays a prominent part in the plot (and possibly 'Lally'), it is the only current piece of spoken drama in which the drama definitely creates both situation and character and serves as something distinctly more than a mere relief from spoken lines."

"Those who have read Margaret Kennedy's novel will remember that Lewis Dodd composed a 'symphony in three keys.' Just what the author meant by this is not quite clear, for practically every symphony is in at least three keys, with only the first movement necessarily contributing the accepted signature."

"Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, for instance, starts in C minor, which is its official key. But the second movement is in A flat major, and the third

goes back to C minor and the finale is in C major.

"Perhaps Miss Kennedy meant that her hero wrote in three keys simultaneously, which would produce enough dissonance to satisfy the most ultra-modern soul."

"Unhappily, we are denied a hearing of the Dodd symphony in the stage version of 'The Constant Nymph.' The piece is freely discussed before and after its performance, and a phonographic recording gives a convincing suggestion of the enthusiastic clamor of the Queen's Hall audience. But Glenn Anders, as Lewis, never quotes a note from the bulky score, nor does the musical and appreciative Tessa."

"Eugene Goossens, however, conductor at the Eastman School in Rochester, has supplied some incidental music for 'The Constant Nymph.' His finest effort is the rehearsal of the charade, 'Breakfast with the Borgias,' composed by Dodd in honor of Sanger's birthday."

"Most of this is broad burlesque, but when Lewis and Tessa start their duet one becomes immediately aware that these two are deeply and unconsciously in love with each other. It is comparatively simple music, but it tells its story perfectly. And it is composed exactly as Lewis Dodd might have done it. In no other way could the situation have been presented so subtly or so clearly."

"In the second act there is a caricature of the stock musical party, to which the ambitious amateur brings his leather case in the hope of being called upon to perform. The old English duet, which one guest takes for Gilbert and Sullivan, is a high light in this absurdly life-like picture."

"Dodd's brutal singing of 'The Silver Sty' again advances both plot and character. It is the most direct and unmistakable method of bringing out his complete disillusionment, his contempt for social conventions and the hopeless failure of his marriage to Florence. Mr. Goossens has handled this important bit of music admirably by writing a very simple, folk-like tune of the A B C type and harmonizing it in a discordant style, expressing rebellion in every line."

"Sanger herself, the expatriated musician, does not appear on the stage in 'The Constant Nymph,' but his presence is not needed. With the highly individual characters of Tessa and Lewis providing action which is at all times absorbing, it is left to the music itself to contribute not only an atmospheric undercurrent but a most significant revelation of the fundamental meaning of the play as a whole. The success of the experiment should encourage further co-operation of the same sort between the kindred arts of music and the drama."

P. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY: Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah." Mr. Mollenhauer conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY: Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Last of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Monday night concerts. Mr. Koussevitzky conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY: Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Orcha Halprin, violinist; George Herzog, accompanist; Vitall, Chaconne; Gluck-Kreisler, Melodie; Elgar, La Capricieuse; Stoessel, Lullaby; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dance, No. 1; Bach, Concerto, E major (accompanied by string quartet); Sarasate, Romanza Andaluza; Chopin-Kreisler, Mazurka; Bazzini, La Rond des Lutins.

WEDNESDAY: Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Olive Macy Appleton, Coloratura soprano; John MacKnight, flutist; Mary Shaw Swain, pianist. Palsiello, Chi vuol la Zingarella; Caccini, Amarilli mia bella; Mozart, Voi che sapete; Donizetti, "Mad Scene" from "Lucia di Limmermoor"; Loewe, Niemand hats gesehen; Schumann, Mondnacht; Nerini, L'Insecte aile; Hahn, Fetes galantes; David, Charmant Oiseau from "La Perle du Brasil"; Leclair, Musette; Rhene-Baton, Passacaille; Hahn, L'Enchanteur; Weaver, Moon Marketing; Loewe, Canzonetta; Kramer, When I was Seventeen; Mozart, Allclujah.

FRIDAY: Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 23d Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY: Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Simmons College Glee Club, Mr. McClosky, conductor. Myrtle T. Seay, soprano; Maurine Palmer, contralto; Pergolesi, Stabat Mater; Holst, Five Choral Hymns from the "Rig Veda"; Carpenter, Song cycle "Gitanjali" (Mr. McClosky, singer); Rimsky-Korsakov, Dragon Flies; Holst, The Swallow Leaves Her Nest; Mrs. Beach, Three Flower Songs.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

of insects devoted his volume to the ant, which is perhaps the most fascinating individual in all the insect world. The ant, however, has not been neglected. In translation from the German comes "The Ant People," by Dr. Heinz Ewers (Doubleday, Page & Co.). His volume of 325 pages is well illustrated. The book reads like a brilliant travel story of strange lands and of their still stranger inhabitants. The ants are a wonderful people, and Dr. Ewers assures us that they have some of the virtues and many of the vices of humankind. The book is the result of many years of sympathetic study of the ant in various parts of the world, and is written with an enthusiasm which the reader quickly catches.

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Pirates of Penzance," a comic opera in two acts. Text by W. S. Gilbert; music by Arthur Sullivan. Performed by Winthrop Ames's Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company. Staged by Mr. Ames. Sepp Morscher, conductor. The cast was as follows:

Richard	John Barclay
Samuel	J. Humbird Duffey
Frederic	William Williams
Maj.-Gen. Stanley	Ernest Lawford
His Orderly	George C. Lebrion
Edward	William C. Gordon
A Doctor of Divinity	George C. Lebrion
Mabel	Ruth Thomas
Kate	Sybil Sterling
Edith	Carol Atherton
Isabel	Adele Sanderson
Maudie	Paula Langlen
Ruth	Vera Ross

No doubt Sullivan's music is fresher today than Gilbert's dialogue, yet the play on the words "orphan" and "often" and the solemn and logical conclusion

of the fact, that as Frederic was born in a leap year he was 5 years old instead of 21, greatly amused the large audience, which was enthusiastic from the rising of the curtain to the final going down of it, bursting into applause even in the overture, rejoicing in hearing again a familiar tune, and a good tune, right well played.

If reading is a fair test, compare for a moment the best librettos written by Meilhac and Halevy for Offenbach and see how Gilbert, except possibly for ingenious rhyming of lyrics, suffers. The wit of "La Belle Helene" and "La Grande Duchesse" is as sparkling today as it was when Hortense Schneider drew European princes and potentates to the little Parisian theatre.

But "The Pirates of Penzance" was heartily enjoyed; not only by those who thus recalled pleasant memories of years gone by; but also by those—O ingenious youths and maidens! who heard the operetta for the first time.

The quality of the performance justly excited admiration and applause. Not since the first year of the operetta in this country has there been on the whole so satisfactory a rendering; we recall no one in which the singing of nearly all the principals and the chorus was so effective; no one which equalled the present in stage management.

It is true that Mr. Lawford, an excellent actor in spoken drama, is hardly the man to play the Major-General. He was not at his ease in the patter-song, nor was he at times intelligible. Nor to those who respect Gilbertian traditions was the clowning of the policeman acceptable. One was surprised that Mr. Ames sanctioned it; one wished a more unctuous comedian than Mr. Gordon as the Sergeant of Police. But we have never seen so good a Frederic as Mr. Williams portrayed him and sang the music; never a better Pirate Chief with his gallant lieutenant, never so good a Ruth.

Miss Thomas as Mabel sang delightfully and in action was always within the frame. The other daughters, Gen. Stanley were grateful to even

car. Their entrance was admirably managed, as was the long scene that followed. The male chorus was musically resonant; there was unusual individuality in the dramatic business of the ensemble.

Mr. Marscher conducted the wholly competent orchestra in a manner that while it supported without overwhelming the singers, brought out the many beauties of Sullivan's score, too often slighted or ignored.

"The Pirates of Penzance" will be heard again tomorrow night; on Tuesday night "Iolanthe."

DOROTHY GORDON

Dorothy Gordon styles her performance as "The Young People's Concert Hour" and an audience of both adults and children greeted her yesterday at Jordan Hall. What Miss Gordon lacks in voice she replaces with mimicry, pantomime and costumes. She has a pleasant speaking voice and tells in a direct, simple manner, the origin and meaning of the songs she sings, giving her young audience an intelligent understanding of her different groups.

Miss Gordon is evidently aware of her own shortcomings and arranged her program so as to emphasize the chatty songs, the staccato bits about "The Toad's Courtship" from a collection of Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway, "The Cuck-Coo Clock" by A. A. Grant, "The Big Brown Bear" by Anna Zucca. In these she excelled.

The Indian songs that comprised Miss Gordon's first group were interesting. Her second group consisted of the so-called American folk songs that have passed down from generation to generation of southern mountain people. In the third group of plantation songs was the father of jazz, so Miss Gordon pointed out, "When Your Potatoes are Done," arranged by Mina Monroe, and two Stephen Foster ballads, "Uncle Ned" and "Oh Suzanna."

In the modern group, Edward Macdowell's "To a Wild Rose" suffered from wobbly sustained tones and Eugene Field's poem "A French Doll's Wooing," put to music by Henry Hadley, was not Miss Gordon's best. The audience entered into the spirit of Miss Gordon's songs and even assisted her, in "Oh Suzanna" and "Suwanee River."

C. M. D.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY IN 'SAMSON'

The Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, at its 840th concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, sang "Samson and Delilah," by Saint-Saens. The soloists were: Julia Claussen, mezzo soprano, Delilah; Paul Althouse, tenor, Samson; Horace Stevens, baritone, High Priest; Henry J. Warren, baritone, Abimelech and the Aged Hebrew.

Mr. Mollenhauer and the Handel and Haydn Society were indeed fortunate to be able to get as soloists four artists of the calibre of those singing the principal roles yesterday. Two of them, Mme. Claussen and Mr. Althouse, as members of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, might easily have been expected to acquit themselves well. Mr. Stevens was not a whit their inferior, however, either as singer or as interpreter. Mr. Warren's part was comparatively small, but he too carried off his measure of success.

After the first third of the program the stage belonged to Mme. Claussen and Messrs. Althouse and Stevens. By their song and interpretation the story of Samson and Delilah was vividly, dramatically, unfolded. For their performance alone the afternoon at Symphony Hall was well spent. There have been operatic performances of Samson and Delilah less pleasurable. It takes artists of parts to make the oratorio as thrilling, or more so, than the opera.

The chorus, like all good choruses, "also sang." The tenor and bass sections, particularly the latter, showed rather more "pcp" and imagination than

the sopranos and altos.

The orchestra played well. At times, in part I of the program, it was not sufficiently subdued for the singers, but later it took its place as background and support more gracefully.

Mr. Mollenhauer conducted with his customary efficiency, except at times when either he forgot he was conducting an actual concert and not a rehearsal, or he wanted to give his performers added assurance of tempo by making the metronome audible for them, he beat time by tapping his baton against the iron framework of his music stand. This audible emphasis on time, which another conductor recently did with his foot, should not be necessary, and mars the artistic effect of the music.

Although the house was not quite filled, there was a large audience, and few left before the end of the concert, which, while beginning promptly, lasted until well after 6 o'clock. It might be well, for another performance, to cut this oratorio a little, especially in the long orchestral passage of part III.

H. L.

April 19, 1927

We asked a few days ago whether anyone now living in Boston knew the brilliant journalist, E. G. P. Wilkins, who, going to New York, became the dramatic critic of the N. Y. Herald and died, all too young, in the Sixties. We also asked whether relatives of Wilkins were now living here. These questions have not been satisfactorily answered, but we have received an interesting letter from Mr. John W. Ryan. We quote from it:

"I do not think that there is anyone living who remembers personally E. G. P. Wilkins. When the Shakespearean scholar, the Rev. Henry Norman Hudson, was the chief editorial writer on the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette and I was the office editor, we had as foreman of the composing room, a man who had a brother-in-law named Charles Carroll. Carroll was a cutter in the wholesale clothing house called Oak Hall. He told me once that E. G. P. Wilkins was employed there when the store was on the George W. Simmons estate on North street; that he found Wilkins an agreeable chum; that he was in the public advertising department. This was told to me in the latter middle sixties of the last century, when Wilkins was in New York, dramatic critic of Bennett's paper. He was a leisurely going, well dressed gentleman without being a dandy. Later on when Henry Clapp became the editor and proprietor of that short-lived but brilliant paper called the N. Y. Saturday Press, Wilkins became one of the contributors and signed himself "Personne." His articles were a clever imitation of the Parisian feuilleton: the short sentences sparkled with humorous comment on the players, the authors and the characters portrayed.

"Wilkins was associated with the so-called Bohemians. . . . William Winter was one of them. They gathered at night at Pfaff's subterranean saloon on the East side of Broadway, near Bleecker street, but I shrewdly guess that his heart was not in it. He did not care much for Swiss or Limburger cheese and lager beer or Pilsner. . . . nor did he go often to see Ada Clare reigning in Pfaff's, and watching Fitz James O'Brien and some other of her subjects playing penny ante." Walt Whitman would drop in at Pfaff's.

"A great poet Walt, but also a great humbug. He was not always 'one of the roughs.' Many could recall the time when he was a compositor in a Brooklyn newspaper office, and afterwards a dramatic critic in the ordinary costume of the day. He roughened up and became the friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Walt was never read by the omnibus drivers with whom he associated in New York, and when he visited Boston. They liked the man, although they had no comprehension of his biblical verse. It's a strange world this of ours, but you cannot find a better one this side of the Styx.

"Charles A. Barry, a crayon artist of unusual merit, whom I first knew in Boston's South end, where his people owned considerable property before the Neck was filled in on both sides, came for a while within the Bohemian circle. Through him I spent an evening at Pfaff's, and saw some of the lesser lights of Bohemia, where John Boyle O'Reilly said he would rather live than in any other land, although he never apparently tried hard to get there. Thomas Bailey Aldrich came in while I was at Pfaff's. He was then employed as assistant editor of the Home Journal,

where he went from his uncle's counting room, after he had achieved no little fame by writing 'Babbie Ball' . . .

"I do not recall any sparkling gems of wit at this assembly, but the meeting was never tinged with vulgarity, any more than was the birds' song that wafted most of them to breakfast at Washington Market, where they hobbled with the butchers and butchers-esses.

"I did not meet E. G. P. Wilkins, more's the pity, although at the time when he was to the fore on the New York Herald I had written some verses on the sudden death of a cousin of mine which her father and mother thought should be printed in the obituary column of Bennett's paper, but Wilkins was not there; he belonged higher up in the building. These unfortunate verses pursued me for months and were tacked on to the lamentations for the sharply taking-off of people I never knew. The moral is: Don't be a 'polck' if you can help it, but sometimes you can't. Bobbie Burns couldn't."

The New York Saturday Press, edited by Henry Clapp, was started in October, 1858. T. B. Aldrich was assistant editor, and O'Brien was the dramatic critic. They left the paper in January, 1859, and in December, 1860, it was discontinued. When Clapp revived it several years afterward he stated that it had been suspended for want of means and was now started again for the same reason. Born at Nantucket in 1814, he is buried there, having died in extreme poverty in 1875.

Wilkins must have died before 1865, for in that year George Arnold wrote affectionately about him, saying of his dead friend that his forethought and supervision in all matters should preserve his memory from the imputation of "Bohemianism."

It seems that Wilkins, like that coruscating dramatic critic, "Nym Crinkle," wrote feuilletons in "short sentences." This reminds us of Artemus Ward's digression in his story, "Pyrotechny."

"I write this romance in the French style.

"Yes; something that way.

"The French style consists of making just as many paragraphs as possible.

"Thus one may fill up a column in a very short time.

"I am paid by the column, and the quicker I can fill up a column—but this is a matter to which we will not refer.

"We will let this matter pass."

C. F. A. in a letter to us quotes a pleasant description in Charles T. Congdon's "Reminiscences of a Journalist" of Wilkins, "genial and clever," and his room in New York. This entertaining description will soon be printed in this column.

Wilkins's wit, humor, shrewd sense are entombed in old files of the New York Herald. It is doubtful if they could even be identified. Brother journalists, let us not take ourselves too seriously. We buzz for a time, like flies; we are brushed away, if not crushed, and are carelessly swept into the dust bin of time.

Anecdote for the Day

Sir George Reid was once speaking in Sydney town hall. A man in the gallery kept calling him "two-faced." Reid finally stopped his speech and said: "You call me two-faced, do you? Well, you can't be, or you wouldn't be wearing that one."

It was Reid who, going to a public dinner at Manchester, lost his suitcase, so that he was obliged to wear his everyday clothes. He made this apology in replying to a toast: "I tried to hire a suit, but wherever I went I was told 'all the dress suits are let out for the Chamber of Commerce dinner to-night.'"

"THE CONSTANT NYMPH" GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Constant Nymph," a play in three acts and six scenes by Margaret Kennedy and Basil Dean, based on the former's novel of the same name. Produced at the New Theatre, London, on Sept. 14, 1926; Lewis Dodd, Noci Coward; Teresa Sanger, Edna Best; Florence Churchill, Cathleen Nesbitt. Performed at New York (Selwyn Theatre), Dec. 9, 1926. Produced by George C. Tyler and Basil Dean.

The cast last night was as follows:

Lewis Dodd	Edna Best
Linda Coward	Marion Waring
Kate Sanger	Oliver Reeves
Katrina	Loretta Higgs
Ruth Tricorin	Paul Ke
Paulina Sanger	Hop Down
Teresa Sanger	Beatrice
Robert Babinbaum	Leo Carroll
Robert	Edna Best
Susan	Glenn May
Florence Churchill	Loretta Higgs
Charles Churchill	Edward Emerson
William Gregory	Jane Saville
Sir Bartlemy Pugh	Sidney Paxton
Everett Layburn	Leo Carroll
Edna Best	Oliver Reeves
Dr. Dawson	Thomas Coffin
Lydla Mainwaring	Loretta Higgs
Robert Mainwaring	Perce
An Usher	William Evan
A Freeman	William Curber
A Clerk	Harry
Madame Marx	Ether Bell

There was curiosity, of course, to see a dramatization of a novel that gave pleasure to thousands and was for a time the subject of drawing-room and street-car discussion. There was the wish to see the novelist's characters in flesh and blood on the stage, living the life given them by her.

Miss Kennedy and Mr. Dean have made from the novel a play that is for the most part entertaining, but much that gave the book individuality and set it apart from the contemporaneous novel, has inevitably escaped in the dramatization, as in so many cases where a novel is turned into a drama. The reasons for this loss are obvious and need not be explained at length. In a novel there may be patient study of character, an analysis of change of development. On the stage a sketch must take the place of a portrait with all the illuminating details.

The play is, then, entertaining as a play, though it does not put forth a sufficient reason for the praise bestowed on the novel. The performance, too, was in a way misleading, for there were times when it seemed as if some of the comedians were unwilling to play "straight"; as if they wished to turn comedy into farce, fearing that otherwise the dialogue and the situations would not be appreciated in the "provinces."

Then there was the fact that many lines were lost owing to the indistinct enunciation of the women. Miss Waring-Manley was an exception, but Sanger's daughters, even Teresa, too, often ran their words together or mumbled them, or screamed them, so that they were unintelligible. This was especially true of the opening scene, which was played in the appropriate high spirit, with the jumping about, the squeals of joy, the shouting and the general din that were peculiar to Sanger's interesting family.

We all missed Sanger; only his dying groans were heard off stage. Was he considered by the dramatists a superfluous person? Or did they not dare to bring him on? One might also ask if Antonia, when her armoured adventure is remembered, was not represented as too young. Nor would it have destroyed illusion if Teresa had been a little more mature.

But Miss Thomson's portrayal of this pathetic girl was excellent in many ways. There was a fine touch in her look at Dodd's face after they had sung the love duet in the charade. One saw as from a tower the end of all: Teresa, lovable with the soul of a child and the passion of a woman, doomed to bitter disappointment, sorrow, and—to suit the novelist's whim—an untimely death in a squalid and foreign lodging house. Was it necessary to kill Teresa? Dodd would never have gone back to Florence, the respectable, icy, tiresome Florence.

Many of the characters as portrayed were more than recognizable; they were real; they were welcomed as old friends, though Linda on the stage was surely handsomer, more seductive than in the novel. One was glad to be on still more intimate terms with Tricorin, Birnbaum and the guests at Florence's little musical party in London.

Mr. Anders in the earlier scenes was Dodd to the life; but in the artists' room at Queen's hall with his friends and with Florence, he was not convincing; merely to be stubborn was not enough.

One of the pleasantest memories of the evening will be the scene between Churchill and Teresa. What a delight it was to hear Mr. Emery's conversational English, so beautifully and naturally distinct! The young women in the company should learn from him in this respect. After all one reason for going to the theatre, is to hear the lines; it helps in understanding the dramatist's purpose and ability, and in the delineation of the characters evidently speaking, is far as the eye can judge.

The large audience was greatly interested and evidently approved.

REPATORY THEATRE—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," comedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Staged by Henry Jewett, sets designed by Jonel Jorgulesco. The cast:

Hermia	Agnes Elliott
Demetrius	Scott
Lysander	William Faversham
Puck	Guy Phillips
Oberon	Velma Lawrence
Tania	Charles Francis
	Ruth Taylor

Will Shakespeare's rollicking burlesque show, with girls, music, romance, slapstick humor and farcical misunder-

...coming came to town last night and kept a large Repertory Theatre audience laughing in great good humor for its full two hours and three-quarters. The action was fast and light, the settings by Jorgulesco admirable, and the huge cast with its necessary quota of amateurs wove their way through the fantastic four-fold plot without serious misadventure.

The Huntington avenue players deserve thanks for taking the trouble at this time to remind us that the Bard of Avon wasn't such a serious chap after all, and wasn't even above poking a little fun at his own pet device of stage hara-kiri. After all, there is not much of a gap in technique of structure between this comedy 330 odd years old, and that of the current type of musical comedy, the chief difference being that the one 300 years old seems fresher and less painfully repetitious. Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music was played between the acts, and an occasional accompaniment, Daniel Luntz conducting.

Louis Leon Hall was a bulwark of strength as Quince, with quavering voice and laughable soliloquy, and Bottom, as played by Marshall Vincent, made a glorious donkey and a delightful amateur night actor. Messrs. Faversham and Phillips were well cast as Demetrius and Lysander, and Miss Scott's experience kept the boat from rocking several times. Miss Velma Lawrence did a piquant, vivacious and acrobatic Puck, and Ruth Taylor and Charles Francis as King and Queen of the Fairies, were statuesque, graceful and imaginative. Several voices should be tempered to suit the small theatre. That and other minor errors will doubtless be attended to. This production should be as successful as the company's revival of Macbeth.

H. F. M.

"PICKWICK" ACTED

The Majestic Theatre, "Pickwick," comedy in three acts by Cosmo Hamilton and Frank C. Reilly, with John Cumberland, presented by Frank C. Reilly. The cast:

Sam Weller	Charles McNaughton
Housekeeper	Ruby Hallier
Mr. Boff	Alfred Southern
Nathaniel Winkle, Esq.	Ralph Bunker
Augustus Snodgrass, Esq.	MacKenzie Ward
Tracy Tupman, Esq.	Harry Plimmer
Waiter	Marshall Hale
Miss Emily Wardle	Dorothy Wyckoff
Mr. Bob Sawyer	Basel Hanbury
Miss Arabella Allen	Sheelagh Hayes
Mr. Ben Allen	Guido Alexander
Miss Isabella Wardle	Jill Willis
Mr. Brundle	Malcolm Duffield
Mr. Wardle	Walter Spavin
Tommy Weller	Bruce Winston
Miss Rachel Wardle	Olga Katzin
Mr. Perker	George E. Mack
Harry	Marie Paxton
Joe the Fatboy	Maxine Bonadeo
Cabman	Paul Porter
Samuel Pickwick, Esq.	John Cumberland
The bad ostler at the White Hart	John Rogers
Stable-boy	Tom McKee
Mr. Alfred Jingle	Basil Hanbury
The Elderly Gallant	Claude Goutrand
Link-boy	Sol Solomon
The Lady in the Sedan Chair	Maureen Dillon
Charles Pecksniff	Arthur Frost
Mrs. Martha Bardell	Katherine Stewart
Master Tommy Bardell	Frank Peters
Martin, the Gamekeeper	Claude Goutrand
Gamekeeper's Boy	Maureen Dillon
Butler	Dickens Trio
First Housemaid	Albert Somers
Second Housemaid	Alice Southern
Old Mrs. Wardle	Emily Lorraine
John	Basil Hanbury
Mrs. Clippings	Ruby Hallier
Mrs. Sanders	Emily Lorraine
Mr. Dodson	John Rogers
Sergeant Buzfuz	Bruce Winston
Mr. Skimpin	Edward Jephson
Sergeant Snubbin	Frank Andrews
Mr. Plunky	Marshall Hale
The Gentleman in Black	Basil Hanbury
Clerk of the Court	Claude Goutrand
First Fisher	Guido Alexander
Second Fisher	Malcolm Duffield
Mr. Justice Stareleigh	Sol Solomon
A Poor Debtor	George Spavin
His Granddaughter	Maureen Dillon
Robert, the Turnkey	Tracy Barrow

To a devotee of Dickens who, oddly enough, does not dote on Pickwick, it would appear that Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Reilly have done wonders. A play, at all events, they have made that, moving along a reasonable and plausible course, sets on the stage many of the book's most famous scenes, brings to view most of the most noted characters, and lets them be heard in speech which, to a person without claim to being letter-perfect, sounds right.

Everything, too, looks right, the scenery—charming, but not over-elaborate—the costumes, the poses; the old illustrated editions have been intelligently studied, no doubt of that. Much sympathetic feeling, indeed, has gone to the making and the producing of this play. People who love their Dickens—the large audience would suggest that there still are many such—can venture to see the play; they will not find themselves affronted.

They may not be entirely content with every detail. They will wish, quite likely, that the spirit of caricature which Dickens loved too well were not rubbed in so hard. For some of them, two scenes of female hysterics in one play may seem one to many. More unctious and less bustle would suit some people better. For the sake of brevity several episodes might be cut down, or, better, cut out.

Probably those Dickensians who would

like to propose improvements would suggest first of all that Mr. Pickwick himself were not set forth both by the playwrights and Mr. Cumberland as a silly old man who twice in one play got overtaken in liquor, a good old soul with a few droll mannerisms; never would he, that weak old man, have gone to the Fleet for principle's sake.

But none the less, Mr. Cumberland had good moments, those when he was doing least, when he let his humor play quietest. So it went with Mr. McNaughton's Sam Weller, noisily extravagant at the first, but excellent presently, and in the trial scene thoroughly admirable. Similarly Mr. Edwin's Wardle grew in grace and humor.

Mr. Miller's Jingle, on the contrary, found the fitting note from the first word, the note of keen burlesque in place of crude extravagance. The impersonation, if we can trust what we read in Forster, would have pleased mightily Dickens himself.

Probably Miss Hallier's Clippings would have suited him too; of facial expression no author could ask more. There were also others who looked quite right, and some who acted well, but the list is long to quote. Let people go to see for themselves; the most exacting will find much to praise, far more than to blame.

R. R. G.

BEATRICE LILLIE

Tremont Theatre "Oh Please," a musical comedy in two acts. Libretto by Anne Caldwell and Otto Harback. Music by Vincent Youmans. The cast was as follows:

Emma Bliss	Helen Broderick
Miss Fall River	Pearl Hight
Miss South Bend	Blanche Latell
Miss Topeka	Gertrude Clemens
Miss Walla Walla	Josephine Sabel
Jane Jones	Geraldine Downs
Jack Gates	Nick Long, Jr.
Nicodemus Bliss	Charles Winninger
Max Tolliver	Kitty Kelly
Thelma Tiffany	Gertrude McDonald
Ruth King	Geraldine Fitzgerald
Charles Carter	Ruth Gooden
Lily Valli	Beatrice Lillie
Robert Vandeleur	Carl Ring
Dick Mason	James Garrett
Ted Foster	James Garrett
Sammy Sands	Olive Haren
Billy Lann	Charles Pidgeon
Joe Dillard	R. Haele Scros
Chester Case	Leon Coora
Marjorie Keaton	Antoinette Boots

A ridiculous gravity is the key to Beatrice Lillie's performance. With her restraint, her chaplinesque quality, she is such a rara avis of musical comedy that you leave the theatre somewhat atrophied by the shock. As you might watch a play by an unknown author and find Eugene O'Neill, you direct rather resigned footsteps to something called "Oh Please" and discover a true comedienne, finished and thrilling from the moment she steps on the stage.

It is hard to do justice to anything as delicate and evanescent as Miss Lillie's performance. She appears, slender, sleek as a cat, attired in a green version of the mode of the moment, and with the most ordinary words, effortless, she has her audience in her hand. Where another comedienne uses a gesture, Miss Lillie raises an eyebrow. Her transitions from uneasy laughter to abysmal gravity are only paralleled by Charlie Chaplin's best moments. Consciously or not, she looks like him, when the exigencies of the plot bring her forth in a man's dress suit and a black mustache made, she explains, from an ostrich feather.

The plot is fortunately not taken very seriously in "Oh Please." In one burst of applause that nearly stopped the show, Miss Lillie remarked "If you go on like that you'll miss some of the plot and that would never, never do." Such as it is, it concerns the trials of Nicodemus Bliss, who manages to combine the business of being a perfumer with the presidency of the Town Purity League. In his second capacity he has ejected Lily Valli, a fascinating actress, from the only hotel in his city. With nowhere to spend the night and a grievance against Nicodemus, Lily decides to stay in his absent wife's room. The usual complications ensue, made unusual by Miss Lillie, who sweeps about this act in the most gorgeous negligee ever seen on the American stage. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Mr. Winninger, well remembered by the audience from "No, No, Nanette," has possibly more of a stimulus in the present play. He is much funnier, and his scenes with Miss Broderick, the wife who was homely but clean, hold the attention. In addition, Mr. Winninger has learned to play the trombone so that even the hollyhocks in the back yard sway to the strains of "I Know That You Know." He should have a great future in India.

The chorus held a minor place in this musical comedy. A mere embroidery, a swirl of color about Miss Lillie, their curls flopped around her smooth little black head, and it was very nice indeed when they flopped off again, letting the play go on. Quite an opposite effect to the ordinary musical

comedy, where the appearance of some pretty girls is like manna in the sterile land of inane conversation.

"Oh, Please" has one engaging dancer. Mr. Nick Long, Jr., is apparently 16. He makes you think of your younger brother, and does amazing things with his adolescent arms and legs. Nick is never called upon to be funny, but what would Miss Lillie have done if she looked like Mr. Long and was made to say, seriously, "Isn't it strange what a woman can do to a man?"

This is a vibrant play, made so by the star. She is "someone" in every line of her body and expression of her charming face, and she sends you home feeling that Schopenhauer was all wrong.

R. H. G.

BILL AT KEITH'S

There are three distinct features on the bill at Keith's this week. In the order of their appearance there are Pearl Harper, of Lane and Harper, which was innocently enough billed as "Bits of Wit." She dances well. Her costume was such as to make many wish she would dance more.

Of course she didn't dance enough to satisfy anyone and the result was that the applause after her appearance continued even after the lights went out to signalize the coming on of Odali Careno, the grand opera soprano. Miss Careno sang several numbers and each was better received than the previous one. She sang quite without effort and without gestures, but her voice contained all the fire and drama necessary. She stopped the show.

The second feature was Nazimova. Her playlet was "A Woman of Earth." The playlet was intensely dramatic, absolutely unreal and improbable, but she made it so vivid, so convincing that the audience sat spellbound as she told why she killed the man who had wronged her. The audience recovered itself after Nazimova had bowed some dozen times.

In direct contrast was Harry Holmes. He was the third feature. It is impossible to describe adequately his act. It is a combination of insanity and humor. A skeleton, piano playing, a trained rooster, iron horseshoes, a fight in a box and a few similar bits are all mixed up together in a wild nightmare and no one could be found to say what it was all about.

Sawyer and Eddy opened the show cleverly. Madeline Patric played the violin beautifully. The Sherman and Rosc dance revue was colorful, fast and spectacular. The Three Golfers closed with some clever acrobatics.

'LITTLE OLD N. Y.' ON KEITH-ALBEE BILL

Ruth Shepley, new leading lady of the Keith-Albee stock company at the St. James Theatre, walked right into the hearts of an audience which filled that theatre last night with her presentation of Patricia in "Little Old New York."

The new leading lady is no stranger to Boston. She played for eight months in "The Boomerang" and several months in "Adam and Eve," and as a result there was a large number of people who obviously came to see her in stock.

The story is not new, but is manifestly adapted for a stock company to present. It concerns New York many years ago. Patricia, disguised as a boy, comes to New York to get some money—one way or another—from a man who seems to her to be wrongfully withholding the money.

Her costume was that of a boy of those days. However, despite all her intentions she fell in love with the man whose money she had decided she wanted. The man was Walter Gilbert.

To say that those two made the characters in the pretty story real is putting it mildly. They played together excellently. Gilbert gave her perfect support, although Miss Shepley was certainly not in evident need of support.

She carried off honors without any effort.

Another newcomer shared honors with her. Jack Westerman, whose comedy in Somerville and Malden stock companies have built him up to a position as a favorite, went over with his comedy in great style. It's a whale of a show and adds lustre to the brilliant reputation of the company.

'ARIZONA BOUND'

"Arizona Bound," the Paramount production featuring the latest western star of the screen, Gary Cooper, tops the bill of new photoplays at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. The cast in-

cludes Betty Jewel, El Brendel and Jack Dougherty. The associate picture is "The Lunatic," with the popular actor, Ludwig Satz, as star and Claire Adams as leading player. The ninth episode of "The Collegians," entitled "Flashing Oars," and news pictures complete the bill.

Hard rider, carefree, with life a galloping sort of pleasure, the hero of the first-named cherishes his first serious thought when he meets a pretty girl who wins his love. To impress her with his worth he takes a job as guard on a stage coach. A hold-up occurs, and because the known robber was a former friend of the guard, the latter is accused of complicity. To clear himself he brings to book the culprit and wins a reward for recovering the money stolen. It is a rollicking, exciting story admirably acted by the star and company.

Mr. Satz is seen as an humble, plodding husband, whose mother-in-law brings dissension into his family. Adopting the ruse of appearing demented he causes the wife to prove her love and scares the home intruder away. It is a comedy drama with unctuous humor ever on tap, and with abundant human interest.

SYMPHONY IN LAST MONDAY CONCERT

The concluding concert for this season of the Monday night series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night at Symphony hall, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Oberon," or the "Elf-king's Oath"; Converse, "Fliver Ten Million"; Prokofiev, Classical Symphony; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5, in E minor.

After hearing the rhythmic beauty of the overture to the opera "Oberon" there remains no doubt why this overture was repeated at the first performance of the opera in London in 1826. Its richness and honeyed, muted strings do not wear thin.

Mr. Converse heard music in the heat and scramble, the majestic throb of a factory. Inspired by the familiar legend "The 10,000,000th Ford is now serving its owner," he built his amusing epic.

He started with the dawn of the Detroit day, with the smallest blush of the eastern sky and gradually collected his waking sounds, the call of Chanticleer, the nondescript murmurs that gradually shape into the march of the tollers to work. Then comes the din of tireless machinery, the birth of the hero, a not too feeble "honk, honk" as he starts out into the world in quest of venture. There is a warm May night with earthy smells as he parks by the roadside, the conflicting strains of music of America's frolic, the collision and the tragedy with the final swag as the hero rights himself and goes on his way. Most delightfully played last evening with a sympathetic sense of humor.

Prokofiev's Classical Symphony was developed deftly in its various themes. The Gavotta was joyous, with dainty pointing toes and the slight sounds of women's delicate garments. The finale was engrossing and vivacious with answering echos.

Mr. Koussevitzky's understanding of the dramatic and appealing music of Tchaikovsky's symphony is admirable. Longing to write music that would be accepted in his own Russia, wanting to prove that he should not be ruthlessly discarded, Tchaikovsky has molded his moods into his music and with the possible exception of the valse movement his philosophy is tinged with melancholia. Parts of the finale are as exotic as an orchid, emotional and satisfying with their shower of rhythm.

C. M. D.

"Johnny, Get Your Hair-Cut" is the title of Jackie Coogan's newest effort on the screen at the Orpheum this week.

In this film he makes the transition from bobbed hair boy to the young chap who rides in the race for duty and fortune. This is Jackie's first release for many months and after his hair is cut, that's one of the big scenes in the picture, he seems an entirely different person. The story has to do with race tracks and the efforts of unscrupulous persons to fix a race Jackie is a jockey and looks quite the young man. Maurice Costello is in the cast, as is Bill Corrigan and Bobby Doyle, the famous jockey.

The vaudeville at the Orpheum includes McIntyre and Heath, making their second consecutive week in Boston, having been at the State last week. These two old war-horses can still show the young fellows a thing or two about putting over comedy. Their genuine ducky accents are refreshing after the feeble attempts of some of the revue song pluggers and their faces with

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Criss-Cross," Charles Dillingham's musical production starring the Stones. Second week.

PLYMOUTH—Winthrop Ames, Gilbert and Sullivan opera company presenting "Iolanthe" and "The Pirates of Penzance."

SHUBERT—"The Vagabond King," Russell Janney's musical version of "If I Were King." Sixth week.

WILBUR—"Yes, Yes Yvette," H. H. Frazee's new musical comedy with Donald Brian, Jeanette MacDonald and others. Second week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," Arnold Ridley's mystery play enters its 17th week.

GAYETY—"White Cargo," drama of the white man in the tropics. Fourth week.

EDDIE CANTOR FILM

From the first click of the news reel to the last click of Eddie Cantor's fluent heels, the entertainment offered at the Metropolitan Theatre this week is above the average. "Special Delivery" is Eddie Cantor's second picture, and it seems to be more frolicsome and spontaneous than "Kid Boots." It is the Eddie Cantor of the Follies, a frosted stick of dynamite, who bursts into sparkling manœuvres at unexpected times.

There is no continuity to the story. One climbs several flights of stairs with the star and is left exhausted at the top only to be snatched back on the mail route, delivering letters, in the next scene. There is also some confusion about the "Special Delivery" part of the title until one reaches the conclusion that Eddie is an ordinary postman delivering his mail a bit carelessly, but with remarkable originality with the exception of the two times he is put on special delivery assignments to assist the plot.

Jobyna Ralston, last seen with Harold Lloyd, is the feminine part of the story and she is excellent, both as the attraction at the lunch room and as the villain's secretary. William Powell is the villain, doing his usual stuff and doing it with his usual eclat.

The comedy garnishings are effective and the subtitles are funny for the most part. A chronic dyspeptic would be forced to giggle at Eddie Cantor carefully tucking a flap-jack into his collar, buttering and pouring a goodly portion of "honey" upon his paper napkin and consuming it with relish. And the same chronic dyspeptic would find himself chortling at Eddie Cantor winning the black bottom contest, and would be troubled with spasms of mirth at Eddie driving and manipulating a hook and ladder fire-engine.

There is a new resident jazz orchestra of 14 men known as the "Metropolitan Merry Makers" under the efficient leadership of Gene Rodemich, a pleasant interpolation of big-time acts and a John Murray Anderson fantasy, "Memory's Garden."

New Photoplay Taken from Molnar's "Liliom"

John Gilbert is starred in "The Show" at the State Theatre this week and the picture should be starred for its thrills. There is more than a suggestion of Molnar's "Liliom" in this photoplay, there is a lifting of theme and character, but as "Liliom" is the property of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, it is proper, especially as the picture is well acted, well directed, well lighted and full of drama—even melodrama.

The story is laid in Budapest with Liliom, or Cock Robin as John Gilbert is called, the barker at a side show. Renee Adoree is Salome. She dances and protects Cock Robin against himself in a most discouragingly self-sacrificing manner. Lionel Barrymore makes the third of this triangle as the Greek, and between murders and the Gila, a beastie that is not domesticated, there is action, romance and realism.

John Gilbert succeeds in his part as the side show vampire. He is excellent and even human, a hard, careless human who falls softly when he succumbs to love. Renee Adoree is sympathetic and earnest, almost too earnest, and Lionel Barrymore has cultivated a nasty leer for his part and doesn't waste any of it. Gertrude Short, who plays the moneyed Lena, also deserves mention.

This may sound ribald, but the picture is good, it is very good, directed by Tod Browning and written by Charles Tenney Jackson.

Frank Silver, the composer of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," is also at the State Theatre this week with his band, an Indian rubber accordionist and plenty of comedy.

AMES COMPANY IN "IOLANTHE"

By PHILIP HALE

Plymouth theatre: "Iolanthe," comic opera in two acts, book by W. S. Gilbert, music by Arthur Sullivan. Performed by Winthrop Ames' Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company. Staged by Winthrop Ames. Sepp Morscher, conductor. The cast was as follows:

The Lord Chancellor	Ernest Lawford
Earl of Mountararat	John Barclay
Earl Toller	J. Humbird Duffey
Private Willis	William C. Gordon
Stephen	William Williams
The train-bearer	Geo. C. Lehman
Queen of the Fairies	Vera Ross
Iolanthe	Adele Sanderson
Cella	Carol Atherton
Lella	Syl Sterling
Phyllis	Paula Langlen
Phyllis	Lois Bennett

Sullivan in "Iolanthe" outshines Gilbert. The latter's humor is labored, nor is the idea of a man being half fairy and half mortal one that in itself and in the resulting consequences so amusing as to invoke laughter or tickle the spectator's fancy. In the lyrics Gilbert is more his better self. The lines given to the Peers are excellent, though in their plea to the fairies for mercy, some of their arguments, as some of their reflections, no longer have force. Time has blunted some of Gilbert's sarcastic shafts. Nor is the Fairy Queen's reference to Capt. Shaw now intelligible to the younger generation.

But Sullivan's music is generally delightful in this opera. The music for Phyllis and Stephen is comparatively free from the rank sentimentalism of the sheet-music ballad order in which he occasionally wallowed. The sprightly strains are in his best vein, and the choruses, solidly constructed, have character and life.

The performance gave great pleasure to the large audience that was evidently in holiday mood. Fortunately more respect was shown the Gilbertian traditions than in this company's performance of "The Pirates of Penzance." It must be confessed, however, that the entrance of the Peers was a welcome relief from what had gone before; not that the preceding scene was not well done; the question was whether Gilbert's contribution was worth doing at all; but with the Peers, true enjoyment began. And this entrance, the chorus with its opening measures and the development till the effective finale—these are worthy of the men that put "Patience," "The Mikado" and "The Gondoliers" on the stage.

Mr. Lanford's Lord Chancellor made one forget his Maj.-Gen. Stanley, for as the chancellor he delivered his rapid-fire lines with greater volubility and distinctness; besides Gilbert was more generous to him in the matter of dialogue. Mr. Williams, the Stephen, showed again that an operetta lover could be manly, and not, as Hans von Bülow once said of a tenor, a disease. The other principal male singers were fully adequate in song and action. The trio of the two Earls and the Lord Chancellor in the second act was one of the leading features of the performance.

It would not be easy to say whether Miss Bennett or Miss Ross gave the greater pleasure vocally. Miss Bennett, a charming Phyllis, with her paradoxically naive sophistication, sang with a tonal purity, an ease, and an absence of self-consciousness that were refreshing, while Miss Ross's uncommonly fine organ, a voice for grand opera, was well suited to the majesty of the Fairy Queen. This voice was used, not wantonly, but with a regard for the text and the situation. Chorus and orchestra were again worthy of all praise. The audience, constantly enthusiastic, demanded many repetitions. The stage settings and management were what were to be expected from Mr. Ames.

Let us not forget that on April 19, 1926, that red-blooded, 100 per cent. American Josiah Q. Leatherbottom was struck down by a motor-wagon and killed. His last words, addressed to the crowd that, with bared heads, stood by—the women were weeping—"It is sweet to die for one's country." Pulling from his coat pocket a little American flag given to him by his dear little daughter Gwendolen on the preceding Fourth of

July, he waved it until Death palsied his arm.

The motor-wagon was carrying the United States mail.

I have read that it used to take two sheep to clothe a woman; now I am assured that it takes but a single silk-worm.—Mr. Justice McCardie.

If A. D. B. will send her (or his) address, we will mail a copy of the verses by Ellen A. Jewett, "The Sermon in a Stocking." We are indebted to Mrs. Clarence, Attleboro; A. B. M. of East Pepperell; Mrs. Harriet M. Twining of Winthrop and Miss Louella D. Everett of Boston for copies.

Husband and wife must not be short-tempered at the same time.—Mrs. John Masters.

PAGE MR. EINSTEIN

As the World Wags:

According to an editorial paragraph published in The Boston Herald: 160 years ago, "Daniel Shays, a veteran of the revolution," led a rebellion. Already a veteran of a war eight years before the war started—the space was some crooked "in them days." More must have died before they were born than is the case now. BETA.

RED AND BLUE INK-SLINGERS

(For As the World Wags)

The freaks who write epistles
Faster than they can think
With fallacy that bristles
In many shades of ink.
Remind us of tin-whistles
Blown by a "Missing Link."

Some dip goose-quill in scarlet,
Some work with cochineal,
But worst of all the varlet
With pink in pen of steel.
We would a coat of tar let
Clothe him from head to heel!

A fact beneath his pencil
Turns to a rosy lie,
A witness by his stencil
Becomes an alibi,
His carmine-tipp'd utensil
Sets every truth awry.

A tale told by an "idiot"
Men are not wont to heed,
Now folks must get a fidget
Perusing endless screed
Of moron and of midget
Who suffer with nose-bleed.

The writers of blue letters
We love not more than Pinks,
They'd keep our eyes in fetters
And fill our nose with smells (note A)
To educate their betters
In purifying wells.

Some draft with naval azure,
Some pens drip indigo,
Some merely wish erasure
In classics lewd but slow,
A few would quite amaze your
Prim maiden Auntie Flo.

From lavenders and lilacs,
From missives made with mauve,
From cobalts showing high lacks
Of sense for treasure-trove,
Confusing swill with smilax, (note B)
Deliver us great Jove! E. G.

(Note A)—The policeman on our beat

said we must not use our intended rhyme, for Mr. Foley would confiscate the entire issue of The Herald in which it was printed. We have done the best we could under the circumstances.

(Note B)—The policeman objected to the word "swill" and suggested "garbage" instead. We pointed out that it would not scan in that line. He answered: "There's cans for every tenement in town." We said that we meant the word "garbage" would not suit the metre. He scornfully retorted: "You poor fish, don't you know there ain't no meter to measure garbage? Can it!" We have, however, decided to take a chance, and let our word be scanned instead of canned, because, when we begged the policeman for a poetical license, he rejoined that "There ain't going to be no license for low literature in this town."

TASTE IN ART

It is interesting to know that, but by what right does Mr. Bennett call the novels he prefers the "best" novels? There is no absolutely "best" in any more than there is in cooking. You like eggs cooked in an elaborate way I like them boiled. You consider the finest flavors are in meat. I find them in vegetables. We are both right. So it is with books and pictures. Those that we like are for us the best. There is no best for everybody.—London Daily Chronicle.

E. G. P. WILKINS'S ROOM

In answer to a correspondent we now quote from Charles T. Congdon's "Reminiscences of a Journalist" in which

there is more about E. G. P. Wilkins, the Bostonian who became the dramatic critic of the New York Herald, and died in the early 60's. (We are indebted to O. F. A. for the quotation.)

"Poor Wilkins, now dead like the rest, would drop in (at Pfaff's cellar beer saloon) with the freshest intelligence from the theatre, or would tell us something of the drama which he was engaged in writing. Now and then he would take us round to his own room, which was somewhere in the neighborhood—a wondrous place as I remember it, full, it seemed, principally of pipes and empty beer bottles and bottles which were not empty; with the walls covered with prints of all sizes and descriptions; and with books heaped about as if they had been shot there from a cart and were still where, perchance, they had fallen. Singularly enough, there was a bed in one corner of this retreat, but I could hardly imagine my friend going to bed at all. At any rate, he invariably refused to seek it as long as anybody could be persuaded to stay and chat with him, and listen to his light, salient and sarcastic talk of men, of manners, of literature and especially the drama.

To this genial and clever man death, as I have said, soon came; and toil and pleasure alike being over, he took his rest by night and by day, with no more comedies to write or to criticize."

Congdon's description is wholly at variance with that given by George Arnold and other companions, who spoke of his neatness, well-appointed room, elegance in dress, and his early rising to work while his brain was clear and refreshed by sleep.

WHO WROTE THESE LINES?

"O sweet is the sound of the shuttle and the loom

As the weaver plies his trade,
And fair is the flicker of the sunlight in the room

By the swinging lattice made.
But naught to the weaver are the light and merry din;

He works with his head down bowed;
And dulled are his senses and his soul is dark within,

For he weaves his darling's shroud."

Mr. Anthony Scrope in Mr. Mitchell's Book Notes thinks that an interesting volume could be written about obscure fathers of distinguished men. There was Dr. Christopher Wren, dean of Windsor and father of the great architect. He wrote notes on the margins of a first edition of Sir Thomas Browne's works now in the Bodleian Library. One of these notes may be of value to any one suffering from gout:

"I have heard it avouched by persons of great quality, contemporary to the old Lord Burleigh, Lord Treasurer of England, that hee always wore a blue ribbon (next his leg, garter-wise) studded (thick) with these shels of the grey snayles, to allaye the heate of the goute, and that hee profest that hee found manifest releef in itt; and that yf by chance hee lefte itt off, the paine would ever returne most vehementlye."

ORCHA HALPRIN,

Orcha Halprin, violinist, accompanied by George Herzog, and the Nathan String Quartet—M. Nathan, T. Serly, violins; G. Imperato, viola; A. Bass, 'cello—played this program last night in Jordan hall:

Chaconne, Vivaldi; Melodie, Gluck-Kreisler; La Capricieuse, Elgar; Lullaby, Strauss; Hungarian Dance No. 1, Brahms-Joachim; Concerto, E major, J. S. Bach; Assai (accompanied by string quartet); Romanza Andaluza, La Rond des Lutins, Bazzini.

Mr. Halprin's technique may safely be taken for granted; at all events its discussion should be left to persons with skill themselves at stringed instruments. The young man can unquestionably play difficult music with ease and very fast, and with tone that at its best is very good—powerful that is to say, for sweetness it is not notable. In the matter of intonation he is not always so secure as might be wished.

Lullabies and melodies, dances and little caprices Mr. Halprin played last night as though, allowed free choice, he never would have bothered with them. The beauty of a phrase, the

grace required to make a musical trifle engaging, the noble tone befitting Gluck's melody, the rhythm that leaps and bounds in Brahms's Hungarian dances—these are not in Mr. Halprin. He has storm in his nature, rather, energy, violence. He raged through Vivaldi's Chaconne, wrenching the melodic line out of shape, doing damage to its rhythm to say nothing of its spirit of classic repose. But if he felt the

old Italian's music so, all hail to him for playing it so; to go emotionally astray in music is in any event preferable to feeling no emotion at all. When he has developed a finer feeling for style Mr. Halprin will play the Chaconne better than he played it last night. But already last night his performance was neither dull nor unperfumery; of not every young violinist can so much be said.

Mr. Halprin played the Bach Concerto in much the same vein as the Chaconne. It was a happy idea to let us hear it with strings. His audience, of very good size, applauded him with unusual warmth. R. R. G.

TECH SHOW GIVEN

The 29th annual Tech show, "West is East," was presented to a gay junior prom audience at the Castle Square Theatre last night. It is a musical comedy in two acts and is entirely the result of undergraduate endeavor, except for the coaching of the cast, chorus, and orchestra.

The book, music, and lyrics are all the work of students at M. I. T. as well as the designing of the scenery, poster and score cover. The managing of the production is likewise entirely a function of the undergraduates, who determine its policies, its financial plan, and the multitude of items incident to the organization and presentation of the show.

The plot is built around a young Tech engineer, Buck Armstrong, who is trying to forget life's greatest disappointment on an Arizona "dude" ranch. He meets his former fiancée, Dorothy Rutledge, on the same ranch, also trying to forget. A Follies girl, visiting at the ranch is mysteriously kidnapped and during the search the lovers become reconciled. The rescue is brought about by "Scraps," the little East side New Yorker, who is always getting into trouble and thereby supplies the comedy element.

The book was written by Philip K. Bates, graduate student, and G. Elbern Hopkins, '26. The music was composed by W. C. Erwin '27, A. R. Keith '28, Curtiss McCune '29, H. L. Rich '30, and H. N. Weed '29.

The lyrics were written by G. E. Hopkins '26, T. H. Knowles '27, D. R. Knox '27, and Curtiss McCune '29.

The cast is being directed by Carl Scranton, and the dances and ensembles are under the direction of Langdon Mathews. The music was arranged by Charles A. Young.

The cast includes: Curtiss McCune, '29; F. E. Glantzberg, '27; Rand B. Jones, '28; Norman F. O'Shea, '30; Samuel H. Evans, G.; Victor Martin, '30; Richard Street, '30; John Booth, '29; Howard Root, '28; Richard Goble, '28, and Sherman Goble, '30.

A new symphony will be heard this week at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra. This work in three movements is by Roger Huntington Sessions. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., but is a New Englander by descent; of a family that has long been associated with Old Hadley. His dwelling place, however, is Florence, Italy. Having been graduated at Harvard, he studied composition with the late Horatio Parker at Yale, and then with Ernest Bloch, while this composer was living in New York.

The symphony is said to be one of unusual force and individuality; in short a remarkable work.

The program will also comprise Chadwick's "Tam O'Shanter," brought out at a Symphony concert in 1916; Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," and Salome's Dance from the opera that was thought by our civic authorities to be dangerous to the morals of Bostonians, and was, therefore, not allowed here. This was only one of the incidents that have made Boston ridiculous in the eyes of the civilized world.

The Simmons College Glee Club at its concert in Jordan hall next Saturday evening will perform Pergolesi's Stabat Mater, Five Choral Hymns from the Rig Veda, music by Gustav Holst, and smaller pieces by Rimsky-Korsakov, Holst and Mrs. Beach.

Holst, a leading English composer, a man of operas, orchestral and choral works, is best known here by his "Planets," performed at a Symphony concert, conducted by Mr. Montoux in 1922. The choral hymns from the Rig Veda were composed in 1908-12 and performed in London on May 25 of the latter year, though the first group was heard in the preceding month. It was said of this first group by the critic of the London Times: "Very great music. They get the mysticism without the orientalism, sham or real. The ground bass of the 'Hymn to the Unknown God' and the five-four and seven-four times of the other two are there not because the Indians use something

not unlike them, but because they take us straight away from commonplace associations, and help to fix our attention as did the great timeless and keyless melodies of the age of faith."

The Hymns chosen for this concert are "To the Dawn," "To the Waters," "To Vena," "To the Travelers" and "To Agni."

Holst, born in 1874, has gone more than once to Walt Whitman for inspiration: "Walt Whitman," a symphony; "The Mystic Trumpeter" for soprano solo and orchestra; Dirge for Two Veterans, for male voices and brass; Ode to Death, from the "Burlal Hymn of President Lincoln," chorus and orchestra. Cecil Gray says of Holst, whose music he does not like: "Nothing but the greatest themes of all art will satisfy him, such as 'The Planets,' the 'Hymns from the Rig Veda,' the 'Hymn of Jesus,' and so forth. In Heine's phrase, he perpetually feeds on the fixed stars and drinks the Milky Way."

Mr. McClosky, the conductor of the club, will sing Carpenter's song oyle, "Gitanjali."

Next Sunday afternoon Roland Hayes will sing in Symphony, and the Boston Flute Players' Club will give at the Boston Art Club its last concert of the season, performing Octets by Schubert and Stravinsky, and an unfamiliar quartet for flute, violin, clarinet and harp by Georges Migot—the first performance in this country. Migot, born at Paris in 1891, is a pupil of Widor, and a painter and a writer as well as a musician.

Mme. di Pisa will sing at the Copley Theatre.

As the World Wags:

Mr. William Wright, who contributes such interesting stories of old-time players and plays, recently asked if I might have heard a certain song in the repertory of that amazing negro, Blind Tom. The clipping has been misplaced, and with it the name of the song. I could not recall it.

At the tender age of 10 or thereabouts I was taken to see the negro wonder, and Tom's manager challenged anyone in the audience to come on the stage, play a difficult piece of music, and Tom would repeat it, perfectly and by ear. And while the volunteer dug away at his brilliant effort, Tom, to show his unconcern, would turn flip-flops on the stage. He never failed to duplicate the piano number with reasonable verisimilitude—at least to my young ears. This sounds incredible, but I surely remember attending a show of that sort, and think the star was Blind Tom.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Tom was born blind, but he could play any tune that he heard. There are stories and legends about his early achievements; thus it is said that as a very little boy he crawled into Gen. Bethune's parlor, stood up at the piano and began to play. When Tom was in New York in 1900 he was about 50 years old. He had a number of brothers, common day laborers; his sisters cooked and washed. When his mother, Mrs. Wiggins, was living in Columbia, Ga., where she spent the greater part of her last years, she said to a reporter of the Columbus Enquirer-Sun that Tom had been stolen from her. "When I was in New York, I signed away my rights. They won't let Thomas come to see me, and I am not allowed to see him." She died at Birmingham, Ala., in 1902, and was then said to be 102 years old.—Ed.

F. J. Miller will give dance recitals at the Barn, 36 Joy street, on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week. She will present a new suite of interpretative dances with the exception of one, "Anitra's Dance." These will be the first public recitals of this dancer, who has been seen in Boston and vicinity for the past year at private affairs. She comes from New York, where, for four years, she was first dancer with the Louise Baylis dancers.

The concerts of the Flonzaley quartet next season will take place on Wednesday evenings Dec. 14, Jan. 11 and Feb. 15. Present and former subscribers have until May 1 to renew their subscriptions. Thereafter the subscription books will be open to the general public, at the office of the manager, Wendell H. Luce, at 175 Dartmouth street, Boston.

OLIVE APPLETON

Olive Mary Appleton, soprano; ably assisted by Mary Shaw Swain, accompanist, and John MacKnight, flutist, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

Chi vuol la zingarella, Palisello; Amarilli mia bella, Caccini; Voi che sapete, Mozart; Mad Scene from "Lucia," Donizetti; Niemand hats' gescheh'n, Loewe; Mondnacht, Schumann; L'Insecte Aile, Nerini; Fetes Galantes, Hahn; Charmant oiseau, David; Musette, Leclair; Passacaille, Rhene-Baton; L'Enchanteur, Hahn; Moon Marketing,

Weaver; Canzonetta, Loewe; When I Was Seventeen, Kramer; Alleluiah, Mozart.

An unusually ambitious young singer Miss Appleton must be, to venture at

her first important Boston recital a program like that of last night—Mozart, mad scenes, old Italian airs, songs in French, German and English, some of them most exacting. To her credit it must be said at once that for her ambition she has warrant in plenty.

Her voice is of exceedingly pretty quality, especially in the middle register, where, up to the present, it has been most successfully trained; the high notes, though sometimes full and with a ring to them, at other times sound veiled and spread, very often "white." But doubtless they will presently work out alright, and it must be put on record that they are never harsh or forced.

A sound technique Miss Appleton has already made her own, with a smooth legato for one of its features, a neat attack for another, distinct enunciation, and a precision in colorature genuinely admirable. In the important matter of musicianship Miss Appleton has surely been a faithful student; she sings in time, with a very nice understanding of the meaning of phrasing, and with a sense of the differentiation of styles.

This latter virtue she had need of last night, she dealt with so many widely varying styles. Most successfully she

dealt with songs very light, such as Loewe's "Niemand hats' gescheh'n," memories of Mme. Sembrich—and the two French songs of the third group; she sang them charmingly. She was also comfortably at home with gentle sentiment of "Amarilli."

As for the Mozart air and Donizetti's—If Miss Appleton is to be regarded as a pupil, felicitations are due her for her skill already acquired and the promise of more to come. To approach them in the capacity of an artist is probably more than she would claim to do.

Before she can do these arias justice she must give closer thought to the meaning of their words, and then she must put her mind to the finding of fitting vocal color. For Mozart and Donizetti, too, each in his way, was a composer of music mighty dramatic. Miss Appleton has learned to sing their music smoothly. Now let her, pray, take the next step, and learn to sing it significantly.

She had a large audience which liked her well. R. R. G.

Are not these words of Ivor Brown, published in the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian, applicable to a present situation not only in western small towns, but also here, in Boston?

"The forgotten American bumpkin is not only lord in his own Main Street; he is strong enough to rule the cities. His scourge may be no more substantial than a voting paper, but it can fall with considerable punitive energy on the backs of urban men. From his prairie fastness or his mountain aerie he sends out his edicts and his deputies. Senators are his servants, and Washington his wash-pot. Over New York has he cast his hob-nailed boot. The citizens may thirst, but they may not drink. Geneva may call, but America must not hear. The west wind carries with it a flight of negatives, bans and prohibitions."

We had the pleasure of seeing yesterday a portrait of William McGonagall, THE McGonagall, the inspired bard whose rapt strains we have quoted occasionally to the delight of all who drink, even in bottles, from the Pierian spring. Alas, he died about 1908. He was not a native of Dundee as has been said, but of Edinburgh. Did anyone in Boston meet him when he visited this country about 30 years ago? Was there no one here to do him reverence? Were no publishers, no lyceum managers to meet him on the pier?

THE UNJOLLY ROGER

We have been asked to publish these verses written by an admirer of John Singer Sargent's pictures and mural decorations. The poet has been vexed by Mr. Roger Fry's critical articles about Sargent, published in London periodicals and now included in a book. It may here be said that Mr. Fry is regarded in London as a leading critic and has a large following.

The sapient Mr. Roger Fry. Beloved of all whose brows are high, Or who inhale the precious airs Of Bloomsbury's secluded squares, Devotes three columns in the Nation To smashing Sargent's reputation, Pronouncing him no true creator, An "undistinguished illustrator," Industrious, in aim consistent, But "as an artist non-existent."

Yet, while good Roger finds the whole Six hundred pictures void of soul And psychologically null, Sargent, he owns, was never dull; He worked according to a plan And was an admirable man.

O generous antagonist!

For you're an "artist"; you exist. At least you say so in Who's Who. Where everything's correct and true, And for the rest can well disdain, Upon your transcendental plane, The ribald jests of Philistines, Such as the author of these lines, Who smile to see, when giants die, The antics of the lesser fry."

AN UNCONSCIOUS SINNER

As the World Wags:

My sympathy goes out to "E. K. Brooks." He writes that three years ago he "had the misfortune to buy several of the books" recently censored, and "unwittingly read them."

The missionary in "Rain" said "the heathen didn't know what sin was until we told them." What a pity that E. K. B. didn't have some guide, philosopher and friend to enlighten him. F. W. S.

TRUNCATED VERSES

As the World Wags:

Your mention of Harry Graham's book of humorous verse, entitled "Strained Relations," interested me very much for two reasons.

First, because like my old friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, I am fond of truly humorous verse, and I enjoyed your quotations from "Ruthless Rhymes."

Secondly, I admire the author's gigantic effrontery in trying to palm on to his unsuspecting readers, as brand new and original, those chopped off verses of his. Bless his soul! That kind of poetry is, if not as ancient as the hills, at least over three hundred years old, as every student of Cervantes knows.

That kind of verse is known in Spanish as versos de cabo roto, or versos de pies cortados. Their inventor, according to Fernandez Guerra, was a Sevillian poet named Alonso Alvarez de Soria, a lad of parts, who ended an adventurous career on the scaffold.

Since his days, many famous Spanish writers have used truncated verse, when in a jocular mood, such as Cervantes, Lope de Vega and Gongora. Cervantes affixed no less than three poems in the kind of verse to the First Part of "Don Quixote," one dedicated to the book itself by "Urganda la Desconocida" and two by "El Donoso," one dedicated to Sancho Panza and the other to Rocinante.

I know no examples of truncated verse in English, except John Ormsby's translation of "El Donoso's" poems. Sancho Panza and to Rocinante, in his famous translation of "Don Quixote." The verses by "Urganda" evidently were too much for him. He says in a note: "The 'Urganda' verses are written in the same fashion, but I didn't feel bound to try the reader's patience—or my own—by a more extended reproduction of the puerility."

Ticknor did not think much of truncated verses, for in his "History of Spanish Literature," he says of them in French: "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle." And Don Diego Clemencin—the illustrious commentator of "Don Quixote"—did not care much for them either. For he says: "No son mas que un juguete sin belleza ni merito particular," or in English: They are nothing but a plaything without beauty or any particular merit.

If any of your readers wish to know more about the unfortunate inventor of truncated verses, let them look up "El Loaysa de 'El Celoso Extremeno'," an exceedingly interesting book by Don Francisco Rodriguez Marin, librarian of the Biblioteca Nacional, at Madrid.

And to wind up these notes, may I ask you to let us know the name of the publishers of bold Harry's "Ruthless Rhymes"? I would like to get his book. M. J. L.

The book is published in London and no doubt can be ordered here. Ed.

ELMER GENTRY

(For as the World Wags)

I haven't read it and I don't believe Mr. Foley has read it either. But it is "safety first" to squelch it. Oh, why are the Rollo books forgotten, That blessed child will live in my memory, And also his soul-mate Pollyanna the glad girl, But the Old Farmer's Almanac still lives.

I revere the age which invented pantelettes, I blush at the bare knees of flappers, I have always hated the scoffing boy, Who made me admit, by cuffing my ears

That the stork don't bring the babies,
I want to believe with Liebnitz
That this is the "best possible world"
And "All's right with it" and these hor-
rid authors
Write their coarse books, and make me
ill
JAMES T. EDWARDS.

Miss Hallett and Mr. Hough- ton Gain Chicago Prizes

Two Boston musicians won signal honors at the great music contest Wednesday night, which was a feature of the biennial meeting of the National Federation of Music Clubs at Chicago. They were Miss Hazel Hallett, pianist, who won in the pianoforte contest, and James R. Houghton, baritone, who won in the vocal contest for male singers. The Plymouth district, which includes New England, also had another winner, in the person of Miss Rita Brault of Pawtucket, R. I., who was accorded winning honors in the young students' contest in the pianoforte department.

The winning of these first honors gives to Mr. Houghton and Miss Hallett a money prize of \$500 each, besides bringing to New England and to Boston unique distinction. Miss Hallett, who is making piano study her life work, recently appeared as soloist with the People's Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Stuart Mason. She also took second honors in the Sesqui-Centennial contest last November. Mr. Houghton, who for three years was soloist with the Harvard Glee Club, is very well known in Boston musical circles. He is the conductor of the Needham Music Club and also of the Federated Church Chorus of Boston. He has given several successful recitals in Jordan hall.

These contests are sponsored by the various state music federations throughout the United States, and culminate in the final tryout, such as that just held at Chicago whenever the national body meets. Mrs. Mary G. Reed of Boston is the state president for the Massachusetts Federation of Music Clubs, and it is to her indefatigable work that much of the credit for the honors that have come to Boston is due.

April 23 1917

One may say: "This summer I shall have time for reading books worth while. I'll take with me that history of philosophy they are still talking about, books containing curious anecdotes about William Hohenzollern, Bismarck, Napoleon, Palmerston; and I must read again Gibbon's account of the siege of Constantinople." So Mr. Eugene Golightly flatters his "intellects." Ten to one he will have a bundle of novels sent to him.

He should enjoy three or four novels published by E. P. Dutton & Co. First of all, "Half Gods," by Murray Sheehan. It appears that within comparatively recent years a centaur was born in a village of Missouri. Centaurs are now comparatively rare, remembered chiefly for the sake of old Chiron, who when he was in the underworld confessed to Menippus that as immortality bored him he begged to die; also by the famous poem of Maurice de Guérin, who excited the admiration of Matthew Arnold—Guérin, who made the Goncourt Brothers think of a man reciting the "Credo," at night, in the forest, to the great god Pan.

This Missouri centaur finds himself as he grows up in a village inhabited by stupid, self-conceited, religiously bigoted men and women, self-seekers, slaves of the almighty dollar. He is an idealist. Little by little he loses his illusions; he is accepted by the villagers as one of them, and his ambition ends. After a strange episode in which he abducts a girl without evil intent, he finds happiness, "content above his uttermost dreams, one of the fellows at the corner store."

Young Daniel, the playmate of the centaur's younger years, rebels against the village life. The performances of the Holy Rollers, headed by the loathsome Rev. Walter Holcomb, a character drawn with bitter realism, disgust him

so that he goes to the Episcopal church, is branded as a heretic. He longs for a fuller education. He resists the advances of the fascinating Mrs. Delacourt, sojourning in the village, and is amazed when the Klan purposing to drive her away and burn her house is deterred only by the thought of the fire insurance. Daniel leaves for California, hoping to work his way out as a carpenter.

Our Mr. Golightly need not be disturbed by the "symbolism" of the novel. There are descriptions, satirical thrusts, episodes that will keep him awake; make him more than once "sit up." Let him accept the centaur, although, to our present knowledge, zoological gardens are without one. Mr. Golightly has seen men degenerate as easily and surely; he has observed in his summer village intolerance, meanness, ignorance, bigotry, though not so flagrant as in the West, where Holy Rollers, Fundamentalists and other masqueraders in religious garb, hold high carnival. This "Half Gods" is a remarkable study of certain phases of American life, as well as an engrossing novel.

All sorts of things may happen in Africa. Young American women go there and shoot wild beasts as jauntily as they play tennis, smoking cigarettes between unerring shots. The heroes and heroines of "The Crescent Moon" and "Woodsmoke" by F. Brett Young renew their adventures in a fourth reprinting of the former romance and a sixth printing of the latter. The two novels have already been devoured eagerly by hundreds; let us say thousands; but there are always new crops of readers seeking stories of life in far-off lands; the more extraordinary, incredible the adventures, the greater their delight. Note the opening of "The Crescent Moon": "When I stepped on to the platform at Nairobi I hadn't the very least idea of what I was in for." Who can resist reading until he learns what happened to the narrator? And so he will read of James, the missionary, of Sister Eva—James prepared "to sit down in his black coat while a sort of reverent indaba of savages drank in the Sermon on the Mount and forthwith proceeded to put it into practice." Then there is Godovius, the villain of the story, living in the House of the Moon, a house with big, soft cushions, no books, and pictures on the walls that overwhelmed Eva with a "sudden and awful feeling of shame." There is the heroic McCrae whom Eva had loved. The narrator ends his exciting tale: "I knew that this was the land above all others which men of European race have never conquered. It was a strange moment, full of a peculiar half-bitter ecstasy. I gazed at the stars and murmured to myself: 'This is Africa. This is Africa.'"

It is Africa again in "Woodsmoke." I first met Jimmy Antrim at a detestable spot called "M'bagwe."

One does not stop to ask whether Mr. Young was ever there. What about Jimmy; the tall man with red hair, blue eyes and a pale face blotched with freckles like a leopard's skin. There are Mr. and Mrs. Rawley. What is to be said of Frangoullis? What of the gold deposits near N'dalo?

Books of adventure, of life in wild places, intrigues, savages, horrid deeds, gallantry and devotion—what more could Mr. Golightly ask for veranda reading?

Nor should he forget to take with him "The Golden Centipede" by Louise Gerard, a novel of this year, another and still wilder story of African life. Wilder by reason of the hideous superstitions that play a part in this exciting romance. The excitement begins when young Wentworth on the S. S. Asabo gives Marjorie a golden centipede about three inches long, that wriggles at a touch, waves thin antennae on its vicious looking head, moves its forty tiny golden legs. No wonder that Major the Hon. Tracy Sinclair, seeing it, gave an almost imperceptible start, for in the German West African hinterland, he had found a skeleton. "A glint of gold in the gaping jaw had attracted his attention."

Inside was a weird golden insect. And whence came the awful, death-like wall: "Oh, Golden Flower, it is the doom?" Who threw the live centipede from the upper deck? Was Wentworth a boy or a girl? What was Carl Langfeldt's real mission in Africa? There is the family domain that had "once been the stronghold of a nest of pirates, buccaners, slave-dealers, rogues and vagabonds of the first water, whose only qualifications had to be gentle birth and total lack of scruples." What

is to be said of "the huge stone altar, shadowed by hanging trees and roped with a matted tangle of creepers"? Chrysanthé, gazing at the fluttering mass of long bleached hair nearest the head of the monster, counted gold bands, glistening in the moonlight. "Fifteen of them! Each killed by the hands of her people! And the last her own mother! How glad she would be when it was all over!" But it is fortunately not over for the reader. This is on page 221, and there are 364 pages in all. For a hair-raising chapter, commend us to the 18th.

23D CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 23d concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Chadwick, "Tam O'Shanter," Ballade for orchestra. Sessions, Symphony, E minor (first performance). Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration," and Salome's Dance.

Mr. Sessions in his notes contributed to the Program Book makes an interesting profession of his musical faith. This statement is not so long as Victor Hugo's preface to his "Cromwell," it is not so momentous; nor will it probably influence contemporaneous young composers as Hugo's audacious declarations excited the enthusiasm of "Young France"; but it is a frank, manly statement of his position in the present world of music, a world to some chaotic and anarchistic; to some wholly inexplicable; to others only the auroral flushes of the blazing, glorious sun to rise with healing in its wings.

Mr. Sessions, admitting that he has endeavored to absorb the influences of Block and Stravinsky, nevertheless finds the highest perfection in early Flemish and Italian composers, in Bach and in the Mozart of "The Magic Flute" and The Requiem. His aim is to give "coherent and living expression" of his musical ideas.

After the performance of the symphony yesterday, hisses were mingled with applause and shouts of "Bravo." It is reassuring to find that a Friday afternoon audience takes, after all, an interest in new music, but hissing never killed music that had in it the elements of life; applause, which is often only a perfunctory tribute, an obligatory act of courtesy (especially in the case of "rising" young American composers) never gave life to dry bones. The history of music in Boston alone shows clearly how that which was considered when first heard to be intolerable, not to be endured, was after a few years honestly, rapturously applauded and is still in the repertory of every leading orchestra.

Was the first movement of Mr. Sessions's symphony performed wholly to his satisfaction? Great pains had been taken at rehearsal; the symphony bristles with difficulties, especially the rhythmic ones; Mr. Koussevitzky, who has expressed great admiration for the work, did his best to put it in the most favorable light, and no one could do more; yet this movement disappointed us. It would be interesting to know what Mr. Sessions had in mind when he composed this movement, for there must be some plan, some purpose even when there is no express program; even when there is no regard for the orthodox sonata form. This first movement was to many a rhythmic exercise. The prevailing rhythmic figure became monotonous, not well relieved, not entrancing, not exciting in itself. And the music, it seemed to us at least, was without marked character. Perhaps some, who are gentle souls and wish to be soothed after a hearty luncheon, would call this movement "ugly"; certainly not expressing the sort of beauty called charming.

A good many years ago Thomas Hardy describing Egdon Heath questioned whether the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty was not approaching its last quarter. "The new Vale of Temple may be a gaunt waste in Thule." But this appeal is to the eye, as the tourist finds delight and beauty in the mysterious amphitheatre of Truro on Cape Cod. In music, the appeal is to the ear, an organ easily disturbed by sounds that jar and jolt when they are inexpressive of beauty, nobility, sensuousness, grandeur, and succeed one another without measures of contrasting charm. It is in this movement, which we wish Mr. Sessions would rewrite, that we find the influence of Stravinsky in his more mechanical moments.

There is marked originality, there is a force of expression not derived from others, in the slow movement and in the finale, particularly in the former, where uncommon musical ideas are expressed in an uncommon manner; where there is an ingenuity in the instrumentation not so observable in the other movements. The frenzy of the finale is not

distasteful on the contrary here Sessions write with gusto also in a symphonic vein.

We understand that this Symphony is his first important composition is not surprising that in certain respects it is yeasty. Thanks to Koussevitzky and the superb orchestra, has had the opportunity of hearing a symphony. Let us hope that he has the saving gift of self-criticism, for without it composer, virtuoso, poet, essayist is lost. Above all let him boldly assert his individuality, and heed not fiercer foe.

It was good to hear Mr. Chadwick Ballad after 11 years; good to find it still fresh, picturesque, romantic. There's the title, "Tam O'Shanter," that's enough for anyone that knows the poem. Mr. Chadwick didn't make the mistake of attempting a literal detailed translation into tones; the chief episodes in Tam's nocturnal adventure are clearly, ingeniously, dramatically expressed. No wonder the music and the eloquent performance greatly pleased the audience; that Mr. Chadwick from his seat on the floor was obliged several times to rise.

Whether Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" is beginning to seem old-fashioned, rather verbose, too long drawn out, is a question for discussion at musical gatherings where ladies, old and young, settle the status of composers for all time. Mr. Koussevitzky gave a remarkably effective interpretation, preparing the majestic climax after the long crescendo in so thrilling a manner that one forgot the inherent cheapness of the melodic line. Nor did the performance of Salome's Dance fall below in dazzling brilliance.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week, for the closing concert of the season, will be as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore" No. 3; Aubert, Habanera, Dukelsky, Suite from the Ballet "Zephyr and Flora" (first performance of the suite); Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C-minor.

F. FIL MILLER IN DANCE RECITAL

A recital of original interpretations of dances was given by F. Fil Miller at the Barn, 36 Joy street, last night, accompanied on the violin by Beatrice C. Perron and on the piano by Margery Neilson. The program will be repeated tonight.

Miss Miller has little or no technique. Her dancing is more the caperings of a little girl, a very lovely little girl with a spry elfin face, a queer sense of rhythm and a self-conscious manner. The stage setting was tasteful and the lighting effects worthy of comment.

The Viennese waltzes "Love's Joy" and "Love's Sorrow" by Kreisler were the first numbers on the program. The joy seemed a bit stilted and the sorrow more of a flirtation. In Greig's "Elf," Miss Miller burst out in a shy whistle and a fair flock of Mary Pickford curls aided Chopin's "Good Fairy."

Gounod's "Bad Fairy" and Greig's "Anitra's Dance" were quite delightful. Miss Miller should elaborate on this type of dance. C. M. D.

April 24 1917

SIMMONS GLEE CLUB CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Simmons College Glee Club, David Blair McClosky, conductor, gave its first concert last night in Jordan hall. The program was as follows: Pergolesi, Stabat Mater (Myrtle Thatcher Sooy, soprano; Maurice Palmer, alto; Thomas W. Lander, organist); Holst, choral hymns from the "Rig Veda" (To the Dawn, To the Waters, To the Vena, To the Travelers, To Agni); Elinor Jackson, pianist; Carpenter, song Cycle "Gitanjali" (Mr. McClosky, baritone; Raymond Coon, pianist); Holst, The Swallow Leaves Her Nest. Mrs. Beach, Three Flower songs.

This organization was formed three or four years ago, but Mr. McClosky has been the conductor only for this season. He was fortunate in having good material, and he has now brought the singers to the point where they do more than sing the notes; they sing with understanding, with appreciation of the composer's purpose and the meaning of the words. This was shown especial-

Fairies are to be seen at the Plymouth Theatre and at the Repertory Theatre. In Gilbert's world, the Peers are not unduly shocked when the fairies confront them—they tremble when they fall under the curse of the Fairy Queen; but these fairies have mortal passions after all; they would be wooed by the Peers; even their Queen stifles her emotions with difficulty. The fairies in "Midsummer Night's Dream" act more in the traditional manner, but would a purely fairy play now please the audiences of our grossly material world? Even in Hazlitt's time, as when the comedy was first produced, there were some who would not accept them. We all know that Pepys wrote. Hazlitt, while he allowed that fairies are not incredible, insisted that fairies six feet high are so. As Charles Lamb thought that "King Lear" could not be acted, so Hazlitt, speaking of the play as a Christmas after-piece, wrote that when acted, a delightful fiction is turned into a dull pantomime. Poetry and the stage do not agree well together. The attempt to reconcile them in this instance fails not only of effect, but of decorum. . . . That which was merely an airy shape, a dream, a passing thought, immediately becomes an unmanageable reality."

But there are humble play actors in the comedy who wish to please the good Thesaurus. Unfortunately they are too often represented as farce comedians, though Bottom is a romantic weaver, Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout and the rest are as much in earnest as modern actors playing a Shakespearian tragedy, perhaps still more serious. These hard-handed men of Athens are not to be portrayed as slapstick comedians. Their scenes should be performed as seriously as one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas.

(What possessed Mr. Ames to allow the intolerable clowning and silly stage business of the policemen in "The Pirates of Penzance"?)

William Maginn in one of his brilliant and paradoxical Shakespeare Papers devoted one to Bottom with the ass-head, "It is but paste-board head, and that is all. The jest is over the first moment after his appearance; and having laughed at it once, we can not laugh at it any more." Maginn shows the difference between the Bottom of the stage and the Bottom of the poem. When Hippolyta speaks scornfully of the tragedy played by these working men, Theseus answers that the best of scenic performances are only shadows. Bottom to his companions is a man of genius. His self-conceit allows him to correct Theseus. Then Maginn contrasts Bottom, the block-head, as the lucky man, with Romeo, the gentleman, as the unlucky man of Shakespeare. Witness Bottom's affair with Titania. "As long as the noble race of Bottoms continues to exist, the chances of extraordinary good luck will fall to their lot."

There have been attempts to turn "Midsummer Night's Dream" into an opera. There is "The Fairy Queen" by Purcell; the opera by Bishop. Let no one think that Ambrose Thomas's "Midsummer Night's Dream" is based on Shakespeare's comedy. The libretto is an extraordinary affair introducing Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare, Sir John Falstaff, Latimer, Olivia, Shakespeare, courting Olivia, fights a duel with her lover, Latimer.

Mme. Clara Poole, now living in Boston, writes to us that she was the first to take the part of Iolanthe in this city when the Bijou Theatre was opened on Dec. 11, 1862. Many probably still remember the joyous portrayal of the Lord Chancellor by Henry Dixey; Dixey of the inimitable wags with dancing steps.

It was a pleasant sight to see the older men and women last Tuesday night renewing their youth, remembering the early performances of "Iolanthe." Their laughter was of the hair-trigger order; they insisted on repetitions of the good old songs, trio, choruses.

Jacques Hoffmann has been appointed teacher of the violin and conductor of the College Orchestra at Wellesley. The college is to be congratulated.

It is surprising to find readers of the Sunday Times, London, discussing the question whether Othello was black, "light-complected" or as one afflicted with the jaundice. One correspondent says the real Othello was not a Moor, but a member of a noble Venetian family who took a black-amoer as its crest. Mr. Dawkins is sure that Shakespeare meant his Othello to be a blackamoer, and not a "tawny moor" like the Prince of Morocco in "The Merchant of Venice."—"records of actors down to the time of Edmund Kean have said that a coal-black make-up was adopted when playing Othello."

It is refreshing to see this lively interest in the plays of Shakespeare, but is not this inquiry a little belated?

Speaking of Othello reminds us of the singular story going from Newport, Ky., to the N. Y. World to the effect that Billy Emerson, the once famous negro minstrel, was alive and well in that town.

Billy Emerson, whose real surname was Redmond (not "Richmond," as was stated recently by a Boston newspaper), born at Belfast, Ireland, on July 4, 1846, died at Boston, Mass., on Feb. 22, 1902, thus showing by choosing the dates of birth and death that he was in his heart a true American. It was said of him by Edward Le Roy Rice, that he stood alone in his profession: "The acme of versatility, the personification of grace, the quintessence of greatness, such was Billy Emerson, who was gifted with a voice that an opera singer might have envied, and endowed by Nature with talents that are seldom given to man." Emerson's chief songs were "I'm as Happy as a Big Sunflower," which, by the way, was not composed by him; "Moriarty," and "Backed The Winner." The Boston newspaper said: "Many of the present generation will remember him in the famous song, 'I'm Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines.'" "L. R. R." writes: "If Billy Emerson ever sang 'Captain Jinks' my name is Caruso. If he had they would have given him the hook." We first heard "Captain Jinks" sung by William Horace Lingard. Billy Emerson's first professional engagement was at Washington, D. C., with Joe Sweeney's Minstrels about 1858. His last engagement was practically with William H. West's Minstrels in 1898. Billy West, Billy Emerson, and Billy Rice, "minstrelsy's three great Billys," died within 14 days—exactly one week apart, in 1902.

There was another Emerson, whose Christian name was Mort, who with Willis Clark formed a song and dance team, popular in the 70's.

What extraordinary success has crowned the production of "The Ghost Train" at the Copley Theatre! Interest is unabated; the theatre is constantly full; and as this mystery play will run till the end of the season, plays in rehearsal must be postponed, we understand, until next season. It

is said that one of these plays is by an unknown dramatist, "Mr. Higgins," and that Mrs. Alexander Higginson will be the leading woman.

Will "Dr. Knock"—the amusing comedy is known in Paris as "Knock"—be among the new plays next season?

Catherine Willard, whose withdrawal from the Copley Theatre was a decided loss, is now playing in New York in Behrman and Nicholson's new comedy, "Love Is Like That," which is described by the Sun as a "gentle collaboration about a prince on Park avenue." Miss Willard takes the part of a divorced woman indefatigably wishing to wed some nobleman.

The list of compositions heard in Boston for the first time at the Symphony concerts is unusually long; and some of them were performed for the first time; others for the first time in this country, though to announce a work as new in this country is to invite contradiction from some orchestra in a far-off western town.

TOLSTOI IN THE CINEMA

"Resurrection" Is Coming to Boston; "King of Kings" Has Opening

Tolstol has been discovered by the moving picture manufacturers. Whether or not the impending centenary celebration of the "great Christian's" birth in 1928 has had anything to do with the present vogue is not known. Perhaps a whisper reached the keen ears of the cinema makers, but no matter the cause, Lyof Tolstol's classic novel, "Resurrection" has reached the screen. Edwin Carewe directed this dramatic and emotional story of the Russias with Dolores del Rio as Katusha Moslova and Rod La Rocque as Prince Dmitri. "Anna Karenina" will soon be produced with Greta Garbo in the title role, and Mr. Carewe plans to make "War and Peace" in Russia sometime in the near future.

Count Ilya Tolstol, son of the author, assisted Mr. Carewe with the adaptation of "Resurrection." Count Tolstol lived with his father at Yasnaya-Pollana, Russia, during the four years from 1895 to 1899, when "Resurrection" was being written in long hand. Count Tolstol also appears in the prologue of the picture portraying his father.

It is interesting to note that in 1903, Alfano, who wrote the opera "Resurrection," saw the play in Germany, and so gathered his inspiration, finishing his score in 1904. At the same time Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree was playing the role of Prince Dmitri at His Majesty's Theatre, London. In America Blanche Walsh was creating the role of Katusha Maslova in New York, and in Kansas a stock company was playing the dramatized version of Tolstol's novel, with a young actor named Edwin Carewe playing the part of the prince.

The opera, in four acts or tableaux, was not sung in America until Miss Garden created it in 1925. Following the same thread that weaves all of these coincidences together, Mr. Edwin Carewe directed Miss Garden in the second of her two films made in 1918 for Samuel Goldwyn, "The Splendid Sinner." Before Miss Garden sailed for Paris to sing "Resurrection" recently, Mr. Carewe landed in New York with the completed film, "Resurrection," and they chatted wisely upon the attributes and failings of the different Katushas who had been evolved from Mr. Tolstol's remarkable heroine.

Miss Garden expressed her belief that the gradual transition in the character of Katusha Moslova, the steady decline and final glorious resurrection of the girl should be shown in its several stages of downward trend and rehabilitation, rather than in two sharply contrasting portraits.

The character is so treated in Alfano's opera and also, according to Mr. Carewe, in his film version. Both Miss Garden and Mr. Carewe were the least bit bitter against the dramatic productions of the past, and agreed that to show Katusha flitting about the household of Dmitri's aunts in carefree and careless manner and then to show her in the next scene, the naughty, naughty lady, depraved and deplored, was spreading it on a little thick.

Mr. Carewe's own propaganda about his screen play is as follows: "In 'Resurrection' all the emotions of Katusha Moslova are visualized in Dolores del Rio's performance, and the effect of the performance is heightened through the darkness of the theatre, the concentration of the collective eye of the audience on every movement of the actress on the silver sheet, and the sweep and splendidly attuned synchronization of orchestral score and cinematic expressiveness."

Miss del Rio was discovered by Mr. Carewe in Mexico City in 1925 and discovered by the American public as Charmaine in "What Price Glory."

"Mr. Tolstol was perhaps basically a scenarist," continued Mr. Carewe. "Motion picture producers filming his works need not be troubled greatly with the usual evils of transcription from one medium to another."

If one may attempt to interpret Mr. Carewe's mood in making this statement, one might suggest that Mr. Tolstol has painted his picture with such sure strokes, such vivid and convincing clearness, that it is almost impossible to escape his scenes. According to the publicity department of United Artists' Corporation, the film version made by Mr. Carewe is faithful to the Tolstol novel, even to the logical ending.

A woman took up a megaphone in Hollywood and directed a picture. The woman was Dorothy Azner, and the picture was "Fashions for Women," starring Esther Ralston. It turned out to be a Paramount super-original, and it is much more refreshing to be original than arty in the films. Miss Azner should be presented with at least a vote of thanks.

Not only did she breathe life into that beautiful statue-like Esther Ralston, but she introduced a few tricks in comedy, pronounced her scenes with determined and staccato-like clearness. She did not make her heroine so ultra lady-like that she did not look in love when she was, most desperately. She put her heart in her eyes, and acted in love—more power to the lady who could follow such intelligent direction. Critics were kind to Miss Azner for the most part, but some of them did decry the swish of too many petticoats.

John S. Cohen, Jr., for instance groups the whole sex's trifling with the cinema in a truly graphic manner. He says: "Miss Azner, true to her sex's

owns the

veen

capabilities, takes such hitherto rugged pioneers as Einar Hanson, Raymond Hatton and Edward Martindel, and turns them into feeble softies. One is reminded of the way in which Mme. Glyn, the critic's punching bag, transformed the hitherto manly Antonio Moreno into something Glynnish, in "It" by plucking his eyebrows and blondining his mustache, and of the way she transformed Conrad Nagel in "The Only Way" by overdressing him and pinning back his ears with chewing gum.

There was enough novelty in "Fashions for Women" to excuse the few feminine curls Miss Azner might have trained on Raymond Hatton's brow. There was downright tact. A little something for everybody. Comedy for the humorous, beauty for the esthete, clothes for the women and the gentlemen dressmakers, and something in the clothes for the remainder of the masculine "movie" patrons—mostly blondes. So, Miss Azner has been offered a long-time contract by Paramount; she has earned it. Here is another interesting mind and a nice sense of pictorial value to keep one interested in what is going on in Hollywood.

Laurence Stallings is said to have discovered Miss Azner's ability when he was working in Hollywood on "Old Ironsides." So from script girl, better than the average, and film cutter, who knew exactly to a quarter of an inch where to use her scissors so as to save the star the story and therefore the situation, Miss Azner finally was given her chance to direct. If there was a delicacy about this first slight picture, there was also a punch. A French farce was handed to Miss Azner in the first place, and it is difficult to make a "Ben Hur" out of a French farce. The story was adapted by Herman Manckewick.

There was a real relief in seeing a woman act natural, and a revelation akin to the waving of fairy wands and the appearance of flower beds and gurgling brooks on a desert in the transformation that took place within and without the beautiful Miss Ralston. In "Old Ironsides" she was a pleasant looking creature, not overburdened with thoughts or feelings. When she stood out against the wind-swept deck with the hero and the rain mauling her indiscriminately, one was impressed that she wasn't real enough to worry about. Now look at your Esther Ralston. Beautiful still but human. She actually breathes. In "Fashions for Women" she played a dual role, and succeeded in drawing a fine difference in the two characters, making the ex-chorister a minx and the queenly Madame de Givray haughty and dignified.

If Miss Azner should never do another thing, she has earned her place in the cinema hall of fame by awakening Miss Ralston. Too many petticoats they said. There has been too many muscled in some of the man-made films. There is as much originality in the fisticuff scenes that directors think they have to insert in their reels, as so many oysters. And—the way they dress their vamps! Remember Lya de Putti in "Sorrows of Satan?"

Therefore we hail Miss Azner as a director who may set the pace and contribute the gentle art of dressing actresses so that they appear human. This seems as important in its way as camera angles. If it takes a woman director to bring out feminine personality on the screen, perhaps Hollywood will try out a few more of them. There has long been a complaint that the men of the films were drastically superior histrionically than the women. We may even come to the pass of having all men directed by men and all women directed by women, much like the bathing beaches abroad. The war is on—may Miss Azner direct a few feminine Victor McLaglen, Eddie Cantors and Wallace Beerys.

"The King of Kings," Cecil B. DeMille screen production of the life of Christ, from a story by Jeanie Macpherson, was presented at the Gaety Theatre in New York last Tuesday night. A brilliant and enthusiastic throng of habitual first-nighters are said to have been present, and the picture was reported as an inspired piece of work.

The opening sequence, done in natural colors, reveals Mary Magdalene presiding at a banquet and demanding the usually attentive Judas, who has gone to join the small band of men following a carpenter. There are scenes in the temple, the House of God the infidels turn into a market place; the Garden of Gethsemane and scenes on Mount Calvary among many others that are said to be as "beautiful as a Renaissance painting." C. M. D.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY. Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M.—Roland Hayes, tenor. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 150 Newbury street, Dartmouth street entrance. Boston Flute Players Club, Georges Laurant, musical director. Schubert, Octet, op. 166 (Messrs. Elcus, Leboyet, Lefranc, Alfred Zighera, Lemalre, Hamelin, Allard, Valkenier). Migot, Quatuor for flute, violin, clarinet, harp. First time in this country (Messrs. Laurant, Elcus, Hamelin and Bernard Zighera). Stravinsky Octet for flute, clarinet, two bassoons, two trumpets, trombone, bass trombone (Messrs. Laurant, Hamelin, Laus, Allard, Mager, Lafosse, Rochut, Kenfield).

Copley Theatre, 3:30 P. M. Marie di Pesa, soprano. Song recital in costume, assisted by Alfred Fondorcaro, pianist; Minna del Castillo, organ; Ethel Hobart, flute; Jessie Lobdell, viola. Ancient vocal music: Hyum of St. Ambrose, Kyrie, Provençal Troubadour song, Laude della trinita, Da Cosi' dotta man, Caccini's Amarille, Falconiere's O Bellissimi Capelli, Monteverdi's Lament of Ariana, Cavalli's Affe, Affe: songs by Scarlatti, Durante, Pergolesi, Modern songs by Malinero, Pizzetti, Respighi, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, and the Ave Maria from Verdi's "Otello." Piano pieces by Respighi, Scarlatti, Scambati, Malinero, Casella, Martucci.

MONDAY. Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Susan Williams, pianist. MacDowell, Prelude, Bach, Prelude and Fugue in E. Ireland, Rhapsody, Chopin, Fantasy, Impromptu, Nocturne, Two Etudes, De Falla, Fantasia Baotica, Arensky, The Forest Spring, Bax, A Hill Tunc, Converse, Shadows, Frank Bridge, Dusk, Alabiev—Liszt, The Nightingale, Liapounov, Les Ghinka.

TUESDAY. Symphony hall, 3:15 P. M.—Last Tuesday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8 P. M. Apollo Club, Thompson Stone, guest conductor. Part Songs: Parry, Jerusalem, Coleridge-Taylor, Drake's Drum, Robertson, The Old Woman, Hadley, A Hong Kong Romance, Chadwick, Ecce jam noctis, Hammond, Lochinvar (with baritone solo by W. H. Kidder). Vaughan Williams, Loch Lomond (with baritone solo by Edwin T. Otis). H. T. Burleigh, Were You There? Herbert, Italian Street Song (with solo by Caroline Andrews), Sullivan, Entrance and march of peers from "Iolanthe." Miss Andrews will sing the Shadow Song from "Dinorah," Lehneari's "The Snake Charmer" (John E. MacKnight, flutist). Flinn's Beloved in your absence, and Bishop's Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark (with flute). Mr. Kidder will sing Tchaikovsky's Pilgrim's Song, E. Coates's Sea Rapture, and J. A. Loud's Alman's Creed. William B. Burbank, pianist; William S. Self, organist; Kath-Kerin, accompanist for Miss Andrews.

THURSDAY. Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M.—Verdi's Requiem to be performed under the auspices of the League of Catholic Women and for the benefit of the St. Elizabeth's Hospital fund. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Norma Jean Erdman, soprano. Handel, Calma, thou my soul, Pergolesi, Se tu m'amil, Mozart, Das Vellchen and Deh vieni, non tardar. Spohr, Rose Softly Blooming, Brahms, Die Malnacht, Strauss, Staendchen, Traum durch die Daenurnung, Zueignung, Duparc, L'Invitation au voyage and Soupire, Debussy, Mandoline, Franck, La Procession (with organ), Horsman, The Yellow Dusk, Bibb, Rondel of spring, Bennett, Phantoms, La Forge, Hills.

FRIDAY. Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M.—Last Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY. Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M.—Last Saturday evening concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Program of Friday, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

'TURANDOT' IS GIVEN

FINE ARTS THEATRE—The Studio Players present "Turandot," a fantastic comedy in four acts by Count Carlo Gozzi. The cast:

A. Mime	 K. K. Brigella	Sidney M. Stanley
Pantalone	 Harold G. Mayer	Timothy Peshkoff
Prince of Samarkand	 Timothy Peshkoff	
Ishmael	 James T. Helms	
Tartaglia	 G. W. Houshtaling	
Doctor	 Clair N. Kinney	
Barack	 Bertha L. Goldswaite	
Skirina	 Robert H. Jones	
Calaf	 James E. Downs	
Truffaldino	 Charles E. Allen	
Altoun	 Rubelle Jean Durfee	
Princess Turandot	 Eva May Durfee	
Zelima	 Dora Kittredge	
Adelma	 Helena Trolsaas	
Oriental singer	 Helena Trolsaas	

The Studio Players—"And what," say you, "may they be?" You have heard of late to read the dramatic publicity, Boston, but if you have been too rushed of late to read the dramatic publicity, this name makes no familiar click in your memory.

Following the success of "The Snow Maiden," which was but recently presented—the participants banded together to be known henceforth as the Studio Players. They are a worthy group and it is their stated purpose to put on plays that have a different tang. Many of these will be translations and adaptations and some will be first productions in this country. If they are to succeed with their venture they will need stronger support than they were given last night at the Fine Arts.

Perhaps their choice of a play was a bit unfortunate. "Turandot" has been much embellished since it first was taken from the pages of "A Thousand and One Nights" to become legitimate drama. The story is nothing more than one about a proud princess who refused to marry until her suitor should guess three riddles. Many heads of the defeated guessers adorn the castle walls. At last comes an unknown prince who is successful at guessing enigmas. Anger at his success and love for him struggle together within the heart of the princess. Many subterfuges are employed but, lo, one fine morning love conquers and all's well.

In the state in which Count Gozzi renders the tale, we have an intermingling of grotesquerie, fanaticism and tragedy that is often hard to follow. To a serious student of the drama, however, this queer mixture resolves itself into an interesting study of 17th and 18th century Italian drama which joined improvised comedy to that of the written order.

The play is directed by Kasimir Kovalsky, a native of Russia who is co-author with his wife of many novels and plays. He is widely traveled and his cosmopolitanism gives Boston an opportunity to receive rare contributions from his hands. The scenery, which was exquisite in its artistic detail, was designed by Mr. Kovalsky, while the costumes, which were lovely and authentic as to period, were the product of Mrs. Kovalsky's ingenuity.

Sharing the honors were Turandot, Calaf, Pantalone and Truffaldino. Miss

Durfee's Princess was haughty enough of men and dignified enough to statur to quell any expectant suitor. Yet when she finally yielded to love she did not lose any of her regality. Calaf was particularly good when he had a bit of funning to do with anyone who was trying to dupe him. James Downs as Truffaldino was most enjoyable. He called other people names with just the right amount of gusto; with gusto he directed his squadron of workers or "danced" before Calaf. Harold Mayer's Pantalone, with his Cyranic nose, was true to the spirit of the play. Once or twice he did a bit of acting that was more inspired than directed.

The entire company showed a feeling for the play and each one did his part toward making the production one full of atmosphere and local color. F. B. B.

The steamships are already carrying tourists old and young to European ports. Some have already landed and are irritating the natives by displaying American flags on their automobiles, giving absurdly large tips, screeching and haw-hawing in restaurants, museums, cathedrals, shouting contempt for foreign customs and manners.

Nor is the tourist who sees in a day at Rome everything worth seeing, who gives half an hour to the British museum and 15 minutes to the National Gallery extinct.

MR. AND MRS. TOURIST ABROAD

As the World Wags:

Naples

Dinner at the Excelsior

Mrs. T.: "Now fer goodness' sake get th' order right this time."

Mr. T.: "How d'you mean?"

Mrs. T.: "Why, las' night at Capri you ordered Botticelli, thinkin' you was gettin' wine."

Mr. T.: "Well, what's the matter with that?"

Mrs. T.: "Listen. Get this once fer all. It ain't a kind 'er wine. It's a cheese."

Rome

Planning the Day

Mrs. T.: "When'll we go to St. Peter's?"

Mr. T.: "St. Peter's? You don't want to waste any time there, do you?"

Mrs. T.: "Don't see why not."

Mr. T.: "Well, you was there fer almost an hour in 1910, wasn't you?"

Perugia

Soon After Arrival

Mrs. T.: "Is this Perugia or Siena?"

Mr. T.: "I d'know. These hill towns are all sm'uch alike."

Mrs. T.: "Oh, this here's the 21st, ain't it? Wait a minute. I'll have a look at my itinerary."

Florence

In the Uffizi

Mrs. T.: "There's the birth of Venus."

Mr. T.: "What makes you think so?"

Mrs. T.: "I don't think so, I know it is."

Mr. T.: "Don't see how you know. I don't see 'ny babies around."

Venice

Meeting a Friend in the Piazza

Mrs. T.: "Was you to the Lido?"

Friend: "No, is that one of the places you have to go?"

Mrs. T.: "Well, you don't exactly have to, but it's one of them places you hear a lot about, and the folks at home they read the guide books and when you get back and they know you was to Venice and they ask was you to the Lido and you say no, you wasn't, you'll feel so kind 'er foolish, don't you know."

Como

To the Hotel Porter

Mrs. T.: "Which way to the museum?"

Porter: "The Museum?—but there is no museum in Como, madame."

Mr. T.: "Well, thank God fer that! Here's where we save a day."

Montreux

On the Station Platform

Mrs. T.: "Was we ever here before?"

Mr. T.: "Don't ask me. Look at the labels on your suitcase."

Paris

In the Louvre

Mrs. T.: "So that's the Mona Lisa!"

Mr. T.: "Guess it is."

Mrs. T.: "And we come all the way down here to see that! Gee, ain't she got the sassy eyes, though?"

DALE WARREN.

O BACCHUS! NOT MARS

As the World Wags:

Announcement in a Boston newspaper on the morning of Patriots' Day 1921.

"At 7 an American Legion squad will fire a salute at Monroe Tavern, repeating the volley a half-hour later at the green."

It is to be hoped that, before the officer gave the word, the curator of the Tavern had presence of mind to rescue those quaint old decanters from the bar, also that 30 minutes later were enough for the removal of leading citizens from Lexington Green.

H. J. K.

the World Wags

From the Boston Post of April 18
"The heroes who fell at the bottles
of Lexington and Concord."

We wonder if the bottles which work
such havoc at Lexington and Concord
are part of the fruits of prohibition.

GEORGE W. DINSMORE.

Lawrence.

THAT "BLACK-EYED REBEL"

As the World Wags:

Some years ago I was in possession
of a poem which I have since lost. I
should very much like to know the cor-
rect name or, if possible, have the poem
printed in your column. It concerned
an orchin selling apples, and at the end
of each stanza there was a line:
"Said the little black-eyed rebel from
the corner of his eye."

It is possible the name is "The Black-
Eyed Rebel," or perhaps the word "Ur-
chin" is contained in the title.

If any of your readers can assist me,
I shall be very grateful.

East Milton.

M. G. DONOHUE.

Crowner's Quest Law

As the World Wags:

The literal of this column (la, la, Dr.
Cadman!) will recall the scene in "Ham-
let" of the two clowns, turned gravedig-
gers, and how, as they rested on their
picks, they chopped logic, and banded
bog Latin, to and fro, concerning the
ecclesiastical and legal aspects of poor,
pious Ophelia's drowning, and the
manner of her burial.

"But is this law?" asked one clown of
the other.

And the second clown answered, "Ay
marry is't—Crowner's Quest law."

Far back in time, indeed, does one
discover the beginnings of crowner's
quest law. It is the inquest upon a dead
body that the public knows most often
about. But the coroner has also a func-
tion—which, it may be observed, arises
less frequently—in the case of Treas-
ure Trove, another ancient survival.
Treasure Trove is hidden gold or silver,
in coin, plate or bullion, found under-
ground, of which there is no known
owner.

And in London, a few days ago, a la-
borer made such a find, on Druid street,
beneath a large cobblestone. This re-
quired the coroner to issue his warrant
for summoning a jury. The jury, of
nine, did not exhibit any great alacrit-
y to render a verdict of treasure trove, for
the benefit of the crown, until the cor-
oner informed them that the finder
would be awarded the greater share of
the value of the articles (the treasury
doing this to encourage the giving up of
such treasure, and thus prevent the de-
struction of valuable antiquities).

That understanding having been
reached and the evidence heard, an offi-
cer went to the outer door of the court
and made cry: "Oyez, oyez, oyez! If
there be any manner of person who can
come forward and give evidence con-
cerning the finding of this treasure, let
him come forward now." The crier then
waited a few minutes, after which he
returned into court, and announced,
"There is no answer, sir." Whereupon
the jury found that the find was treas-
ure trove, to be handed over to the
treasury.

Tennyson makes figurative use of the
saying, in "Aylmer's Field":

"There the manorial lord too curiously
Raking in that millennial touchwood-
dust

Found for himself a bitter treasure-
trove."

worthy by the quality and interest of
the selections, chosen with fine taste
from the fourth to the present century.
Although the concert might be sup-
posed to be of a "popular" nature there
was no bid for cheap applause, nothing
of a sickly sentimental character, noth-
ing of vulgar liveliness. Perhaps
to the majority of the audience the
first group was interesting only from
the historical standpoint, but Mme. di
Pesa held the attention by the spiri-
tuality of her singing, by unaffected and
devotional sincerity.

Her voice, light and flexible, was well
suited to the sparkling, florid, or whim-
sical melodies of the old composers
while in the noble Lament of Monte-
verdi her style broadened, and she sang
with true dramatic feeling.

The several costumes that she donned
were appropriate to the centuries. One
may be permitted to say that the one
for the second group was peculiarly be-
coming.

Mr. Fondacaro not only played sym-
pathetic accompaniments, he gave
pleasure by his performance of the solo
pieces.

FLUTE PLAYERS IN FINAL CONCERT

A most unusual program Mr. Laurent
arranged for the flute players' closing
concert of the season. Conservatively
enough, he began it with a work that
none the less has novelty in its favor,
Schubert's octet, op. 166, for two vio-
lins, viola, 'cello, double bass, clarinet,
bassoon and horn. Messrs. Elcus, Lebo-
vici, Lefrano, A. Gighera, Lemaire,
Hamelin, Laus and Velhenier. By his
performance of a quartet by Georges
Migot for flute, violin, clarinet and
harp (B. Gighera) Mr. Laurent lent
the occasion the distinction that comes
from the "first time in America." He
closed the afternoon with Stravinsky's
octet for flute, clarinet, two bassoons,
two trumpets, trombone, bass trombone,
the players not already mentioned being
Messrs. Allard, Mager, Lafosse, Rochut,
Henfield; the conductor, Mr. Burgin.
The program laid no claims to a first
performance, but has this piece been
played before in Boston?

It proved once more, with Migot's
testimony to corroborate, and Schub-
ert's of a different sort, how far more
sympathetic today's composers are than
yesterday's with wind instruments. Is
the war responsible? Or the material-
ism rampant today? Or is it because
we live in an age of machinery, when
irony is in the air and sentiment is
doomed? These modern conditions ap-
pear to explain most phases in art to-
day; they ought to be adequate to an
explanation of the "modern" composers'
passion for hearing men blow through
brass and wood.

One or the other of them, further-
more, ought to account satisfactorily
for these same composers' distaste for
what lies between the demoniac in the
universe and what is so childishly
playful as to appeal to Simple Simon
himself. With the "Sacre" behind him,
Stravinsky relaxed indeed when he
composed his octet. In its first move-
ment—he calls it a sinfonia—he has
written a dance tune like that to which,
forty years ago, they danced the polka
glide, which pleasant tune, by means
of his famous "rhythmic ingenuity," he
has subjected to bumps and jars like
those dealt out by clumsy dancers.

It is an amusing movement, and so is
the theme with variations—not much of
a theme, to be sure, but one to serve
for a set of giddy dance tunes, all
sounding far better than the notes in
black and white would lead one to hope.
The finale, after a short puzzling in-
troduction, leads to a sprightly fugue
and ends with a snap. People laughed,
sympathetically—not in derision—so let
us rise up and call Stravinsky blessed,
for a laugh is after all a good thing for
the world. And the man, when all is
said, does know how to do what he
wants to do, which is much.

Of Mr. Migot it may be said as Mr.
Harding said of Bishop Prosside: "There
seems to be no harm in the man." If
he wrote not a measure in his quartet
that one can remember a hint of, unless
it be the gaiety of the interlude, at all
events he combined his instruments
with a skill and taste that led to exqui-
site sounds while they lasted. At least
he has brevity in his favor—and brevity,
after the Schubert octet, seemed the
prime virtue of all.

A musically elect audience appeared
well pleased with the offerings of the
afternoon. May these concerts con-
tinue! How else shall we know what
goes on in the world?

R. R. G.

ROLAND HAYES IN CLOSING RECITAL

At Symphony hall yesterday Roland
Hayes, tenor, gave his closing recital for
this season in Boston, and until 1928-
29. William Lawrence accompanied
him as usual. The program:

"Sel Nur Still," Franck; "Would You
Gain the Tender Creature?" Handel;
"Amarilli," Caccini; "Schwanengesang,"
"Der Jungling an der Quelle," "Die
Liebe hat Gelogen," Schubert; Der
Nussbaum," Schumann; "Ich hab im
Traum Geweinert," Schumann; "Morn-
ing Hymn," Henschel; "Murmuring
Zephyrs," Jensen; "A Caravan from
China Comes," Storey-Smith; "Love's
Philosophy," Quilter; negro spirituals—
"Deep River," arranged by Hayes;
Peter Go Ring-a Dem Bella," arranged
by Burleigh; "Sit Down," arranged by
Hayes; "By and By," arranged by Ber-
nard.

The singing of Roland Hayes hardly
needs description in Boston, the city of
his debut, where at every concert in
these ten or more seasons he has drawn
to Symphony hall an audience beyond
the seating capacity of the house.

So it was yesterday. So it probably
will be for many years to come. Mr.
Hayes is one of those God-ordained ar-
tists whose interpretations become poet-
ized emotion, ethereal yet poignant. It
is a curious paradox of our so-called
materialistic, mechanical, in many re-
spects vulgar age, that artists of the
spirituality, the subtlety, the refinement
of a Roland Hayes continually draw and
hold these large audiences. It is a
paradox that may be observed at the
performances of any of the artists with
whose qualities Roland Hayes has some-
thing in common—a Paderewski, a Ca-
sals, a Kreisler, a Schumann-Heink,
and, up to her death, Eleanor Duse—in
the theatre. It makes one pause to
contemplate the whole relation of art to
life, yes, even of religion to life, and of
art to religion—the latter, of course, in
the purely spiritual, and not at all in
the dogmatic or ritualistic sense. Even
in this derided age all is not yet "s. a."
and prizefights.

The negro spirituals, which form an
inevitable part of every Roland Hayes
program, have become to his audiences
the nth degree of his art. To be sure,
no one invests them with more beauty
than he does, an extra-racial singer
can hardly hope to do them justice.
On the other hand, the songs
of the musically sophisticated Schubert
and Schumann are rarely heard as
Roland Hayes, member of that simple

and but recently enslaved race, sang
them yesterday, particularly Schubert's
"The Youth at the Spring" and "Love
Was False" and Schumann's "I Wept

In My Dreams." The first of these,
also Jensen's "Murmuring Zephyrs,"
had to be repeated.

The accompanying of Mr. Lawrence
is more than sympathetic; it is dis-
tinctly artistic in its own right. Few
accompanists give to the playing, for
instance, of the Schumann songs any-
thing more than the quality background
chords and scales. At Mr. Lawrence's
hands these received the full interpre-
tation of their mood.

Messrs. Hayes and Lawrence, work-
ing together all these years, are an
artistic team rather than merely singer
and accompanist. Their return to our
concert halls in 1928 will be looked
forward to.

H. L.

From his gloomy
To caper on sunny
Instead of the dark

There were variations
slang of this country
"May he dance when he
French would say: "To t
there's no floor"; "to pre
benediction with a foot in

TWO NOBLE DAMES

The Rt. Hon. T. P. O'Connor, P. O.
M. P. called not long ago on Mrs. James
Brown Potter. He found her "fine
large dark eyes" as brilliant as ever;
"they shone perhaps the more, because
of the rather delicate whiteness of her
complexion." He was struck by the air
of tranquility in her expression. This,
with the brightness of her eyes, partly
is due to the fact that she is now an
ardent Spiritualist; in daily intercourse
with those she had known in the days
when they were alive. "She even of-
fered to let me see copies of some con-
versations she has had with the late
King Edward." Why did not the Rt.
Hon. T. P. O'Connor read them and
give them to the world? Other lovers
of gossip, earthly and celestial, than
Spiritualists, might thus have been
agreeably entertained. As for Lily
Langtry (Lady de Bathe), who has
passed her 70th year, Mr. O'Connor says
she retains her splendid figure and
"the serene mind of a perfectly healthy
body," having made a profit of £6000 on
her recent book of memoirs. Nothing is
said about present conversations with
the late King Edward. Is it possible he
has forgotten her?

There are many ways of getting into
the papers:

"The widow of a man who made
clothes for Abraham Lincoln—Mrs.
George Silker—has celebrated her 100th
birthday at Kyle, Ayrshire."

No one will deny Mrs. Silker's title
to fame; but it does suggest Samuel
Butler's friend in Montreal, whose
brother was haberdasher to Mr. Spur-
geon.—London Observer.

ADD "BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION"

As the World Wags:

I am persistent for reform, and so I
say let the good work of the Slush Fund
Committee of Congress go on. But it
is a slow-working committee, and I am
anxious that it shall begin again and
with greater thoroughness. Why not
call witnesses to bring out the facts as
to Abraham Lincoln's wickedness in
1846 when he was elected to Congress.
It is stated on fairly good authority
that in his campaign he spent the enor-
mous sum of 75 cents to be elected.
Newton Centre. HEROD.

ABANDON

(For As the World Wags)

Dance with me, April,
Spring is so gay!
Life is too short
To ever delay.

Dance with me, April,
Through fairy spheres.
Whirl with me now—
Ere I feel your tears.

M. B. R.

VARIA

As the World Wags:

Speaking of bells whose music helped
the world to wag some time ago, I have
just come across the following stanza in
J. G. Whittier's "New Year's Address to
the Patrons of the Essex Gazette, 1828":

"We've now two bells, loud ringing on
the ear—

Calling to church or telling out the
time;
And some, no doubt, esteem it fine to
hear

Their clamorous, tinkling chime.
I hate a bell—the horn of Abram Tyler
Once call'd our sires to church in better
style, sir."

To which the young Haverhill poet
added this footnote: "Our ancestors
entertained the excellent custom of call-
ing the people to worship by the sound-
ing of a horn. This Abram Tyler was
allowed one pound of pork a Sabbath
for performing said duty."

Can you spare the space for another
memento of the good old times in this
piece of verse, which the Merrymount
Press reprinted in handsome style for
Mr. Goodspeed in 1903?

"And times have changed. Our ances-
tors, we know,

Were men, and they had wives who
proved a profit,

Who, handling casks as we do tumblers
now,

Drank from the bung-hole and made
nothing of it.

Aye! they were wives, worth scores of
modern beauties,

Too delicate for vulgar household
duties."

Truly there were glances in those

MARIE DI PESA

By PHILIP HALE

Marie di Pesa assisted by Alfred Fon-
dacaro, pianist; Minna del Castillo, or-
ganist; Ethel Hobart, flute; Jessie Lob-
dell, viola, gave a concert yesterday
afternoon at the Copley Theatre. The
program comprised ancient ecclesiastical
music as the Hymn of St. Am-
brose, a Kyrie of the 10th century, "A
Entrada del Tens Clar (Troubadour
song), a Laude della Trinita of the 14th
century, also Palestrina's "Da Codi dotta
Man," a song written for three voices;
secular melodies: Caccini, Amarilli;
Falconieri, O Bellissimi Capelli; Aris-
ma's lament from Monteverdi's opera
of the same name; Cavalli's Affe, affe
from "Serse," A. Scarlatti, Le florindo
dele. Pergolesi, Le tu mami; Durante,
Danza, danza Panciulla. Modern songs:
Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Giro tondo, Pizet-
ti Ninna Nanna from "Debora." Res-
pighi, Scherzo. Malipiero, Satirical
Sonnet; also the Ave Maria from Ver-
di's "Otello." Mr. Fondacaro played a
Schilpenne and Galliard arranged by
Respighi; a gavotte by Sgambati; two
sonatas by D. Scarlatti; Malipiero's
Omaggi, Casella's In modo burlesco and
a scherzo by Martucci.

This concert, that pleased an audi-
ence of good size was first of all note-

capabilities, take days!

From the Columbian Centinel, Aug. 5, 1807.

"Near New-York, Mr. J. A. Bertell, a foreigner, æt. about 20. He shot himself through the head with a ball from a large horse pistol, which tore off part of his ear. Two letters were found in his pocket, one addressed to the person who might find his body, the other to a gentleman at Brooklyn. In these letters he avows his dastardly intention of destroying himself; that he was tired of his life, and could not bear the idea of his beloved (whom he stiles his Matilda) being in the arms of another. In one of the letters is his will, bequeathing two-thirds of his property to Matilda, and the remainder to the family of the gentleman above named. A few hours previous to his committing this act of suicide he was seen with a book in his hand, which was found on the ground by his side, and was 'The Sorrows of Werter.' It lay open at the place where Werter writes to Charlotte: 'They are loaded—the clock strikes twelve—I go, Charlotte, Charlotte! Farewell! Farewell!' That and several other passages in the book were marked by him with a pen." J. Q. L. C.

Lancaster,

SUSAN WILLIAMS

Susan Williams, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall: Prelude, MacDowell; Prelude and Fugue in E, Bach; Rhapsody, Ireland; Fantasy, Impromptu, Nocturne, Two Etudes, Chopin; Fantasia Baetica, De Falla; The Forest Spring, Arensky; A Hill Tune, Bax; Shadows, Converse; Dusk, Bridge; The Nightingale, Alabieff-Liszt; Lesghinka, Liapounow.

As at her recital of two years or so ago, last night Miss Williams played a program of pleasant music, much of it novel, but little of consequence. Again she played with unusually beautiful tone, be it in passages that ripple and run, or in those that sing; musically, on the whole, with technique ample for her needs; delicately, with finesse.

Since she has in her favor so many attributes of good piano playing, it goes without saying that Miss Williams did much last night that was charming. But, to express an honest opinion, she did not escape monotony. Playing constantly in a spirit of gentle dalliance, rarely did she give a melody firm shape or force, and not once in the course of an hour did she set forth two successive bars with that vigor of rhythm that leads to nodding heads and tapping toes—though de Falla's piece offered sufficient invitation to rhythmic exhibition, not to forget the fantasy of Chopin.

In the latter part of this fantasy Miss Williams did show a certain amount of "come-out," to use the country woman's expressive term. So she did in the second episode of the nocturne and here and there in the suite. But she came out neither far enough nor often enough. If she would develop into the excellent pianist she, given her unusual talents, is capable of becoming, Miss Williams must brush away the soft golden haze that at present envelops her music and bring it, at all events now and then, into the bright light of day or, sometimes, into the dark of night.

R. R. G.

KEITH ALBEE ST. JAMES THEATRE—Keith Albee Players present "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," by Frederick Lonsdale. The cast:

Charles	Frank Charlton
George	Franklin Parker
Lady Joan Houghton	Kathleen Wallace
Lady Mary Sinder	Virginia Soks
Wile Wynton	Jack Westerman
William	William Blair
Lady Maria Frinton	Edith Speare
Mrs. Wynton	Sydel Landrew
Lord Arthur Dilling	Walter Gilbert
Lord Elton	Willam Gerald
Mrs. Cheyney	Ruth Sheley
Mrs. Webley	Florence Pendleton
Jim	Harold Chase
Roberts	Winfield Hyatt

Two factors, important to the success of any theatrical offering, met and were joined together in the opening performance of this week's play at the St. James. These were: A clever play, full of sparkling repartee; and a careful rendering of the lines by the company.

The Lonsdale play is still fresh in the memory of Bostonians who follow the vehicles of Ina Claire. She played it scarcely six months ago but the capacity audiences at the Tremont were so more enthusiastic and appreciative of Miss Claire's portrayal of the charming crook than were those who watched Ruth Shepley extricate herself from an embarrassing predicament. Miss Shepley, indeed received no more than her just due for she is admirable both as a leading lady for Walter Gilbert and, in this particular instance, as the crook who loved the pearls unwisely and too well. Of paramount interest is this new man's crook.

Kerin.

leading lady's voice. With it she always expresses just the right shade of meaning.

The play itself concerns a charming crook who has capitalized this last-named intangible quality until it has procured an invitation for her to spend a week-end at the home of a very fashionable lady. Of course, she has hardly accepted before she finds herself falling in love with one of the elite and being offered marriage by another very reputable lord. She feels, however, that she must see the thing through to a finish, remain true to the business agreement into which she has entered with her "butler," and come off with the pearls. What happens when she finds herself locked in the room with the man she loves is one thing and what occurs when she is offered money—fabulous sums—for a letter which the reputable lord had written her, in a moment of forgetfulness—is another.

In the end we have a beautiful case of the man who pays!

Walter Gilbert played the part of Lord Arthur Dilling—the man who, married, could only make one woman miserable, but single could give many women happiness—with ease, nonchalance, and what is more, obvious enjoyment. The Arlesque humor is just as suitable to his type apparently as the quaint philosophy of Chico in "Seventh Heaven." His leading lady put depth and intelligence into her part and he was no whit behind her with his. With the exception of the bedroom scene, when there was a lack of tenseness in the situation, these two really lived. They did not just play behind the footlights.

The other parts were all taken in such a way that they presented a unified whole.

Corinne Griffith's New Film Heads Olympia Bills

Heart-interest of the most powerful type features Corinne Griffith's newest starring vehicle, "Three Hours," which plays all this week at the Washington St. Olympia Theatre, Scollay Sq. Olympia and Central Sq., Cambridge. Having risen to the top rank of stardom in pictures in which she essayed highly emotional roles and then, as if to prove her versatility, played to such great advantage in comedies of the type of "Classified," Miss Griffith now reaches for further dramatic honors in one of the finest pictures that has played Boston in many a day.

The story was adapted from May Edginton's famous novel "Purple and Fine Linen" and the picture is a more outstanding success than the record-breaking book. Miss Griffith plays a divorced wife. The husband, Hobart Bosworth, insanely jealous, gets the custody of the child by the use of his money and keeps it from its mother. Using his money further as a means of closing every door to her, the wife sinks into abject poverty, from which she is rescued by John Bowers. She begs for money for three hours for the husband has given her permission at last to see her baby and she finds Bowers a true friend. Going to the house of her husband her joy is turned into sorrow in what are more heart rending moments than even in "Over the Hill." However, she finds consolation in the love of Bowers and the picture ends.

At the Olympia there are Rome and Gaut headlining the vaudeville in some comical moments of eccentric dancing. Stanisloff and Gracie and their company offer a "Whirl of Dance"; the Petrie Quintet, a male quartet and a girl soloist and dancer; the famous Fred Lewis of the 250 pounds of fun and others.

At the Scollay Square "Go'n' Home," a southern act, heads the bill, together with other entertaining acts and at the Central Square there are the usual vaudeville attractions and the added short features to complete the program. These are the only Boston showings of "Three Hours" and it will not be shown anywhere in Boston for at least two weeks after closing at the three houses.

"Knockout Reilly" is a Richard Dix fight drama, adapted for the screen from "The Hunch," a story by Albert Payson Terhune, directed by Malcolm St. Clair and presented by Paramount at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

James Reilly	Richard Dix
Mary Malone	Mary Brian
"Killer" Agarra	Jack Renault
Pat Malone	Harry Grubbs
"Spider" Cross	Ossood Perkins
Kewpie Dugan	Larry McGrath

With an imposing list of genuine prize-ring celebrities, any number of sturdy wallpots that are so realistic that one is forced to fondle one's own jaw, Malcolm St. Clair and Richard Dix leaped simultaneously from the parlor to the prize fight in this picture.

As usual, in a St. Clair picture, the action takes a fine steady stride and keeps moving, and Richard Dix is far

more effectual in this he-man, ponder and punch drama, than something Glynish in society that he tried on us in "Paradise for Two."

In "Knockout Reilly," Dix has the part of a young steel worker, in love with the merry Mary Brian, and who wouldn't be? His first knockout blow falls on the contender for the heavy-weight championship, although this fact is not known to Dix at the time. Jack Renault plays the part of "Killer" Agarra, who causes most of the trouble and all of the plot.

Dix is inspired to become a prize-fighter after a few moments at the hands of "Killer," and is later railroaded to the penitentiary by this same disagreeable "Killer" because he becomes so competent with the use of his fists as to stand in the way of the "Killers'" ambitions.

Dix comes back and then the fight begins. These scenes are splendidly handled. Jack Renault, incidentally, stands sixth in Tex Rickard's rating of the professional heavyweights of the country, and doubtless will have a rating as a cinema performer after this

GLORIA SWANSON

"The Love of Sunya" is Miss Gloria Swanson's first independent production, an adaptation of the play "The Eyes of Youth," written by Max Marcin and Charles Guernon, at the State Theatre this week; directed by Albert Parker; scenario by Earle Brown, and titles by Cosmo Hamilton. The cast:

The Outcast	Hugh Miller
Sunya Ashling	Gloria Swanson
Paul Judson	John Bole
Rita Ashling	Florence Fairbanks
Kenneth Ashling	Raymond Hackett
Robert Goring	Anders Randolph
Paolo de Salvo	Andres de Segura
Anna Hagan	Pauline Carol

Miss Swanson has proved, among other things, that she is a competent producer. Her first independent picture flows by on rubber tires, a little slow in spots, but pictorially a gem with soft, smooth lights.

"The Eyes of Youth" takes to the screen with better flavor than it has on the stage, the prelude injected in the screen story about the Egyptian temple and Cosmo Hamilton's explanation gives some reason for the crystal play. The camera has caught the eerie atmosphere as the crystal unfolds the future to a perturbed young girl, on the fork of the roads of her life with career, a wealthy suitor and her own true love to choose among.

The outcast, with his debt to Sunya through the generations still unpaid, appears in time to save her from a false impressario and a career as an operatic singer. Glorious Gloria, one is inclined to yell as Miss Swanson leaps from the frowny parts she has been playing and joins the short list of excellent screen actresses, and who can argue that Gloria does not do a creditable bit of acting as the disillusioned opera star.

The next episode shows her the wife of the portly gentleman with the comfortable bank account (via the crystal) and again Gloria crashes through with a rating of a hundred-per cent., as a actress.

The photography is excellent throughout and the German angles that have been used do not look as if they have been grafted on with a lot of suffering. The cast is also worthy of mention. A little more action would have made this a truly remarkable film.

Here is one customer who will await Miss Swanson's next United Artists picture with bated breath and there was a time—but why go into that? Miss Swanson has succeeded in giving us a picture above the average with the aid of Albert Parker's excellent direction.

C. M. D.

RAE SAMUELS WINS ENCORES AT KEITH'S

Rae Samuels, "vaudeville's blue streak," laughs and lifts her rapid-fire way this week through the lead act of a B. F. Keith program which is well sprinkled with girls, glitters, and guffaws.

Bert Lahr and Mercedes in a "beauty and the bluecoat" comedy are Rae's nearest rivals for curtain calls and they repeat their success in a second number in collaboration with Jeanie, the pint-sized prima donna whose own jazz dance acts have even the flappers of the audience murmuring maternally "Isn't she a little darling?"

Apropos of Rae Samuels, before the rest of the entertainers get listed, Rae has an accompanist who is billed as Mildred Lamb—and Mildred incontrovertibly is.

James Kelso, gentleman comedian and his partner, the decorative Bell

De Monde, present a "Revue for 1937" which is easy to look at and amusing to listen to. George Choo's "Spotlight Revue" contributes eight attractive, unattired young women to the brightness of the evening, and also features Eddie Printz in a quick-step that effectively, if temporarily, gets all eyes away from the chorus.

Folks who like trained dogs have the thrill of the season in witnessing the antics of Carlton Emmy's assorted pups; connoisseurs of bag punching see the best there is, demonstrated by World Champion Harry Seebach and his big sister, Harriet; the Donovan sisters enliven things with a "different" song and dance act; and La Salle and Mack "static nuts," have a novelty acrobatic turn that keeps the theatre well filled to the last with spectators who mean to leave a little early, but change their minds.

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Criss-Cross," Fred and Dorothy Stone in their latest Dillingham production. Fourth week.

HOLLIS—"The Constant Nymph," dramatization of Margaret Kennedy's novel with Beatrix Thomson in the leading role. Last week.

MAJESTIC—"Pickwick," Frank C. Reilly and Cosmo Hamilton dramatize Dickens' famous book. Second week.

PLYMOUTH—"The Pirates of Penzance," and "Iolanthe," Gilbert and Sullivan revivals produced by Winthrop Ames. Third week.

SHUBERT—"The Vagabond King," Russell Janney's musical version of "If I Were King," with Edward Nell, Jr., Carolyn Thomson, Will Philbrick and others. Sixth week.

TREMONT—"Oh Please," musical comedy starring Beatrice Liddle and featuring Charles Winninger. Second week.

WILBUR—"Yes, Yes, Yvette," H. H. Frazee's new musical, with Donald Brian, Herbert Corthell, Jeanette MacDonald and others. Third week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," Arlond Ridley's mystery play. Nineteenth week.

REPERTORY—"Midsummer Night's Dream," Shakespeare's comedy will close Mr. Jewett's season this Saturday evening.

"The Red Mill" grinds out much comedy and mystery at the Orpheum this week with Marion Davies as the star. This is the cinema version of the famous old musical piece composed by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. Montgomery and Stone were the stars of it in those days and the picture version seems not to have lost any of its charms. Owen Moore is the leading man. George Siegman is the villain and Louise Fazenda contributes a good share to the fun of the performance.

April 27 1937

Readers of novels will find stories of adventure without feeling obliged to look at a map of Africa. There is romance on a hillside farm, even in mean, squalid or arrogantly aristocratic city street, as well as in the jungle or on the pestilential Gold Coast. When a foreign village, where comedy melodrama, or tragedy is played with distant readers as spectators, the question comes up, has the novelist lived in that village, to which he probably has given a fictitious name, or has he evolved it from his inner consciousness as the German in the case of the came

Take for example a novel, and an unusual one, "Tomek the Sculptor," published by Little, Brown and Company.

This story is by Adelaide Eden Phillips, the daughter of Phillips, novel list, dramatist, poet. This novel is her first, though she is only 31 years old—but she began to write when she was a child.

In how many instances do the children of celebrated novelists follow successfully in the footsteps of their parents? One of Thackeray's daughters wrote charming stories that gave light to even the censorious George Moore. Alphonse Daudet's son, who has made his mark as novelist and savage journalist. Two sons of Mr. Trollope are known to all. The page of "John Jasper's Secret," a sequel to "The Mystery of Edna Dred"

announce Charles Dickens Jr. and Wilkie Collins, as the authors, but this sequel is said to have been written by Henry Moreland.

Miss Phillpotts has told the story of a Czech, who spent his boyhood on a village farm, dependent on the death of his father, a stone mason, on stern uncles, hating Austrians and Roman Catholics, and loving the land, though they were tenants of an Austrian count. This count had a little daughter, a born coquette, who as a child met the peasant boy and enmeshed him for life. Tomek inherited from his father, who fell from a scaffold while he was carrying high up on a church, the desire to be first of all a carver of wood, later a sculptor. The count, idolizing his daughter, sends the boy to Vienna for study. The uncles rage and storm; the boy's mother exults and prays.

In Vienna his talent is recognized at the Academy of Art. The way to fame seems open; but the count's daughter, Ronda, is both benefactor and evil genius. The youth, madly in love with her, though she is betrothed, invited to her house, realizing that to her he is alternately a passion and a plaything, insults her grossly with her guests, refuses a further allowance, lives miserably, has an affair with Katherina, devoted to him, though she is supported by an officer, but at last he is famous: that is, his genius shocks the academicians.

He meets a consumptive Russian, who preaches the doctrine of universal brotherhood and love; he also meets a rich Englishman, Baynes, amateur Socialist and professional sensualist. Meanwhile Ronda tortures Tomek. The three men go to London. The Russian dies, Baynes kills himself; Tomek marries an English girl, and is jealous of their first child. He finds work, excites glowing admiration and adverse criticism by his art. He and his wife go back to the Bohemian village, where the uncles forgive him for disloyalty to their native land. Then the sculptor, restless, unable to forget Ronda, wanders with his wife over the earth, settling after the war at Prague. His mother dies. Agonized by his loss, he leaves his wife and children for a year or more, until, loving his family, "healed in spirit, filled with new aspirations," he continues work on his great masterpiece, *The Temple of Man*.

The general scheme of this novel is by no means original: talented young peasant, unhappy, misunderstood, harshly treated as a boy by all, except his adoring mother; high-born girl, aiding and crushing; struggles of an artist; revolt against the aristocracy; the prostitute, who, when Tomek knows the truth about her exclaims that, as at last she loves with all her heart, her soul is redeemed—Tomek then noticed that her hands were ugly and she had large holes in her stockings; the Russian—all this, one may say, is familiar. One may even say that Katherina, the Russian and his comrades, chief among them the pitiable weak Kahn, are Dostoevskian; but Miss Phillpotts gives life to these characters, whether they are the proud Bohemians waiting for the freedom of their land, the contemptible meanness and narrowness shown by some of the family; whether they are the dwellers, rich and poor, noble or humble, in Vienna. Tomek is not an admirable character, except in his passion for art; but all women are attracted toward him, even the homely Vera at his lodging house, who, after he came home one night and shut his door, stood outside in the cold, saying in a low voice: "I love you—I love you," knowing that he could not hear. He is impossible as a companion for man or any woman, except his mother. Is not his devotion to an ideal only a pretty excuse for rank selfishness? He is vain, pig-headed, cruel in speech to his little English wife; at times repentant, but only for a moment. But he lives, in this book; he moves and has his being. The mother, who, eating the bitter bread of others, becomes a drudge, sustained only by belief in her boy's future, madly jealous of him till the day of her death—she, too, is real. As for Ronda, pride of birth, love of luxury and the gay world, struggle with her curious affection for Tomek. Is she somewhat theatrical? When she was disappointed in Tomek's bust of her because it did not idealize her, when she then doubted his genius, she was natural and womanly.

Miss Phillpotts, as we have said, has in this novel been strongly influenced by Dostoevsky in portraying the Socialists, repeating their long discussions about the approaching regeneration of mankind, about God, immortality, and suicide. Nicolay, Baynes, the Heresiarchs, all remind one of pages in the great Russian's "Les Possedes."

DOES ANY ONE REMEMBER?

As the World Wags:
In September, 1844, a young couple started from Union Village (now Greenwich), New York, for a honey-

moon trip to stage coach to Boston, trip with some hazards and fatigue, and equal to a present day wedding journey across the ocean. Later, riding with her Quaker uncle in the streets of Boston, the bride spied a sign of "Coffin Pitts." In wonderment she turned to her 22-year-old husband, who was supposed to be able to answer all questions, and exclaimed: "William, what on earth are coffin pitts?" This was beyond even his knowledge, so when Uncle Barry climbed back into the carriage he was instantly appealed to. "What are coffin pitts?" he echoed. "What is Coffin Pitts, you mean, for Coffin Pitts is the name of a mail, Juliana, thee is a little dunce." I was born some years after this occurred, but the story was still fresh in the family and is yet.

Now does anyone remember a man so unfortunately named, and the location of the store where the name was displayed? I have no doubt that the place that knew him knows him no more, but perhaps he lives in some one's memory. Your column may help in my quest. J. C. T.

It's no longer the "American Tragedy"; it's the Boston tragedy; the killing of literature.

APOLLO CLUB

By PHILIP HALE

The Apollo Club, conducted by Thompson Stone as guest, and assisted by Caroline Andrews, soprano, Walter H. Kidder, baritone, John E. MacKnight, flutist, William B. Burbank, pianist, William S. Self, organist, and Edwin T. Otis of the Apollo Club, baritone, gave a concert last evening in Jordan hall. Katherin Kerin was the accompanist for Miss Andrews. The program was as follows: Part Songs: Parry, Jerusalem. Coleridge-Taylor, Drake's Drum. Robertson, The Old Woman. Hadley, A Hong-Kong Romance. Chadwick, Ecce jam noctis. Hammond, Lock-invar (with baritone solo by Mr. Kidder), Vaughan Williams, Loch Lomond (with baritone solo by Mr. Otis), Burleigh, Were You There? Herbert, Italian Street Song (with solo by Miss Andrews). Sullivan, Entrance and March of Peers from "Iolanthe." Miss Andrews' selection were the Shadow Song from "Dinorah" (with flute), Lehman's "The Snake Charming" (with flute), Flinden, Beloved in Your Absence. Bishop, Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark (with flute). Mr. Kidder's selections were: Tchaikovsky, Pilgrim's Song; E Coates, Sea Rapture. A Lord, The Airman's Creed.

Under the able, firm, tasteful direction of Mr. Stone the Apollo Club sang with more than customary spirit, also with greater regard for musical and rhetorical nuances than have been observable on certain occasions. Mr. Stone did not allow sonority to degenerate into mere tonal coarseness, nor did he permit sentiment to become vocal mush. As this was true and as the program was well varied, the enthusiasm of the large audience was constant.

It is strange that the wildly beautiful words of William Blake, his mystical "Jerusalem," could not have suggested more appropriate music to the late Sir Hubert Parry than that heard last night. What music of Parry has been performed in Boston brought to mind the statement often made in praise of him while he was alive that he was a keen cricketer, a man of wealth and an amiable gentleman. Hugh S. Robertson, writing simply, nevertheless caught the spirit of Joseph Campbell's "Old Woman" and expressed the pathos of the words. This part song and Burleigh's dramatic arrangement of a negro spiritual were admirably sung, as was Chadwick's fine hymn of St. Gregory's. Is it possible that Coleridge-Taylor's "Drake's Drum" has lost in effect by repeated hearings? That it did not stir us as at the first hearings

was surely not the fault of the singers. Miss Andrews can be truthfully called a coloratura singer. Her performance of the Shadow Song from "Dinorah," a florid air which has much more significance when it is sung in its entirety in the opera, was clean-cut, pure in intonation, with body to the extreme upper tones—they were not, as is too often the case, painful squeaks. The whole performance was evidently not a task, but an agreeable exhibition of true agility. Mr. MacKnight aided by displaying here as later in the concert his proficiency as a flute player. Miss Andrews, recalled, sang the song by Michael Arne erroneously attributed as a rule to the Arne whose Christian name was Thomas.

Mr. Kidder was also recalled after his group of songs.

Dwight Fiske Appears with Paul Leyssac

Last night at the Women's Republican Club Paul Leyssac and Dwight Fiske furnished an enthusiastic audience of excellent size with entertainment both good and novel. Mr. Leyssac began it with a reading of a poem by Henry Sharp, "The White Peacock," to music by Mr. Fiske, followed by Coppee's poem "Menuet," with music by Thome.

There are people who do not fancy this special form of art; they are so unappreciative that they wish the piano would be still, to give the reader a clear field, or else that the reader might make himself a singer, the better to make himself heard. But these two artists kept adroitly and courteously out of each other's way. Mr. Fiske played his pleasantly atmospheric peacock music with beautiful tone and discreetly, and Mr. Leyssac, as well as dignity and charm, has voice enough to make himself heard without a sense of strain.

A man of many parts, Mr. Fiske next told a story, "Red Riding Hood in Russia," to which he played an accompaniment in the vein of George Grossmith brought up to date, to this very date when everything Russian goes of itself. He told his tale—it had many bright touches in its course—with gusto, drolly.

Then Mr. Leyssac told Kipling's grisly story of Bertram and Biml, and extremely impressively he told it, in German dialect free from exaggeration, with becoming simplicity, but without one single dramatic point lost in the telling. There was admirable work.

Later in the evening Mr. Fiske, at the piano, set forth another story, "Mr. Jones's Night Off." Mr. Leyssac recited "The Eagle's Nest" by Bjornson and "The Jumpers" by Andersen, in his own translations, and to close, he recited a poem by Leconte de Lisle, "Les Elfes" and "Castles in Spain" by Salisbury Field both with music by Mr. Fiske.

R. R. G.

SYMPHONY IN LAST OF TUESDAY SERIES

The final and fifth concert of the Tuesday afternoon series of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, was heard yesterday. The program of American and Italian music was as follows: MacDowell, "In War Time," from the orchestral suite in E minor, No. 2, "Indian," op. 48; Hill, "Lilacs," poem for orchestra, op. 33 (after Amy Lowell); Sessions, Symphony in E Minor; D. Scarlatti, three sonatas arranged in the form of a suite and orchestrated by Vincenzo Tommasini (after the ballet, "The Good-Humored Ladies"); Rossini, overture to "William Tell"; Respighi, symphonic poem, "Pini di Roma" ("Pine of Rome").

This was the third time Mr. Sessions's symphony has been played by the Boston Symphony orchestra. The first performance was last Friday afternoon, April 22; the second on the following Saturday night. Yesterday the audience did not mix their "bravos" and hisses the way they did the first time the music was heard, but their enthusiasm was tinged with politeness.

The first movement seemed to leave every one stunned. The second and third cured whatever paralytic symptoms had set in with the slow movement smoothly conversational in tone, and the final movement rising to sparkling heights and flash. It is impossible to try to read any meaning or label Mr. Sessions's work with "clumsy categories," as he states in his notes in the program book. They are distasteful to him, and he has created his music with this attitude. He is sincere and frank concerning both his inspiration and his impulses.

Mr. Hill's "Lilacs," the new tone-

poem inspired by Amy Lowell's superb glorification of New England life, was delightful. There was a keen appreciation, a delicacy and a warmth to the music that tells convincingly of "lilacs in dooryards—holding quiet conversations with an early moon."

There were mods most beautifully shaded by Mr. Hill's imagery, and the things loved and seen by the musician in the words of Miss Lowell.

Three of Scarlatti's sonatas, orchestrated by Vincenzo Tommasini, were in the group of the Italian music. Inspired ballet music that is deftly put on the orchestra with its restless click of heels, its rhythmic whirling. The andante

movement is with the whole beautiful. Mr. Koussevitzky.

In Rossini's overture to "William Tell" and Respighi's "Pines of Rome," Mr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony orchestra draw a comparison between the glorious treatment they give them and the hackneyed presentation these have at the hands at others not so gifted.

Both Mr. Hill and Mr. Sessions were present at the matinee yesterday, and were presented from the stage by Mr. Koussevitzky.

O. M. D.

April 28 '57

Mr. Koussevitzky has added to the program announced for the last concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra this season. As the program now stands it is as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Dukelsky, Suite from the Ballet "Zephyr et Flore." Aubert, Habanera. Wagner, Ride of the Valkyries. Brahms, Symphony No. 1.

Dukelsky is a young Russian who studied composition in Moscow, where he wrote operas, ballets and instrumental pieces. He came to the United States from Constantinople in 1922. In January, 1923, an overture of his was played in New York by the Civic orchestra, led by Dirk Foch. The extremely "modern" nature of the music distressed the late Henry Edward Krehbiel, who freed his mind in a violent manner in the review published in the Tribune.

Dukelsky then left for Paris. His ballet, "Zephyr et Flore" was produced at Monte Carlo by Diaghilev; later at Paris and London. The music was warmly praised. This week the excerpts from the suite, which will be performed for the first time, are the Divertissements of the Muses, Coda, and Finale.

Norma Jean Edman, soprano, will sing in Jordan hall this afternoon (3:15 o'clock) songs by Benati, Pergolesi, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Strauss, Saint-Saens, Duparc, Debussy, Rebecca Clarke, Dunhill, Charles Bennett, Carpenter, La Forge.

Verdi's Requiem will be performed tonight at Symphony hall for the benefit of the St. Elizabeth Hospital. The performance, conducted by Thompson Stone, and under the artistic direction of Vincent V. Hubbard, is under the auspices of the League for Catholic Women. The soloists will be Mildred Cobb, Rose Zulalian, Roland Partridge and John F. Jenkins.

Tonight "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" will be performed at the Fine Arts Theatre under the direction of Carlo Peroni. The performances will be operatic, with costumes and orchestra. The cast of Mascagni's opera will be as follows: Santuzza, Bertha Landau; Lola, Lillian Smith; Lucia, Florale Shaw; Turiddu, William Hughes; Alfio, Oscar Granger. Cast of "Pagliacci": Nedda, Lucretia Goddard (Miss Lucretia Goddard Bush); Carlo, Frank Proffitt; Tonio, Mardis Brown; Silvio, Martin Albrecht; Peppe, Anthony Guarino.

Theatregoers should know that "Pickwick," by Cosmo Hamilton and Frank C. Reilly, now playing at the Majestic Theatre, is a spoken comedy, not a film play. Mr. Reilly's production is an elaborate one, introducing many old friends better known to us than our neighbors in apartment houses and our acquaintances to whom we nod in the street. Besides the immortal Pickwick, one meets Sam Weller, Winkle, Snodgrass and Tupman, the joyous Wardle family, Bob Sawyer and his companion Allen, old Tony Weller, the Fat Boy, the irrepressible, amusing vagabond Alfred Jingle, Esq., with his amazing and staccato volubility; Mrs. Bardell, born for Mr. Pickwick's discomfiture, and the judge, lawyers and witnesses at the memorable trial. The scenes are the White Hart Inn, Mr. Pickwick's living room at Mrs. Bardell's, the Manor farm (with the shooting party) at Dingley Dell, the court room and Fleet prison.

And so the lover of Dickens can comfortably refresh his memory and see the men and women he has met in print standing before him in flesh and blood from the time Mr. Pickwick, with his faithful companions, set out adventuring for the benefit of the club.

Within a few weeks there has been inquiry in London newspapers concerning the men and women from whom Dickens derived his names. "Mrs. Leo Hunter" was a lady, at or near, Bath. She cultivated the Muses. Though she is not in the play at the Majestic, she has given parties in Boston under several names.

There have been Snodgrasses in real life. Prominent among them was Thomas Snodgrass, who, in the service

of the East India Company, amassed a large fortune and lived regally in India; but when he returned to England, the East India Company on account of unpleasant rumors, would not grant him the customary pension. So he dressed himself in rags, took a broom, and acted as a crossing sweeper, opposite East India House. He told all who passed that he had served the company faithfully; now that he was old it refused him an allowance so he was forced to beg his bread. The directors then granted the pension. The next day, in a frock coat and top-hat, he drove in a coach and four to give thanks for a pension, which brought up his income to \$5000 a year. Afterwards he lived the life of a man of fashion in London, and, as a correspondent of the London Sunday Times put it, died in the odor of sanctity.

Mr. Reilly tells us that in the fall he will produce a play based on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." As there has been much conjecture as to the solution of the mystery, if Dickens had lived, Mr. Reilly has written three separate endings. The roles of Stony Durdles and Datchery will be important.

"From Monday to Wednesday, for example, the play will be given with an ending, predicated possibly on the theory of Drood having been murdered by his uncle, John Jasper. The last half of the week there will be given a presentation based upon the belief that Drood's disappearance was the result of a conspiracy in which Jasper had no part whatever.

"While particulars concerning the third solution to be enacted are not available, it is regarded as possible that this ending may prove so interesting to audiences that one-half of the total number of performances may represent this last-mentioned solution. In that case, the third version will be given at all performances on alternate weeks.

"There is so wide a difference of opinion among Dickens's devotees as to the manner in which he, had he lived, would have explained the disappearance of Drood, and so much to support several of the widely divergent theories advanced by certain of the competent authorities, Mr. Reilly determined to recognize the three most reasonable, and ingenious, solutions."

"CARMEN" SUNG AT FINE ARTS

Mme. Vinello Johnson presented an operatic performance of "Carmen" last night at the Fine Arts Theatre. Carmen, Laura Tuckerman; Frasquita, Marion Regnier; Mercedes, Lillian Smith; Micaela; Lucretia Goddard; Don Jose, Anthony Guarino; Morales, Martin Albrecht; Zuniga, Malcolm McCormack; Escamillo, Oscar Grainger; the Dancairo, Lewis Pick; the Remendado, William Hughes; Lillas Pastia, Donald Ross.

Carlo Peroni, who conducted, apologized before the curtain was raised, for the smallness of the orchestra. He said that in spite of all endeavors, he was unable to procure certain wind instruments, either here or in New York. However, the men that were under his direction, were competent. Mr. Peroni, with the material at his command, conducted admirably. The chorus had been well trained; the ensemble numbers were, as a rule, effectively sung; and evidently more attention had been paid to stage management than is customary at pupils' performances of this nature.

Miss Tuckerman gave an interesting portrayal of Carmen, presenting the savage and wanton side of the gypsy with decided realism. Vocally she was well equipped for the part. Her voice is a true Carmen voice. (This is said in spite of Miss Hempel's recent statement that she purposes to take the role, for the music can be sung, she says, by even a high soprano. This, being interpreted, simply means that Miss Hempel is anxious to be applauded as Carmen.) Perhaps Miss Tuckerman's dramatic portrayal was too constantly restless in the first act and in the beginning of the second, but her restlessness had a demonical, baleful energy that is not foreign to one view of the character. All in all, her performance was strikingly satisfactory for an amateur, better than portrayals by certain professionals we have seen. She has a decided instinct for stage effects; dramatic intelligence and force.

Miss Goddard was a sympathetic Micaela, not yet wholly at ease in action, but in song giving character to the peasant maid. Mr. Guarino has

a naturally good voice which he used as Jose effectively for the most part.

All in all, the performance was an agreeable entertainment, greatly enjoyed by the large audience.

Tonight the operas will be "Cavalleria Rusticana"—the Misses Landau, Smith and Shaw; Messrs. Hughes and Grainger; and "Pagliacci" (not "I Pagliacci") as the program has it—Miss Goddard, Messrs. Profita, Brown, Guarino and Albrecht.

While there is no longer feverish excitement in real estate transactions on the Cape; while the "realtors" are no longer becoming like Tennyson's bittern; while natives who neglected to sell scrub land at the accepted time are still walling and gnashing their teeth (porcelain or natural), interest in the Cape has not diminished in the eyes of tourists. Doubting Thomases should read Mr. Whittelsey's letter.

EXPLORERS ON THE CAPE

As the World Wags:

I don't guess you know it, so I will acquaint you with the fact that the Cape Cod exploring season is beginning earlier than usual this year. Already exploring parties are crossing the Canal in big automobiles, bringing a lot of sandwiches and bananas, which are for ultimate consumption, all except the wrappings and the peels. These are abandoned along the roadside, where I sadly note, they have already become a notable feature of the Cape Cod landscape.

I was talking to a smart young man the other day, a minerologist I believe they call him, and he said that a long time from now people would dig around on the Cape and find a solid substrata of greasy paper and petrified banana peels. I was also conversing with a graduate of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, who tells me that if this business keeps up, paper napkin and banana plantations will take the place of cranberry bogs. But that don't sound hardly reasonable to me.

Well, you know, these Cape Cod explorers are regular hunters just like the African explorers. They hunt Sandwich Glass and antique furniture and sea captains and Mr. Joseph Lincoln. They have an idea I understand, that Mr. J. Lincoln spends his summers at Chatham sitting on a pile of clam shells making toy windmills. And they have another notion that all sea captains have whiskers.

They're regular fanatics on the subject of whiskers. It's hardly safe for a man to have whiskers nowadays on Cape Cod. He's liable to be captured at any moment. Why just the other day a poor old gent, who happened to own a set of whiskers, was hunted down by a party of explorers around Truro way and was put into a cage in the Boston Zoo before he could get enough wind to explain that he wasn't a sea captain at all, but a Harvard mathematics professor.

I understand there's a movement on foot to forbid hunting sea captains altogether. This same movement aims to have the Cape set aside as a sea captain reservation. The idea is, I am told, to give the sea captains the same chances and privileges as are enjoyed by the buffaloes in Yellowstone Park. That sounds far enough to me.

Meanwhile, these explorers inform me that they don't find the Cape as wild and virginial—if you know what I mean—as they supposed by reading of Mr. J. Lincoln's books and the R. R. advertisements. They say they find many signs of real civilization on the Cape, such as gas stations and hot dog stands for instance. Well, if that's civilization, Cape Cod is chock full of it, because there's as many gas pumps and hot dog stands between Sagamore and Provincetown as there's telephone posts.

These explorers, they tell me that some of the cottages which they have thought to be the various homes of Mr. J. Lincoln or else the dens of untamed sea captains, turn out to be nothing more nor less than tea houses which are owned and run by hard-headed and tight-fisted ladies from such towns as Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

They tell me these women are regular experts at making sandwiches the size of Sesquicentennial postage stamps. And they brew a tea from the leaves plucked off the sacred Mongolian Usha tree—at least it is so alleged on account of the price asked per pot.

I also learn that many of these old barns which are thought to be barns aren't barns at all. They are what you call "Ye Olde Shoppes" and inside you find one saleslady of the high-pressure variety, and she is surrounded on all sides by what she designates as "Very Unusual Gifties." Well, it seems as how a "giftie" bought in one of these "shoppes" is an article of considerable higher value than if it were a gift bought in a common ordinary shop. So they tell me anyhow.

These explorers, who are all city folks, inform me that they think there really aren't any more genuine native sea cap-

tains left on Cape Cod, and I think they are pretty nearly right, although I am acquainted with one sea captain whose abode I am keeping a dark secret, because he has whiskers. They tell me that articles of Sandwich Glass and antique furniture are not wanting in quantity. In fact, they assert that like the pigeons on Boston Common, they are more numerous than ever. But that don't seem hardly possible to me who has seen the pigeons in question. Hoping you drop in some time at the old oyster shack, I remain

Yours truly

BEN WHITTELEY.

The Old Oyster Shack, Cape Cod.

ENGLISH AS ISN'T

As the World Wags:

Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls desire us to learn foreign languages, and they announce that if we use their free book, we "can't help but learn a foreign language this way."

Might I suggest that they might learn English? But perhaps they "can't help but" write that way.

EASTERN ESAU

THE BOOTLEGGER

(For As the World Wags)

I am a bootlegger!

Not to sell booze but books

By the case or single volume

Step into this dark doorway a minute—Sh! Here is something on astronomy. Once owned by a man named Galileo. And this is a text book on biology. Kicked out of Dayton by whiskered elders.

Gladstone explained the fossils in this book.

Showing they were not anti-theologic

And the world of science laughed.

Empedocles wrote this, pre-Socratic philosopher

Who first conceived the theory of evolution,

Which apparently contradicts (note my reservation)

The theory of the ark and the paired animals.

I can sell you some labels, too.

"Passed by the department of police,"

In case you should like to sit on the Common

These early warm spring days

And read your books there

These labels will positively protect you

From all the Anti-Everything Leagues

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

ON WITH THE DANCE

As the World Wags:

Mr. Herkimer Johnson's quotation, "Dancing in the Air," which he cast into your placid sea, started a few somber ripples. But I looked in vain for a verse from that masterpiece of horror, whose each succeeding stanza is an ever-mounting surge of gloom. Could it be that you feared you would be obliged to hear that monogenarian nonpareil refer to it as "The Ballad of Reading Goo?" Would it not have been worth that disappointment to have included

"It is sweet to dance to violins

When Love and Life are fair;

To dance to Flutes, to dance to Lutes

Is delicate and rare;

But it is not sweet with nimble feet

To dance upon the air!"

I think it would.

R. R. RAYMOND.

2 OPERAS SUNG AT FINE ARTS

Mme. Vinello Johnson for the second of her operatic presentations in the Fine Arts theatre last night gave performances of "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" under the direction of the experienced Carlo Peroni. "Pagliacci" with this cast; Nedda, Lucretia Goddard; Canio, Frank Profita; Tonio, Mardis Brown; Peppe, Anthony Guarino; Silvio, Martin Albrecht. "Cavalleria Rusticana": Santuzza, Bertha Landau; Lola, Lillian Smith; Lucia, Florilla Shaw; Turiddu, William Hughes; Alfio, Oscar Grainger.

As these performances are practically exhibitions of advanced pupils, detailed criticism would be out of place, though it is permissible to note actual merit and reasonable promise. Thus it was allowable to speak yesterday of the usually good portrayal of Carmen, vocally and dramatically by an amateur Miss Tuckerman, who shows genuine dramatic instinct. Last night Miss Goddard's Nedda was more interesting than her Micaela of the night before. Nedda gives greater opportunities than the gospel-eyed maiden who goes through mountain passes in thin slippers to sing an aria that Bizet wrote originally for another opera. And so it may be said that Mr. Brown sang the music of Tonio sonorously and with considerable understanding. Mr. Profita's resonant high notes were enthusiastically applauded

by the large audience which evidently enjoyed the sincere work of the others who took part in the operas.

No one expects from performance of this character completely satisfactory representations of operas that often tax the resources of the more mature, the experienced professionals; but pupils are thus stimulated and encouraged; their ambition is quickened. If they are self-critical, their heads are not turned by the praise of relatives and friends, nor do they at once think of knocking at the door of the Metropolitan Opera House. If they say with the conviction of the old painter, "It's in me and must come out," they will persevere till they reach the wished-for goal. If they realize that they cannot go far or that the game is not worth the candle, they will be spared bitter disappointment, while, going to the opera as auditors and spectators, they, knowing the difficulties attending a career, will be the more appreciative of artistic worth and more lenient towards the failings of

MANZONI REQUIEM

Under the auspices of the League of Catholic Women of Boston and for the benefit of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Verdi's Manzoni Requiem came to a hearing last night in Symphony hall. Thompson Stone, the conductor, had at his service a chorus of more than 200 voices, an orchestra of Boston Symphony players, and for soloists, Mildred Cobb, soprano; Rose Zulalian, contralto; Roland Partridge, tenor, and John Festyn Jenkins, bass. Vincent V. Hubbard assisted as artistic director.

Since the performance was given for charity, detailed comment is not in order. With all propriety, however, it may surely be said that Mr. Stone inspired his orchestra to play with finer care and better tone than is always the case with orchestras who lend their presence at oratorio performances. With his chorus as well, presumably not yet routinized, he did some excellent work, for he had taught them a neat attack and release, pure intonation, and a cer-

tain feeling for the shape of a phrase. If he could not secure from his singers the effects Verdi demanded—his own exactions at rehearsals are still the talk of Vienna—particularly as regards pianissimos, he was able at times to call forth a body of tone that stirred the audience, as at the great climax in the early part of the Dies Irae, to enthusiastic applause.

A fine effect Mr. Stone also made with that magnificent passage, "The Heavens are full of Thy glory." His effects, indeed, Mr. Stone did make, most successfully, on the whole, those most dramatic, where sheer energy and force stood him best in stead. Given all the conditions under which he worked, Mr. Stone is to be admired for making the wisest use of his resources, and to be congratulated on the results achieved.

The soloists, singing music written for operatic singers amply endowed and thoroughly trained, did for the most part very well.

The audience was large. R. R. G.

MISS ERDMANN

Norma Jean Erdmann, soprano, assisted by Clifford Kemp, accompanist, gave a recital in Jordan hall, yesterday afternoon. The program read as follows: Benati, Credi nel alma mia; Pergolesi, Se tu m'ami; Mozart, Deh vieni, non tardar; Schubert, Der Neugierige; Schumann, Mondnacht und Fruhlingsnacht; Strauss, Zullignung; Saint-Saens, Colombe's Ballad from "Ascanio"; Duparc, L'Invitation au voyage; Debussy, Mandoline; Rebecca Clarke, The Cloths of Heaven; Dunhide, The Cloths of Heaven; Charles Bennett, Phantoms; Carpenter, On the Seashore of Endless Worlds; La Forge, Hills.

When "Ascanio" was produced in Paris, Emma Eames took the part of Colombe. The ballad that chants so enticingly "My heart is under the rock where he left it, when you went away" proved to be one of Miss Erdmann's best songs yesterday afternoon. Not always at ease with the quality of her tone she succeeded in caressing Colombe's words. Also in Mozart's "Deh Vieni" which is from the "Marriage of Figaro" Miss Erdmann captured a singular sweetness of tone, which, added to her charming manner, helped erase the uncomfortable brittleness that would creep into Miss Erdmann's voice.

Benati's "Credi Nel Alma mia" ("I Live in My Faithful Heart") was t

first song on Miss Erdmann's program Benati is an old Italian composer—but the biographical dictionaries apparently knew him not. Povia Frijsch has sung his songs in Boston.

"Phantoms," by Charles Bennett, recalled the fact that Mr. Bennett died suddenly in Boston only a few weeks ago.

The audience was entirely cordial to Miss Erdmann. C. M. D.

24TH CONCERT

BY PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's 46th season took place yesterday afternoon. Mr. Koussevitzky had arranged the following program: Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore," No. 3. Dukelsky, Suite from the Ballet "Zephyr and Flora." Aubert, Habanera. Wagner, Ride of the Valkyries. Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor.

The excerpts from Dukelsky's Suite were performed for the first time. They consisted of the Divertissements of the Muses (Andante non troppo; three of the Variations; Coda; Andante and the Finale). The ballet itself was produced at Monte Carlo in April, 1925. There were performances later at Paris and at London by Diaghilev's Ballet Russe. The story is not to be found in a Classical Dictionary. Boreas, as M. Diaghilev puts it, fell in love with his sister-in-law Flora. For the manner in which he attempted to win her he was put to death by the Muses who all fell in love with him at once. The nine Muses wore pork-pie hats and earrings, Flora was dressed to the waist as for the Champs Elysees, but later sported spotted tights; Zephyr wore a jockey's cap; Boreas was dressed or undressed "in the manner of the Minotaur." Why in this manner? For Boreas was at home in a Thracian cave. He was a fine fellow in his way; if he did carry off Oreithya, the daughter of Erechneus, for in the Persian war he befriended the Athenians by destroying the ships of their enemy. Incidentally he was the brother of Zephyrus, the west wind, and the south, or southwest wind Auster or Notus.

A fine fellow, this Boreas, we repeat, whose stormy wooing of Oreithya is told in a magnificent chorus in Swinburne's "Erechneus."

It would seem from Dukelsky's music that Boreas blew stormy blasts throughout the frolics of the Muses.

Here again is an instance where music for a ballet may be much more effective and significant when it accompanies action on the theatre's stage. It was not easy to associate the music played yesterday with the Grecian Muses or with any Muses save perhaps those of Montmartre. There was little or no suggestion of a ballet in the ordinary meaning of the word; little to remind one of a pas seul or terpsichorean ensemble. Furthermore, the musical chief idea was not important, while the variations were interesting chiefly by the instrumentation which was not so ingenious or unexpected as to make amends for the comparative dullness of the whole composition.

One thought more of Boreas than of the amiable Muses. More than once the hearer was tempted to cry out in the words of the old song.

"Cease rude Boreas, blustering faller."

Dukelsky, who sojourned in New York in the season of 1922-23, when an overture by him was produced there—is only in his 24th year. Those who know him say he has decided talent. In a letter he wrote to Edwin Evans of London, he said: "I hate all 'modernism,' and I love being modern. I believe only in construction in the truly classical sense, knowing that it is more difficult to construct a fox-trot than to write a thousand 'poems' on golden fishes, bald Chinamen, or oyster-shells as the so-called 'modernists' do." A bit of a humorist, this Dukelsky; but one would not care whether he called himself a reactionary or an anarchist in music, if he would only write pages that would interest, even by their wild enormity.

Aubert's Habanera was brought out in Boston by Mr. Monteux in 1923. It is not at first without a strange languorous charm. This is soon lost in passionate outcries. These die away, with the opening theme entering little by little and slowly into the subconscious, to quote from M. Vuillermoz' description of the piece, a description that is a fine example of hifalutin. The ever recurring, swaying rhythm of the dance brought to mind yesterday that grim and haunting opera of Laparra's "La Habanera," heard here in the palmy days of the Boston Opera House.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave a remarkably dramatic performance of the dramatic overture of Beethoven's.

The Valkyries rode at furious speed. Not that one would have their steeds go as plump horses with asparagus boughs on their harness drawing sedately a carry-all from the old village church after the morning service; but one would have wished a little more pomp in the superb figures on which the "Ride" is based. Nevertheless the audience enjoyed the tumultuous rush and was enthusiastic. While the tempo of the third movement of the symphony was certainly faster than that of a Brahmsian allegretto, so that there was hardly time for the expression of the desired "grace," the performance as a whole was stirring and eloquent.

Before and after the concert Mr. Koussevitzky was assured by the prolonged and hearty applause that greeted him of the high regarded affection in which he is held by the audiences of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The concert will be repeated tonight.

A few remarks on the season now ended will be found in The Herald of tomorrow.

We think it was in the sixties that we first heard the word "gem" applied to breakfast bread of cornmeal, rye, Graham, in the compartments of a "gem-tron," as it was then called. The word "gem," with this meaning, is in American cookbooks; we do not find it in the Century Dictionary or in the Standard; nor is it in the great Oxford Dictionary. Can any one tell us when the word for this breakfast bread first came into use in New England?

HYMEN

(For As the World Was)

Now the deep bosom of the earth
Warm to the love-song of the spring;
He woos her with capricious mirth
And soft caress, his kisses bring
A quickening surge of life, and start
The ardent throbbing of her heart!

He uses all his wiles to call
Glad blushes to her lovely face—
She yields to him, she grants him all,
She thrills and glows in his embrace—
Their rapture gives to Beauty, birth,
Sweet love-child of the spring and earth,

Who breathes in softness of the morn,
In feathery clouds that fleck the blue,
In May-flowers; pink and white of thorn;
To violet crocus do you!

That grace the fields anew;
Who dances in rosy blossoming
From bush and bough, whence carolling
Of birds, starts, with the rippling breeze,
To stir the tender green of trees.

Who swings in perfume-heavy heads
Of white and purple lilac-bloom;
Who weaves in verdant tulip-beds
The brilliant fabric of his loom:
Beauty, who hides in mystic night
Of moon, of love, of young delight,

Who sings in limpid brook and stream,
Who rides the torrents now set free,
Who laughs where salmon leap and gleam,

Mounting the rivers from the sea,
Beauty, who strews with lavish hand
A loveliness o'er all the land—

Beauty, whimsical child of spring;
Beauty, exquisite child of earth;
Wondrous, the gift of joy you bring;
Wondrous, the hymen that gave you
birth! AGNES WELCH.

BITTERNS AND BOOMING

Mr. Leonidas Swett writes to us: "What did you mean this morning (Friday) by saying that 'realtors' on Cape Cod were not 'becoming like Tennyson's bittern'?"

You may well ask, Mr. Swett. We wrote "booming." The lingo, or the proof-readers, evidently thought we meant "becoming." Perhaps they were unwilling to have us hurt the feelings of the "realtors" now that the booming on the Cape is over.

We were in error, however. (Our memory is falling.) "Tennyson's bittern" was a beetle. It is true the bittern booms. "It is noted for the boom which it utters during the breeding season"; hence it is sometimes called the mire-drum, the bull-of-the-bog. The bittern also "whoops"; its voice is "hollow sounding."

"And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow."

Sir Thomas Browne had something to say about this booming.

"That a bittern maketh that muzzent noise, or as we term it, bumping, by putting its bill into a reed, as most believe, or as Bellonius and Aldrovandus conceive, by putting the same in mud or water, and after awhile retaining the air by suddenly excluding it again, is not so easily made out." Sir Thomas came to the conclusion that the strange and peculiar noise is "deduced from the conformation of the windpipe, which in this bird is different from other volatiles."

The 46th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts and the third season of Mr. Koussevitzky's reign came to an end last night. It is customary after the last concert to review the season, not in detail, but to note some salient features.

Those who feared that there would be a preponderance of compositions by Russians were agreeably disappointed; "agreeably," though some of us would gladly have become acquainted with certain Russian composers now living whose works have been performed in other cities of the United States.

There were reactionaries who found a Russian behind every foreign name. On Nov. 19 the program comprised works by Tansman, Krasa, Webern, Walton and Beethoven. To our amazement a subscriber asked us if we could not persuade Mr. Koussevitzky to give less Russian music, at least not a whole program of it. We said in answer that Mr. Koussevitzky was abundantly able to arrange his programs; that it would be impertinent to suggest one. "You think that this program to which you object was all-Russian? Tansman is a Pole; Krasa is a Czech; Webern is an Austrian; Walton is an Englishman. Then there's Beethoven. Alas, it is true that he introduced Russian themes in a set of string quartets; but he did it in such a way, that no one would recognize them."

How many Russians were represented last season? Borodin, Dukelsky, Glazounov, Glinka, Moussorgsky, Prokofieff, Rimsky-Korsakov, Scriabin, Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky: the Russian compositions were 17 out of 102.

The composers of the season were numerically represented as follows: Beethoven, 10; Respighi, 7 (in consequence of his being a guest conductor); Wagner, 7; Brahms, 6; Prokofieff, 5 (his charming "Classical" symphony was played twice); J. S. Bach, 3; Handel, 3; Mozart, 3; Sibelius, 3; Strauss, 3; Casella, 2; Scarlatti, 2; Schumann, 2 (his Symphony No. 1 was played twice); Stravinsky, 2; Tansman, 2; Weber, 2. About 40 were represented by one composition.

The following composers were introduced for the first time at these concerts: Bartok, Dukelsky, Krasa, Langendoen (a member of the orchestra), Lazar, Scarlatti, Sessions, Steinert, Tommasini (as an orchestrator of Scarlatti's Sonatas), Walton, Webern.

Works performed for the first time anywhere were these: Converse, "Flivver 10,000"; Copland, Piano Concerto; Dukelsky, Suite from "Zephyr et Flore"; Lazar, Tziganes; Respighi, "Church Windows"; Roussel, Suite in F major; Sessions, Symphony; Steinert, Southern Night; Tansman, Symphony; nine in all.

Twenty-five compositions besides those just named were played in Boston for the first time. They were by Bartok, Casella, De Falla, Delius, Glinka, Hill, Ibert, Krasa, Milhaud, Mozart, Prokofieff, Respighi, Rimsky-Korsakov, Scarlatti, Sibelius, Tansman, Walton, Webern, Vaughan Williams.

And five compositions which had been previously played here were heard for the first time by the Symphony audiences.

The soloists were Mme. Respighi, soprano; Mme. Landowska, harpichordist; Messrs. Stratton, tenor; Burgin, violinist; Bedetti, violoncellist; and the pianists Copland, Cortot, Giesecking, Milhaud, Respighi, Rosenthal; eleven in all.

The American composers represented were Messrs. Chadwick, Converse, Copland, Hill, Loeffler, Sessions, Steinert.

Not all of the unfamiliar compositions gave pleasure to the subscribers. De Falla's Concerto was unanimously regarded as poor, dull stuff. The great majority did not accept Copland's piano concerto, Respighi's piano concert, Webern's Five Pieces. There were other works that excited controversy, as those by Krasa and Sessions. Nor is it to be supposed that a conductor vouches enthusiastically for every contemporaneous work he introduces; but any conductor worthy the name, who has in mind the duty to let his audiences know what is now going on in the musical world, will introduce, careless of applause or groans that may follow a performance, works that have attracted attention and excited discussion elsewhere.

There are honest, God-fearing men and women in the audiences of Symphony hall who really believe that music stopped at the death of Johannes Brahms. (Of course local composers should be heard indulgently, especially when they walk in the good old beaten path. If, knowing that music is not now flowing into the old moulds, they wander from this path, they are courteously applauded, but are after the concert subjects for earnest prayer: that they may see the error of their ways and repent before it is too late.)

The season of 1926-27 was a brilliant one. To speak of Mr. Koussevitzky's many memorable interpretations, some of them extraordinarily eloquent, would be merely to rewrite what has been said in The Herald during the season. It mattered not whether the music were by Bach or Strauss, Handel or Tchaikovsky, Chadwick or Prokofieff, Mr. Koussevitzky as the interpreter was thrice admirable. Boston may well exult in the fact that his contract has been extended; for his earnest purpose is not only to maintain and enlarge the fame of the orchestra which is now incomparable for plasticity and euphony, but to make this city once more a musical centre, if the plans that he has in mind will find generous support.

While the orchestra was the supreme soloist, there were solo performances by Messrs. Giesecking, Bedetti and Burgin, that added interest to the concerts in which they displayed their art. It is impossible to refrain from mentioning the exquisite performance by Mr. Giesecking of Mozart's piano concerto on Jan. 14, with Mr. Casella sharing the glory by his masterly conducting of the orchestral accompaniment.

The choral concert of March 4 was a disappointment on account of the inadequacy of the chorus; nor was it prudent to take this chorus to New York, let alone the cost of transportation.

The Beethoven Festival was well planned with one exception: the inclusion of a concert devoted to chamber music, which is not heard to advantage in Symphony hall; nor did the performance of this music justify the inclusion. The orchestra deserved an evening's rest, but it would have been wiser to let that evening pass without a tribute to Beethoven. Of the solo singers engaged for the Mass in D and the 9th symphony only Mr.

was fully competent. That Miss Austral, the soprano, was unable to fill her engagement, was a disappointment. It is true that the demands made on the singers by Beethoven are exorbitant. The chorus was undaunted, valiant.

Let it be said in conclusion that the introduction of many unfamiliar compositions is necessary to the musical knowledge of the community. If some of them excite disapproval, even anger, this is as it should be. Without dissent, there is stagnation; an attitude of smug complacency; a folding of the hands for slumber, except when they are raised to applaud something that has for 50 years been regarded as orthodox and respectable. P. H.

PLAYS NEW AND OLD

Mr. Russell Janney's Ups and Downs. Why Was Not "Paul Revere" Revived?

It is strange, not to say reprehensible, that no one thought of reviving for the week of Patriot's Day "Paul Revere and the Sons of Liberty," written "expressly" for the Boston Museum by J. S. Jones, M. D., the gifted author of "The Silver Spoon," "Sons of the Cape," "Liberty Tree," "Plymouth Rock," "The Carpenter of Rouen," "Moll Pitcher," and other plays that delighted our fathers and grandfathers. We learn from the old bill that this drama was produced at the Boston Museum in March, 1876, beginning the second week of the run on the 20th; that it embodied "incidents of the Revolutionary War, each event pictured through the medium of spirited tableaux and exciting dramatic action." The scenes were 1, view of Copp's Hill with the Sons of Liberty awaiting the signal for Revere's ride; the signal, 2, Capt. Wood's house in Medford, the Alarm, Dr. Clarke's house in Lexington, the First Blood of the Revolution, Escape of Hancock and Adams. "What a glorious morning is this!" The retreat from Concord, The Ambuscade, 3, The Battle of Bunker Hill. Tableau. Death of Gen. Warren, 4, 5, 6, Scenes in the Siege of Boston, including the Pewter Mug Masquerade at the old Province House, Arrest of the Spy—"Your love for his life, Mayflower Deane!" The Old Cocked Hat, Departure of the British forces. Grand Tableau of Victory: Washington and his Generals.

The chief parts were thus assigned: Paul Revere, Chas. Barron; Gordon Vassal, W. H. Crisp; Abel Siders, William Warren; Gen. Washington, J. Rowe; Gen. Putnam, L. J. Loring; Gen. Warren, George Riddle; John Hancock, J. Burrows; Sam Adams, F. Carlos; Salem Poor, J. H. Ring; Gen. Howe, R. F. McClannin; Sergeant Blowhorn, W. J. LeMoyné; Mayflower Deane, Annie Clarke; Dorothy Quincy, Louise Anderson; Mme. Jollencloffe, Mrs. Vincent; Mary Wood, Fannie Skerrett. There were 41 in the cast besides minute men, citizens, masqueraders, officers and soldiers, sailors and marines. Fred Williams was the stage manager.

The Museum was perfumed every Tuesday and Friday evenings with "Fellows Exquisite Perfumes," furnished by Smith, Doolittle and Smith, but Clifford at 23 School street, according to his advertisement, "had all odors open to smell of." "Low neck party shirts," could be obtained at Chipman Bros., 97 Court street.

Did many ladies wear "Dr. Warner's Sanitary Corset with Skirt Supporter securing grace and beauty of form?"

"The Night Hawk," which will be seen at the new Park Theatre tomorrow night, was produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, on Feb. 24, 1925, when Mary Newcomb was the leading woman, taking the part of Maisie Buck. The cast included Agnes Merrill, Kathleen Lowry; Dr. Perry Coit, Byron Beasley. Walter Coit, Leonard Doyie. Mrs. Hayes, Kathryn Tracey. The strange story turns on the Austrian rejuvenation treatment. This "tense human comedy," (to quote from the play bill) was written by Roland Oliver. Mr. Rathbun reviewing the play for the Evening Sun, admitted that the drama was original, interesting and dramatic. The critics united in praising the performances of Miss Newcomb.

The Department of Music of Smith College is making an interesting experiment. Handel's opera, "Julius Caesar," will be produced for the first time in this country at the Academy of Music, Northampton, on May 14. The opera will be sung in English, "in a style derived from that of the original performances." Prof. Werner Justen is the director; Prof. Oliver Larkin, the producer.

Several of Handel's operas have been produced in Germany within a few years; we believe that "Semele" has been produced as a dramatic work in England.

Russell Janney, producer of "The Vagabond King," that delightful, refreshing operetta now at the Shubert Theatre, has had an unusual life in the theatrical world. Born in Ohio, he was graduated at Yale. As a student he dreamed of the theatre. Having left college he organized an open-air company, which gave one-day performances at colleges and country clubs. "The money he made and saved," Mr. Lawshe tells us, "was dropped in theatrical producing. Mr. Janney became a press agent, made more money and dropped it producing." Going to London, he served Beerbohm Tree, George Edwards and others as a press agent. Returning to America, he produced Tarkington's "Seventeen." This was peculiarly successful, but "Mars-Jolaine," with music, based on "Pomander Walk," failed.

The success of "The Vagabond King," has been great and deserved. Opening at the Casino, N. Y., in September, 1925, it ran without interruption for 15 months. There are now two other companies, besides the one in Boston, playing in this country; in London the operetta has met was much more than ordinary favor. It is said that on the opening night in New York Mr. Janney was confronted with \$86,000 in debts; assets \$67 in cash. He had faith in the operetta; this faith has been justified. "He has exploded the fallacy of two acts of nudity and overpowering scenic and sartorial investiture being indispensable to a successful musical production." Thus unites an accomplished press agent of a producer who has been a press agent.

This reminds us of verses, "The Progress of the Press Agent," by Leo Freedman, published recently in the New York Sun.

I.

When publicity was a calling
(It was before it became an art)
Press agents had no learned degrees,
And sported no Phi Beta keys,
They invented a crime appalling,
And thus they gained their start;
A story of a robbery,
The latest bit of snobbery,
Or a bit of poignant sobbery
To touch some mother heart.

In days gone by it was the pressman's pride
To take the city desk for a ride.

II.

And when Barnum was the leader
Of the Munchausenian clan
The ability to cover land and sky
With colored posters six feet high
Was the measure for the pleader
To the role of "vision man."
The use of paint the goriest
And paste in places soariest
The pictures Manticoriest
To please the circus fan.

In those days it was the pressman's boast
That he had plastered every barn and post.

III.

But to-day editors are high brow
And the public has grown discreet.
They no longer hear the wails of the girls
Who lose their diamond pins and pearls,
And space in dailies is not now
For insured million dollar feet.
The news that Sophie Tucker is to be
In the nineteen twenty-seven "Gay Paree"
Must be disguised as poetry
To find room on this sheet.

To-day the press agent, so called experts,
Is a frequent contributor to the arts.

Apropos of press agents, the manager of the Teatro Rossini in Rome wished last month to ensure a good run for "The Merry Widow," so he published this announcement in the daily newspapers:

"A very rich young widow, attractive, smart, desires to marry a distinguished young man; his financial position is immaterial so long as his habits are irreproachable; if possible he should be a diplomat high up in the service. Write to Anna Giavari, San Luca, N. 3988."

Applications arrived from many towns. Finally came a document from the Venetian tax-collector. The Signora Giavari was invited to explain something which should interest her, the taxes to be paid to the revenue by "a very rich young widow."

Jerome K. Jerome says that a play to be successful in the West end, London, must draw about £2000 a week. "When riches like that come pouring in through the box office window Art flies out of the stage door." A West-end manager cannot afford art, when his expenses are £1500 a week. "There is distinct danger at the present moment of the British stage becoming a sink of sexuality. To be successful every new play has to go a bit further—has to be more daring (it used to be spelt indecency). I should like to see a Little Theatre in every town of over 40,000 souls. And it could be done. The Little Theatre is needed to keep alive the English drama."

A lock of Beethoven's hair at Pecs, Hungary, has been sold to an American collector for \$10,000. This led the Observer to remark, "Why should a man pay £2000 for Beethoven's hair when he can hear the C minor for five shillings? I suppose it is because only one man can own the hair, and anybody who likes can hear the symphony." P. H.

Is it not possible that the booming "realtors" on the Cape had a windpipe different from other men?

Now what did Tennyson write? Read his "Claribel."

"At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone;
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone."

Of course Tennyson should have written "bittern," if only to oblige this admirer of his early poems.

"Where Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall:
But the solemn oak-tree sightheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony
Where Claribel low-lieth."

It is the fashion for the young lions roaring in print to sneer at the earliest poems of Tennyson, but we would not swap "Claribel" and "Mariana," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" and "The Lady of Shalott" for the "Idylls of the King." These early poems, like all good verse, excited parodies. "Counter-Jumper: a Melody" was published in Vanity Fair of May 19, 1860, when that brilliant weekly was inveighing against counter-jumpers; men taking the place of women behind shop counters and thus driving poor women from their rightful place into the streets. The parody was thus prefaced: "This truly remarkable poem, of which Tennyson's 'Claribel' is evidently a parody, was found among the papers of a Reformed Counter-Jumper. Taken in connection with the extraordinary notes it will be found to contain a highly instructive moral lesson." We give the first verse:

"Where the Counter-Jumper lieth
The ladies pause and buy.

Letting the gold-piece rust,
But the solemn outcast sightheth,
Sad-browed, funereal,
With the outward sob and sigh
Of inward agony,
While the Counter-Jumper lieth."

ADD "LEGAL NOTES"

As the World Wags:
Did you ever hear the one about the cross-eyed judge? He looked down at the first jurymen and said:
"What is your name?" The second jurymen answered, "Martin Plummer." The judge said, "I wasn't talking to you," and the third jurymen said, "I didn't say anything."

The trial then proceeded.
JAMES L. EDWARDS.

Here is another "Spring poem," evidently a parody of "Abandon" by M. B. R., which we published recently:

ABANDONED

Skate with me April,
For the skating's fine;
Start up my furnace
While I call the mine.

Skate with me April,
'Twill some day be spring;
But a summerless summer
Is a shiver thing. H. S. P.

As the World Wags:
I enclose the losing sentence of Dr. Butler's argument in the recent debate. "For myself I claim the privilege and assert the duty to preserve and to uphold the great American tradition and to follow after the footsteps of Washington and Adams, of Hamilton and Jefferson, of Madison and Marshall, of Webster and Lincoln."

"My country is of thee
Of three I say."
I wonder who the other two are.
Tilton, N. H. H. B.

Women have for hundreds of years been devoting more attention to their personal appearance than men have devoted to politics, and it is doubtful whether at the end of it all they are more beautiful than they were at the beginning.—Robert Lynd.

ly in the Choral Hymns of Holst. Fortunately these hymns are not deliberately a straining after orientalism; the music is not what might be called pseudo-oriental; but there is an exotic flavor that gives the suggestion and impression of something remote, almost mystical.

The "Stabat Mater" was not so happy a choice. Pergolesi was fortunate in dying young—he was only 26—and he became almost at once a legendary character. He was a hero of at

least two operas and of a mushy story by Elise Polko, who, beginning as a singer, sensibly married a railway official and lived happily ever after. It is true that Pergolesi's untiring devotion to what Sir Thomas Browne called "that sweet sex" brought an untimely end, but many of the romantic adventures attributed to him are fictions.

His "Stabat Mater" is for the most part sentimental or of operetta nature. The chorus has little to do; only the most accomplished singers, well versed in old Italian traditions, could give significance to the solos and duets.

Mr. McClosky gave pleasing variety to the concert by singing well known songs by Carpenter.

May 2 1927

Abel Bonnard's "In China," translated by Veronica Lucas from the original French, published by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, was announced as the "winner of the Grand Literary Prize awarded by the French Academy." This announcement should not deter anyone from reading a fascinating account of M. Bonnard's adventures in that strange country; nor should one say "Pooh-pooh" when he learns that the adventures were in 1920-21; for Marco Polo's description of what he saw and heard in China is one of the world's great books. Mr. Herkimer Johnson informed us that he found pleasure in reading and re-reading Sir John Barrow's "Travels in China," published so far back as 1804. Mr. Johnson told us in the strictest confidence that he had gained valuable material from it for his own colossal work.

M. Bonnard is not your ordinary traveler. The reader will not acquire only labored information about politics and economic conditions with carefully prepared tables of statistics and re-inforcing foot notes. This volume will not serve a hurried tourist as a guide book, but the reader will feel as if he had some knowledge of a people not easily understood. M. Bonnard is a sensitive soul; sensitive to colors, odors. He has the great gift of imparting his feelings and impressions to Westerners, naturally thick-skinned. Thus, arriving in Pekin, he was struck by the sight of grey trees with pinkish-mauve blossoms; orange-red walls, roofs of yellow tiles, red gates, a marble bridge, pearly white Buddhist monuments. He at once realized looking at the crowd in the streets that the individual has little importance; things have no more. "From his first glance the traveler registers a warning that he is in a country which never surrenders its soul, which buries its secret deeply, immovably; that he is in difficult, difficult China."

This Frenchman goes to the Great Wall and the Tombs of the Mings. He does not give you the exact number of miles and the height of this wall, but he likens the little grasshoppers with their equipment of red wings looking like silk and steel, to the souls of Mandarin warriors lingering in the ancient guard-posts. He remembers the thousands of workmen at forced labor on this wall, obliged to drink water so cold that it made their bones ache. He tells of the mad and great Emperor, the chief promoter of the building of the wall.

As for the tombs of the Mings, which are discreetly elegant in their proportions; "nothing outrageous, nothing emphatic, nothing exclusively funeral about them," they are like pleasant country retreats. He entered a charming wild garden and then a chamber. "While I was there I heard the sharp dry tapping of little hoofs on the pavement and an ass went quietly by with her foal." There are no pompous inscriptions on these tombs; only the posthumous title of an Emperor. Pride is here so lofty it needs not to boast. One is brought up against a wall of rock. The great ruler is buried. "Here the

dead man does not spring into space, he does not strive deliriously to reach the plane of the gods. He does not depart. He returns. He goes in. . . . Hall ends in a mountain side which has nothing to say, and in the wind which shivers amongst the oak leaves just as it does elsewhere."

The city street life is as vividly as minutely described. The rites hold violent instincts in check. Serious accidents to these people are comic misadventures, yet draught animals are treated kindly. The Chinese love birds and children. Woman is reduced to dullness, to nothingness. In a funeral procession some scratched themselves, others lighted cigarettes. No race is more afraid of ridicule; no one ever forgets or forgives an offense; but anger is to them "an obscene degradation in the public eye." The hot, dusty streets are poisonous with evil smells.

There is a chapter on Chinese art, the unimpressive architecture, the unimaginative "appalling animal Chinoliserie."

Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism are studied curiously, as is the Chinaman's imperturbability in the face of death. At M. Bonnard's hotel, Russian adventures, associated with the schemes of Semenov and in the pay of Japan, walked with long, sinuous steps like the movements of feline animals. The faces of two German-looking Russians were soft and doughy like boiled puddings. Among the dancers was a tall, indefatigable American girl, "handsome as a Venus without passion." And at his hotel M. Bonnard studied the causes and expression of Chinese courtesy.

Our traveler went into the country. He saw there Bolshevik emissaries, endeavoring to awaken the ancient souls of Asia, invading Persia, upholding Turks at Angora, threatening Japan, in the Korean revolt, agitating for revolution in India. There are the missionaries to whom, especially the Roman Catholic, M. Bonnard pays grateful tribute. One admitted that Confucianism had given to young students "extraordinarily well-ordered behavior, wonderful discretion and exquisite delicacy." The students that return from abroad, M. Bonnard says, go back "less as reformers than as ravagers."

The lot of the peasants is hard; they suffer from political disturbances and famine, these simple, good people, who "have no idea of their own fortune. Being taciturn, they are not always turning their souls inside out for inspection." M. Bonnard finds there is a sort of inverse grandeur in humility. "The less humility we have, the more we shall be buried alive in mediocrity."

There are many chapters relating the adventures on the Yang-Tse. Soldiers ever on the brink of becoming insolent; Englishwomen "exchanging little remarks of such extraordinary nullity that you would have said that it must be an innocent game for the purpose of practising themselves in different grammatical terms of their language;" inert Chinamen lost in contemplation, "but what did their meditations amount to? Nothing, perhaps!"; landscapes that have a mighty disdain for admiration. There was stopping at villages with fetid odors. A young beggar was desperately ill on the ground. No one noticed him; "two Chinese gentlemen, one in flame-colored silk, and the other in gray silk, were exchanging endless courtesies in the way of bows and smiles close beside the unfortunate beggar." Many of the people in the streets had the greenish complexion of confirmed opium-eaters. As for Chinese cookery—"there is nothing that a superfluous civilization abhors like nature in the raw." This is seen in their dishes as in their dwarf gardens.

"China is the country of motionless enjoyment."

Of the 350 odd pages of this large octavo volume, there is hardly one that does not tempt quotation. M. Bonnard and, as he says, the most honest and industrious Chinamen regret the days of the Empire. In 1920-21 he thought and said: "Let us remember what rebellion in China may mean if we want to understand how successful Bolshevism or any other form of excess may become here. . . . One mad idea inflames countless multitudes simultaneously."

Even in translation one is impressed by the musical charm of M. Bonnard's manner of writing, by the rhythm and balance of his sentences, whether he describes or philosophizes.

May 3 1927

J. C. T. asked about Coffin Pitt whose sign was seen by a bridal couple visiting Boston in September, 1844. The name might occur in a story of Birmingham negro life by Octavus R. Cohen.

Mrs. Lillie Buffum Chace Wynn writes to us: "If your correspondent J. C. T. will open a now rather ra-

book, entitled Richard Henry Dana, a biography by Charles Francis Adams, that inquiring person can find, on page 263, vol. 1, a curious-satisfying sentence. Adams is telling how the renowned fugitive slave, Anthony Burns, having escaped from bondage in Virginia, arrived in Boston, where he found employment in a clothing store on Brattle street belonging to one Coffin Pitts. He was there earning his living at the time of his arrest." This arrest, by the way, was authorized by a warrant signed by Edward Greely Loring, charging Burns with being a fugitive slave; but the deputy marshal who did the arresting declared verbally at the moment that it was for burglary. That he was told, according to the custom then prevailing in such cases, to prevent any objection that might be made by lookers-on, if they knew what the seizure of the man really implied."

Other correspondents have consulted Boston directories: M. S. H. quotes from a directory of 1847, where Pitts is located at 28 Brattle street, under the heading, "Clothing, Second Hand."

F. C. B. writes: "In Adams's Boston Directory, 1847-1848, under heading 'People of Color,' these being listed separately from the others, may be found 'Coffin Pitts, clothing, 28 Brattle, house 18 Belknap.'"

M. B. C.: The Boston Almanac for 1854 gives Pitts's address as 38 Brattle street; for 1858, it is 28 Brattle street.

As the World Wags:

I consulted a Boston Almanac which I have for the year 1847. This almanac contains a business directory, and Coffin Pitts appears as a second-hand clothing dealer at 28 Brattle street. Solomon Guess was engaged in the same line of business at 32 Brattle street. It seems to me that when the young man found himself unable to satisfy the natural curiosity of his bride as to the nature and character of coffin pits that he might have stepped into number 32 and let Solomon guess. D. J. O'C.

MORE ABOUT PITTS

F. R. R. informs us that Pitts was at one time a deacon of the First African Church, in Smith court (off Joy street). He himself lived in Joy street.

"I am hastening to answer, not because my information is large, but because I am afraid the family of Coffin Pitts may get ahead of me and fail to recognize this as a good and much needed opportunity to draw attention to the fact that colored people are 'home-folks' and have always been a part of the life of Boston."

An interesting article, "The Negro in Boston," by Florida Ruffin Riddle, was published in Our Boston of January, 1927. "The years from 1830 to 1860 saw the development of small businesses among the middle classes, white and black, of Boston. On Brattle and Union streets there were clothing shops, 'new and second-hand,' run by negroes; the city was dotted with well-patronized negro barber shops, towards the end of the century began the growth of their competent catering service, all three then supported by white patronage. When, towards the end of the century, the 'race pride' slogan began to be sounded, it was the death knell of the 'hcn existing negro businesses.'"

The names of some of the negroes who ran clothing shops were John P. Coburn, John Wright, Simpson Lewis, Jonas Clark, Edwin Mundinco.

A. C. says that Pitts conducted from 1849 till about 1875 a men's clothing store at 28 Brattle street, opposite the Quincy House. The building, part of which he occupied, still stands. He lived at 67 Joy street, on the east side, not far from Cambridge street. His name is not found in a Boston Directory till five years after 1844."

(It is found in a directory of 1847.) A. C. therefore argues that the bridal couple did not see the sign "Coffin Pitts" in 1844.

"If related, as he probably was, to the Pitts family, which gave its name to Pitts street, he was of rather distinguished lineage, more so, if his Christian name, Coffin, was due to relationship to Mr Isaac Coffin, a Bostonian who, in 1814, became a British admiral. As Mrs. Coffin Pitts conducted the Brattle street clothing store a few years before its disappearance in 1875, it is probable that her husband had died soon after 1870."

Mr. Isaac S. Mullen of Boston writes that he knew Coffin Pitts "quite well, also his family"; that his business was that of "clothes cleaning."

Mr. James S. Whiting of Nantucket says that Pitts lived at 18 Belknap street, the name of which was changed to Joy in or about 1855.

100 PER CENT. AMERICAN

(For As the World Wags)

Sing a song of War Debts,
A pocket full of dough,
See what Uncle Sam gets,
Watch the surplus grow.
Mellon, in his counting house,
Counting up his money,
Coolidge, in the White House,
Likes the "hived" honey.

Dawes plays up to the farmers
And sees his harvest yields
More than ever planted
On any Flanders fields.

Sing a song of War Debts;

See 'em turn the crank,

Grinding out more paper

To "stabilize the franc."

Seated in his garden,

Says Papa Joffre to Foch:

"La Guerre l'Enfer? Non, non, la Paix!

Ne parlez donc des Boches!"

By the dark silent river

In sorrow sat two shades.

One was the generous Marquis's;

The other was the Maid's.

Then with a sigh of memory

Up spoke great La Fayette,

"John Pershing said a mouthful;

The Yanks were there, you bet!"

R. D. W.

Every age is one of transition: Adam probably said to Eve, as they walked out of Paradise, "My dear, we are living in an age of transition."—Dean Inge.

FATUITY

(For As the World Wags)

Oh pants are pants and vest is vest,

And never the twain shall meet—

But yet perhaps it would be best

If I had less to eat. O. BEASE.

As the World Wags:

In the architect's specification for a building in Lynn, on which we are estimating, we find the stipulation that the contractor is to furnish a bond to guard the owner "against claims, losses or defects in construction." Whatever the dangers of modern life, we had not realized that it was necessary to have special protection against wild animals in our neighboring city of Lynn. Here is no typographical error. In the next paragraph it is stated that the bond is to secure the owner against the lions that may be deemed necessary."

BUNDER.

America has some murders of which any nation might be proud.—Bernard Darwin.

It was an absent minded bridge-player who, as he looked over his hand, said meditatively, "I wonder why they make cards pay duty," and let everybody know who held the ace of spades.—Daily Chronicle.

CASELLA LEADS 'POPS' CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 42d season of the Pops opened last night in Symphony hall with no less a person than Alfredo Casella as the conductor. He had arranged this program: Bizet, Prelude to "Carmen." Schubert-Casella, Two Marches arranged for orchestra. Respighi, "Fountains of Rome." Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Rossini, Overture to "Cinderella." Verdi, three dances from "Othello." Casella, Rhapsody, "Italia." Skilton, Indian War Dance. Sibelius, Valse Triste. Rimsky-Korsakov, Caprice on Spanish Airs.

The hall was crowded, the interest was lively, the applause was enthusiastic. Truly a brilliant opening of what promises to be an unusual season.

A glance at the programs of the week show the catholicity of Mr. Casella's taste. No one need fear that the selections made by him will be too stiff, too "highbrow." On the other hand one is assured that there will be no pandering to vulgarity in music for the sake of acquiring momentary popularity with the unthinking. Mr. Casella respects his audience and as a musician, wishing to please that audience, he purposes to give them the best in light as in serious music. A "pop" audience is appreciative of the best, for that which is best in music is emotional or rhythmical, stirring. Last evening Respighi's "Fountains of Rome," the prelude to "The Mastersingers," and Casella's picturesque, "Italia"—it was a pity that the argument of this Rhapsody could not have been printed on the program—were heartily applauded.

It was interesting to hear Rossini's overture to a "Cinderella," which is a comedy based on the old fairy story, but with the good fairy, coach, etc., omitted. When this overture was first played in Rome the theatre orchestra was a wretched one. Most of the players were musicians only at night. The chief doublebass was a sadler; the clarinet was a barber. Mr. Casella's admiration for the light-hearted Rossini is well known, and he himself is too good a musician not to appreciate Offenbach's demoniacally gay tunes.

...ing melodies of simple

Casella's ingenious orchestration of

two marches by Schubert was heard, according to the program, for the first time in this country; nor are the dances, written by Verdi for performances of "Othello" in opera houses where a ballet is regarded as indispensable, familiar to many. The first of these dances has the exotic quality that characterizes the ballet music of "Aida." Though the three heard last night are not all of equal importance, the instrumentation of the first and second is unusual and singularly effective.

There were additions to the program, as a Moment Musical of Schubert, Boccherini's famous minuet, Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," orchestrated by Berlioz.

Mr. Casella is a spirited conductor, who knows the orchestra thoroughly; who has his own ideas about interpretation and is able to realize them so that they are accepted by players and hearers. Nothing is done for sensational effect; but the performances are vital.

The program tonight will be as follows:

Marche Militaire.....Schubert
Overture to "Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn
On the Steppes of Middle-Asia.....Borodin
Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt
Overture to "Sicilian Vespers".....Verdi
Symphonic Piece from "Redemption".....Verdi
Suite, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
First Hungarian Dance in G minor.....Brahms
Waltz, "Artists' Life".....Strauss
Entrance of the Guests into the Wartburg, from "Tannhauser".....Wagner

By THOMAS CARENS

Boston knows this morning that spring is here at last. That unfailing harbinger of sunny days and warm breezes, the "Pops," returned to Symphony hall last night, and for the next two months will delight not only the music lovers of the city, but those who find in the combination of sweet music and clinking glasses memories of happy days of yesteryear.

As distinguished and colorful an audience as ever graced an opening night crowded the hall. At all the tables were joyous, laughing groups of men and women, munching their pretzels and drinking their ginger ale between numbers. The balconies and galleries were jammed long before the concert began, and "standees" filled all the corners on the floor and draped themselves about the statues at the rear of the top gallery.

Few Evening Gowns

It was a democratic gathering, too. There were a few evening gowns on the floor, and a sprinkling of white shirt fronts among the men, but for the most part these lovers of good music did not bother to dress up. The "Pops" are traditionally informal, and the business girl in tailor-made suit rubbed shoulders with the dowager in gorgeous evening wrap, unconscious of any distinction.

There was keen interest from the moment of his first appearance in Alfredo Casella, the handsome Italian composer and piano virtuoso, whose presence as conductor of the "Pops" this year gives these concerts a touch of dignity. When he walked on the platform he received a whole-hearted burst of applause, and the enthusiasm grew as the concert progressed, reaching its peak at the conclusion of his own rhapsody, "Italia." This happens to be an old favorite with the spring-time audiences in Symphony hall, but never before has it assumed such vitality. For Casella seemed to throw himself into it, his orchestra responded, and when its last crashing notes had sounded, handclaps could not properly express the delight of the

crowded hall, and cheers followed him in his exit to the wings.

Casella said when he arrived here last week that he would try to give Boston something a little more serious than it has had before in "Pop" music. During the week some doubts were expressed as to the advisability of such an experiment, but these were dispelled by the attitude of last night's audience. Even Respighi's "Fountains of Rome," a symphonic poem which the attaches of Symphony hall were afraid would prove a little too "high-brow" for the occasion "went over big," seeming to give even more satisfaction than the more familiar prelude to "Carmen" and Boccherini's "Minuet."

During the second intermission Casella held an impromptu reception in the wings, and was showered with congratulations on the success of the first concert. His face beamed with delight as he received the praise of Gov. Fuller, as the representative of Boston, and Signor Agostino Ferrante, Italian consul here, representing the new conductor's native land and the hundreds of his fellow countrymen who were present last night.

The Governor and his party occupied tables half way back on the floor. In the group were Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Flora Fuller, his mother; Mrs. Martha Halsey, his sister, Dr. C. P. Sylvester and Mrs. Sylvester, and Mrs. W. H. Brennan, wife of the Symphony manager. All entered into the spirit of the occasion, and the Governor alternately sipped his orangeade and applauded the music with equal appreciation.

Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, widow of the founder of the Boston Symphony, headed a group of Symphony patrons who came to give Mr. Casella their encouragement. Scattered all about the hall were regulars of the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening series of the winter.

'NIGHT HAWK' GIVEN

New Park Theatre: "Night Hawk" comedy in three parts, by Roland Oliver, with Carroll McComas, presented by Lepane Amusement Company, staged by Arthur Hurley. The cast:

Agnes Merrill.....Pam Browning
Dr. Perry Colt.....F. Wilson Thomas
Walter Colt.....Martin Burton
Maise Buck.....Carroll McComas
Mrs. Hayes.....Marguerite Tebeau

A "tease human" comedy the author terms this play. So he conceived it, very like, and so, by all accounts, it was first played, with Miss Mary Newcomb in the leading role. But for the play's revival it evidently seemed more prudent to loose the tension, with the result of an amusing enough light comedy with melodrama in its course, sentimentality here and there, and dialogue and situations very near what is risky, but adroitly escaping blame.

The theme, of course, should only be treated, if treated it must be at all, in serious vein—the story of a worn-out "night hawk," in terror at the loss of her youth and her livelihood, who moves a surgeon to a point when, from pity, he restores her youth by the methods of Dr. Steinack; who struggles in all honesty against her nature to lead a decent life, and who finally goes off to exile on a Kansas farm.

It should also be treated with the finest of taste, which means the play should be pitched in one single key, with no comic interludes, no obvious efforts to rouse a giggle. Written and played in a vein of grave honest realism, the play, because of the real spirit of pity at the base of it might have appeared to a fine, though narrow public. But Mr. Oliver lacks the courage of his convictions, by trying to mingle gravity with sprightliness, he has effected a compound that perhaps will not prove to the taste of any single public.

Miss McComas had a role on her hands that would tax the powers of both a skilled character actress and a tragedian. Though she might have plumbed a deeper emotional note, nevertheless she made telling the woman's desperation at her plight in the first act, and she did as well as the author allowed her with the false pathos of her final scene. The woman's actual nature; her hard flippancy in her aging days; her beguiling ways when she was young again; the empty head of her, as well as the easy, warm heart and the physical charm—all these Miss McComas suggested with rare skill, realistically enough but always within the bounds of good taste.

Miss Browning had the needful distinction for Miss McComas's foil. With far less of that desirable quality, but still well enough, Mr. Thomas played the doctor. Mr. Burton brought youthful charm and ardor to the presentation of the doctor's impossible young brother. Miss Tebeau did what she could with a character part that had nothing to do with the play. The audience was large.

R. R. G.

KEITH'S PROGRAM

Light, frothy jokes and nimble feet clicking off dances to tuneful music feature the bill at the B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Neville Fleeson, writer of "Bye-Bye Bonnie," with Isobell Mohr, beautiful and talented, produced an act that tickled the fancy. The "All Over Town Revue," headlined by Lew Seymour and Jessie Howard, and with W. V. Powers, Peggy Daugherty and the McGushon twins, was well applauded.

Father, mother and son, the eternal triangle, but in this case a brilliant one, brought more honors to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jarvis, and to their sprightly son, "Sonny." The son's debut brought waves of applause from all parts of the house. Bert Grant and Lillian Daley, song composer and society girl, pleased everybody with Bert's songs.

The "nimble feet" belonged to Billy Reed and Lew Duthers. The show opened with John Olms, "the watch wizard." Olivette Haynes and Fred Beck in a comedy sketch, and Valentine Vox and Miss Emily Walters in a ventriloquial act, complete the bill. The usual Pathe News and Felix the Cat are shown.

KEITH-ALBEE ST. JAMES THEATRE

The Keith-Albee Players present "The Butter and Egg Man" by George Kaufman. The cast:

Jack McClure.....William Blair
Joseph Lehman.....Frank Charlton
Fanny Lehman.....Florence Pendleton
Jane Weston.....Ruth Shepley
Mary Martin.....Edith Speare
Peter Jones.....Walter Gilbert
Cecil Benham.....Winfield Hyatt
Bernie Sampson.....Harold Chase
Peggy Marlowe.....Kathleen Wallace
Kitty Fritchie.....Sydell Landrew
A. J. Patterson.....Jack Westerman
.....William Gerald

The play concerns not only the evolution of a "million dollar show" but also the evolution of a man who, in his cocoon stage, is an easy mark, but when he emerged from being a "butter and egg man," what a beautiful producer he turns out to be! Fresh from Chillicothe, wide brimmed hat, appealing stammer and all, Peter Jones falls heir to the scheme of two theatrical producers to painlessly rid him of twenty thousand. He's come to the great white way to show his darling, gray-haired mother just what big things he can do in the line of staging plays.

What though he picks the kind of drama that the police and Watch and ward society must waggle their heads and get together on an injunction over? There is a strong bit of characterization when Jones finds out that he is only a figurehead, a man who comes in handy to open doors and keep the company in champagne. But even the dumbest worm will protest when the woman he loves is told to "shut up and get out." This worm had such a temper that at such treatment of his beloved he gets good and sore to the tune of another ten thousand and buys out the whole show, just to get rid of the big bully.

More good stuff comes when, in order to get the necessary money, Jones has to persuade a hotel manager that he has been waiting all his life for a chance to take 49 per cent. interest in just this particular "wow" of a show.

The charade of a play miraculously turns to money and crowded houses.

Conceit sets in and charming Jane Weston—the kind of woman who personifies those immortal words, "a man's best pal and severest critic"—feels that Peter is lost to her. Then opportunity knocks once more, and Peter shakes hands with it and goes back to the hotel in Chillicothe to be just his sweet, simple self.

Walter Gilbert shades the character of Peter Jones very well. Whether he is Peter, green and naive, or Peter, pathetically downed by bullies; or Peter having a bow-tie; or Peter consummately conceited, headed well on the way to becoming another bull-headed producer—he is true to life.

Ruth Shepley had little chance to make knowing grimaces and gestures of sympathy and helpfulness. She has such a good time it is a joy to watch her whatever she does. It seems a trifle too bad that she throws all her lines so obviously out to her audience. Jack Westerman, as Oscar Fritchie, the assistant hotel manager who went into the theatrical business just so he could tell his former boss what he thought of him, was a riot. His facial expression carry him a long way on the road to a good, hearty laugh.

F. B. B.

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Criss-Cross." The Stones star in a Charles Dillingham musical extravaganza. Fourth week.

MAJESTIC—"Pickwick," Frank C. Relly's production of Dickens' famous work. Third week.

PLYMOUTH—Wintrop Ames' productions of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, "Iolanthe," and "The Pirates of Penzance," on alternate evenings. Fourth week.

SHUBERT—"The Vagabond King," musical version of, "If I Were King." Last week.

TREMONT—"Oh Please," musical comedy starring Beatrice Lillie and featuring Charles Winniger. Last week.

WILBUR—"Yes, Yes, Yvette," H. H. Frazee's new musical comedy with Donald Brian, Herbert Corthell, Jeanette MacDonald and others. Fourth week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train

Arnold Ridley's mystery play on its record breaking engagement, next Saturday evening, completing its 19th week.

"Afraid to Love" is a screen comedy based on "The Marriage of Kitty," by Fred de Grisac and F. de Croisset, directed by Edward H. Griffith and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Katherine Silverton.....Florence Vidor
Sir Reginald Belsize.....Oliver Brook
John Travers.....Norman Trevor
Helen de Semiano.....Jocelyn Lee
Rafael.....Arthur Lubin

It seems that the "movie" makers put their elbows on the table, leaned their thoughtful heads on their hands and decided to give the public something it would like that wouldn't interfere to a great extent with spring fever. They dug up the old one about the hero having to get married before noon or be disinherited. It never seems to lose its punch especially when the heroine is Florence Vidor and the hero is Oliver Brook.

Then they dragged in an adventure to make things interesting. They tried to drag Lya De Putti into the part of the Peruvian hussy, but Lya tore up her contract and Jocelyn Lee stepped into the part and didn't overdo it much too much.

The story starts in England, where a feminine godchild calls on her godfather (Norman Trevor), and announces that she has to go to work. Florence Vidor is the lovely penniless one who has so much grace of manner, so much real feminine charm unhampered by "IT" that it makes little or no difference whether she can act or not. Almost immediately Oliver Brook makes his appearance as Sir Reginald Belsize (Florence has been hustled into another room to aid both the comedy and plot), and Sir Reginald consults with Mr. Trevor on the question of marrying the girl he thinks he loves, the flashy Jocelyn Lee, and losing his inheritance. Miss Lee also calls and embraces the plan of having Sir Reginald marry some one else, get his inheritance, then a divorce and marry her. So it is arranged and the comedy unrolls its joyous length with pleasant variations. Mr. Griffith evidently made this picture with a smile. He may have chuckled at the bit where the butler crashes the plates on the floor—most every one did.

John Gilbert and Renee Adoree in New Film

John Gilbert and Renee Adoree, reunited for the first time since "The Big Parade," provide excellent film fare at the Orpheum this week in "The Show," a story of side-show life on the continent of Europe. Gilbert is the handsome barker on the front of the show, and Adoree is the Salome dancer. Her fortitude in shielding him while the police are searching for him and her persistent conviction that he has some good beneath his hardened exterior make up one of the season's most interesting movies. Lionel Barrymore is in the cast and acquits himself admirably, as usual.

"LITTLE ADVENTRESS" AT MODERN, BEACON

"The Broken Gate" Also Shown at

"The Little Adventress," a version of A. A. Milne's popular stage comedy, "The Dover Road," with Vera Reynolds as starred player, tops the bill of new photoplays at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. The cast further includes Victor Varconi, Phillis Haver and Theodore Kosloff. The associate picture is Emerson Hough's dramatic story, "The Broken Gate," with a cast comprising Dorothy Phillips, William Collier, Jr., Jean Arthur and Phillips Smalley. The final episode of The Collegians serial, "Breaking Records," and news pictures complete the bill.

When a discontented married couple turn rebellious and the wife bolts with a philandering actor while the husband persuades a young woman artist to flee with him, there are started complications that turn from seriously threatening to comical by fate's vagary of sending both couples to the same house for haven from a heavy storm. Thus is the first named photoplay given the office of supplying abundant laughter, and the happy solution that sends the married couple home with no harm resulting provides a satisfying conclusion.

Mr. Hough's story is intensely dramatic and plays upon the emotions through presenting a woman's battle against scandalizers whose gossip threatens to wreck her son's happiness and future. The climax is a thrilling scene and fitting close to a drama of strong action. It is well played and directed.

Film Play of Elldom at Fenway and Scollay Olympia

"Moulders of Men" is a screen story dedicated to American Elldom, adapted by Dorothy Yost from an original script by John Chapman Hilder, and directed by Ralph Ince and presented by the Film Booking Offices at the Fenway Theatre and the Scollay Square Theatre this week with the following cast:

Dr. William Matthews	Conway Tearle
Anne Grey	Margaret Morris
Sandy Barry	Frankie Darro
Jim Barry	Rex Lease
Barney Mulholland	Eugene Palette
Defective Mailey	William Knight

Inspired by the ideals of a famous organization, this picture has been built with a certain moral tone, but it does not lack picture thrills. Crooks and their ways, the leavening influences of kindly understanding, a dash too much of sentiment and some remarkable acting by a small boy make up most of the fibre of "Moulders of Men."

Ralph Ince has directed with a determined hand. He has whipped Frankie Darro into the most dramatic actor, little or big, the screen has seen in many a day. With emotion and actor-sense in every inch of his small frame, Master Darro leaves a vivid impression. Conway Tearle as Dr. William Matthews gives a thoughtful and genuine performance. Rex Lease as Jim Barry and big brother to the small Frankie is also far above the average, and Margaret Morris as Anne Grey succeeds in being like "the girl around the corner" instead of an actress.

Adorning the screen at the State this week pretty Norma Shearer is the star, with Lew Cody bringing in very strong support. The story, "The Demi Bride," is laid in France and at the opening Norma is in a convent and Lew is a gay man-about-town. Norma sees him over the convent wall and decides he is fair game and determines to get him. Even though she is only a cloistered maiden she has a very practical idea of the proper method to pursue to get the man she wants. There is much to do about triangles and kate fathers and jealous stepmothers, but in the end the two distinct types hit it off together and are apparently happy ever after.

Norma Shearer can always be depended upon for an intelligent interpretation of any role and there is little to be said about Lew Cody as the gay rounder. Others in the cast who acquit themselves adequately are Carmel Myers, Lionel Belmore and Dorothy Sebastian.

Lewis Stone and Barbara Bedford Appear in Film

"The Notorious Lady" at the Washington St. Olympia Theatre this week is a most refreshing change in motion pictures. Lewis Stone, Barbara Bedford and Francis McDonald are the principal players and the supporting cast is full of capable actors. The first part of the story is laid in England, but the rest of the picture and all the action takes place in the interior of Africa. Patrick Marlowe, an English army officer, kills a man when he finds him in his wife's room. On trial for his life, his wife says she is guilty in order to save him from being hanged, although the man was an intruder who broke into the room and whom she did not know.

Marlowe goes to Africa, looking for adventure and forgetfulness, and goes on a diamond hunt into the country of the cannibal head-hunters. Meanwhile his wife has followed him to Africa and Walford, an Englishman who met her on the boat, has fallen in love with her. Marlowe returns to the coast to get supplies and Walford wants to join forces with him to do something big in the eyes of Mary, Marlowe's wife. They get the diamonds, but on the way out are attacked by the head-hunters and Walford is wounded. Walford tells Marlowe his story and Marlowe, thinking that his wife loves him, brings Walford to her with an offer of divorce, but finds that she still loves him after all.

"Getting Gertie's Garter" is now showing at Keith-Albee Boston Theatre, with Marie Prevost in the stellar role. For laughs—frank, honest laughter—it would be hard to find a more effective medium than this rattling farce-comedy of woman's wiles and man's guile.

Marie Prevost has the time of her life in this great farce. The role fits her like the proverbial eel-skin. In fact, another "Up in Mabel's Room," which she scored so heavily recently, Charles Ray as the fiancé and ex-fiancé, proves a splendid foil to Miss Prevost. The supporting company is quite satisfactory.

Soon there will be week-end visits, pleasant for those who wish to escape from the city and are addicted to what they call outdoor sports; pleasant for bachelors who are lured from selfish ease by the thought that radiant women will make themselves agreeable; all pleasant, indeed, if the host and hostess are not exacting; if they do not run their house on schedule time; if, on the other hand, they see to it that the beds are comfortable, the meals at decent hours, and servants are sufficiently paid so that their hands are not outstretched for tips.

If there is the "ideal guest," there should also be the ideal hostess. Helen of Troy was said to possess thirty attributes of beauty. We do not think it best to name them here. The inquisitive, the readers of "What Do You Know?" can find these attributes in Brantome's lives of noble dames, or in the Critical Dictionary of the celebrated Mr. Bayle. The ideal hostess should have more than thirty attributes of hospitality.

Mrs. Eugene Golightly, the adorable Eustacia, the niece of our old friend John Henry Chimes of blessed memory, is ever thoughtful of her guests, even when they only lunch, tea, or dine with her. The other day a blueberry pudding was served, a tempting, irresistible pudding. Not even a "multi-millionaire" of oil wells—let 'em squirt, let 'em gush!—if he had been honored by an invitation, would have dared to call this dish a "puddin'." As is well known to dieticians, consultants of books on etiquette, newspaper patients of helpful old Doc Evans, blueberries stain the teeth, nature's gift, or those of porcelain or china bought with a price.

What did the lovely and desirable Eustacia do? After the luncheon, each guest was provided with a new and glistening toothbrush in its hygienic little box. Of course, these brushes were not dipped in the finger bowls, though we were obliged to kick Mr. Herkimer Johnson in the shins and shake our head as we saw him preparing for action. No; withdrawing from the table, the guests—there were only a half-dozen—went to the sumptuously appointed bathroom and there indulged themselves in sanitary brushing and merry chat.

No doubt Mrs. Golightly will provide breakfasts this summer to suit all tastes; for those who take tea and toast; for those who feel life is a dreary desert without the morning's bacon and eggs; for those who prefer an apple or half a grapefruit with three English walnuts and a glass of tepid water.

Breakfast. The word reminds us of the inquiry: "When did gems come into being?" We have not found, as yet, the word with this culinary meaning in dictionaries great or small.

A. B. C. of Somerville writes: "I do not find gems, or gem-irons mentioned in Mrs. E. A. Howland's 'New England Economical Housekeeper and Family Receipt Book,' published at Worcester in 1847. There are 400 receipts, from 'Apple Jelly' to 'Wonders'; from 'Accidents by Fire' to 'Whooping Cough.' No. 1 Ripe Bread. No. 400 Family Tool Chest. No. 309 Elixir Pro: One ounce of gum myrrh, one ounce of canella alba, one ounce of saffron, one quart of brandy, one quart of West India rum, or alcohol, half an ounce of saleratus: the more age this has, the better. No. 399. Jefferson's Two Rules: 'Never spend your money before you get it.' 'Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.' Eggs must have been cheaper 80 years ago, as the receipts call for from 10 to 40 eggs for a cake."

Breakfast. A correspondent of the Sunday Times (London) writes that 40 years or so ago the grapefruit was ticked in the windows of first class fruit shops either as a "pomelo" or a "pampelmoose."

The great Oxford Dictionary says that "pomelo" is the name applied "in America" to the fruit "also called grapefruit and (in the English market) 'forbidden fruit.'" The first quotation given under this head is dated 1858. "Pampelmoose," or properly, "Pompelmoose," is a name that arose in the Dutch Indies in the 17th century. The adventurous Dampier in 1699 called the fruit the "Pumple-nose." Edward Ives in his "Voyage from England to India: 'Chaddock (sic) . . . it is a fine, pleasant fruit . . . There are plenty of them at Ceylon and other places, and they commonly are called pumple or pimple-noses."

In the sixties and seventies, we never saw grapefruit in western Massachusetts, at Exeter, N. H., at New Haven, Ct., at Albany, N. Y., where the inhabitants prided themselves on "good eating," or at any hotel at Saratoga in the great days of its glory. We first heard the fruit called a "shaddock," for Capt.

Shaddock, commander of an East India ship, on his way to England, touched at Barbados and left the seeds there. This fact is mentioned in Sloane's "Jamaica" (1707). Sir Frederick Treves, in his delightful chapters on Barbados in "The Cradle of the Deep," mentions the shaddock trees, but does not speak of the presumably gallant captain, and has much more to say about the manchineel, the poison trees, shunned by every living thing except the land-crab. He cites the case of Admiral Nelson, who was grievously sickened by drinking water from a pool into which branches of manchineel had been thrown.

Lt. Bligh in his "Narrative of the Mutiny and Seizure of the Bounty in the South Seas in 1789": "Isaac Martin, I saw, had an inclination to assist me; and as he fed me with shaddock, my lips being quite parched," etc. Byron, basing his poem "The Island" on Bligh's narrative and an account of the Tonga Islands, did not shy at the word as unpoetical:

"A seaman, less obdurate than his mates,
Show'd the vain pity which but irritates;
Watch'd his late chieftain with exploring eye,
And told, in signs, repentant sympathy;
Held the moist shaddock to his parched mouth,
Which felt exhaustion's deep and bitter drouth."

We find no reference to "grape-fruit," the American term, before 1859; but Chief Justice Samuel Sewall of the superior court in Massachusetts wrote in his diary on Jan. 1, 1720: "Mr. Cooper sends my wife a present of oranges and a shattuck (sic)."

Here is a graceful tribute paid by Hilare Belloc:

"How did the party go in Portland square?
I cannot tell you: Juliet was not there.
And how did Lady Gaster's party go?
Juliet was next me, and I do not know."

And Mr. Belloc has this to say about the life of a painter:

"I am assured by Dauber's wife
That Dauber's always true to life;
I think his wife would far prefer
That Dauber should be true to her."

Men and women cannot be brought together in association without either attracting one another or irritating one another—Lord Hugh Cecil.

Pat Hyland and Frank Riley Give 'Operatic and Ballad Concert'

By PHILIP HALE

Pat Hyland, tenor, and Frank Riley, baritone, gave an "operatic and ballad concert" in Jordan hall last evening. Frances Weeks was the accompanist. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program read as follows: Handel, O sleep, why dost thou leave me? Del Riego, Homing. White, So we'll go no more a roving. Bassett, Take joy home. (Mr. Hyland). Messager, La Malsou Grise Rabey, Tes Yeux Leoncavallo, Zaza, piccolo Zingara from "Zaza." Carnevali, Vieni amore con me. (Mr. Riley). Halle, Im Zitternden Mondlicht. Grieg, Ein Traum. Páloni Domani Leoncavallo, Mattinata (Mr. Hyland). Leoncavallo, Prologue to "Pagliacci" (Mr. Riley). Puccini, I lucevan le stelle from "Tosca" (Mr. Hyland). Martin, Wayfarer's Night Song. Morris, The Wandering Jew. Kramel, The Last Hour. Mana-Zucca, Nichavo (Mr. Riley). Duet, Soienne in quest ora from "La Forza del Destino."

The program was a curious mixture of operatic arias which only accomplished, experienced operatic tenors and baritones should sing; of two or three songs of merit, and ballads of the sheet-music order that delight bulbous British matrons after they have dined heavily. Handel associated with Del Riego, White and Bassett. The wonder is that the superb George Frederic Han-

del did not appear on the stage of Jordan hall trembling with indignation, throwing his wig at singer or accompanist. The songs by Grieg and Messager were worth while, but what possessed Mr. Hyland to take "Ein Traum" at so rapid a pace.

Mr. Hyland has a clear, pure tenor voice of good range. His enunciation was uncommonly distinct; his intonation was sure, but as an interpreter he has a great deal to learn. A singer must use his brains as well as his voice. Mr. Hyland's present scheme of interpretation is to sing a few measures sweetly, then, suddenly, to burst into a fortissimo without any apparent cause. Neither he nor Mr. Riley seems able at present to comprehend the mood of poet and composer and impart their understanding to the auditor, though Mr. Riley in "La Maison Grise" was more fortunate in this respect than in other

songs. His tones were more pleasing, however, in forte passages except when he forced them, than they were in the expression of gentle sentiment.

The two gentlemen sang to an exceedingly friendly audience. It was apparent that they sang to friends. Would it not have been more prudent for the singers to have made a program of good and simple ballads, Irish, Scottish, English, without venturing into exacting arias in foreign languages? What these singers now need is an intelligent coach, who will point out their present limitations, show them that a song is something more than a collection of notes more or less skilfully arranged, and will not be in haste to put them before the public.

Strong and Boardman Show Fine Musicianship

Two excellent musicians came last night to a hearing in Steinert hall, William D. Strong and Herbert R. Boardman, who gave a concert of music for two pianos. As a test of their fine taste in music, not to forget their skill in arrangement, one has only to consider their program.

They began it with Mozart's D major sonata; if people object that it has been played too often, performers can always come back with "Why not? Is there better music extant for two pianofortes?" Brahms's Variations on a Haydn theme, nevertheless, which followed in admirable contrast, can hold their own very well. Later these players came forward with three dances, Bach's famous Sicilienne, a delightful Gavotte by Raff, and Chabrier's brilliant "Bourree Fantasque," a group most happily combined. They ended the concert with two pieces by Mr. Boardman himself, a "Romantic Prelude" that did not belie its name, music something in MacDowell's vein, and "Pines," an attractive piece in a more modern idiom, "The Enchanted Spring" by Templeton Strong and Henry Hadley's "Pastorale."

This finely musical program was played in a finely musical manner. Neither Mr. Strong nor Mr. Boardman, to say the truth of it at once, can rank as a brilliant piano virtuoso; probably neither one would set up as such. There might, indeed, have been at hand, to the benefit of their performance, a wider variety of piano effects, more of sheer brilliancy, a warmer glow of feeling.

But there was in evidence, on the other hand, a sounder musicianship, a finer taste, than nine-tenths of the performers who make a noisier splurge can command. Mr. Strong and Mr. Boardman allowed themselves no harsh, coarse tone; their playing sounded always well. They never, to show their fleetness, ran so fast they spoilt their excellent rhythm. To rub its sentiment in they never lengthened an andante into an adagio; to make us listeners start they did not lash an allegro into a presto. All honor to them! Playing fine music thus musically and tastefully, they gave greater pleasure, to judge by the applause they received, than half of those

showier performers who scurry wildly over the keys, displaying their technical skill; who, because they think they have temperament, forget that they must have music—or presently go to the wall. R. R. G.

THE SHREW ACTED IN MODERN DRESS

"The Taming of the Shrew" in modern dress. Presented by the Harvard Dramatic Club at Brattle hall, May 3, 4 and 5, and at the Fine Arts Theatre, May 7.

There never was better proof of the ageless quality in a work of art than this rollicking comedy played by the Harvard Dramatic Club. Padua is now New York, or to be more in the spirit of the lines, as a rule it is "Gotham." There are telephones, and "Elmer Gantry" on Baptista's drawing-room table (Baptista is a Gothamite). There are songs and soft shoe dances, all our modern paraphernalia of gaiety merged with a bright old Italianesque comedy of intrigue.

Mr. K. A. Perry plays Petruchio with gusto. Quite serious, he has a slight over-emphasis that is not quite a burlesque. His is a breezy Petruchio, one to be expected when he tells Baptista: "I am a gentleman of Chicago sir—Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son, a man well known throughout the U. S. A." Miss Katherine Small as Katharina, in a straight blond bob with no concessions to curling irons, is a spirited and somehow a more charming shrew than the one taking shape before your mental vision from the pages of the play. Her scenes with Mr.

Perry are delightful.

The modern interpolations, always original, never grate but seem to merge very well with the gay spirit of the Elizabethans. "Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candiecases, one buckled, another laced," and Petruchio strides to his wedding in sombrero and chaps, brandishing a revolver. That is one trouble. There is too much shooting making the play quite unintelligible for a period to the more craven portion of the audience.

But the one really grating note in the production is the chorus. Male and female, they have that grim look of "I'll do this step or die," and chorus girls really shouldn't look as sweet and respectable as these maidens, anyway. Helen Hayes should not play Lenore Ulric's parts. The opening song and dance was the only painfully amateur part of the show last night, and, as most of the audience creaked into the Brattle hall chairs after that, it was quite all right.

There is splendid clogging by Ogden Goelet, and a black bottom or something of the kind by Sara Sherburne and Barry Bingham, all extremely finished and graceful. There is a Lew Fields scene in a Ford, Katherine and Petruchio on the road to her father's house—the "I say it is the moon" scene. It fits into a Ford setting perfectly. Petruchio's valet has become an Al Jolson type, and "Biondello, servant to Lucentio," an English rustic out of Sheridan or Goldsmith.

Oh, yes—the play is all about a lady of spirit who meets an immovable force in a husband of more spirit, and becomes a sweet little wife in the good old-fashioned way. The plot is embroiled and interwoven with sub-plots, "all set about with fever trees." The author is W. Shakespeare and he seems to have a splendid sense of humor.

R. H. G.

May 5 1927

Apropos of "Pickwick," now playing at the Majestic Theatre, we said a few days ago that Mrs. Leo Hunter, not one of the characters in the play, was a real person. M. S. asks about her.

She was Lady Miller. Her maiden name was Riggs; she was the daughter of a rich, middle-class widow; she married an Irishman in 1765, once a captain in the 113th Foot. The couple bought a house at Bathaston, two miles from Bath. Horace Walpole said of the estate: "It is a very diminutive principality with large pretensions." Husband and wife wished to be literary, to establish a salon. It was said, as of another ambitious little poet: "They only succeeded in founding a restaurant"; as was said 30 years ago of a woman in Boston: "She called her artistic gathering a salon; but it was only a saloon." Lady Miller published her literary efforts, "Letters from Italy," and poems. Did Dickens read the latter volume?

"Say, have fiends in shape of boys,
With wild halloo and brutal noise,
Hunted thee from marshy joys,
With a dog,
Expiring frog?"

This was but little worse than the verses applauded at Lady Miller's villa, which still stands, though it has been enlarged since Walpole visited it.

There is an account of the salon in the Rev. Richard Graves's "Triflers"; the Graves who lived near Bath and satirized illiterate Methodist preachers in "The Spiritual Quixote." Graves died in 1804; Lady Miller toward the end of the 18th century. The Yale University Press published not long ago "Lady Miller and the Bathaston Literary Circle," by Ruth Aveline Hesselgrave.

In Charles G. Harper's "The Bath Road" there is a picture on page 211 of the vase discovered at Tusculum and brought to England by the Millers. "Decorated with garlands of bays, the vase was used at Lady Miller's receptions as a depository for verses written by her guests. It was presided over by one of the ladies of the party, posing as the Muse of Poetry, who drew the poetic offerings from its recesses, and, reciting them, crowned the authors of the best efforts with bays. The opportunity proved too tempting for some of the wilder spirits, who wrote verses of a ribald and satirical nature, better calculated," says Mr. Harper, "to bring a blush to the cheek of the Poetic Muse than to add to either the morals or the harmony of those gatherings." Mr. Harper says that this vase is to be seen in the Victoria Park at Bath; but a

London reviewer states that it was struck by lightning about 100 years ago.

In "The Bath Road," which is stuffed with curious information concerning "history, fashion and frivolity" on the old highway—the publisher is Edwin Valentine Mitchell of Hartford, Ct.—there is a short description of Pickwick, 97 miles from London, a decayed coaching hamlet with the Pickwick Brewery; also an inquiry into the origin of the title "Pickwick Papers." Dickens, as a newspaper reporter, went to Bath in 1835 to report a speech of Lord John Russell's. He went by coach and had every opportunity for observing places and people. "It must ever be a matter of doubt whether Dickens noticed the existence of Pickwick, the place." That he remembered the existence of Moses Pickwick, coach proprietor, is proved by the talk of Pickwick and Sam Weller as they took their seats for Bath. This Moses Pickwick was the great-grandson of Eleazer Pickwick, who, beginning as postboy at the Old Bear at Bath, became the landlord of the once famous White Hart Inn. This Eleazer was a founding. He was discovered, an infant, on the road at Pickwick and named by the guardians, who followed an old custom, after the place itself.

It is to be regretted that during the run of "Pickwick" at the Majestic a string quartet, "The Pickwick Club," by Josef Holbrooke, has not been played in Boston. The first part opens with "The Field Day." The chief theme portrays Mr. Pickwick in all his glory. There is an attempt to show him chasing his hat; the personalities of Snodgrass and Winkle "are also touched upon lightly by the violins"; while the cello and viola picture the Fat Boy. The amours of Tupman and Rachel; the rollicking picnic, scenes at Wardle's—these end with the dignity of Pickwick reassured. The second part shows the romantic side of Pickwick, though there is an elaborate section descriptive of the rook-shooting. Mrs. Bardell's nature furnishes jaunty measures for the viola. The wiles of the law provide "twisting and tortuous" pages.

The London critics differed as to the merits of the quartet: Ernest Walker called it "brilliant." Six years ago last month the London Times took a sterner view, saying the quartet should be named "Quasimodo." "There is something funny in seeing a man make faces through a clerestory window, and then finding out that he was doing no violence, after all, to what was his natural cast of countenance; whereas to watch a man putting himself in a series of false positions and to miss the one point by which Dickens endears him to us, that he had a soul above anything vulgar, is not funny at all. This quality of cheapness in the music is distressing to an attentive ear. One is a little ashamed of it."

While some may regard "Great Expectations" as Dickens's finest novel, in spite of the happy ending forced on him by the publisher and Wilkie Collins, the "Pickwick Papers" is undoubtedly his greatest work, although Miss Jenkins thought the book by no means equal to Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" and had a memorable dispute with Capt. Brown in Cranford about the respective merits. It will be remembered that the Captain was run over and killed by a railway train as he was "deeply engaged in the perusal of a number of 'Pickwick' which he had just received." Miss Jenkins, hearing the news exclaimed, "Poor, dear, infatuated man!"

Well, many have been infatuated by "Pickwick," which will long stand among the few great picaresque romances, and has been recognized as great in other nations than England and the United States. (We have already spoken of the amusing French play, and of Debussy's piano prelude, "Homage to S. Pickwick, Esq.")

To many it is a joy to see these characters of Dickens so vividly portrayed in flesh and blood on the stage of the Majestic Theatre. If one has not time to re-read the book before going to the play, we recommend the essay by George Gissing, written as a preface to the volume in the Rochester edition but included in Gissing's "Critical Studies of the Works of Charles Dickens." "Pickwick Papers" is, as Gissing wrote, an English classic, representative of its age, "exhibiting the life and the ideals of an important class of English folk, on the threshold of the Victorian era." It is a mental tonic; in its forthright flow of vivacity the book has no parallel.

"Turn to the volume in middle age the eyes bring a larger power of seeing, and to follow the old story from page to page is to marvel at the observation, the charity, the wisdom, which insensibly convert a book of jests into a cherished masterpiece of literature."

Surely there should be enough lovers of Dickens in Boston to assure the continuance of this elaborate and vivid production of the play at the Majestic for many days.

May 6 1927

"Massachusetts cities are forging to the front claiming the honor of bestowing their names on one of the six new cruisers of the navy."

Worcester, Gloucester, Haverhill, Northampton, Holyoke, Lowell and Boston press their claims. We are seven, they shout, but only one will be chosen. Is Boston a lucky name for a vessel? Remember the fate of the Inman steamship City of Boston, a fate the more terrible in that no one knows the cause of her disappearance.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, calling at The Herald office yesterday, denied the report that he has signed a petition asking that the name of the new cruiser should be Clamport. "That name," he said, in a burst of pride, "should be given only to a dreadnought."

Nearly 80 years ago Herman Melville discussed the names of battleships. Open vol. I of "Mardi"—we are speaking of the first edition—and turn to pages 110 and 111. "In the matter of christening ships of war, Christian nations are but too apt to be dare-devils," Melville gives the names of British, French and Spanish vessels. The Spanish "have ransacked the theology of the religion of peace for fine names for their fighting ships; stopping not at designating one of their three-deckers The Most Holy Trinity." He found the American names much better ("barring Scorpions, Hornets and Wasps): Ohio, Virginia, Carolina, Vermont. And if ever these Yankees fight great sea engagements—which Heaven forefend!—how glorious, poetically speaking, to range up the whole federated fleet and pour forth a broadside from Florida to Maine. Ay, ay, very glorious indeed! Yet in that proud crowing of cannon, how shall the shade of peace-loving Penn be astounded, to see the mightiest murderer of them all, the great Pennsylvania, a very namesake of his. Truly, the Pennsylvania's guns should be the wooden ones, called by men-of-war's men, Quakers."

Do men delight in "Mardi" today? Some of the English critics, loud in praise of "Typee" and "Omoo" were bitter in their treatment of "Mardi" when it appeared in 1849. Blackwood's Magazine asked: "What trash is this?" The Dublin University Magazine called the book "One of the saddest, most melancholy, most deplorable and humiliating perversions of genius of a high order in the English language." But the Literary Gazette said: "The pages are brilliant; the adventures superb," and the Examiner thought that "Charles Lamb might have imagined such a party as Mr. Melville imagines at Plato's table."

What better book for summer reading than this strange, mystical, satirical, poetic, romantic "Mardi"?

Early in the book Melville in his description of Jarl—the seaman who said in all honesty, "Man and boy, I have lived ever since I can remember"—was sure that Jarl's ancestors were Vikings, now quaffing mead in the halls of Valhalla. This led Melville to rhapsodize in the manner peculiar to him alone.

"All of us have monarchs and sages for kinsmen; nay, angels and archangels for cousins; since in antediluvian days, the sons of God did verily wed with our mothers, the irresistible daughters of Eve. Thus all generations are blended, and heaven and earth are of one kin, the hierarchies of seraphs in the uttermost skies; the thrones and principalities in the zodiac; the shades that roam throughout space; the nations and families, flocks and folds of the earth; one and all, brothers in essence. . . . In heaven, at last, our good, old, white-haired father Adam will greet all alike."

Christian shall join hands between Gentle and Jew; grim Dante, forget his Infernos, and shake sides with fat Rabelais; and monk Luther, over a flagon of old nectar, talk over old times with Pope Leo. Then, shall we sit by the sages, who of yore gave laws to the Medes and Persians in the sun; by the eavly captains in Perseus, who cried, "To horse!" when waked by their Last Trump sounding to the charge; by the old hunters who eternities ago, hunted the moose in Orion; by the minstrels who sang in the Milky Way when Jesus our Saviour was born. Then shall we list to no shallow gossip of Magellans and Drakes; but give ear to the voyagers who have circumnavigated the Beliptic; who rounded the Polar Star as Cape Horn. They shall the Staglrite and Kant be forgotten, and another folio than theirs be turned over for wisdom. Even the

file now spread in the under sphere, the heaven of high."

Do you call this "off-hand"? Mr. Gradgrind? But what is life but a trifling!

Who would not have sat down with Babbalanja, Mohi and Yoon? Cursed politics, wines, tobacco, and to come, talked while they smoked "Vile Shag, Pig-tail, Plug, Natch, Negro-head, Covendish and mlsna." Lady's-twist, but Gold-leaf, Oron Cimarosa, Smyrna, Bird's-eye, Jan river, Sweet-scented, Honey-dew, K lucky, Cnaster, Scarpaliti and far Shiraz, or Persian, of all of which, I haps, the last is the best." Smoked extraordinary pipes, for Babbalanja was an "immense, serpentine stem, ebony, coiling this way and that, in a less convolutions, like an anaco round a traveler in Brazil. Smoked this hydra, Babbalanja looked as playing upon the trombone."

Pipes. For as Babbalanja said, "I a good wife, a pipe is a friend, a companion for life. And whose with a pipe, is no danger a bachel. . . . Not thus with cigars or cigarettes (sic); the acquaintances of a n ment, chatted with in by-place, w ever they come handy; their existel so fugitive, uncertain, unsatisfacto Once ignited, nothing like longev pertains to them. They never grow c Why, my lord, the stump of a cigar (sic) is an abomination; and two them crossed are more of a memento more, than a brace of thigh-bones right angles."

When we sat down to speak of nam for battleships we had little thought a column in praise of "Mardi." Wh matters it if the lost maiden, Yillai who is vainly pursued by the voyager over an endless sea, with the three spectres, three arrows poised, behind the voyagers, symbolizes truth or hap piness; what matters it if the tour e the isles is in imitation of the fourth and fifth books of Raldis, in which Pantagruel, Panurge and Friar John are in search of the oracle. Why deplo Melville's throwing overboard the en grossing narrative which he began? Mr. Joann Freeman put it "sumptuous imaginations are woven for transen dentalism, and a lofty or a melanco lyricism invades the whole fabl. . . . But there is, for all its transpare melancholy, laughter lurking at the hea of this strange and devious allegor Philosophy "sinks in laughter, tea smile; everything that comes idly in mind is set down with everything dec ly brooded upon."

Or as Melville himself wrote: "So ti great world goes round, and in one son erset shows the sun 25,000 miles of landscape."

VAGABOND KING WILL END STAY

By PHILIP HALE

It is to be regretted that the engagement of "The Vagabond King" will end tomorrow night. Last evening the Schubert Theatre was filled with a deeply interested audience which gave many hearty manifestations of approval.

The history of "The Vagabond King" is memorable in the annals of musical plays; not alone for its long-run in New York, where it began in the early fall of 1925, but during this run and up to the present time the charming prima donna, Miss Carolyn Thomson, has not missed a single performance. This can also be said of 16 or 18 in the cast.

There are many reasons why this play has enjoyed great popularity; why there are now two companies at least on the road in other states; why the play has met with great success in London, where it was produced last month. The story is based on a popular drama, popular in spite of the fact that historical and biographical accuracy is violated with olympian indifference. This romantic story is told vividly by speech and by Mr. Friml's music, which is effective in stirring ensembles as "The Song of the Vagabonds" for example, and in solos and duets whatever the nature may be, sentimental bacchanalian, or comic.

The company is an unusually good one throughout. Miss Thomson is an accomplished singer, blessed with a pure and sympathetic voice, using it skilfully, singing with refreshing ease and with understanding of the dramatic requirements. Here is a leading singer without the traditional aggressive and smirking airs and graces of a favorite

in plays of this description, a woman that portrays naturally; a heroine of high degree. The other principals are in the picture: Mr. Neil, the manly thief and cut-throat roused to action by what he at first regarded as a hopeless love; Mr. Figman, whose Louis the Eleventh recalls the King as pictured in Scott's romance, and the famous French drama; Miss Frear, admirable in her characterization of Huguette; Miss Hayes, a Margot that is necessarily softened from the "gros Margot" of Villon's grimy ballad; Mr. Philbrick, amusing without clowning, as Tabarin. And so one might speak of others, as Miss Lawler, fascinating as the coquettish Lady Mary. One might dwell on the individuality shown by the men and women of the chorus in their dramatic action; of their excellent singing. The tasteful stage settings and costumes;

the orchestra ably led by Mr. Arkless; these, too, deserve unqualified praise. And so it is to be regretted, we say again, that the engagement will end tomorrow night.

ENSEMBLE CHOIR

The Ensemble Choir of Boston, representative, to use the words on the program, of synagogue, cathedral and church, gave a concert of sacred music last night in Tremont Temple. The conductor was Thompson Stone, the organist Leland A. Arnold, and the solo singers were Clara Lieber Harper and Mrs. Stanley Ross Fisher, sopranos; Anita Dale Seymour and Marguerite Porter, contraltos; Arthur O. Wellcome, tenor, and James R. Houghton, baritone.

"The Ensemble Choir," the program states, "is composed of Greater Boston choirs drawn from the churches of all creeds. The directors and singers of these choirs are co-operating for the purpose of creating greater public interest in worthy religious music, and to sound a strong note of spiritual unity."

They could not be about better business. Church music, for the most part, is in a perilous state. But what can be done to better it, with as many opinions as to what constitutes good church music as there are individuals to hold them? Some worshippers achieve their uplift only when they sing themselves, mostly hymns. Others, more austere, are all for Gregorian chants, while a few can content their souls with nothing short of Palestrina. Bach, Chorales, anthems of the commonest type, a gloomy contralto singing "He Shall Feed His Flock" they all have their defenders. So let us have pity on choir directors, who attempt to set a standard—and the not raise it. And to those directors who lent their assistance last night let us give thanks.

Mr. Stone, after "America" had been sung, directed by the Rev. Earl E. Harper, began the program with the kyrie from a Rheinberger mass, which he followed by a Christus Factus Est" by Anerio, the successor to Palestrina. "O Thou, the Central Orb," by Orlando Gibbons, closed the first group. After Mr. Arnold had played a fantasy by Cesar Franck, the choir sang "Wash Me Thoroughly from My Wickedness" by Samuel Sebastian Wesley; "Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence," an attractive old French melody arranged by Holst; Rachmaninoff's "Cherubim Song"; and an evening hymn by H. Balfour Gardiner.

The choir and congregation presently sang another hymn, "All People That on Earth Do Dwell," then the choir closed the concert with "O Holy Lord," by Dett and "Hail, Gladdening Light," by George C. Martin.

This program, not too long, gave a taste of many schools of church music, all excellent enough in their many kinds and degrees. Since probably no single choir would, in the nature of things, study examples of all these many schools, the concert undoubtedly served one of its purposes, that of stimulating the singers' interest.

Whether or not a program of this sort would tend to quicken public interest in church music is a question open to debate. A program too inclusive is not

always the most absorbing; its very variety, its leaps and bounds from one school to another, may sometimes prove, from lack of unity, wearisome. Since these Ensemble Choir concerts seem, happily now to be firmly established, would it perhaps be possible and wise to limit each annual program to the music, say, too well contrasted types of music? At the close of a concert the audience would be left with impressions more definite than are possible after a program widely miscellaneous.

The performance, within its all reasonable limits, was excellent, both in accuracy and spirit.

R. R. G.

May 7 1927

Not long ago M. Andre Maurois gave good advice to Frenchmen purposing to visit England. He told them what they should and should not do and say.

Now the Paris correspondent of the Observer (London) tells Englishmen how they should behave in Paris. His advice may be of profit to Americans, who, cursing the French as "Imperialists" and "welchers," nevertheless rush in herds to Paris that they may flaunt their wealth in the faces of the economical, industrious, admirable people of that city.

This correspondent begins his list of "Don'ts" by saying, do not attempt to get an English breakfast, or to drink inferior tea instead of "excellent" coffee. Here we must interrupt: "Excellent coffee" in Paris? Where? When? Do not drink "vile whiskey and tasteless beer" instead of good wine. Yet we see Americans running to the "American" bars in search of cocktails. "Eat at a restaurant instead of at your hotel, and remember that the smaller a restaurant is and the fewer English and Americans you can see in it the more likely it is to be good." If you go to a theatre, do not leave your wife sitting alone during the wait. Talking with a Frenchman, say "Oul, Monsieur," instead of "oul." Remember that the recognized scale of tipping in hotels, restaurants, taxis, is 10 per cent., even when the bill is a big one; do not tip at all when the management adds 10 per cent. for service.

"Above all, do not hurt the pride of your French hosts, who often understand English, by constantly reminding one another with a laugh that a franc is only twopence."

Has this Paris correspondent, who advises Englishmen to abstain from fire-water in Paris, read an article by James de Coquet, a contributor to Figaro, in which he describes home bars, saying it is now the thing for French to equip their houses with a practical bar; "the taste for domestic life is not irreconcilable with that for porto-flip or a Manhattan. Even if one takes alcohol, it is better to take it at home than at a cafe."

Have these domestic bars a brass footfall? No well appointed bar was without one in this land where liberty once reigned.

As M. Coquet points out, this decoration in a happy home is not a new idea. Florian of the 18th century, in his "Memoirs of a Young Spaniard" describes a party at the Marquise de Carera's: When the marchioness returned to her apartment she found it transformed into a cafe. All the gentlemen of the canton had assembled at the chateau. The cafe was filled with little tables for four persons. A waiter dressed in white and bedecked with pink ribbons stood ready to serve at each table.

Some years ago a genial westerner had a bar placed in his summer cottage near Marblehead. This bar was well stocked. The host, as he talked affably and intelligently on politics, literature, art and life, would keep repeating the question: "Well, gentlemen, what shall we have now?" The question was not asked in vain. The replies were immediate and fervent.

M. Coquet suggests that if a wife should transform her husband's study into a bar, he should put a boot-black's chair in her boudoir and invite his friends to a free shinc.

WHO CAN IDENTIFY IT?

As the World Wags:

Can you or any of your readers identify a comic almanac which was a favorite book in my boyhood home in New Hampshire some 70 years ago? The almanac had paper covers, contained, I should say, 150 or 200 pages, and was profusely illustrated. Among the articles in the almanac was the following:

"A young man, being asked by an old lady to read the newspaper to her, read as follows:

"Last night yesterday morning about 2 o'clock in the afternoon before breakfast a young man about 40 years old bought a kip custard for a levy, threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, jumping over it broke his right leg just above the left knee, and fell into a dry millpond and was drowned. About forty years after that on the same day an old cat had nine turkey gobblers, a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying pan, knocked the old Dutch Church down and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Bosting, where a deaf and dumb man was talking in French to his Aunt Peter."

"The old lady, drawing a long breath, exclaimed, 'Dew tell!'"

Among the almanac's illustrations was one entitled "A Bather in the Sacramento River in a Fix," which was a picture of a bather who was trippingly surrounded by three sharks. That illustration would seem to indicate that the almanac was published in the pioneer era of California.

INQUIRER.

DROUGHT—NOT FAMINE

As the World Wags:

Speaking of corn crops, did you know that Georgia had a very poor one? Yes, sir, it ran only to about 15 gallons the acre. There was fear of a famine.

TWO GUN MAC.

POSITIVELY THE LAST APPEARANCE

As the World Wags:

They were at the pasture gate. Six bells had sounded, six contented cows had gone to their rest. "Will you weave a daisy chain with me?" asked Jo Apple. "I wilt," said Dimity, her head drooping. "My father's prayers for coal have bin answered, shoot it all!" said Jo darkly, heaving a sigh. The shadow of a coal shovel came between them. "It is a grave error to kill the wrong-man," said Dimity. "Why did you hit him?" "Because he had a striking personality," answered Jo. "Isn't that killing?" mused Dimity, staring into space. "Her eyes are on the horizon," thought Jo. "So you are going to college?" asked Dimity, looking stiffly at her organic dress. "Yes," said Jo. "I'd heap rather stay at home and make hay—it's stacks more fun but mother is set on it—has some egg money laid away—I wish she would mislay it." "Farming goes against my grain," said Dimity wryly. "Sweetheart among the corn," whispered Jo in her ear. "No matter how short I cut my corn, it will always be long to me." Said Dimity, "What's the use?" and pointed to the scythe. Jo explained briefly, cutting down all he could. "I have an idea you will forget me when you go to college," said Dimity. "The idea!" said Jo indignantly. "I have no eye, dear, for any girl but you." "Aye, aye, dear," said Dimity.

DIMITY AT FARMER JOHN'S.

"ELMER GENTRY"

(From the Manchester Guardian)

"A Judas chasing bullion" is among the mildest of the descriptions that Mr. Lewis has brought upon himself. Indeed, for a comparable cannonade of invective one must turn back to that unrivalled collection of infuriated comments with which England greeted its first introduction to the works of Ibsen and which Mr. Shaw has set out with such telling effect in his "Quintessence of Ibsenism." It is something to touch a complacent people on the raw so unmistakably as does Elmer, and the longer view in American criticism will find the pill, however nauseous, a useful purgative. * * * Easy acceptance of humbug is one of the gravest dangers into which a nation can fall, and while fundamentalist bigotry runs riot as vigorously as it does in parts of the United States, Elmer may pass as a healthy corrective.

STARS CONTRIBUTE TO FLOOD RELIEF

While refugees in the Mississippi flood area slept in their improvised places of abode last night, about 7000 residents of Boston and vicinity enjoyed themselves at special performances given at the Metropolitan and State Theatres in order that relief funds might be obtained for their stricken brethren in the Southland. About \$7000 was realized.

Stars were paling in the sky when the theatre-goers were going home after witnessing specialty numbers that the best performers in Boston could give in return for the nominal price of admission. This money was turned over to the Red Cross to represent part of Boston's quota of the total amount that is being raised all over the country for relief work.

BANKS AID

It fell to the lot of A. C. Ratschky, chairman of the metropolitan chapter, Red Cross, to save the day for the audience at the Metropolitan. Although appeals were being made at each performance during the week, only 60 persons had bought tickets up to Thursday. On that day Mr. Ratschky returned from White Sulphur Springs and was apprised of the failure of citizens to interest themselves in this charity.

Immediately he busied himself by notifying some of the banks in Boston of the situation, and in this way he disposed of about 1100 tickets among these banks: Old Colony, National Shawmut, First National, Second National, Atlantic National, National Rockland, American Trust and the United States Trust Company.

Because the performers did not have time in which to get their night meal before starting the benefit show, immediately following the closing of their own shows, food was provided for them on the stages at the Metropolitan and the State theatres while they awaited

their turn to go on.

STARS WHO AIDED FLOOD

Fred Stone and his daughter, Dorothy, of "Criss Cross" at the Colonial Theatre, were the headliners at that Metropolitan. Others appearing at that theatre were Miss Carroll McComas of "The Night Hawk," Park Theatre; Beatrice Lillie and Charles Winninger, "Oh Please," Tremont; Edward Neil, Jr., and Will Philbrick, "The Vagabond King," Shubert; Herbert Cortell, Helene Lind, Jeannette MacDonald and Mary Jane of "Yes, Yes, Yvette," Wilbur; Vera Ross and William C. Gordon of "The Pirates of Penzance," and "Iolanthe," Plymouth; and a score of vaudeville performers. Winninger was master of ceremonies.

These same stars appeared at the State Theatre, with Donald Brian of the "Yes, Yes, Yvette" company; E. E. Clive of the Copley; Virginia Futrelle and Roy Hoyer of the "Criss Cross" show. Mario Di Pesa, Wendall Hall, John Barry & Co., and others appearing in addition. Edward Husing was master of ceremonies and broadcast the performance through WBET.

The performances ended about 3 o'clock this morning.

May 9 1927

We have received from Mr. Thomas Brockhurst of Boston an unusually interesting catalogue of roses, with valuable information about the nature and the culture of at least 25 varieties of Summer and Fall Bloomers, Disease-Resistant, Hybrid Perpetuals and others.

But who gave the names to these roses? Who were Frau Karl Druschki, Lady Ursula, Mrs. John Laing, Baron de Bonstettin, J. L. Mock, Margaret Dickson Hamill, Mrs. Aaron Ward? "Grus a Teplitz." We have heard of Admira Teplitz, of Marshall P. Wilder, of the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria. We are glad to note that Mrs. Druschki, the Lady Ursula and "Betty" (what's her honorable surname?) unlike some "pampered beauties" do not require "constant spraying for black spots, powdering for mildew and other such like cosmetic nor regular supplies of tonics to keep them on their legs, nor special wrapping and protection against the severities of the New England winter." And is a pleasure in these reckless days to be assured that the ladies just named "thrive year by year without petting and coddling."

Did these ladies and Mmes. Laing—we are told that she is low, stocky, bit "of enormous vitality, hardy as Magn Charta, absolutely disease proof." Hamill and Ward graciously lend the names and physical and mental characteristics to the roses or—perhaps thought! receive a pecuniary compensation, as actresses, singers and pianists for their recommendation of this cigarette?

Are the roses of Shiraz, are the roses of Ispahan immortalized by the music of Gabriel Faure—named after Persian beauties?

Who named the roses in Mr. Brockhurst's list? But who names Pullman cars? Who named locomotives named in the good old days when their tenders were painted gorgeously showing a landscape or the face of some public man, usually with formidable whiskers. When sticks of wood were used instead of coal, when there were smokestacks that were spread impartially at the top?

Here are questions for the aggressive askers of "What Do You Know?"

H. L. wishes to find the poem beginning:

"Father and I and Uncle Sam
We built a boat the shape of a train
Down 'side of Nantucket Point
Pint, Pint, Pint
Down 'side of Nantucket Point"

An old fisherman of the Cape used singing this song to me when I was small and I have suddenly developed great desire to know the rest of it."

As the World Wags:

I read on one page of my new paper on May 3: "Gertie's Garters Seen at Boston Theatre." And on another page of my paper an advertisement noted admission prices at the theatre. It occurred to me as I walked along Washington street, and later stopped at one of the swell dining places to get a "club sandwich" and a glass of cold water that it would be inexcusable extravagance to spend any of my much needed money to look over the gathering in the theatre, for the women world was wagging with garters in good sight under the influence of the westerly wind, more than enough to fill a

We have received a letter from S. B. T. in which he expresses the hope that Mr. Casella will arrange "popular programs" for the Pops.

"Popular." It's a vague term. Whenever we hear it we are reminded of a story told by Richard Grant White. He was in an unpretending eating house, called a dairy because at first customers were fed only on a diet of milk and of bread or porridge. Ruminating over his fodder, he was startled by hearing in a sharp and rather noisy voice; the assertion, in a discontented and positive tone, "I don't call this very pop'lar ple."

"This declaration was addressed to a pretty, fair-haired waitress by a lad, or as he doubtless regarded himself, young man, or better, young gentleman."

"He was a chap some eighteen or twenty years old, who, in an inked and draggled linen coat, with his hat on the back of his head, a pen behind his ear, a long, heavenly blue satin necktie, and a large amethyst ring on the little finger of his right hand, had come in for his dinner of 'roas beef lean an well done na cuppa coughy' to which he had added, by way of dessert or banquet, 'up piece up eye.' His declaration as to the segment of sodden dough and half stewed 'sass' with which he was about to afflict his bowels, that it was not popular, had no reference whatever to the favor with which it was regarded by the public at large, or even by that part of the public which frequented that particular eating-house. He meant merely that he found it not to his liking; that it was not good; and therefore he announced his inability to pronounce it popular."

Now music that our correspondent finds "popular" might not be popular in the ears of Brown, Jones or Robinson. What they regard as "popular" might not please S. B. T. As with the Symphony concerts, so with the Pops.

In the good old days when the Pops were in Boston Music Hall, beer flowed freely, the extravagant ordered wine. The hall was thick with smoke. Talking was often boisterous; young women would shriek their joy; but when something soft and sweet, a composition that was aptly described as a "gum-drop," was played, there was after a vigorous effort on the part of the conductor and some in the audience a reverential hush. Like place, like music. What is now known as serious music found there no congenial home; but there was genuine enjoyment, with music that stimulated and excited.

Good music is not necessarily of a serious nature; but it should be good of its kind. Symphony audiences are inclined to look on music as "educative," as something that must be "soulful"; they resent the introduction of anything which is to their mind "light" or "frivolous." No doubt many would shudder at the thought of a waltz by Johann or Joseph Strauss, conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky, yet others would find this waltz a finer, more poetic work than Ravel's "Valse," which has been on the Symphony programs several times.

Because music is of a serious nature, it is not necessarily good or interesting; as a matter of fact it is often extremely dull. A symphony is not necessarily more important than a sparkling overture by Auber or a march by Sousa. That Symphony audiences are human after all is shown whenever something light and graceful is performed; witness the genuine, spontaneous applause that followed the performance of Prokofieff's "Classical" symphony. A symphony concert should not be only for the glorification of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms et al. The statues in Symphony Hall would not fall to the floor in consternation if they were to hear the overture to "William Tell," or the waltz, "Roses from the South," or "Village Swallows." Let us not humbug ourselves. Let us not be hypocritical. At heart we all enjoy a good tune, a lively, tripping measure, a sensuous, languorous dance.

As regards the Pops. One thing should first of all be remembered, the taste of the Boston public is not that of twenty, even ten years ago. This public has had the opportunity in recent years of hearing not only the extra concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but the concerts of the People's Symphony Orchestra. (By the way, it is deeply to be regretted that Mr. Stuart Mason will not permit his name to be considered as a conductor for the coming season. Not only as a conductor, but as an arranger of programs, he made for musical righteousness). We doubt if a Pop audience today would be satisfied with the programs of past seasons, certainly not with those presented in the Boston Music Hall.

No one would ask for a long-winded symphony at a Pop concert, but there are symphonic poems, suites, fantasias, overtures, that are heard gladly and appreciated by any one that has ears to hear. It is not necessary to sacrifice to the great god Jazz. Nothing becomes more monotonous, more boresome, than continuous jazz, even when it is of the better quality.

Look at the programs prepared by the excellent Mr. Casella for last week. Did Respighi's "Fountains of Rome," or Casella's "Italia," or the prelude to "The Master Singers," bore the audience last Monday night? Not a bit. Take the program of last Wednesday: What was the most "serious" piece? The overture to "Sakuntala," which is certainly not dull. There was the overture to "The Bronze Horse," with the spirited section to which Negro minstrels used to sing as opening chorus:

"I hear their hoofs upon the hill,
I hear them fainter, fainter still,
They stole, they stole, etc."

There was the overture to "La Belle Helene," by the incomparable Offenbach; there were extracts from Bizet's suite, "L'Arlesienne," marches by Saint-Saens and Ganne, waltzes by Brahms and Delibes, a dance by Dvorak, and for "gum-drops" the Meditation from "Thais," and Handel's "Largo." My darling, what would'st thou have more?

And so with other programs of the week; pleasing overtures, plenty of dance music, but no neglect of Rimsky-Korsakov, Moussorgsky, Brahms, Wagner, Berlioz, Chabrier, Schubert, Sibelius. Last Friday Henry F. Gilbert, Percy Grainger, Sousa were in company with Meyerbeer, Schubert, Piarne, Tchaikovsky, Liadov, Casella, Chabrier. Truly a concert worth hearing. Would that for a subscription concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, once a month a program of like nature would be arranged.

Will S. B. T. complain because for tonight a Wagner program has been arranged?

Has Nellie Wallace ever visited this country? The name was unknown to us until we read in a London newspaper that "no one has so wide a range of humor." She has been touring Australia and South Africa. "There is a

touch of the comedy of Moliere in her cry of 'Strange! He promised to be here at 9:30. It's now twelve.' . . . Perhaps we may repeat her account of the disadvantages of living on a houseboat: 'Every time the cat wants to go out I have to row him ashore.' "

A German gentleman called Dr. Mendel (a name with most respectable associations in the matter of scientific research) has been testing the impressions which are made on dogs by the cinematograph. Those who feel inclined to protest at once that this is another example of the cold-blooded cruelties which are inflicted on dumb animals in the name of science may be reassured—the dogs showed "not the faintest interest" in the spectacles on the screen before them. This Dr. Mendel attributes to the fact that dogs are influenced more by the senses of hearing and scent than by sight; presumably a really smelly film would be the best seller in Dogland, and that is a refinement which has yet to arrive.

Cats, it appears from these experiments, took the films seriously, and showed every sign of alarm when a large dog was thrown on the screen. Obviously the experimenter should then have consoled them by displaying an incident from the life history of their famous fellow-citizen Felix. It needs a little more than the largest of large dogs to put that particular cat permanently out of his stride.—Manchester Guardian.

P. H.

FROM A PACKAGE OF LETTERS

Notes on Audiences and Plays—From Blind Tom to Anne Nichols

The Herald has received several letters. The one signed "F. E. H." asks a question that is not to be easily answered in a satisfactory manner. That Boston of recent years has neglected good and admirably acted plays is indisputable. That the character of the audiences has changed; that there is little interest in plays that excite discussion by the presentation of social and moral problems, however brilliant the dialogue; that mystery plays, revues, tingle-tangle shows are the ones that draw the crowd—all this hardly admits of denial. No wonder managers are disinclined to bring plays that have attracted great attention in other cities to Boston; they regard Boston as "off the theatrical map."

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

Why is it that the city of Boston, from which there is a constant howl for clean plays and as constant lamentations over the lack of them, fail to support them adequately when they do come here? I have in mind a production of "Pickwick," now at the Majestic Theatre. A production as beautiful as any I can recall in a long period of years, an one that is in every way worthy of capacity houses. What has become of the audiences that in past years gave support and encouragement to the producer with the brains and courage to set such a stage for us? Boston will soon be as dead theatrically as the "one night stand" which flourished in my younger days to such an extent that a company could put in a season of 40 weeks in New England.

F. E. H.

May 3, 1927.

Mr. George U. Crocker has written to the Winthrop Ames Gilbert and Sullivan the following letter, appreciative of the performances at the Plymouth Theatre:

"It is now 45 years since I first heard 'Iolanthe' and more than that since I first listened to the 'Pirates.'"

"My experience has been that my early delight in plays and operas has not been revived on seeing and hearing them again in later life, but this is not the fact in regard to your production."

"I have attended performances of 'Iolanthe' at least 25 times in England and America, but never with such pleasure and delight as at your present production. Never have I heard the lines delivered with such keen intelligence and force; never was there such uniformly good singing and orchestration. But the surpassing excellence of the performance is in the chorus. You have worked out a new scheme in costume, action, and particularly in the individuality of the chorus. I have never seen or heard anything like it before, and I believe that you have set a new standard."

"I congratulate you most heartily on this great artistic success, and I shall live in hope of being able to see your new productions."

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

Apropos of a note about Blind Tom published in your As the World Wags column.

I met Blind Tom several times in the South as well as in the North. He gave "exhibitions" at schools and in towns where the people were fairly musical. Some local teacher or soloist played a piece and then Tom played it. In most cases he had never heard it before. I heard him play Chopin's Nocturne, op. 9, No. 2, with feeling and even taste. After playing several pieces he would conduct a "spelling bee." Hard words like "Epithalamium" and "chronology" would be given him. He spelled phonetically. Some of his efforts were ludicrous, as, for instance, "phthisic," which he spelled "tiz-ic" (much easier all around).

Tom had a wonderful ear for melody. He could improvise in a very unusual manner. Once I pitied him very much. The late Alvah Glover Salmon, exponent of Russian piano music, played a very difficult work by Arensky. Tom listened eagerly at first, then he began to tremble violently. That was too much for him. He tried to play it and failed.

Poor Tom was really mentally deficient, a child in many ways. I knew a boy who was almost his counterpart. He was the grandson of old Caesar, the colored head waiter at Hollins College, Virginia. Caesar himself spoke rather good French, learned verbally at the table of the professor of French, Dr. Kusian. The grandson had the same ready ear for musical sounds. One day we had been rehearsing the overture to "William Tell" in the chapel. The dinner bell sounded. After dinner we rushed back to continue our orchestral work, when, to our surprise, we saw the colored boy seated at the organ; to our amazement he played all the overture except the opening 'cello cadenza with accuracy and fine spirit. He was below par mentally, but his musical gift was strong. He played by ear.

EDITH L. WINN.

To the regret of many, "The Vagabond King" closed its engagement here last night. Seldom is so delightful a musical play brought to this

ly; pleasing in story, music; in performance of principals, chorus; in stage settings and costumes. That history is disregarded in the telling of the story is nothing. Those who wish a closer acquaintance with that blackguard genius of a stage hero, should read Francis Carco's "Villon," published in Paris not long ago. As for history on the stage, letters have been written recently in London protesting against performances of Shakespeare's "Richard III" at the Old Vic on the ground that the representation of that monarch's character is a slander on an estimable ruler. And what did Shakespeare not do to poor Joan of Arc?

It is a pleasure to note that "The Vagabond King," brought out at the Winter Garden Theatre, London, last month, has met with great favor from critics and audiences. The Daily Telegraph spoke of the play as "a bustling, spirited show, full of rich color in a succession of lavish scenes that happily avoid the merely garish."

"The Vagabond King" will be performed next season by at least two companies in this country, but Miss Carolyn Thomson, the charming singer and actress will not be with either company. We understand that he will be the prima donna under the same management in a new play or which the music will be written by Mr. Friml.

There was curiosity as to how "Able's Irish Rose" would fare in London when it was brought out there last month. Would it be "boomed"? Would it repeat its extraordinary, some would say, unaccountable success in this country? The play was treated respectfully by the critics. St. John Ervine wrote: "If a play's worth is to be measured by the amount of money it makes for its author, then 'Able's Irish Rose' is the greatest play in the world, and Sophocles, Aeschylus, Euripides, Shakespeare, Moliere, Ibsen and Bernard Shaw may take a back seat, while Miss Anne Nichols ascends the throne." He added that she probably regards herself as "the lucky author of a simple, witless piece which successfully appeals to simple, artless, unaffected persons by its mixture of sentiment and humor and prejudice and kindness. . . . She has very skillfully blended all the brands of sugar and spice, and produced a piece which is not without humanity, and certainly contains much humor."

James Agate wrote: "The Jewish half of this play is excellent, and one regrets that Miss Nichols did not take a collaborator for the Irish half. . . . This piece has run for five years in America, and should be good for a long stay here. A lot of it is extremely good fun."

The Harvard Dramatic Club gave "The Taming of the Shrew" as a musical comedy and in modern dress last week.

Another Shakesperian play, "All's Well that Ends Well," was played last month at Birmingham, England, in modern dress. J. S. wrote an amusing criticism, beginning "The author of that very interesting melodrama, 'Hamlet,' which had such a successful run at the Kingsway Theatre last summer, had a comedy produced tonight under the rather clumsy title of 'All's Well that Ends Well.' Mr. William Shakespeare has this time concocted a very strange mixture. His comedy is at once up-to-date and old-fashioned." The reviewer found the influence of the cinema, also the remembrance of Galsworthy's "Escape." He ended by saying: "Mr. Shakespeare has not been above stealing effects from the all-along drama beloved by the populace and many hoary old gags from vaudeville. . . . There is a childish delight in such things as practical jokes." The reviewer deplored one or two lapses of taste.

P. H.

auditorium of the biggest of theatres. However, I'll admit that I didn't ask whether any of them were Gertie's. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

R. E. H.

There are people who make a point of composing masterpieces before breakfast, not realizing that there is plenty of time later on. Others delight in writing "Paradise Lost" on a postcard, or the Rules of Golf on a three-penny bit.—James Agate.

It was Mr. Agate who said in his review of a play: "Cerebration abounded in the higher domes of the assembled intellectuals."

EARLY SPRING IN BOSTON

(For As the World Wags)

Early spring in Boston.

Fur coats, violets, rushing cabs, an ambulance (clang, clang) and pink hats.

Hol! Every one, come to the bazaar—Down on Washington street, see men, see women, how they push. Holding their noses high like cattle chased and panting.

Children whimper. Under the brown hats of men perspiration is running. Suddenly every one is shabby. Winter has left men drab.

Why do we wear fur coats? Of squirrel, of mink and of rabbits? The coats hang off behind, letting free air come to tired bodies.

Here is the tired mother. She can't go home. Her mind turns round and round. Something says to the tired mother, "You can't go home, you can't go home." Her eyes are dizzy. Her eyes are very dizzy; they see purple, green and pink hats. The tired mother must have a hat. Shall it be pink? Shall it be purple? Shall it be green?

The tired mother turns round and round. The children whimper. But the tired mother says in her heart, "I can't go home, I can't go home. I must buy my hat."

Oh, my soul. What are they thinking of, these tired men? The tired mother says in her heart, I can't go home, I must buy my hat. The tired men say big damns.

It is hotter, it is dustier, it is noisier, the cabs fly faster. The ambulance clangs the children whimper. A moist mist rises from unwashed crowds.

What proceeds from them?

Over all goes a man with two Easter lies, in pots one on each arm. The

lilies nod like white wings over his shoulders. They are white, white like doves.

Hol! What care I for the censorship? away with your Elmer Gantry. Here are lilies, here is poetry. In the heart of Boston, in the midst of heat, I say "to hell," here are lilies.

CORNELIA B.

A SQUARE MEAL OF "INNERDS"

(Concord Monitor and N. H. Patriot)

Those who enjoy well constructed vitals will do well to eat Tuesday April 26 at the Cafeteria at the Universalist church, service from 11:30 to 2—Advertisement—apr. 23.

As the World Wags:

Inasmuch as Coffin Pitts, the colored Brattle street clothes cleaner, bore distinguished New England names, he may have been descended from a slave in some well-to-do Massachusetts family. As he appears to have lived into the 1870's, there should be at the city registrar's office a record of his death, giving age, birthplace and parents' names.

The names furnished by "F. R. R." of negro clothiers in Boston are of interest, especially to me "Jonas Clark," which was the name of a great-uncle of mine, a resident of Waltham, also, of course, of the noted Lexington minister, who was my great-grandfather's first cousin.

J. C. L. C.

Lancaster.

As the World Wags:

There's a chap here who is a bit given to trying to create the impression that he is of the literati. The other day he said: "You know, I was educated at Princeton." Fred Allen spoke up quietly: "You ought to sue 'em."

JAZBO.

Mr. Bliss Perry, forgetting for a time Ralph Waldo Emerson's Journals from which he made extracts so that the less intrepid would not feel obliged to take the chaff with the wheat; forgetting his pleasant duty of pointing out the glories of English literature to attentive classes; forgetting, but surely only for a moment W. W. Putnam, of whom he is still the most discerning, discriminating and truly sympathetic biographer; this versatile and accomplished Bliss Perry has written essays

on the venerable and noble art of fishing. His volume of 100 pages, entitled "Pools and Ripples," is published by Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Perry begins with an "Apology." The book does not need it, but the reader will be thankful for it. The author asks forgiveness for allowing a photograph of himself to be used as a frontispiece. For he has been prejudiced, and is prejudiced, against fishermen "who stop to pose for their picture when they might at least be trying to land another fish"; and in the essay "Fishing with a Worm"—it was published in the Atlantic in 1904—he wrote, "There are some fishermen who always fish as if they were being photographed." But Mr. Perry had not the remotest idea that he was being snapped by the camera of a fellow angler. He also apologizes for having referred in another essay to an Italian fisherman in Cape Breton as a "boot-legger," and a "Dago." This fisherman informed him that he is not a boot-legger, but a wine merchant. Now Mr. Perry used the word "Dago" affectionately. Not to wound his friend's feeling he has substituted in this essay, "Fishing with a Fly"—published in the Atlantic two years ago, the phrase, "Countryman of Saint Francis, Savonarola and Mussolini." The third essay is entitled "Revisiting a River." "Fishing with a Worm," published long ago as a tiny book, survived several editions. Mr. Perry says that by some enthusiastic anglers it is regarded as a "classic"—"but I fear that their notion of a classic is a short treatise, bearing a well-known title, and very rarely read."

We believe that a fisherman is born not made; that no practice will make a beginner proficient in the art. That will not prevent those who are invincibly ignorant from enjoying Mr. Perry's enthusiasm, advice and delightful humor. He recognizes the fact that the finest equipment (rod, flies, reel) does not necessarily give skill or good fortune. One thus rejoicing in his superior outfit may whip a stream in vain, while a countryman with a rude pole and your common worm will quickly fill his basket.

And so in our little village in the sixties, a boy born in the purple, might have an expensive sled sumptuously cushioned, gorgeously painted, but sliding down Round hill, some sled, a rattle-trap affair, shabby, disgraceful, would quickly pass young Croesus, while the ragamuffin would yell in triumph and derision.

Fishing with a worm. That was one of the reasons that led Leigh Hunt to inveigh against old Walton's cruelty. What is to be thought of a man who recommended impaling "a certain worm twice upon the hook, because it is lively, and might get off"? And Hunt likened Walton's face, hard, angular, expressionless, to a fish. One might have said to him, "Oh! flesh, how art thou fishified!" "He looks like a pike, dressed in broadcloth instead of butter." Yet Mr. Perry, not mentioning Leigh Hunt, for whom, no doubt he entertains the contempt of every fellow fisherman, speaks of "honest Walton." No doubt, Forquemedra was also an honest fellow in his day and generation. And Mr. Perry finds Walton's list of possible worms "impressive, and his directions for placing them upon the hook have the placid completeness that belonged to his character." So there were in all probability careful directions for placing heretics upon the gridiron.

Speaking of worms for bait, did Mr. Perry ever see them cooked to lure large fish by the scent? The ancients would do this. The old Egyptians used scraps of meat, dough, even bits of fish. We read in the "Book of the Dead": "I have not caught fish with bait made of fish of their kind." One does not like to think of little fishes as cannibalistic.

And is the first mention of an angler's fly to be found in an epigram of Martial's? Was it anything like a Black Dose, a Jock Scott, or a Silver Doctor, all mentioned by Mr. Perry.

Let no one think that Mr. Perry, in the woods, or wading in a stream, thinks only of fish, sees only fish, hooked or escaping. He is on friendly terms with nature; he enjoys the talk of guides; he is now a moralist, now a philosopher. He studies human nature as shown in the jaunty angler from the city, the lucky or the pretentious amateur, the native woodsman, the loggers, "the tall, lean guide who had poled his 'log' alone 29 miles up river in five hours and a half." Mr. Perry, looking at a huge glacial boulder, remarked to an old guide:

"John, that rock has been there a long time."

"Yes, sir," said John confidently; "I don't see that that rock has changed any in the 50 years that I've known it."

If these guides are weather-wise, versed in knowledge of trees, they know birds and flowers only as a child knows

them, to them schist and granite are just schist and granite. They believe in "forerunners." Three were playing cards one night in Mr. Perry's cabin. They heard Sandy W.'s step on the porch. "Hullo, Sandy," they said, not looking up from the cards. When they dropped them, there was no one on the porch at all. Sandy had died that night in Boston. Donald, one bitter night, heard a call, "Help!" in the woods above a mine. Though it was 30 below zero, he climbed a hill. "And there there was just nothing." Returning he heard the cry again. He went back, and again there was nothing. The next day he learned that a friend of his had frozen to death the night before on top of his load of logs, some 20 miles from the mine.

There are "blood-stoppers" who have the power of causing the blood from an injury to cease flowing. This secret can be passed from a man to a woman, or from a woman to a man, but only one person in a family can exercise it in a generation. The blood-stopper, as near the wounded man as possible, whispers "Bible words." The blood instantly stops flowing. But if there is running water between the stopper and the wounded, the charm fails.

There are other things in the woods than fish; other things to be studied than the art of catching them.

SWAN BOATS AND SAILORS

As the World Wags:

When the pursued pedestrian is weary of the hurry-scurry of the streets, and artful dodging of "right and left hand" turning automobiles, he may find rest in the Public Garden under a tree, on a bench, considering the tulips and the swanboats. It is mental soothing-syrup to watch the slow, deliberate progress of the gliding float packed with happy children (and others). How restful to be a swanboat pusher!

But where are the sailor togs of yester-year? A picturesque part of something peculiar to Boston's one peaceful retreat. If the late, cold spring brings too few dimes to the concessionaire's purse, I will gladly contribute \$5 to complete the picture.

M. K. J. B.

CONTINUING PLAYS

Colonial—"Criss-Cross," Charles Dillingham's musical production starring Fred and Dorothy Stone. Fifth week.

Majestic—"Pickwick," Frank Reilly's production of Dickens's famous work. Fourth week.

Park—"The Night Hawk," story of rejuvenation of a lady with a past. Carroll McComas is the star. Second week.

Plymouth—Gilbert and Sullivan operas, "The Pirates of Penzance," and "Iolanthe," on alternate evenings. Fifth week.

Wilbur—"Yes, Yes, Yvette," H. Frazee's musical comedy with Donald Brian, Herbert Corthell, Jeanette MacDonald and others. Fifth week.

ST. JAMES Theatre, Keith-Albee Players present "The Little Spitfire," by Myron C. Fagan, in four acts. The cast includes:

Marty Gorman	Jack Westerman
Certrude Gorman	Edith Speare
Gypsy, the Little Spitfire	Ruth Shepley
Frank Gorman	Houston Richards
Jimmy Ralston	Walter Gilbert
Peter Ralston	William Gerald
Mrs. Ralston	Florence Pendleton
Patricia Longworth	Kathleen Wallace
Stanley Markham	Frank Charlton

Though rather stereotyped in plot, "The Little Spitfire" is saved by the bright dialogue and the remarkably fine acting of an especially capable cast. The story revolves around the marriage of a chorus girl to the son of a rich man and the resultant trouble when her erring brother "borrows" the firm's money to participate in a stock pool managed by the villain.

Ruth Shepley as Gypsy Gorman gave a splendid portrayal of the ascending chorine and the other players supported her in pleasing fashion. Houston Richards, as Frank, the erring brother, returns to a pair of first loves, Boston and stock company acting, after several seasons with "Rose-Marie."

Walter Gilbert took the lead as Jimmie Ralston and his performance was in keeping with his usual high grade work. The villainous pair, Kathleen Wallace and Frank Charlton, became favorites by the realistic handling of their roles. Honors, too, should be awarded Jack Westerman, whose delicate understanding of his part and the great manner in which he got it over the footlights, and Edith Speare for the cleverness with which she played her supporting role.

"CONVOY," IN FILM, AT METROPOLITAN

"Convoy" is the film at the Metropolitan Theatre this week, a Robert Kane production, adapted from John Taintor Foote's novel "The Song of the Dragon"; scenario by Willis Golbeck; directed by Joseph C. Boyle with the following cast:

Ernest Drake	Lowell Sherman
John Dodge	Dorothy Mackall
John Dore	William Collier, Jr.
John Weyeth	Lawrence Gray
Smith	Ian Keith
Mrs. Weyeth	Gail Kane

Here is a reminder that we had a war a few short years ago. "Convoy" is a combination of thrilling scenes of actual naval exploits taken during the world war, and a melodramatic tale of secret service woven none too carefully into the sturdy loom of this photo-play.

The scenes taken from the navy's film archives cannot be mistaken. They steal back with persuasive reality. There is a sombre chill in the early morning loading of troops on the transports, the edging of the big boats, papered and lined with khaki-clad atoms, away from the pier and out to sea.

The freedom the director has used in striving for his story values can be easily excused when the following exciting episodes are shown. A destroyer lashing into the sea in the wake of a submarine that had raised its wary eye for a minute. Depth bombs placed at intervals and the sea curling up into a foaming path marking the boat's effective trip. There is another remarkable sequence showing an enemy battleship gradually sinking from view with her men dropping from her sides like ants. When she wallows and turns completely over other men are seen running across her helpless bulk and when she finally disappears from view there is a swarm of bobbing heads left in the water.

The narrative of this production is weak. It concerns an American girl (Dorothy Mackall) whose brother (William Collier, Jr.), and fiancé (Lawrence Gray), enlist in the navy. Her own patriotic work is neatly cut out for her by the secret service which enlists her services to help trap a German spy (Lowell Sherman). She accomplishes this but forfeits her good name and is even cast out of the Red Cross workrooms as she bends industriously over a sewing machine.

Having been intelligent enough to capture a spy she rushes for some unknown reason to the gates of a naval station and stops all returning gobs to get information about her brother and fiancé. Her actions are misinterpreted by a policeman. She is arrested, taken to court and refusing to give her name is sentenced to the workhouse for a year.

The end of the story is more dignified than the maudlin interval just related and an abundance of coughs, sniffs and handkerchiefs testified to its ability to get under the skin of the audience as the returned fiancé lifts the heroine from her brother's coffin and takes her home to her wealthy father and a distinguished service medal.

Lowell Sherman walks off easily with the acting honors. The cast is more than adequate with William Collier, Jr., Lawrence Gray and Gail Kane in support. Ian Keith struggles to make a small part stand out and Dorothy Mackall seems to be bothered with somnambulism.

For Gene Rodemich and his Merry Makers, the stage is given a bit of the colorful slums. The orchestra dons sweaters but does not interfere with the limpid strains of the jazz music, a clever singer, a dancer and Borrah Minnevitich with his harmonica boys.

It is hard to realize that the soul of a symphony orchestra can be emulated with harmonicas, but Borrah Minnevitich, in spite of his clowning, has a deep feeling for music. His performance is remarkable, aided by Gene Rodemich's insidious laughter.

C. M. D.

QUEENIE SMITH DANCES IN 'JUDY'

Tremont—"Judy," John Henry Mears's musical comedy with Queenie Smith and Charles Purcell in return engagement. Played here in January at the Hollis. The cast:

Tom Stanton	George Meeker
Dick Wetherbee	Charles Williams
Harry Danforth	Frank Beaton
Ann's	Dorothy Chase
Babette	Elizabeth Mears
Jack Lethbridge	Charles Purcell
Mrs. Maguire	Lida Kane
John Drummond	Queenie Smith
Lowell Lethbridge	Alice Mackenzie
Nathan Gridley	James Seely
Matthew Lethbridge	John T. Dove

When "Judy" first played in Boston back in January at the Hollis, it was Patti Harrold and Robert Armstrong who handled the leading roles for the greater part of the engagement. Then just about four days prior to their New York opening, Queenie Smith and Charles Purcell stepped into the principal parts, so that Boston has but a brief opportunity to see what new charms they brought to the roles. Meanwhile Mr. Mears decided to establish "Judy" at the Tremont for a summer run, which will give everybody a chance to see the dainty Miss Smith and her co-workers go through their paces.

And very charming and entertaining paces they are. The story isn't much, dealing principally with the trials and sorry tribulations of a misjudged and mistreated little miss whose cruel stepfather turns her out of doors for alleged misconduct. She arrives opportunely in the bachelor quarters of four youths in New York's Greenwich village, and, just like in the fairy tales, is elected to keep house for them. To one of them she gives her heart, but he, the rest of the cast and the audience are kept in ignorance of this until the final curtain, when all ends happily.

Queenie Smith's smart, crisp work is already familiar to Boston audiences. She can be genuinely cute without even remotely approaching the kittenish stage and her sense of comedy is sure and keen. Yes, she performs her famous toe spins and dances in doll-like fashion whenever an agreeable opportunity arises and a word must be said of the marked improvement in her singing voice. Mr. Purcell can always be relied upon to fill a musical comedy hero's role to perfection and his duets with Miss Smith were highly appreciated by last night's audience.

Frank Beaton, an engaging chap, who works spontaneously is another who was a great favorite. He keeps things moving every moment he is on. Elizabeth Mears, Lida Kane, Charles Williams, James Seely and John Dwyer and the rest were all excellent.

The "Judy Joyous Joywalkers" deserve a special paragraph for they represent one of the fastest dancing groups of their kind in these days of exhausting specialty dancing. Several of the solo specialties stopped the show last night. The tunes in "Judy" are the pretty sort. The whole production aims not at pretentiousness but concentrates rather on quality and in its simple, demure, little way, wins out very nicely in the end. The proceeds of last evening's performance went as a well deserved testimonial to Frank Orvitt and William H. Murphy, popular members of the Tremont box office staff.

A. F.

"HEART OF SALOME" AT MODERN, BEACON

"The Princess from Hoboken"
Also Shown at Theatres

"The Heart of Salome," a William Fox production, tops the bill of new photoplays at the Modern and Beacon theatres. The cast comprises Alma Rubens, Walter Pidgeon, Holmes Herbert and Robert Agnew. The associate picture is the modern romantic comedy, "The Princess from Hoboken," with a cast including Edmund Burns, Blanche Mehaffey, Ethel Clayton and Lou Telleghin. News pictures and a short comedy complete the bill.

Intrigue in continental big business circles is the motif in the topliner's story, presenting a young, attractive woman serving as a spy for a financial magnate. In her luxurious home in Paris she receives at her levees business notables, and through her seductions obtains from them secrets which she transmits to her employer. The latter uses them to his advantage, often wrecking his rivals. She thus tricks a young American who, when aware of her treachery, denounces her and seeks her punishment. From this latter effort they are drawn together, and by turns of circumstance hate eventually is turned to love, finally ending in her abandonment of shady pursuits to seek promised righteous happiness.

In the other picture's story a beautiful young waitress is led to assume the guise of a Russian princess, which role she carries off so effectively that comedy runs in hand with pleasing thrills the while a thieving Russian is brought to book. In the process she is won by a young man who captures her heart and hand.

"Slide, Kelly, Slide," featuring William Haines, is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation at the State Theatre this week; written by A. P. Younger; directed by Edward Sedgwick, with the following cast:

Jim Kelly	William Haines
Tom Munson	Sally O'Neill
Tom Munson	Harry Carey
Cliffie Martin	Junior Corbican
Cliffie Martin	Warner Richmond
Cliffie Martin	Karl Dane
Swede Hanson	

Also, Mike Donlin, Irish Meusel, Bob Meusel and Tony Lazzari.

"Slide, Kelly, Slide," is a glorification of the game of baseball with William Haines as a fresh, small town upstart, who blunders and blows his way into the big league. A goodly supply of baseball talent, good sub-titles, well knit and clever story, human beings for actors, and clear, concise directing has made this a good photo play.

There is no dangle of musty tricks in "Slide, Kelly, Slide." The story plunges in and swims briskly to a bright finish. There is no sacrifice of romance, comedy or action, but a nice use of each. You will also see Irish Meusel, Bob Meusel, Tony Lazzari and Mike Donlin, as well as a well filled grand stand on ball day.

The story concerns Jim Kelly (William Haines), who has a very good opinion of himself and his prowess as a baseball pitcher. He plays good baseball, so good, in fact, that he is signed by the Yankees and pitches a no-hit game.

The girl in the case (Sally O'Neill) is the daughter of an old-timer, catcher for the team (Harry Carey). Jim Kelly's saving grace is his affection for a small wail (Junior Coghlan). Karl Dane also adds his bit of life to the party, both as baseball player and pal of the convicted Jim.

When Junior meets with an accident and Jim has the deciding game of the season to pitch, interest does not flag. Every scene contributes to building up a satisfactory climax which in turn bows to a neat ending.

Mr. and Mrs. David Murray contribute two dainty and well staged dances and Tommy Christian's jazz band has captured some blues, the kind that shuffle and rock in their own rhythm.

COPLEY THEATRE

There were few playgoers in the audience which last night greeted the beginning of the 20th week of the engagement of "The Ghost Train" at the Copley Theatre that seemed aware of the fact that two new faces appeared in the cast.

The newcomers are Margaret Mullen, a 17-year-old Arlington high school student, and Gaby Fay, an English beauty. Both players acquitted themselves with distinction. Miss Mullen,

ANN SUTOR LEADS SHOW AT KEITH'S

As vaudeville shows go, Keith's is decidedly "there" this week. At the conclusion of almost every act the applause of the audience was so prolonged that the actors had no other way out than to gracefully bow and express their heartfelt thanks. One girl, Ann Sutor, she with the personality plus, went so far as to get her blushing brother out before the curtain, to play the one piece in his repertoire. And a nice little family scene it made, too.

After the antics of Felix, the cat, the curtain was rung up on a song and dance number in which Irving Gussler perpetrated some old gags for songs, but Rhea Lusby did some extremely graceful toe dancing.

Jack Hanley, who makes the world safe for hokum, was an extremely versatile juggler, who reminded one of a bride getting her first meal and making a round trip of the kitchen with every spoonful. Every time he even moved a tennis ball he made a complete circuit of the stage. He really did some very clever stunts with countless wornout silk hats.

Owen McGivney was billed as the actor who did quick changes of character. Every bit of publicity that was thrown on the screen before he did his bit from "Oliver Twist" was deserved. He not only made some of the quickest changes of character and clothing ever seen but he also did some real acting. When he was Fagin, for instance, not only did he have Fagin's facial characteristics and gestures but he remembered every detail, even to the gnarled old hands of this traitor of thieves.

William Faversham was rather lost in the bromide offering by Edwin Burke, titled "The Sponger." He was assisted by a fashionably lisping man and a harsh-voiced woman. The piece was full of syllogisms, the philosophy of ideas, and blah. Faversham handled his subtle remarks very gracefully, but otherwise the skit was too obvious as to ending to hold the interest.

Ann Sutor, the girl from Dixie; and oh, what a girl. It seems a shame that she should depend on her laughs and her appeal by singing songs just a trifle over the line approved by Boston's literary censors. She has Charlotte Greenwood's gestures, some of Elsie Janis's ability, a very lovely face, and a limited range of songs. If she'd only dance a little more and be her own sweet, unassuming self more often what a long way she could go! Her facial gestures and antics remind one of the funny mirrors in the Pit at Revere. They can do so much to make a beautiful girl look like what she isn't! She was at her ease every moment, even when she was extemporaneously answering the remarks thrown at her from

the opposite sex, the audience won half the battle in the way it did this and she won everyone's when she introduced her brother the aviation service.

Other acts on the bill were: S. Vane with a good voice and an accompanist with laudable tempo and mean ability; Mr and Mrs Harry G. and company; Robey and Gould, an Mulroy, McNece and Ridge

Gloria Swanson Appears in Mystic Photoplay

Five distinct characterizations are enacted by Gloria Swanson in "The Love of Sunya," the feature picture on view at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week. In this mystic film with its countless surprises, Miss Swanson appears as a reincarnated Egyptian girl of long ago, a modern young American flapper, a struggling school teacher, a temperamental prima donna and the wife of a millionaire.

Needless to say, Gloria is seen to advantage in each of the roles. She seems to have lost none of the ability and charm that featured some of her previous works. "The Love of Sunya" is a story of conflicting love and ambition and is filled with mysticism of the seers of ancient Egypt.

Picture of Jazz Age Features Belle Bennett

A fascinating picture of the problems and evils of the jazz age coupled with the emotional power of Belle Bennett, in her greatest picture since "Stella Dallas," is presented in "Mother," now showing at the Scollay Square Olympia and Fenway theatres.

"Mother" was suggested by Kathleen Norris's famous novel.

Crawford Kent heads the supporting cast, and gives an excellent portrayal of the architect who forgets his wife's share in his success. William Bakewell, a youngster of promise, is seen as the wayward son, and Little Joyce Coad, Mabel Julienne Scott, Charlotte Stevens and Sam Allen are cast in splendid roles.

The seven vaudeville acts of the Scollay Square Olympia program included the original Crackerjacks, Will and Gladys Ahern, who prove to be a sensation in their "Spinning Romance"; Wilton and Weber, a pair of comedians in a knockout of an act; Buddy Walker, the 20th century minstrel, does gay melody to everybody's satisfaction; niceties of dancing are explained in action by Basil Lewis with Dorothy Beatty and Alice Wright; jazz and latest song hits by Betty and Jerry Brown; Marie Mang and company present a unique novelty, and Edwards and Morris with their cheery comedy round out the bill.

Jack Mulhall Stars in New Film Comedy

Jack Mulhall is the same cheerful, handsome young man in "See You in Jail," at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre this week that he has been in all his other First National successes. The word debonnaire seems to apply especially to Jack; and Alice Day, the feminine lead, is pretty and can act. Mack Swain, veteran of Charlie Chaplin's comedies, is the chief laugh maker. Joseph Honabery, who made the picture has the comedy spirit and thanks to him and his clever cast the picture goes along at a furious rate with never a dull moment.

The same clean, funny situations that mark all of Mulhall's pictures are here, and the picture bids fair to duplicate the success of "Subway Sadie." Jack is disinclined by his rich father and the need for cash is getting urgent. A group of millionaires have been arrested for speeding and given jail sentences as an example and one of them, Bannister, pays Jack to take his place. Bannister's sister visits Jack to keep up the deception and they fall in love. An inventor also in jail interests the capitalists in his invention and they agree to finance it with Jack as president of the firm. Bannister starts some trouble but his sister smooths it out and on emerging from jail, Jack's father buys the invention.

BOZO'S OWN SHOW OPENS AT GAYETY

Silent Comedian Keeps Audience in Continuous Laughter

may 11 1927

Who would, reading Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," associate any verse of that wondrous poem with Abraham Lincoln's phrase about the ideal government? Yet on page 555 of that extraordinary book, "The Road to Xanadu," by John Livingstone Lowes, one finds Thomas Cooper, who, having written "Some Information Respecting America," a book read by Coleridge, says: "The government is the government of the people and for the people." When Coleridge delivered an address at Bristol, he spoke of "government by the people, government over the people, and government with the people."

We have called "The Road to Xanadu" extraordinary for, apart from the main purpose, which is to show how two poems, "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan," poems of pure imaginative vision, came into being by the working of the conscious and the sub-conscious mind which had absorbed from books and other sources an enormous mass of material; by reading the tales of travelers, naturalists, historians, the theories of philosophers and mystics—in fact what had Coleridge not read? Prof. Lowes says that Coleridge had read everything, but he himself has read more, for he has read Coleridge and apparently all which written later could possibly bear on the subject dear to him. The result is this handsome volume of about 650 pages, published by Houghton Mifflin & Co. The book has been the subject of an editorial article in The Herald, but one may be permitted to illustrate the nature of these pages by showing the manner in which the author worked. And it may here be said that he presents his evidence in a luminous, fascinating way, at times with true eloquence, at times with winning humor. Few authors have shown amazing erudition with so marked a lack of self-consciousness and absence of parade. If one should not be especially interested in the author's theory; be indifferent to the question how far Coleridge's imagination was affected by opium; even if one should fail to appreciate the wild fancy and the haunting rhythm of the poet, there remains "a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore."

It would seem that the author had traced to their sources the poet's descriptions, characterizations, allusions, comparisons, even use of certain words, and this with a wealth of detail. Musicians, for example, have smiled at the Wedding Guest hearing the "loud" bassoon, for loudness is not the distinguishing characteristic of that instrument. An intimate friend of Coleridge's, interested in a church choir, wrote to one Dr. Langford for "the bassoon and the music" that had been promised, from which it is concluded that the instrument which caused the Wedding Guest to beat his breast, and incidentally struck out of the voyage the tretch from the Equator to the Cape, sounded first in the church at Nether Stowey. "Now like a lonely flute," Coleridge at the ruined castle at Denbigh had heard, as he was "feeding upon melancholy" in the moonlight, a young man playing the flute, playing "sadly pleasing tunes."

Coleridge had read greedily the Neoplatonists, and with them recognized the powerful order of daemons (who were not the same as demons) in the hierarchy of being. And so in the "Ancient Mariner" the albatross became the efficient, if belated, champion of a fully accredited Neoplatonic daemon, for, according to Michael Psellus, an author read by the poet, daemons of the water sometimes took the form of birds. Here Prof. Lowes has much to say about the albatross. Shot by the Ancient Mariner, becoming an emblem, the bird leads our author into an inquiry as to the "mark of Cain," as the Ancient Mariner himself inspires pages about the Wandering Jew, while the bird brings consideration of the Flying Dutchman.

To show the wide range of the author's investigations, he notes that as he was "writing on Jan. 13, 1922, a play, "The Wandering Jew," was being performed at a theatre in Boston. And what does he not tell us about the albatross, its color, size, its following of ships, cases of shooting it, the superstition that these birds harbor the departed souls of old India sea captains. He quotes the "superb apotheosis" of the bird in "Moby Dick." He might have added the lines addressed to Ligia by Poe:

Oh, is it thy will
On the breezes to toss?
Or capriciously still,
Like the lone albatross?

Lines that were mocked by "John Phoenix," who, disbelieving Poe's footnote "The Albatross is said to sleep on the wing," remarked that this fact never occurred to Poe until he became em-

passioned by that unfortunate word "toss" and was obliged to bring in either a "hoss" or an "albatross"; preferring the latter as the more poetical, he invented the extraordinary fact to explain its appearance. There might also have been an allusion to Gustave Dore's marvellous picture of the shooting of the bird.

Coleridge in his first version wrote of the sun as going down, "broad as a weft" into the sea. We have eight pages in explanation of this "term of battle and distress and pursuit and capture on the sea . . . a word to grow rhapsodical about, for half the danger and the daring of the sea is latent in it."

Is there a more striking instance of the strange processes of literary creation than Coleridge's little manuscript notebook now in the British Museum? a book of incalculable value, "not only for the understanding of Coleridge, but also as a document in the psychology of genius, and as a key to the secrets of art in the making." Truly a strange medley of notes, "strange and fantastic shapes which haunted the hinterland of Coleridge's brain . . . what the teeming chaos gives us is the charged and electrical atmospheric background of a poet's mind." These notes "rained their secret influence on nearly everything that Coleridge wrote in his creative mind."

"The Ancient Mariner" has swept within its assimilating influence a bewildering diversity of facts in which contemporary interest was active. The facts are forgotten, and the poem stays. . . . If we are rifling the urns where the dead bones of fact have long quietly rested, it is because the unquenchable spirit which gives beauty for ashes is there not wholly past finding out."

In a long sentence which reminds one of Hazlitt's gorgeous description of Coleridge, Prof. Lowes describes the road which will be traveled by the reader as leading through half the lands and all the seven seas of the globe. On the way will be met "as strange a concourse as ever haunted the slopes of Parnassus"—alligators, albatrosses, auroras and Antichthones, Dioclesion, King of Syria, and the daemons of the elements; meteors and the Old Man of the Mountain, and stars behind the moon; swoons and spectres and slimy seas; haloes and hurricanes, lightnings and Laplanders.

And in this book one will learn of the Abyssinian maid singing of Mt. Abora; of Alph, the sacred river, the caves of ice, the gardens enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

Would that Prof. Lowes would find "in what distant deeps or skies" lurks the secret of "Christabel"; but those tracts from which that poem rose "are off the road which leads to 'The Ancient Mariner' and 'Kubla Khan.'"

may 12 1927

To the great majority of playgoers of this city Pirandello is only a name. Of his plays, "Six Characters in Search of an Author" is known to some, but it is doubtful if "Henry IV," "Right You Are!" "Each in His Own Way," "The Pleasure of Honesty" and "Naked" will be performed here for some time, if at all. These plays might easily perplex a local audience; they might possibly offend it, for our audiences are not quick to appreciate that which is original or subtle in the treatment of character: those dwelling within a New England horizon might say that the men and women put on the stage by this Sicilian are wholly fantastical, impossible.

Yet to many these plays make interesting reading. With Pirandello's novel "Shoot!" and the elaborate study by Dr. Walter Starke of his life and works, they have been published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Shoot!" translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff from the Italian "Si Gira," is a story of cinema life, purporting to be from the notebooks of Serafino Gubbio, a cinematograph operator; but anyone expecting to read a story of life as it is led at Hollywood will be disappointed. The cameraman is of a philosophic turn of mind, a philosopher of the Pirandello school. He sees that through the enormous popularity of the cinema, in Italy, actors, if they would not starve, are compelled to stand before the camera. They rebel against the drudgery; they hate it, "because they see themselves withdrawn from that direct communion with the public from which in the past they derived their richest reward, their greatest satisfaction: that of seeing, of hearing from the stage, in a theatre, an eager, anxious multitude follow their live action, stirred with emotion, . . . they feel that they are slaves to this strident machine, which suggests on its knock-kneed tripod, a huge spider

watching for its prey, a spider that sucks in and absorbs their live reality to render it up an evanescent, momentary appearance, the play of a mechanical illusion in the eyes of the public." For them there is no "first night." They do not see their audience. From this it may be inferred that these Italian actors are more sensitive and of a higher mentality than the screen heroes and spoiled darlings of our American cinema theatres.

In this novel, as in these published plays, the attitude of Pirandello is that of his Gubbio, one of "detachment." He is as one sitting on a fence watching a pageant of tragi-comedy go by. Or as Mr. Ernest Boyd has put it, the story is a variation on the author's obsessing theme, "the disintegration of character." Here is a philosophical melodrama: An actress is loved in an ideal way by a young artist. His sister is betrothed to a count, who visits the actress with the purpose of breaking off her connection with his future brother-in-law, but Count Nuti also becomes enamored of her. The artist kills himself; the sister leaves the world for the church. Nuti, believing that there is a bond of blood, follows the Nestoroff to her studio. She has taken for lover a brute of a man whom she despises, thinking thus to work out her expiation. Nuti scares this lover into allowing him to take his part in a tiger-killing scene. The tiger leaps towards him, and kills him, but as the tiger springs, Nuti shoots the woman. Gubbio, continuing to work, horrified, is made speechless; but his fortune is made: "In the sense that I give to my profession I intend to go on as I am—alone, mute and impassive—being the operator."

Other characters are introduced, the young girl who plays for the first time; her weak father and chattering, noisy mother, all living hopeless lives, unable to revolt. Gubbio, observing them, trying to be impassive, cannot help being interested, and asks, why should they revolt, for while they needlessly torture themselves, they might live in peace and comfort.

The novel contains as an appendix a bibliography of Pirandello's published works (1889-1926).

Dr. Starke's "Pirandello" also contains a bibliographic appendix, but, as he admits, his book is not a biographical study; it is a "personal attempt to reconstruct his (Pirandello's) literary personality from the mass of published works," many of which, as has been said, are modern variations on the same theme. The first 40 pages treat of contemporary Italian literature, the ethics of futurism, grotesques in the theatre. Dr. Starke regards as the symbol of Pirandello's literary personality the motto of one of his works: "I see, as it were, a labyrinth where our soul wanders through countless, conflicting paths, without ever finding a way out. In this labyrinth I see a two-headed Hermes which with one face laughs and with the other weeps; it laughs with one face at the other face weeping." And so "in the inextricable maze of contemporary life his soul wanders ceaselessly, changing, chameleon-like, from weeping sadness to strident laughter."

Take for example the play "Naked" ("Vestire gli ignudi") which has provoked much comment in London and New York. What is the true, real personality of the incomprehensible governor Ersilia? When does she lie; when does she tell the truth? Has she three personalities? If so, which is the one she would have the world regard as her true one? She says she has never "been anyone," but she wants to "be"—perhaps a wife instead of a mistress; at any rate, one to be desired; perhaps only the subject of a reporter's sensational story. The play is one of singular complexity, yet Pirandello follows Benavente's maxim: "Everything that is of importance to the proper understanding of a play must be repeated at least three times during the course of the action. The first time half the audience will understand it; the second time the other half will understand it. Only at the third repetition may we be sure that everybody understands it, except, of course, deaf persons and some critics." In "Naked" one finds Pirandello again maintaining that man is not what he seems; in everyone there are many persons each differing from the other.

Or take the play in which a rich Roman young gentleman dressed himself as Henry IV, the Emperor of Germany in the 11th century, for a historical pageant. As the result of a fall, he becomes insane, he believes he is really the emperor. His friends let him live in his palatial house; servants are drilled to keep up the illusion. Twelve years pass, and he is in his right senses; but his loved one has gone away with a hated rival, so he continues his madness, now conscious. The tragic development and ending, a masquerade that leads to his

murdering Belcredi, make the play of overpowering interest. Here is the creation of a character "from a greater store of emotion" than is found in other pieces by this "impassive" observer.

Dr. Starke analyzes at great length the novels, short stories and plays of this voluminous writer, who, as a dramatist, has exercised so great an influence on the European theatre. There are some who find his "philosophy" limited, if it be a philosophy at all. One may ask if his vogue is now not so great as it was when his plays seemed a revolutionary revelation; but his art should be studied by all interested in the theatre. For this study Dr. Starke's book is indispensable.

HOLYCROSSPLAYERS

Present "Cyrano de Bergerac"

McCaffrey Stars in Title Role

Boston Opera House—"Cyrano de Bergerac," presented by the Dramatic Association of Holy Cross College.

The curtain rose last night on a pale Hotel Bourgoyne, a shadow of the glory that was Hampden's. Memory marred the opening scene of the play, but it had in addition no being of its own. Only with the entrance of Cyrano did it quicken into the glowing life given it by the pen of Rostand. Mr. Edward J. McCaffrey, Jr., spoke the moving lines of de Bergerac with intelligence and spirit. When he held the stage alone, we were back in the days of the mus-

keteers, when every Gascon was brave, and a baron to boot.

In fact, we were in quite a state over the duel scene, when nervous gestures betrayed the horrid fact that not only was Cyrano composing a ballade and fighting a duel, but in addition was trying to re-anchor his splendid nose. Cyrano's nose, as one might say the cornerstones of the play, was slipping, and as the foils dropped so did the nose. "That protuberance that marches on before me, half an hour ahead" quite got away. The property department didn't do right by Mr. McCaffrey. But a friendly and well-mannered audience unloosed fewer giggles than are usually evoked by a beautiful emotional scene, and the play went on.

A "Cyrano de Bergerac" with shaky balconies and harsh moonlight has rather a hard time. To give the swagging illusion of a romantic period without sufficient setting, unusually good actors are needed. In tribute to Mr. McCaffrey, he made his Cyrano real, a noble gentleman, a figure of pathos. "I adore Beatrice. Have I the look of Dante?" He lived the tragedy of his ugliness.

Mr. Frank X. Walsh was a pretty Roxanne, and looked extremely well in white and gold, and a lavender felt hat, but Roxanne shouldn't say "Reelly" should she, really? Reelly spoiled some very romantic moments.

The supporting company was of course so—so, and brought up the ever-green question "Why are amateur dramatics?" Answer, on page 81—They stimulate interest in the old alma mater. Bright college years cast a veil over defects in acting and fill a theatre. It is the same complex that sets our graduates to laughing diligently over the undergraduate humorous weekly.

R. H. G.

may 13 1927

Every year comes the report from London or Paris that there will be a reform in men's dress; that men will don raiment of gorgeous hue, waistcoats that will surpass in glory the waistcoats of Bath-House John—rest his sweet soul in peace!—which recalled Venetian sunsets, omelettes of Mont Saint Michel, squashed red ripe tomatoes, the Aurora borealis, the dying dolphin and the kaleidoscope; coats of purple, lace, gold buckles, hats with stately plumes. But what comes of it all? Talk, idle talk.

Yet some years ago a philanthropist, all in green, sporting even green spats, was arrested in London for showering coins in Fleet street. Had he heard of Pea-Green Haynes, who enjoyed life in the days of the regency? He always wore green trousers, a green frock coat, a green waistcoat and a green cravat. His watch-chain bore green seals, and in his hand was a green silk handkerchief. Abhorring meat, he lived on green fruit and vegetables. His rooms were painted green, and were furnished with a green sofa, green chairs, green tables, a green bed and green curtains.

And what was the end of this admirable person? We regret to say that he jumped off a cliff at Brighton, hoping

to kill himself, and was sent to a mad-house. Did he there, like Falstaff, babble of green fields?

PRINTS ACROSS THE SEA

(A criminal's finger prints have been transmitted in code across the Atlantic.)
Risks of bad men now remind us
We should shun a life of crime,
Lest we, scotching, leave behind us
Thumb prints that may lead to "time."

Finger prints by which another
In Saskatchewan or Maine,
Codes to get us in a bother
In the Hebrides or Spain.

Trust no fortune evanescent
Lest its making fatal proves,
If you're bound to snatch a present,
First purloin a pair of gloves.

A. W.

As the World Wags:

I want to thank all the kind folk who so unexpectedly sprang to my aid when I was seeking information concerning a certain Coffin Pitts. They may be sure that when I walk before the door where Uncle Barry tarried and the bride saw the singular name I shall have a thrill, and also a sense of deep gratification that my quest has been successful.

Who knows but what Coffin had been cleaning up great-uncle's Quaker coat? This seems to complete the picture. D. J. O'C's facetious reply is appreciated. Thanks to everybody.

J. C. T.

DEACON PITTS

No, we cannot escape from Coffin Pitts. He is with us in the day time; he haunts us in the night watches.

As the World Wags:

A circumstance in connection with the colored Bostonian who had the queer name, Coffin Pitts, is related by Richard H. Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast," in his autobiography, under date of May 24, 1854, when he chronicles the arrest by a local deputy United States marshal of Anthony Burns, the last escaped slave ever sent back from Massachusetts to his master in the South.

Mr. Dana states that Burns was arrested on Court street, near the head of Brattle street, soon after 6 o'clock in the evening, and that he had been working, since his arrival in Boston two years earlier, for Coffin Pitts at his clothing store in Brattle street.

Another diarist, I forget who, states that the deputy marshal had been watching outside the clothing store for some time for Burns to leave after his day's work, and that for some reason the marshal, when Burns came out, deferred the arrest till the fugitive had been followed up Brattle street and into Court street.

Pitts, as a deacon in the African Church on Beacon Hill, was allowed by the judge who sent Burns back to slavery to accompany the Rev. Mr. Grimes, minister of that church, and Wendell Phillips, to confer with the fugitive slave in the room in which he was confined in the top of the old court house, Court square, whence a mob tried to rescue him on May 27.

Grimes and Pitts were, during the nine days between the arrest of Burns and his removal from this city, under military escort of 1800 men, in closer touch with him than any other individuals save his counsel, R. H. Dana.

A. A. J.

ADD "HARDY ANNUALS"

As the World Wags:

I wonder if Mr. Herkimer Johnson has ever turned the dazzling light of his intellect upon the interesting subject of the recurring cycle of jokes and stories; their rise, fall and resurrection. It would make a fascinating study for his immortal, but delayed, monograph.

In "As the World Wags" a few days ago, was an excerpt from the Daily Chronicle showing how a bridge player, by a careless remark about taxation, informed every one that he had the ace of spades.

In the early '70s, I think it was, Punch had a similar yarn, wherein a whilst player on looking over his hand, meditatively remarks, "I wonder why—? Oh, yes, the duty on cards is tuppence!" thereby conveying the same information to his hearers.

I once heard, at a friend's dinner table, a story of a fraud perpetrated upon the Paris branch of Tiffany's, which was said to have occurred "recently," and was vouched for by a friend of the narrator, who had told it to her the day before.

It was a shrewd trick by which the crook (a woman) with the innocent assistance of an American dentist, obtained a valuable pearl necklace and escaped.

An exactly similar trick is related in the "Arabian Nights" in the "Tale of Dallah the Willy and her daughter, Zaynab the Cheat," the characters being a donkey boy and a barber surgeon. The setting is different and hardly suited for narration at a modern dinner table, but the method by which the crook, in this case also a woman, escapes capture by the innocent aid of a barber surgeon, who performs an operation on the donkey boy, is the same as in the later story.

I dare say many other stories have their cycles recurring at regular intervals. I offer this idea free of charge to Mr. Johnson.

XENES.

The operation performed by the barber on the donkey-boy was the pulling out of two grinders and the cauterizing him twice on either temple. We fail to see why this story of extracting teeth and branding could not be told at any dinner or tea table. It is true that Lorne omitted this joyous tale of the accomplished female sharper in his edition of "The Arabian Nights" but he was singularly prudish. Read the whole story in Burton's version, where the title runs: "The Rogueries of Dallah the Crafty and her daughter Zaynab the Coney Catcher." Were the two severely punished at the end? No. The Caliph, having given the boy 100 dinars, lodged Dallah as portress in a khan of three stories and put her in charge of the 40 pigeons that carried the royal messages, the 40 slaves that stood guard and the 40 dogs that watched over the place by night. Thus was brilliant knavery rewarded in Baghdad in the glorious days of Harun al-Rashid.—Ed.

May 14 1927

The humorous poems now publishing in The Boston Herald please many readers. It is to be regretted that in the choice, Edward Lear's "Akond" of Swat was preferred to George T. Lanigan's "Threnody" published in the N. Y. World when it was announced that the ruler of a remote Eastern principality had died on January 22, 1876. Lanigan's lamentation is by far the wittier. We quote the first two verses of the five:

"What, what, what—
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med—
Itteranean—he's dead
The Ahkoond is dead.

"For the Ahkoond I mourn,
Who wouldn't
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoondn't.

"Dead, dead, dead!
Sorrow Swats!
Swats wha hae w' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be,
Sorrow Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water:
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats the matter!

It was a pleasure to find that "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl" was not overlooked. Marie Dressler used to sing the song in "Tillie's Nightmare," a show that was most successful, although it seemed a failure after the opening in Albany, N. Y. Miss Dressler was not daunted; she believed in the book and rewrote it. As she says in her amusing memoirs, "The Ugly Duckling": "When we opened again in Kansas City, it was a howling hit." As Tillie, she had many good lines, good as she delivered them. "Ma hasn't been out of the kitchen except to go to bed for 10 years. She did get outdoors once—to a funeral—but she smelled so of fried onions she spoiled everybody's pleasure."

"The champagne never touched me. It went right in and turned around and came right out again."

As the World Wags:

The individual seeking to master the intricacies of operating a motor car in the traffic of Boston is handed a pamphlet entitled, "Things that every owner and operator of motor vehicles should know." On page five of this very interesting booklet is this rule:

"The best way to prepare to observe this law is to slow down as you approach every intersection, then keep your eye on the right. It is a good idea also to keep your eye on the left."

Now, which eye shall I use in obeying this rule?

Will it get crossed?
Will my great-grandchildren have their eye on the right or the left side of the head?

Is the man who made this rule any relation to the man who made the famous Kansas railroad train rule?

GORDON E. GATES.

As the World Wags:

I hasten to nominate for your Hall of Fame the Rev. E. P. Waltz of Baker, Ore. Perhaps he is an uncle of the late lamented Elmer Gantry, D. D., who is now mourned by hundreds in your city. Idaho.

EASTERN ESAU.

As the World Wags:

Can any one tell me in what number of the Atlantic is a remarkably charming story about a kitten and a dog, named respectively the Marchioness and Dick Swiveller? The story was printed in the Contributors' Club, and, I think, in a year between 1880 and 1900.

M. E. B.

SING US THE OLD SONGS

H. L., last Monday, wished a copy of the old song beginning:

"Father and I and Uncle Sam
We built a boat the shape of a clam,
Down side of Nantucket P'int,
P'int, P'int, P'int,
Down side of Nantucket P'int."

He wrote that when he was very young an old fisherman of the Cape sang the song to him.

How prompt, how obliging, how well informed are our readers!

W. M. T. says that the following version goes back to 1840, at least:

"Uncle Josiah and his man Sam
Built them a boat in the shape of a clam

On the back side of Nantucket P'int,
But in bringing her round

They broke a jib-boom and run her aground.

On the back side of Nantucket P'int.
Then Uncle Josiah he waded ashore

And swore he never'd build boats any more

On the back side of Nantucket P'int."

G. C. W. sends five verses which were published in the Sun (New York) on Nov. 5, 1911. We give the first, and regret that the length of the poem prevents publication in full:

"Uncle Josiah and our Sam
Built 'em a sloop in the shape of a clam.

On the back side of Sankety P'int.
They plunked her up both tight and staunch;

And when she was done and ready to launch,
Says Uncle Josiah, says he, "Sam,

come,
You go up town for a runlet of rum

For the back side of Sankety P'int."

In this version the women all ran to the launching:
"There was Aunt Keziah and Sally

Pease,
And Tabitha Bunker and Abigail Keyes,

And Nancy, and Sally, and Prudy and Sue,

And a vast many others that none could outdo.

There is no breaking of the jib-boom, but uncle "put up her helm to wear her around. And when she jibed over she stuck hard aground."

CHILDURN'S BED TIME STORRIE

By SNOWSHOE AL.

An' now my deer little readers, I shall tell yew (hic) about Samuel Squirrel's visit to a fruit store. The fruit store, uv course, wuz owned (hic) by a Guinea Pig. Samuel walked into the dump (hic) an' sez: "Antonio, I wanta buy sum kokonut milk." "Kum around later," sez Antonio, as he turned an' slapped a banana in the face for being too fresh, "we no milka da kokonuts till 5 o'clock." At this moment there wuz a helluva argument in the front window. It seems as how an orange (hic) told a lemon that his (the lemon's) acid taste wuz probably due to the fact that he had stunkin' trouble. It ended up by the lemon shedding (hic) bitter tears all over the dump. Jist then sum college boys rushed by hollerin' "hey, hey!" an' he kokonuts squirmed around kinda rungrly (hic) an' begun tuh yell "Moo!" "Well," sez Antonio, "It must be close to 5 o'clock, so we will now back a kokonut into a stall an' milk the dam thing." However, my deer little readers, wud yew believe it—the kokonut (hic) wud not (hic) stand still—hic—hic—hic—hic—

(At this moment everything in the author's room became dark. The doctor claims that the gin was made uv wood alcohol.)

May 16 1927

In that curious Note Book of Cole-ridge's described at length, with many extracts, by Prof. Lowes in his "Road to Xanadu" is this recipe for an amazing drink:

"Six gallons of water, 12 pounds of sugar, half a pound of ginger, 18 lemons. Ginger to be sliced, lemon to be peeled, the sugar and water to be boiled together, and the scum viz.: the monarchical part must go to pot, and out of the pot. Then put in the ginger with the peels of the lemons, and let the whole be boiled together gently for half an hour. When cold, put in the lemon juice strained etc. Then let the sum total be put in the barrel with three

spoonfuls (sic) of yeast. Let it wait three days (Sundays excepted) and then put in a gallon of barrel (sic) Close up the barrel. Nota bene. You may do it legally the Habeas Corpus act being suspended. Let it remain a fortnight, then bottle it. The wine not to be used even in warm weather till three weeks after bottling, in winter not till after a month."

"A gallon of barrel." Barrel of what?

CISTERN OF PUNCH

This drink should have been served in "Nimrod's" punch bowl. The bowl is still standing in the entrance hall of the old mansion known as Erddig (or Erthig) hall, and has long been known as a "cistern" and used as a punch bowl. It is of Carrara marble, standing about two feet high. The bowl measures at the brim about 3 feet 6 inches by 2 feet 6 inches. In W. B. Phillips's "My Life and Times," there is allusion to articles contributed by Nimrod to Frazer's Magazine. A reviewer, commenting on the sporting life of the years in which Nimrod flourished, says: "When the eldest son of a neighboring house came of age a remarkably handsome cistern, holding, I may say, at least 20 gallons, was filled with exquisitely made punch, of which Nimrod, though he appears to have been a schoolboy, drank so much that he had to be put to bed in the house."

The word "cistern" was applied in the 17th and 18th centuries to a large vessel or basin, often richly ornamented, for use at the dinner table. Pepys saw one of copper, "very pretty," priced at £6 or £7. In 1695 a silver cistern worth above £700, belonging to the Princess of Denmark, was stolen from Berkeley House. In 1884 a cistern of Palissy brought 1050 guineas at auction. Macaulay noted in his "History of England" that "a cistern containing 120 gallons of punch was emptied to His Majesty's health."

PREPARE TO MEET YOUR UNDERTAKER

We are invited by an advertisement published in Cincinnati to send our waist measure, collar measure, sleeve length from shoulder to wrist, etc., for a neat suit of clothes.

"Have the burial habit made now and put it aside with necessary instructions to family or friends."

This invitation is extended to us through A. W. W. of Portland, Me.

ODDITY

To me it has ever seemed somewhat strange

And a paradox dainty, perchance,
That the task of mending a kitchen range

Should baffle a veteran ex France.

An infantry soldier, to poise a small pun,

Should never be anger-begulled

At a wifely proposal, to walk with his son

And otherwise help with his child.

There's little or nothing, I'd think, to the task

Of hanging out garments to air

And a man who has worked stringing wire by night

Can surely paint one wooden chair.

Who has married a hero will learn all too soon,

Though to war times and service she's partial,

That the war-note oftentimes plays a fire-side tune,

But the "service" was principally martial.

HELENE R. B.

THE NEW MYTHOLOGY

A young man graduated from a school of journalism and when he applied to the managing editor of a large newspaper and presented his credentials the man, ed. said, "Splendid! I'll put you at the head of a department. I wish more of our men had been to journalism schools."

GEORGE THE RED MAN.

As the World Wags:

A friend, fresh from New York, tells of the latest Long Island invention. As a married couple retires for the night, a little metal flag—similar to that used on a taximeter—pops up at the head of the bed. It reads:

"This Husband Insured by National Protective Association."

THE OLD COLONEL.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

(From Capt. Charles Johnson's General History of Pirates.)

"So our hero, Captain Teach, assumed the cognomen of Blackbeard from that large quantity of hair, which like a frightful meteor, covered his whole face and frightened America more than any comet that has appeared there a long time. This beard was black which he suffered to grow on an

May 15 1927

Suppose that the "Pirates of Penzance" and "Iolanthe" were performed with scrupulous obedience to the old Savoy traditions, without the interpolation of any gag or modern topical allusion, would fidelity to text be simply rewarded, or is it necessary to introduce comic policemen instead of the old serious-minded men of the earlier performances, who though afraid, did not indulge in slap-stick demonstrations of cowardice? Is it necessary to "freshen" the old operettas for modern consumption?

Liberties have been taken with Gilbert's texts even at the Savoy, the old and present home of the operettas. Take "Patience," for example. Mr. Harold Baker of Birmingham, (Eng.), wrote to the Observer last month that in the duet of Bunthorne and Grosvenor—"A most intense young man," Grosvenor no longer sings 'a three-penny bus young man,' but a two-penny cube young man." "I believe a 'Howell and James young man, a Sewell and Cross young man,' and a 'Greenery-gallery, Grosvenor gallery' have had to be brought up to date." In "Iolanthe," Mr. Baker says "The Fairy Queen now tells Stephen that he shall go into Parliament as a 'Liberal-Unionist,' but in the original book . . . the words are 'Liberal-Conservative.'"

Even in the successive editions of the operettas published in London there are some changes from the first, the original. Thus in the first of "Patience," Bunthorne says to the heroine, "for you are not hollow. Are you?" To which Patience says, "I beg your pardon—I interrupt you." In Macmillan's edition (1926) the answer is expanded: "No, thanks, I have dined; but—I beg your pardon—I interrupt you."

The gallant, presumably gallant, Lt.-Col. J. H. Leslie, editor of the Journal of the Society of Army Historical Research, writes: "I may add that after a long and by no means unpleasant acquaintance with dairy-maids, I have never met one who would say 'I have dined.' She might say 'I've had my dinner.' But then, of course, I never dreamed of asking one if she was hollow."

It is said that in the 1926 edition the text differs from the original in at least nine places. Gags have been introduced at the Savoy as in "The Mikado."

"Towards the close of Act II 'Mikado,' in endeavoring to excuse himself for his share in the (supposed) execution of Nanki-Poo, Pooh-Bah remarks (in all revivals I have witnessed) 'I wasn't there,' which, though differing from the text, is always well received by the audience, who only a few moments before have heard in detail all the various titles of this 'Lord-High-Everything-Else' recounted as witness of that 'really remarkable scene.'"

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

Even our Winthrop Ames introduced three new characters in "Pirates of Penzance," an orderly, a doctor of divinity, and a flapper (may the spirits of Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert haunt him!).

But, taking such liberties with the Savoy masterpieces isn't a new idea by any means. In 1888 some prominent amateurs and a few professional singers put on "Pinafore" at the Palace Theatre in Milwaukee. George Kingsbury, now a dignified manager in the employ of John Golden, was an usher in the theatres of Milwaukee at that time, and, like many other boys, aspired to be a dancer and comedian along the lines of Eddie Foy and such favorites of the period.

George conceived the quaint notion of introducing a character called the "Silent Marine," probably unconsciously (or consciously) adapting the idea from the Lone Fisherman in "Evangeline." A stuffed dummy in marine uniform was to be affixed to the maintop or crosstrees, or whatever we used in those days to indicate that part of a British man-of-war, and after the sailors had finished the opening chorus a concealed stagehand would tumble the dummy marine off its perch into the sea. Dick Deadeye was to give a cry of "Man overboard" and cast a lifeline into the wings, the sailors were to man it and haul in with a chanty, finally landing a marine, all wet, and who had presumably fallen asleep in his cradle lookout and dropped overboard. George played this part, and on the opening night stood in the front entrance, attended by a stage hand. At the cue, the stage hand doused George with a bucket of water, and the sailors hauled him over the rail in fine style, dripping sea water from every crevice. The orchestra struck up an interpolated number, and George gave a hot finish to his act by doing a grotesque hornpipe. After that he sat on the rail during the balance of the play, occupying himself by studying the horizon with binoculars or occasionally fishing over the side, much like the "business" of the Lone Fisherman.

George was a fairly good comedian at that, but the newspaper boys fixed up several fake telegrams the next day, presumably sent by New York managers, offering George long-time contracts.

I wonder if he ever thinks of that funny innovation, and maybe, 'way down deep in his heart, there lurks a faint regret that he forsook the stage for the business end.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

It was said that at a dinner of a Shakespeare society only dishes mentioned in his plays should be served. This would not be difficult. Beef, of which Sir Andrew Aguecheek was a hearty eater, though he admitted it did harm to his wits; mutton ("Measure for Measure"); pork ("Merchant of Venice"); partridge ("Much Ado About Nothing"), pheasant ("Winter's Tale"), capon and civiere ("Hamlet"), not to mention salmon, trout, oysters, mackerel ("Henry IV"), anchovies, apples, figs, nuts, raisins, prunes, pears. But where would the feasters find sack to drink?

Mr. James Agate, seeing "The Vagabond King" in London, wrote nearly half-a-column of enthusiastic praise, beginning by saying: "The Vagabond King" is the prettiest, best staged, best acted, and most sensible musical play that I can remember. . . . The American negro, so far as one can see, has had no finger in this pie."

Mrs. Agnes Welch of Boston contributed these lines to Town and Country:

AS SHE PLAYS

White, supple, full of grace,
Her arms and hands above the ivory keys,
Like slender, curving necks of mated swans
Bending to pools of harmony,
Tough the still surface into rippling sound,
Plunge to rich depths, then lift—
To scatter on the breeze—
The brilliant spray of sun-bright melody!

A man may go to the cinema on Sunday (in London); he may listen to a wireless entertainment; he may go and souse himself in a public-house; he may attend a National Sunday League concert; he may play golf; he may even see a play performed provided that he consents to be sneaky and furtive about it; but he must not go to the theatre in the ordinary, honest, open manner. Is this not nonsensical?
—St. John Ervine.

Pierre Pelletier, baritone, who will sing in Steinert hall next Tuesday evening, was born in Quebec in 1900. His family moved to Lewiston, Me., when he was young. At the age of 9 he sang in the church choir. His first appearance in a public concert was in 1921. The next year he went to Italy to study at the Naples Conservatory. After four years he was graduated from that institution with high honors. He studied in Paris for a year and returned to this country last January. He has been heard in New York since his return.

Mme. Loretta Laurenti, dramatic soprano, will give her first public recital in this country next Tuesday evening in Bates hall, 312 Huntington avenue. For a number of years she sang at the Municipal Opera House at Barmen, Germany. Mme. Laurenti's husband, the late Mario Laurenti, is remembered as having sung frequently in Boston and the neighborhood.

The Society for the Publication of American Music has chosen as one of the works to be published Edward Burlingame Hill's Sonata for clarinet and piano. A violin part in substitution for the clarinet will also be provided.

When I am approached by promoters of musical festivals I usually ask them whether they want a good festival or a commercial success. If they are prepared to lose £1000, they will have a good one; if £2000, a very good one; and if £3000, a great piece of work—or they may have a bad festival and a commercial success.—Sir Henry Wood.

The sound of church bells has been drowned by the hooting of motor-cars.—The Rev. W. Conrad Balmer.

The true artist writes not what others consider beautiful, but what he himself considers beautiful.—Arnold Schoenberg.

There was a time when the name of Jacques Blumenthal was seen frequently on the programs of singers. His widow died a few weeks ago, leaving a fortune of £164,034. She left £3000 to the Royal College of Music for an open scholarship, and £1000 to the Royal Academy of Music for two open scholarships.

Siegfried Wagner, conducting in London works of his own and his father's, says there is not any "contemporary music." He always was an "arrogant cuss," especially in his remarks about his art.
P. H.

SOPHISTICATION ON THE STAGE

"The Road to Rome," with Jane Cowl—Behrman's "The Second Man"

The patterned charm of sophistication peculiarly suits the stage. There we see articulate people who can express our own unorthodox thoughts as we should like to express them, or as we find ourselves able to express them in bed with the "good talk" well over, unilluminated by our actual feeble remarks. We see people living as we might live if we could exist in a vacuum, individualists, with intellect ruling and all blood relations, past and present, providentially removed. Sentimentality may often seem the synonym for conscience, but we remain for the most part exemplary asses in the treadmill of our accepted beliefs.

Not so Clark Storey in "The Second Man," or Amneris, the wife of Fabius, the Dictator, of "The Road to Rome." The Theatre Guild's new play by S. N. Behrman shows Alfred Lunt, with Art embellishing Nature in the form of the latest English suitings, as a charmingly fluent member of New York's more social studio circles. Thirty, disillusioned, intelligent, he regards life, to say the least, rationally. Casting to the winds all the lingering shreds of sentiment bestowed by the sisters, the cousins and the aunts of New England, with judgment suspended, we can thoroughly enjoy a character definite, rounded, a real person if a super-civilized one.

A sophisticate, Clark Storey has found that real emotions and real feelings are destructive—"I've learned to do without them. That's civilization." Such a character cannot be dramatic in the ordinary sense of the word. The surge of feeling that brings tragedy must be lacking in this play. Folk so civilized do not unhesitatingly ride to a certain fall. The native hue of resolution must be sicklied o'er with a little thought. But there is a real conflict between the intelligent disillusion of Storey and Monica Grey's idealistic adolescent passion. Margalo Gilmore plays Monica—a brave, bewildered young thing who clings desperately to her faith that love can conquer all, even poverty, and the second man in Storey.

The foreword, from a letter of Lord Leighton's, gives the keynote of the play. " . . . For, together with, and as it were behind, so much pleasurable emotion, there is always that other strange second man in me, calm, critical, observant, unmoved, biase, odious."

This second man is there to stay in Storey, but Monica, fresh to the world, cannot understand. Her love, her faith, must bring back the fine Storey, invisible though he may be in heavy wrappings of worldliness.

Monica—For pity's sake, Storey, how did you get this way. You couldn't have been always like this!

Storey—Oh, no. I went through the idealistic stage. I used to sit in a garret and believe in socialism. I used to commit realistic fiction and moonlit poetry. I dreamed—

Monica—I want to bring back those dreams.

Storey—Why? What for?

Monica—You must have been lovely then, Storey—

The interesting thing about the play is that she cannot bring back those dreams. Like real dreams, they are gone forever. The unassorted two do not settle down to love in a cottage, with Storey doing hack work to make a living and the rest of the time writing "sombre masterpieces, blood and tears—anatomizing suffering."

When Monica, aching from the death of that wasted young feeling, goes off with the nobler and stupider and utterly more suitable scientist we feel like rising in our seat with a shout of gratitude and a gold medal for Mr. Behrman. It seems really too good to be true that Clark Storey is to remain unregenerated by a pure passion. Alfred Lunt expresses relief in every tone of his voice and line of his body as he snatches the telephone and feverishly calls Kendall Frayne, his widow, who "has the two great requirements for the wife of a poor, but intelligent, man—money and tolerance," and who has left him to Monica. Lynne Fontanne, with her very few lines, like a Degas sketch, brings Kendall to life a thoroughly gracious woman of the world, one whom experience has not coarsened or embittered, sensitive, humorous, fine, with a second woman to match Storey's second man. Their life together will be a rarely adjusted relation, and Alfred Lunt's terribly relieved "Thank God, Kendall, you're laughing," is echoed by a sigh from the audience.

Mr. Behrman has made his sophisticates live. Out of the welter of standards that we grope through in our twenties they have emerged with a definite outlook, a humorous approach to life. Greet them with admiration or contempt, according to your age and experience, they are as real, and infinitely more interesting than the simple American folk suffering their simple American trials in the photographic manner—say, the clerks and stenographers of "Saturday's Children." Or, possibly having lost the pristine freshness of youth, our personal preference leans toward a subtlety in emotion, a Henry James touch.

Mr. Behrman's play, considered in manuscript, thins here and there, as it must inherently do without the stuff that tragedy is made of; but played on the Theatre Guild stage by four actors who could no doubt make "East Lynne" realistic, no flaws appear in its brilliant surface. Alfred Lunt's Storey is amazingly good. Seen last in "The Brothers Karamazov" as Dmitri, an ardent youth at the mercy of strong conflicting passions, his translation to this intellectually honest worldling is just one more proof of what a very good actor he has turned out to be.

Mr. Earl Larrimore, who could so easily have overplayed, makes the inarticulate scientist, doomed always to be one of the world's dull and noble souls, somehow sympathetic. He is the type who would take off his glasses before the betrothal kiss—and yet his love is real and pathetic.

Mr. Robert Sherwood in "The Road to Rome" has also made a sophisticate his central figure, and a devastating one is Amneris as played by Jane Cowl; but she is less a figure of reality than Clark Storey. Amneris wears sea-green Tyrian silks; she is in essence the charming worldling of a French farce, emphasizing her naughty outlook on life with a wink and a nudge.

There is a delightfully witty first act, with the double entendres flying swiftly and deftly about Miss Cowl. Hannibal is encamped before the gates of Rome. Beautiful Greek Amneris, out of sympathy and bored with the pomposity and inhibitions of Roman governing circles, determines to see the conqueror for herself. She has found that he is young, he must be extraordinary, she thirsts for "life," and loses her way when she is sent for safety's sake out of Rome. But with Amneris and Hannibal face to face, the play drops from sparkling wit to arid stretches of Freshman. Time hangs rather heavy in the orchestra seats as Hannibal is persuaded of the futility of glory—and its profound subordination to the importance of the human equation. It would have been so much more in keeping with the tone of the piece if he had simply learned of the importance of the human equation, taken Rome, and kept Amneris, or, considering Miss Cowl's beauty, he might have given up Rome. But a renunciation of Rome and Amneris because of a few words on the unimportance of everything (too many words at that)—well, perhaps Mr. Sherwood was right and "Came the Dawn" over the hills of Rome.

Mr. Norman Kerry as Hannibal does well with a very hard part. In the first place, to give the illusion of a world conqueror is always difficult. This he achieves. Secondly, he has no sooner persuaded his audience that he is a world conqueror than he is plunged into the controversy over What is Glory and Why. All this, following hard on the heels of a brilliant and shallow first act, places Mr. Kerry in an extremely difficult position. No one could emerge with less wear and tear on the audience.

Amneris, even when proving that she has a lovely iridescent soul beneath that dangerous Greek exterior, never wins to the reality of Storey, or even of Kendall Frayne. There is an unctuous quality about Amneris's free thinking, a "see what a shocking girl I am," a self-conscious strain, lacking in the "Second Man" worldlings. They are what life has made them, honestly and impartially presented—not the psychiatrist's patients of Noel Coward, or romanticised Arlenesque sinners, or Oscar Wildean folk tossing epigrams back and forth through space. Neither are they the bright-colored cardboard figures of Mr. Sherwood—but a group of people that you and I might know, say we were tolerant and amusing enough.

R. H. G.

travagant length; as to breadth it came up to his eyes. He was accustomed to twist it with ribbons, in small tails, after the manner of our Ramillies wigs, and turn them about his ears. In time of action he wore a sling over his shoulders, with three brace of pistols, hanging in holsters, like bandoliers; and stuck lighted matches under his hat, which, appearing on each side of his face, his eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether such a figure that imagination cannot form an idea of a Fury from Hell to look more frightful."

There is this footnote: "These matches were lengths of loosely-twisted hempcord, about the thickness of a stout pencil, dipped in a solution of saltpetre and lime water. They burned slowly, at the rate of about 12 inches an hour."

A "Ramillies" wig, properly "Ramillie," from the Belgian Ramillies, where Marlborough won a victory in 1706, was a wig having a long plait behind tied with a bow at top and bottom. Sterne's Uncle Toby sported one. In Colonial Massachusetts a hat known as a "Ramillies cock" was often worn with a Ramillies wig. The back flap of this hat turned up sharply; it was higher than the crown and the two front flaps; the middle of the front brim was scalloped out a little.

HOW TO GET RICH

As the World Wags:

There are millions waiting for the man who will microscopically and chemically examine the substance employed by the postoffice department to fasten stamps together between the holes made by perforation, with the result that it is always easier to tear the stamp than to tear along the dotted line.

When the formula has been secured it could be sold at almost any price to some nation looking for impenetrable armor plate, to the makers of deep sea cables, or to any industry requiring a substance untearable and indestructible.

JOSCELYN.

May 7

Turning the pages of Sala's "Echoes of the Year 1883," we came across a paragraph about the misuse of the word "traffic." This volume is made up of extracts from Sala's column, "Echoes of the Week," which was for many years an important feature of the Illustrated London News.

George Augustus Sala was not only a brilliant traveling correspondent of the Daily Telegraph; he was a leading edi-

torial writer for that newspaper; an essayist, biographer, novelist. If he wrote an engrossing life of Hogarth, he also wrote for a hatter a curious little book on the head coverings of all nations. As an editorial writer he excited the scorn of Matthew Arnold; not on account of Sala's opinions; Sala's vivid literary style seemed Asiatic to the fastidious Arnold.

In the section entitled, "Philological Echoes," Sala wished that, as he had just mentioned "wheeled locomotion (a most uncouth expression)," some one would supply him with a better word than "traffic," which American critics of John Bull's English deride as wholly erroneous when applied to the passing to and fro of goods, persons and carriages along a road, railway, canal or steamboat route. The American critics maintain that "traffic" only properly applies to the exchange or barter of commodities or property. Whowere these "American critics?"

Are we therefore wrong in speaking of the policemen that look out for the safety of those on foot when they cross a street as "traffic" officers or "cops?"

The word meant originally transportation of merchandise for the purpose of trade, hence trade between distant and distinct communities; commerce. (In the 16th century it was used in the plural for "trading voyages.") Then it came to mean the buying and selling or exchange of goods for profit, trade; sometimes with an evil connotation, dealing in something that should not be the subject of trade—"white slave traffic." A use of the word, now rare, was intercourse, communication. An obsolete use was goods in which trade is done. A dialect use: rubbish, trash, rabble, a prostitute.

Not till about 1825 did "traffic," with the meaning "the passing to and fro of persons or of vehicles or vessels, along a road, railway, canal or other route of transport" come into use; still later is the use of "traffic" meaning the amount of business done by a railway, etc., in the transport of passengers and goods.

In Sala's "London Up to Date" (1894) we find: "We have long since agreed to call street movement 'traffic.'" When was this use introduced in the United States? Howells, in his "Wedding Journey" (1871), speaks of ferries speeding "swift traffic-laden shuttles."

HUGOIANA

For some reason or other Parisian newspapers have been telling anecdotes about Victor Hugo and discussing his literary achievements. Here are two of the anecdotes:

In 1870 Clemenceau was mayor of the 9th arrondissement in Paris. Hugo was in that district. Clemenceau one day received this note: "I'll do anything for the defense of Paris, die of hunger and cold, and even go without a change of shirt. However, I recommend my washerwoman to the mayor of the 9th arrondissement."

This washerwoman said she could not do the poet's linen, for she had no coal. Clemenceau sent her a sack so Hugo could change his shirt.

Maurice Talmeyr, a frequent visitor at Hugo's house, once saw him perform this feat at table. He took up a whole unpeeled orange, opened his mouth, thrust the orange into it, added two or three lumps of sugar, shut his jaws together, crunched, chewed, ground, swallowed the whole. Then he said to little Georges and Jeanne, who, in wonder, clapped their hands: "Now, you do it!" Truly, an illustrious man, this Hugo.

We read some years ago this story about the orange, which is now told in Paris as new. The late Emile Bergerat described two dinners at Hugo's in the '70's. It seems that before sitting down Hugo kissed the hands of the ladies and their arms to the elbows, like any musical comedy funny man. Hugo had the appetite of a brick-layer. He preferred meats roasted in the English fashion and rare. Instead of coffee after dinner he drank a small glass of rum "which he swallowed at a draught as one adds a flourish to his signature." There was no smoking. Hugo abhorred tobacco in any form.

Before the company broke up he mixed a drink from his own recipe: Sugar crushed and melted till the syrup would make three quarts in a Burggrave's beaker; then Bordeaux, the juice of an orange, and rum to the brim. He would take small swallows of this elixir with evident enjoyment. Bergerat said nothing about the mastication of an orange, peel and all; but what was Hugo to Sir Richard Greville, who would chew with delight glass goblets; what to human ostriches in side-shows; what to Bret Harte's emu?

"Old saws and gimlets
Its appetite whets
Like the world famous bark of Peru."

(We quote from memory, not having, alas, the complete works of the man now known to the great majority by only a few poems and stories.)

By the way, there should be a tablet in our Hall of Fame to Simon Steingut, who, as an eater of eels in New York, won \$25 prizes, once consuming 10

pounds of eels without stopping. He departed this life on March 11, 1919, at the Montifore Home, at the early age of 61.

We say "early" because in the newspapers any one over 55 years, male or female, is described as "venerable."

The newspapers have pictured the scene in which homage was paid to the memory of Marie Harel, the inventor of Camembert cheese.

The inventor of Limburger cheese is apparently "unwept, unhonored and unsung." It could not be said of him, as was said of pious persons in the 17th and 18th centuries, he died leaving a sweet savor behind him.

Correspondents of the Sun (N. Y.) have been asking who said: "I go, but I return." One reported that he had read in a magazine it was a quotation from Cicero.

Great Hevings! Did not these correspondents ever speak pieces at school? Did they not spout "Catiline's Defiance?" That, with "Spartacus to the Gladiators," the "Seminole's Defiance," and "The Warrior Bowed His Crested Head" were among the favorite pieces in our schools of the Sixties.

A grandson of Henry Clay was a pupil at a school on Round Hill, Northampton, kept by Clark and Spalding. We boys were familiar with Henry Clay's reputation as an orator. (His face was on the back of a clothes-brush in our house.) The grandson mounted the platform as Catiline. We were all attention. When he came to "He dares not touch a hair of Catiline" young Clay tugged at one of his long locks.

CIGARS AND CIGARETTES

(London Daily Chronicle)

I was talking to a cigar merchant about the statement that the falling-off in the sale of cigars is due to the heavy duty. He shook his head. "Most men smoke today not because they really enjoy the flavor of tobacco, but from restlessness," he said. "They get all the flavor they want out of cigarettes (which have improved enormously, by the way). They don't want to settle down to a smoke, as you must do with a cigar. I doubt whether lowering the duty would have much effect upon sales."

May 17 1927

Shady Hill Guild Presents Cabinet of Dr. Caligari

Brattle Hall. The cabinet of Dr. Caligari, presented by the Shady Hill Film Guild.

The cabinet of Dr. Caligari jumped to the days when you first read Poe and after an evening with the Pit and the Pendulum or the House of Usher found it very hard to move in your chair, harder to look behind you, and almost impossible to walk upstairs to bed. With weird futuristic settings, crazy streets, insane lights and shadows, sprawling lifeless bodies on tumbled beds, the film was a nightmare with the wild reality of a nightmare growing in horror.

The ominous figure of Dr. Caligari first appeared at a village fair—crazy booths and whirligigs, crowds and color like the amusement park in Lillom. Against this setting, the strange tale of the doctor unfolded. Head physician of an asylum, he delved too deeply into the secrets of a dead 12th century monk who had found his amusement in cunning murders done through a sonnambulist victim. Dr. Sonnow became a modern Doctor Caligari, exhibiting his "Cesare" at country fetes, and leaving men and women artistically stabbed through the heart in all the small towns of Germany.

The moving picture medium, particularly adapted to create atmosphere, in this film achieves the utmost artistry.

The audience shuddered at Dr. Caligari, gasped at Comte Etienne de Beaumont's "Of what are the young films dreaming," a ballet mechanique fantasy of the screen, and laughed at the pre-act Charley Chaplin in "A Dog's Life." The Film Guild's next production will be "The Last Laugh," like Dr. Caligari a milestone in "movie" progress.

R. H. G.

KEITH BILL HEADEY BY FRANCES STAIR

Heading the bill at Keith's this week Frances Starr appears in a one-act play-act of the drawing room triangle school. Light and transparent trifle well calculated to set off to the best advantage the smooth and effortless manner of her acting. The name, "Champagne and Roses," alone suggests that the play deals with the period before sex appeal got into slang, when blondes were angelic and brunettes were vampires. With a negro servant of the old type, a wandering but devoted young husband, and a sloe-eyed lady with a red cloak for stage companions, Miss Starr deftly proceeds to the happy ending.

Mr. Al Shean of the well-known team appears in a banal act with Miss Lynn Canter, formerly of the Greenwich Village Follies. Comedy patter in an office set between the boss and his new stenographer is occasionally enlivened by a snatch of song by Miss Canter, and the act concludes with fresh variations of the Gallagher and Shean song. Fred Allen and Bert Yorke, who are billed twice, as "The Efficiency Men" and as Pink and Smith, appear repeatedly and unexpectedly throughout the performance, introducing the acts with appropriate witticisms and displaying an unending succession of ludicrous costumes. Allen's blank face and appalling vocabulary, and Yorke's glittering eye after delivering himself of a bon mot win special favor. Ethel Davis, late of the Greenwich Village Follies, brings most applause with her hard-boiled monologue of husbands and marriage, her songs, and her waitress act. The bill is opened by Burns Brothers, gymnasts, who are followed by Sheldon, Heft and Lewis in song and costumes dances.

Billy Farrell and company do an amusing family dancing act, and Fanny Sisters and company conclude with dancing and flying ring specialties. The usual film features are shown.

H. F. M.

'KATJA' OPENS

SHERBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Katja" "Katja the Dancer," an operetta in three acts. Book by Frederick Lonsdale, lyrics by Harry Graham, music by Jean Gilbert (whose real name is Max Winterfeld). When this English version of the German operetta was produced at the Gaiety, London, on Feb. 21, 1925, Lillian Davies took the part of Katja Karina; Gregory Stroud that of Prince Carl. At the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre, New York, Feb. 18, 1926, Miss Davies played Katja; Allan Prior, Prince Carl.

The cast last night was as follows:

Maud Sumerdall	Helen Gilligan
Leander Billerdork	Jack Sheehan
Count Orpich	Teddy Webb
Patricia	Doris Patston
Ivo	William E. Bassett
Katja Karina	Nadeline Collins
Edouard	Ruth Sanders
Carl	Leonard Ceuley
Mon	Oscar Picman
Andre	Frank Hemingway
Hortense	Sofia Grabow
Louise	Helen Paige
Henri	Sara Allen
Inspector of Police	Frank Hemingway
Sergeant of Police	Barton Hall
Bozcar	Oscar Picman
Vladimir	Valodia Vestoff
Natasha	Martha Mason
Annette	Shirley Carleton

This operetta, unless Mr. Lonsdale materially changed the original plot, is of a kind that has long been popular in Germany and Austria. The country where the action takes place may differ with every plot; the heroine of noble station may be disguised as a dancer, a gypsy, even a serving maid, but she must be able to sing; the lover of high degree travels incognito; the sub-plot is of lovers whose adventures are framed so as to excite laughter. As for the music of these operettas, it is a mixture of dance tunes, waltzes dominating, sentimental numbers, and ensembles after the grand opera order.

"Katja" is an example of the better class of this popular entertainment. Last night it evidently pleased the large audience and if the conductor, Hans Linne, had not been firm there would have been many repetitions. Gilbert's music is pleasingly varied, lively without being too commonplace, not too sugary in the sentimental numbers, music that shows an instinct for the theatre and the equipment of a well grounded musician.

The story is a variation of a familiar theme. Young Prince Carl is a usurper; Katja is an exiled princess. She is at Monte Carlo as a public dancer with Ivo. The prince, traveling incognito, falls, so that in the last act the scene to him even when she learns his identity. A conspiracy to kidnap the prince fails. So that in the last act the scene is the inside of a jail. The serious lines are first of an expository, later of a

political and amatory nature, and as a rule are of a familiar brand. For example: When the prince on his first entrance asks himself whether he will ever fall in love, the audience at once knows that he will madly love Katja, who is just around the corner, so to

speak.

The chief comedians were Miss Patston and Messrs Sheehan and Webb. While the audience fully appreciated the singing of Miss Collins and Mr. Ceuley, and enjoyed the solo dancing of Miss Mason and Mr. Vestoff and the excellent singing and the evolutions of the large chorus, they laughed heartily at the wheezes, quips and repartee of Mr. Sheehan and the vaudeville passages between him and Miss Patston and Mr. Webb.

"Katja" enjoyed a long run in its English version in London, then in New York. It bids fair to meet with the like favor in Boston.

Keith-Albee St. James Theatre.
Keith-Albee St. James Players in "Some Girl," by Grace Hayward. The cast:
Mary Ann Edith Speare
Richard White Houston Richards
Mrs. White Florence Pendleton
Joseph Grabber William Gerald
Sir Reginald Lightfoot Frank Charlton
Winnie White Kathleen Wallace
Wally Warner Jack Westerman
Tom Letego Tommy Martelle
Princess Vivian VanValkenberg Mackeroff
Ruth Shepley
Officer McCloskey Harold Chase
Guests at Mrs. White's
Rose Winter Marion Sampson
Violet Frost Helen Mann
Lily Frost Kathleen Butler
Daisy White Lillian Wrigley
Pansy Summer Mae Downey

This week the St. James Stock rallies gallantly to the support of one Tommy Martelle of female impersonating fame. They all flock after him, exclaim over his gowns, copy his slang, play up to his love-making and make a general "to do" over him. Gowns, voice, and femininity come to the fore in Mr. Martelle's impersonation of a Russian princess.

As is usual in most musical comedies, the plot is of secondary importance. It concerns a jolly good fellow who is only too willing to dress up as a princess in order that he may help out some friends who are tracking a criminal believed to be making off with a beautiful girl and a mere \$20,000 in bonds. The situation leads to complications in love affairs and plenty of wise cracks from the pseudo princess—much to the enjoyment of the audience. All goes well for the princess. Most of the girls just love her, even the circumspect mother adapts her conversation to fit the slang of the "Princess." Mrs. White, in fact, is assured that Lady Doodad of continental fame fills all her speech with expressions similar to such niceties as the one about her cooking being on the "Ritz from a crack on the bean."

Enter during act two the genuine Princess. How soothing to the eyes Ruth Shepley is. Her gown of gray with hat to match and tasteful flower set just right were pleasingly stylish. Her well modulated speaking voice and her grace and charm make her a joy. The real Princess happens to be an acquaintance of the masquerader. Pardon us, she is more than an acquaintance for she recognizes the impostor by his kisses! She turns out to be a good sport and agrees to help things along by assuming the role of maid to the "Princess." Events wind their merry way and finally all comes to a happy ever after ending.

The players were certainly given an opportunity to prove their versatility and they made the most of the one knock that opportunity will make this season in the shape of a musical comedy. Edith Speare has a lovely voice. It is rather to be imagined that it has been she who has done the singing off stage in other plays so it is a double delight to hear her before the curtain. Kathleen Wallace made an attractive ingenue—she also has a voice that is not voluminous but pleasant. Houston Richards carried his part with his usual ease and nonchalance. Boston may well be glad to have him back. Frank Charlton's makeup as an English lord was perfect and more, he lived up to it. Florence Pendleton was in the spirit of the performance from the start. And Tommy Martelle—well, he was Tommy Martelle—what more can be said? F. B. B.

"Whirlwind of Youth" Features Lois Moran

"The Whirlwind of Youth" is a film adaptation of A. Hamilton Gibbs's novel "Soundings," directed by Rowland Lee and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Nancy Hawthorne	Lois Moran
Heloise	Vera Voronia
Bob Whittaker	Donald Keith
Conelia Evans	Alyco Mills
Lloyd Evans	Larry Kent
Curley	Gareth Hughes

It is a relief to know that the people concerned in adapting novels to the screen at least read the book they are supposed to convert. There must have been a copy of Mr. Gibbs's book lying somewhere around Hollywood, the first few scenes of this picture prove conclusively that a valiant attempt was made to catch the spirit of the story and remain faithful to it.

With all due respect for the sincerity thus shown, the director, Rowland Lee, let his story fumble, then he resorted to close-ups, many and not so varied close-ups and the picture that started

so gloriously gasped, not unlike a dying fish, and finished with one final flip of its tail.

Lois Moran is a particularly delectable-looking person and is well cast as Nancy Hawthorne, the young English artist who goes adventuring to Paris with art as her vocation and love and babies her avocations.

She attends a studio party and meets the brother of her hostess (Larry Kent) and his chum (Donald Keith) from Oxford. Larry is the sincere and righteous person who falls in love honestly and honorably with Nancy, and Donald Keith is the chap who numbers his conquests on an adding machine and among them is Nancy's innocent heart.

The scenes taken on a cliff where Nancy and Donald risk their fair young necks are excellent. They have about them the substance that makes youth and attractive youth what it is. The love scenes are also well directed and not over-done.

Perhaps this part of the picture is so excellent that the let-down to war, with Nancy driving an ambulance and Donald and Larry marching at the head of a detachment of soldiers, suffers by comparison. Anyway, the fates deal kindly with the lovers and brings Nancy's ambulance against a stone wall just as Donald marches into his headquarters behind the wall that Nancy hit. The rest you can probably guess. Take the comfort you can from the fact that the reformed Donald is even more attractive than the wild blade who ran away from true love like a scared rabbit when he first saw it.

Gene Rodemich and his Metropolitan Merry Makers take a musical trip to Coney Island, all very amusing and spontaneous. The attractive Bernice Spear, who, by the way, doesn't fool anybody, and the George Sisters, Boston girls, add variety.

John Murray Anderson has created a riot of color in his ballet interlude, "Birthstones," and Arthur Martel has returned to the organ, playing Irving Berlin's latest composition, "A Russian Lullaby."

C. M. D.

Lon Chaney in a film version of "Mr. Wu" is presented at the State Theatre this week, directed by William Nigh and with the following cast:

Mr. Wu	Lon Chaney
Mrs. Gregory	Louise Dresser
Nang Ping	Renee Adoree
Basil Greeney	Ralph Forbes
Hilda Gregory	Gerrude Olmstead
Ah Wong	Mrs. Wong Wing

With a goodly supply of cherry blossoms, mirror-like pools of water, delightful gardens, Lon Chaney and Renee Adoree, "Mr. Wu" unreels with kindly and understanding treatment from Director Nigh.

Louise Jordan Milne who wrote the novel from which this adaptation was made has been successful in creating a deep respect for China and Chinese ways, and the picture has caught some of the mannerisms of this ancient and dignified race.

The story concerns a rich and powerful mandarin of China (Lon Chaney), who has been educated in the ways of the West and who in turn allows his daughter more liberty than a Chinese girl of family usually enjoys.

One day a beggar musician plays outside Nang Ping's (Renee Adoree), garden wall. The Chinese girl showers him with money and blossoms, the beggar departs and an American youth drives up in his car and investigates the source of the falling flowers. This is the beginning of the romance that ends with the girl suffering death at the hands of her father. Wu then vows vengeance on the people who robbed him of his daughter. That this did not come to pass with partly Nang Ping's fault and partly the way in which an American woman met an emergency.

Lon Chaney, as usual, excels in his make-up. Renee Adoree is excellent. Louise Dresser not up to her usual high standard. Ah Wong, very good and Ralph Forbes, well cast.

A Chinese orchestra on the stage offers a wide selection of music with string instruments, an American jazz tune sung in Chinese and a dancer. The latest "Our Gang Comedy," is even better than usual. Farina could teach many a star the power of a screen personality turned on full blast.

'MONTE CRISTO' AT OLYMPIA, FENWAY

John Gilbert and Renee Adoree
Head Cast

John Gilbert, one of the most popular actors on the screen today, is at the Washington Street Olympia and Fenway Theatres this week in the picture of Alexander Dumas's famous novel, "Monte Cristo." Old people and young have read the book which

has won the title of a classic of adventure, and the screen version is sufficiently true to the original story to please and thoroughly entertain any reader of the novel. The picture has been handled in a big way and the supporting cast is one of the best ever assembled in one photo-play. Renee Adoree and Estelle Taylor have the principal roles in support of Mr. Gilbert. The rest of the cast reads like a blue book of Hollywood. There are William V. Mong, Francis McDonald, George Seigman, Virginia Brown Faire, Roger McKim, Spottiswoode Aiken, Gaston Glass and a host of others. The story is known to nearly everyone.

Co-featured with the picture at the Olympia is Rajah Rabold, the famous mystic and mind-reader from India. His methods are as unique as his illusions are startling, for he does not first have his audience write their questions on paper.

May 18 1927

OUR MEXICAN DIFFICULTY

As the World Wags:
The whole thing really began when Rattlesnake Rollo, the Mexican desperado, rode his cayuse across the line into Texas to get a drink. Lurching out of the ice cream parlor, after a few Hennessy, malted milks, he came face to face with Ma Ferguson. "Who's governor of thiz ztate?" he asked. "I am," replied Ma with great dignity. "Zho's yer ol' man," replied Rattlesnake Rollo.

THE LONG SHOT.

ADD "SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS"

Prof. Charles D. Adams of Dartmouth College wrote to the Saturday Review of Literature: "When Odysseus emerged from the bushes, clothed only with a branch of olive-leaves, Nausicaa's hand-maidens were frightened, and the trot says that they fled covering here and there about the jutting spits of shore. The intelligent freshman evidently felt that to speak of jutting spits was neither exact nor elegant, so his quizz paper read, The maidens fled here and there, expectorating violently. Even the old age of a professor of Greek has its bright moments!"

"AND A GOOD JUDGE, TOO."

As the World Wags:
And it came to pass that on a certain day there appeared before the King two women who brought with them a man whom both claimed as their husband. The King was sorely put, and, turning to one of the women, asked her what she thought of the man she claimed as her spouse.

The woman clasped her hands, and turning toward the King said: "Yonder man is the noblest of God's handiwork. A man whose brilliant mind dwells on naught but the happiness of his loved ones. His heart is of purest gold and is filled with naught but kindness and gentleness. He is my husband and I love him."

The King, stroking his beard, turned to the other woman and said: "What thinkest thou of this man?"

The other woman turned upon him eyes which blazed with scorn and said: "Callest thou that a man? That thorn in the flesh. From the day of our wedding he hath labored not, but leaveth me alone by day and by night, seeking others of his kind, swine who squander their inheritance in drink and riotous living. I hate him and despise him, but he is my husband."

"Thou art indeed his wife," said the King, and he blew his nose loudly and sighed.

DANIEL.

IN BAPTISM

We spoke a few days ago about names and asked who gave them to Pullman cars, steamships, and, in old days, to railway locomotives. E. R. S. writes: "I remember I was once told that the daughter of Pullman received a handsome allowance for naming the cars. Probably there are still those who recollect that when A. A. Folsom was superintendent of the old Boston & Providence railroad, he, a lover of Dickens, named the switching engines used in the train yards after characters in that author's books. I can recall 'Sam Weller,' 'Pancks' and 'Pickwick.' For students coming in from the country on the trains it was one of the stunts to see how many named engines they had listed."

After the general manager of the White Star line had announced that there was difficulty in finding appropriate boat names ending in "ic," the Liverpool offices received last month 6000 suggestions. The Manchester Guardian's "Lucio" thought that variety could be obtained by arranging names in pairs for twin ships, as Allegoric and Paregoric, Tonic and Teutonic, Academic and Epidemic, Aulic and Hydraulic, Symbolic and Carbolic, Pneumatic and Dogmatic. "The Emetic" would be a name of ill omen, but it would go rather well with the Cosmetic, and the Boracic and the Thoracic fall rather gracefully on the ear. And is there not a certain virile force about the

Colic and the Buccolic?

The late Frank Eugene Chase, talking about Jane Austen's titles for her novels, suggested that a young author might attract publishers and readers by giving the title "Colic and Buccolic: A Summer Idyl," while "Seen and Obscene" would not escape the vigilance of the Watch and Ward Society.

We now quote from William Rose Benet's review of Ring Lardner's "Story of a Wonder Man":

"Take what Mr. Lardner says about coach Tad Jones shouting at Heffelfinger, 'You didn't clean your nails this morning!' I know to the contrary. It was Mike Murphy and Percy Haughton. Every Yale man knows that."

Is it true, as Sir John Fox says, that there is no legal definition of sunrise and sunset? We believe that for scientific purposes sunrise takes place when "the central point of the sun's disk rises above the horizon." But the times given in almanacs vary according to latitude and longitude. The difference for the latter is constant: that of latitude varies with the time of the year. "In some parts of the British Isles the difference is as much as an hour, and as local time decides lighting up time for motorists, local variations are far more important than the small difference due to whether the top or centre of the sun is used. As the average policeman is rarely an expert on this matter, he usually gives motorists a generous time margin before he pulls them up for infringing the lighting up regulations."

EPIGRAPH

(For As the World Wags)

Here lie we side by side
Warm breath in rhythm drawing.
Here lie we hand in hand
Our souls together beat.
Here lie we heart to heart,
Thy lips on mine are pulsing—
Cometh hence a day
Our lips shall never meet.

Oh, Lover, cold we'll be,
Though side by side we're lying;
Thy hands be close to mine,
Yet touch them nevermore.
Face up and peaceful, darling,
And never know a heartache
And centuries like oak-leaves
Shall drift before the door.
Worcester. M. B. W.

Pierre Pelletier Gives Admirable Program

Pierre Pelletier, baritone, admirably accompanied by Wilfred Pelletier, sang this program last night in Steinert hall: Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Cavatina, Rossini; La Procession, Franck; Voici que le Printemps, Debussy; La Vague et la Cloche, Duparc; Le Marchand de Sable, Les Menuisiers de la Foret, Wilfred Pelletier; Coecilia, Vuillermoz; Au Pays, Augusta Holmes; Pretty Creature, Old English; Bayou Song, Strickland; My Own Laddie, Guion; Love Went A-Riding, Bridge; Legend de la Sauge, Massenet.

Of Mr. Pelletier, much may be said in his favor. He is blessed, to begin with, with a voice ample in volume and except when he is so indiscreet as to try to give more than he has got, excellent in quality. This voice he has given very good training, according to the ways of present-day France and Italy. He has acquired clear enunciation, he sings strictly in tune, and he rejoices in a sense of rhythm superior to that of most singers who come and go.

To beauty in song, be it of line or shading, Mr. Pelletier seems to have paid no great heed. But let us be thankful for two qualities in this singer which place him apart from the run of young singers of the day—he has warmth in his nature and a keen sense of characterization. Figaro, the Canadian who sang of Coecilia, Miss Strickland's southerner—they stood forward, these people, strong each in his own likeness. And Mr. Pelletier firm in the courage of his feelings, and not afraid to give them free expression, sang his songs and airs with an ardor and conviction that made his emotions felt.

There have been other singers here this winter who have been skilfully taught to go through all the motions of dramatic singing. Mr. Pelletier does more than make the motions; in his nature he has the real thing. Now let him, pray, refine his fervor with beauty—then behold a singer of consequence. The audience last night, of very fair size, showed enthusiasm. R. R. G.

LORETTA LAURENTI

brim was scalloped

Loretta Laurenti, dramatic soprano, accompanied by Mabel Adams Bennett, gave a recital last evening in Bates hall, Y. M. C. A. building, with the following program:

Glammal, Scarlatti; Aria (Nozze di Figaro), Mozart; Vaghiissima Sembianza, Donizetti; Non Ho Parole, Sibelius; Morgen, Richard Strauss; Rastlose Liebe, Schubert; Auf ein altes Bild, Hugo Wolf; Es muss ein Wunderbares sein, Franz Ries; Aria (Elsa's Traum—Lohengrin), Richard Wagner; Reve blanc, Edouarde Trucco; Reve noir, Edouarde Trucco; Le miroir, Ferrari; Celle que je prefer, Foudrain; Chanson triste, Duparc; Le Tasse (Les regrets), Benj. Godard; By a Lonely Forest Pathway, Ch. T. Griffes; Thou Art so Like a Flower, Chadwick; Tranquillity, Arthur Foote; The Changeling, E. Titchcomb; Call Me No More, Cadman; Joy, Gaul.

A small but exceedingly friendly audience listened to these twenty-odd songs by Miss Laurenti. Obviously they enjoyed each one, and if her listeners were pleased, even taking for granted that many of them were personal friends, it would be indeed a pleasant task to report the mere facts that Miss Laurenti sang and her audience enjoyed her work. Or, if that be suspected of damning with faint praise, a next pleasant task might be the opportunity to choose an amateur rather than a professional standard by which to review a singer's recital. But alas, the public performance of a singer in the concert hall is subject to the standards of the professional singing artist, and thus my sensibilities, in season and out, are brutally crushed by the proverbially hard-hearted, even heartless, reactions of otherwise amiable reviewers.

Miss Laurenti has a voice of many possibilities, and some day she may do much with it. At the present stage of her career, however, it is a pretty monotonous vehicle of song. It has good quality, good range, good volume. Last night at times it was harsh, and at times it was throaty. In her highest register Miss Laurenti is apt to force her voice so that it sounds shrill. On the other hand, she showed that she is able, when she wishes, to produce really sweet singing, though unfortunately she makes little use of that ability. The songs she chose were, with hardly an exception, songs of love and sentiment, and the question occurs, why is a dramatic soprano? Surely nothing was more undramatic in every way than Miss Laurenti's recital last night.

Miss Laurenti might be said to sing "as written." The imagination, the spirit, the force which gives to a song life and the power to thrill the hearer, she leaves unsung. And when to boot she sings with slovenly diction, one wishes again for her sake that there was an amateur standard by which her performance might be called excellent. On the professional basis the poor reviewer gets credit for riding roughshod, when actually he may have started for the concert hall as on serendipity bent

and returned to the desk in his corner to find solace in the late B. L. T. about bread pudding. H. L.

may 17 1927

We have received an interesting letter about theatreging in a Spanish town, written by our correspondent, Mr. Metcalf Russell, at Zamora last month.

Notes and Lines:

"Zamora may not be the theatrical centre of Spain any more than Skowhegan is of the state of Maine, but as it was the only place in that not too attractive country in which I had the opportunity of seeing a stage performance (they affect the bull fight as you know) I took it in.

"Going to the theatre in Spain is quite unlike any other country I have been in. It seemingly interferes with one's meals, and meals are important to the Spaniard, so they give the theatre second place. After the usual continental dejeuner, you get no more food until the almuerzo, the dejeuner a fourchette of the French, at 1:30 and not before. And this is some meal, as the American boy would phrase it, usually eight courses, always two kinds of meat, sometimes one meat course served before the fish. Then no more food till 9 o'clock, and then comido, dinner, also eight courses, with soup taking the place of the hors d'oeuvres. Obviously the play, under these arrangements, is not the thing.

"This is seen by the handbill of the vintage of 1875 or earlier, which is distributed as in the good old days of our boyhood. The custom prevails of having two evening performances. The first is at 7 o'clock; the second at 10:30 ('hora oficial'), but like many other Spanish customs the official time is significant only in that you may be sure

that the performance will not begin at that time. It was at the second performance about 11 P. M. when the orchestra gave us the first of some very excellent music. It was led by a German who actually oozed music from the back of his beer-marked neck. There were a dozen or more players, each in the habiliments of his other job, but all played as if they enjoyed it.

"The theatre seated about 1200. The first floor was undivided; the first balcony was all boxes; the gallery had two portions. The theatre was decorated in dead white, unrelieved by gold or other coloring, which was a little trying to the eyes. The stage was ample; the scenery was wholly adequate and appropriate. There were no uniformed ushers; no programs, and only one small boy selling some sort of sweets, which he proclaimed in a rather pleasing manner, but at the bar in the lobby refreshments were obtainable at a moderate tariff, coffee apparently being the favorite.

"The audience, also largely in the habiliments of the working day, was made up of men, at least 75 per cent. were men. There were many officers and soldiers in uniform which gave color to an otherwise sombre picture, for the majority of Spaniards, men and women, dress in black, which, coupled with the black hair and dark complexion, and not always 'intriguing' face and figure, leaves much to be desired, judged by the color-scheme of present-day life in our country.

"The company of twelve or fourteen were all good actors. They all talked too loud; all Spaniards, at least all one usually sees do, and of course they gesticulated all over the place. The saying, 'You tie the hands of a Neapolitan and he is speechless,' holds good of the Spaniard, at least under such a handicap he would be largely inarticulate. The stage manners of the whole company were markedly good; they played to each other and not to the audience; they dressed their parts in good taste. The costumes of the ladies were obviously of Parisian model, and the ladies were good to look at. The officers and gentry, even from the stage boxes, made constant use of their opera glasses in testimony of this fact.

"The play—what of the play? 'Charleston' was the title. I assumed I was to see some exemplification of the dance of that name now distorting the social life of the continent. I was mistaken. The play, although written by Luis de Vargas, a well-known Spanish playwright, might have been produced for the first time at Stamford, Ct., or Atlantic City. It had the old theme that in one form or another has often done duty in story or play: that pictures the coming to town of a newly rich country family, the younger members of which are bent on doing things and seeing things to the end that they may be as their sisters and brothers of the city, sophisticated. And, of course, they make a mess of it. Things go from bad to worse under Paterfamilias, the old man, comes up from the country, reads the riot act and packs the whole lot back to each one's agriculturally necessary little hill.

"The play was well received by the audience. Hisses were frequently heard when the laughter or applause was too long or loud and interrupted enjoyment.

"The play was finished at 1:30 A. M. One walked home to his hotel through the silent narrow streets, not so badly lighted, noting the black becloaked Spaniards, with scarf or cloak drawn tightly across his mouth, for your Spaniard is mortally afraid of the night air of his own country. Thus the often seen pictures of this dark and sombre land and people came to mind."

From the playbill sent by Mr. Russell we learn that this Nuevo Teatro is performed by the "Perfume Rosa" of Valencia. "Charleston" is described as "Caricaturas en tres actos."

Roland Benjamin Robinson, tenor, will give a recital in Wesleyan hall tonight at 8:15 o'clock. His program is as follows: Ronald, prelude; Chadwick, Was I Not Thine and O Let Night Speak of Me; Wagner, prize song from "The Mastersingers." Flotow, "M'appari tutt' Amor," from "Marta." Hahn, L'Heure Exquise, Hildach, Folk Song. Sinding, there cried a Bird and Pearls. Whelpley, I Know a Hill, Negro's Spirituals: Burleigh, Let us Cheer the Weary Traveler and Wade in the River, Gaul, Ride on King Jesus. Brown, Swing low, Sweet Chariot. Jessie E. Shaw, accompanist.

Blanche Haskell, soprano, assisted by Verne Q. Powell, flutist, and Walter Arno, pianist, will give a recital at the Copley-Plaza next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Handel, Care Selve from "Atalanta"; Oh had I Jubal's Lyre, Hahn; Si mes vers avaient des ailes, Schumann; Die Lotosblume, Frueling-snacht, Brahms; Wiegenslied, Schubert; Heiden-Roslein, Schumann; Ich grolle nicht, David; Chantant Oiseau from "La Perle du Brasil (with flute), Moir; When Celia Sings, Willeby; In the

Warm Blue Summer Weather, The Bird, Fisher; I Heard a Cry, Lehmann; You Mustn't Swim, You're Six Weeks Old (Kipling), Hahn; Charity, (by request), Tucker; Sweet Genevieve, Billy Boy, arr. Brockway; The Last Rose of Summer.

The second "introductory appearance" of the Boston Women's Symphony orchestra, Mme. Leginska conductor, will take place in Jordan Hall on Friday evening, May 27. Weber, Overture to "Oberon"; Vivaldi, Concerto, A minor, for violin and string orchestra (Carmela Ippolito); Powell Weaver, Plantation Overture (first time); Chopin, Piano Concerto, F minor (Alice Allen Drayton); Liszt, The Preludes.

Irma Seydel is concert master; Anna Golden, leader of the viola section. The cello section includes Virginia Stickney Snow, Margaret Ridley, Ora Lothard, Hazel L'Africain Theodorowicz, Ethel Harding, Durant, oboe.

YIDDISH PUPPETS

FINE ARTS THEATRE—The Yiddish Marionettes. Six performances from Wednesday, May 18, to Sunday, May 22.—Language remains more of a barrier than the Atlantic. After seeing the Yiddish Marionettes you feel a proselytizing zeal for Esperanto. The puppets are grotesque little figures of satire, wonderfully manipulated, given flexible voices, seeming oddly human in their small way. But when you have fully appreciated the skill of those Yiddish 'Tony Sargs, Zuny Maud, Yosse Cutler and J. Tworokov, you can only sit and wonder wistfully what everyone is laughing at.

There was a parody of the Dybbuk last night, fairly easy for the non-lunatics who had seen the original. The over emphasis of voice and emotion in Lea and Hanan, "S. Ansky's Dybbuk from Vilna and the Famous Dybbukette" was imaginative satire. There were chanting hangerson of the synagogue, slightly distorted, and a rabbi from the Neighborhood Playhouse, who said "Dybbuk, get out. Vell, if you won't get out, I'll pull you out," followed by a tug of war with the unwilling Dybbuk, done to the Volga Boatman's Song. It was ridiculous, delightful parody, never commonplace.

Next, two marionettes, fragile, Fragonard, but still racial, trod the stately measures of a Beethoven minuet, whirled in a faint suggestion of jazz, and fell again into the minuet.

The third scene showed an old man and a young one, with something in silhouette vaguely resembling a Ford. They talked. Apparently every line had wit, for the audience chuckled steadily. By a tremendous imaginative leap we placed them as an elderly Rabbi and an unappreciative student who couldn't keep awake. Subsequent inquiry from obliging neighbors revealed them as "a Russian, one who talks on the Talmud and knows nothing more to say, and a young man who promises to prompt him but ever falls asleep, so that the old one repeats over and over the same thing." A very good

idea, but we needed a line by line libretto really to appreciate it.

So with the last play which showed father, mother and baby bears, all very attractive, in a pepper forest, and how two merchants of pepper escaped from them. This they apparently accomplished by calling up three "spirits of the years," but we may be wrong about that. They weren't listed on the program.

They are quaint, colorful little puppets, apparently saying funny things in their sliding voices. Where the emotion of the Habrnia players could translate them into our tongue, it was sad that the wit of the marionettes had, of necessity, to remain somewhat behind a cloud.

R. H. G.

may 20 1927

A few days ago, apropos of Mr. Thomas Brockhurst's list of roses with sonorous and impressive names, a catalogue containing much interesting information, we asked who bestowed the names in floral baptism.

We have received an answer from Willems Sons Nurseries of Rochester, N. Y.

"You pertinently ask: 'Who gave the names to these roses?' The answer is, the Hybridizer. Sometimes he gives a new variety the name of one of his family, or his near kin; or of a particular friend or of a more or less distinguished personage, or again a name quite impersonal. But of course the perpetuation of each name depends it is to be given by this name—depend solely on the excellence of the variety in question.

"Out of the hundred of Hybrid Teas put each decade, only a percentage gain universal

The three most famous hybriders up to date are (1) the Irish firm, Alex. Dickson & Sons, who gave the world Margaret Dickson, Margaret Dickson Hamill, and the famous Killarney. (2) The American firm, the E. G. Hill Company, who gave us Columbia, Gen. MacArthur and Madame Butterfly. (3) The veteran French specialist, M. Pernet Ducher, to whom we are indebted for so many of our finest garden roses, such as Madame Caroline Testout, the rose that made Portland, Ore., famous overnight as the Rose City, and Minc. Edouard Herriot, winner in 1913 of the \$10,000 prize awarded by the London Daily Mail.

"M. Pernet Ducher named two of his more recent varieties after his two sons who fell fighting for France in the world war—'Souvenir de Claudius Pernet' and 'Souvenir de George Pernet,' magnificent roses both, and a worthy commemoration."

WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

As the World Wags:
(Some reflections upon returning to Beacon Hill after a week in the Metropolis.)

I
Because, in these times of cigarette-lighters that don't light, of loud-speakers that remain forever silent, of "fast-color" blue shirts that turn white after the second washing, it is reassuring to contemplate the demure little sign tucked away in the window of a bird-store on Greenwich street:

"WE SELL CANARIES—THAT SING"

II
Because, while edging my way through a crowd, I heard an unblushing maiden of possibly 17 candidly explain to a crony the reasons for her summary dismissal as salesgirl for a Fifth avenue department store:

"Aw, I took a drink at lunch and they smelt it on me!"

DALE WARREN.

When we inquired about the names of roses, we asked about the names of steamships. The verses now quoted are from the Manchester Guardian.

THE LINER'S LABEL

[In reply to the appeal from a director of the White Star line for more boat names ending in "ic."] I think that few would care to sail

On board the barque Dyspeptic, Though there's something rather fit and hale

About the Antiseptic; But many a sport of the frugal sort Would hoot by the Economic, And of honest mirth there should be no dearth

Aboard the good ship Comia.

The millionaire would pay his fare For a passage per Aurific, And the bishop's scope would be met, I hope,

By a berth on the Beattific; The countryman would feel at home On board the bold Bucolic, And the chorus girl could cross the foam In fine style on the Frolic.

Geologists would much enjoy A jaunt on the Jurassic, And the doctors one might well decoy With the Clinic or Boracic; All politicians outward bound Would sail by the Polcmic, And the professional folk be found Aboard the Academic.

The chemist's tip would be, Wait for the ship

That bears the name Synthetic; The maid of today would sail away On the Lipstic(k) or Cosmetic;

S.S. Hydraulic Drys might find Sufficiently symbolic, While the Wets, of course, would remain behind

And wait for the Alcoholic.

—LUCIO.

The wife of Field Marshal Ludendorff predicts that the next war will be in 1932. "If you add one, nine, three and two you have 15, which is the secret symbol of Jehovah." The war of 1914 occurred because the figures of that date also add up to 15. In 1932, this seer believes will be "the final catastrophe."

J. A. S. of Portland, Me., apropos of the late Coffin Pitts writes: "There used to be a large family of Coffins at Portsmouth 70 years and more ago. I can speak of 75, personally. . . . What do you think of my ancient friend 'Sneeze' Coffin of Portsmouth, N. H., as mentioned first in a letter dated in 1830 or thereabouts? 'Sneeze' Coffin: it is to laugh. Where now is your Coffin Pitts compared with the 'Sneezing Coffin.'"

As the World Wags:
Perhaps H. L., who last Monday asked for a copy of the old song beginning—

"Father and I and Uncle Sam," etc., could be interested in a Latin version. I found it written on a blank page in a book 100 years old, which belonged formerly to a well known Plymouth family.

"Pater et ego et avunculus Sam
Construimus navem in specie clam,
Totum rotundum Nantucket Pint,
Pint! Pint!
Totum, rotundum Nantucket Pint,"
M. B. FANNING.

As the World Wags:

It is stated that part of a Horn Book has been found in the Ann Hathaway cottage at Stratford-on-Avon, bearing the letters "W. S." I have seen a photograph of these letters. The "S" is exceedingly questionable and looks as much like a "B" as an "S." Shakespeare never lived in the Hathaway cottage either as a child or man, and it is hardly probable that he bore a Horn Book during his courting visits to Ann. His marriage to her appears to have been compulsory; hence bad feeling afterward.

ELAH.

If a memorial tablet to Mr. Steingut, the champion eel eater of New York, is proposed for our Hall of Fame, Mr. Pincus Emanuel of that city is equally deserving of the honor. That he might not lose an election bet of \$200 he consumed at a single sitting of five hours

Two large salt herrings (as appetisers)
A whole 13-pound turkey
Bread
Ten pickled peppers (red)
Twenty-four potato pancakes
Six bottles of beer
Whiskey (quantity unknown).

Let us here drop a tear in memory of the Lord Chief Justice Kenyon who, it is believed, died from eating apple pie crust at breakfast to save the expense of breakfast rolls.

YIDDISH PUPPETS

FINE ARTS THEATRE—The Yiddish Puppets, directed by Zuny Maud, Yossif Cutler and J. Tworokov.

The program of Wednesday, fully described in these columns yesterday, was repeated last night—"The Merchants of Pepper," a parody on "The Dybuk," and a trio of short pieces, two of which were dance numbers.

On Friday and Saturday evening the program will list a satirical comedy entitled "Oif Yener Velt" (translated "Hereafter") and a miscellany of shorter pieces from the puppet repertoire. In the afternoon on Saturday there will be a special matinee for children.

The two pieces to be given on Sunday have titles evidently untranslatable, for the program lists them only in the Yiddish: "Oif was tistu Krenkn" and "King Achashverish," the latter being from the Book of Esther in the Old Testament (King Ahasuerus?).

These puppets, with the accompanying music, are altogether delightful, though in all candor it must be said that people understanding nothing of Yiddish get little from them. The program gives but the sketchiest of translations, and not of all the plays. It is aggravating to realize that wit and satire in many shadings are going over one's head and the best one can do is to toss salt on their tails with the help of some more fortunate neighbor. Perhaps when next the Yiddish puppets visit Boston they will make their plays more attractive to interested non-Yiddish spectators.

H. L.

Whenever we hear of "a thoroughly fine-minded man," we are reminded of the story in P. G. Wodehouse's "The Small Bachelor." One of Mr. Wodehouse's nice "cuddly" girls was told that she should hold in high esteem a certain man of a particularly "fine" mind, for he "left the table at a bachelor dinner because some one told an improper story."

"How splendid of him!" said the girl, "What was the story?"

LOWER, OR UPPER, MIDDLE?

As the World Wags:

In The Herald's report of the lecture given by Dr. Andrea F. Christian it is stated that the consumption of redistilled horse-liniment is responsible for the "loss of unknown thousands of the country's best men and women."

For statistical purposes it would be interesting to extend the research so as to include the beverages most popular with the middle classes (so called) and those of less rank in the social scale.

P. S. G.

A FILM CLOSE-UP

As the World Wags:

Last August, Pola Negri, shrouded in sombre veils, her priceless visage hidden by the trappings of deepest woe, made a desolate pilgrimage across the heat-parched continent to swoon repeatedly at the bier of her reputed fiancé. Saturday, chill and glittering in white satins and diamonds, she became

the bride of another man in a little town in France. My, what a terrible thing a broken heart must be to a movie star!

JAZBO

As the World Wags:

Michael Victor has a great sorrow. It's the old story of love's cruel disappointment. Never has he said a word about it until today when he was having his porridge. He could contain it alone no longer, so with the last gulp of mush he said: "She was only the grave digger's dawter, but she certainly was the burys."

ORAOLE.

THE CONSERVATIVE JUKE

Lady Burghclere has edited the letters of the Duke of Wellington to Mary Marchioness of Salisbury in 1850-52. In these letters he expresses his detestation of railroads. Here is an example:

"We have the Rail Roads and must do the best we can with them. We shall never strike off this mode of traveling. England did not require Rail Roads. It is the country of all others in which it is most difficult to manage, because the people are the least disciplined. This defect in our national character is the cause of all the Rail Road accidents! I cannot bear seeing or hearing of Ladies going alone by the train on the Rail Roads."

As the World Wags:

The list of "famous" women invited to luncheon at the Woman's World Fair in Chicago looks like a page of "Who's Who;" it's so difficult to find a name on it that you've ever heard of before.

S. L.

SNICKERSNEE

As the World Wags:

I am enjoying your daily publication of humorous poems, and was glad to see Thackeray's "Little B'ilee" among them. Do you know that in consequence of a spurious version to which music had been set, the original was included in the volume of Thackeray's "Ballads and Tales" in Smith and Elder's edition of Thackeray's "complete" works?

"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,

While Jack pulled out his snickersnee."

What is a snickersnee and whence the name? Thackeray, it is said, used to sing this ballad. Does any one know whether he improvised the tune?

M. S.

Snickersnee, the noun, is a large

knife. Washington Irving in his "Knickerbocker" speaks of a host armed with swords, hatchets, snickersnees, and appropriately, for the word is an alteration of the Dutch "snick or snee"; the verb meaning to thrust or cut with a knife; the noun, the practice of thus fighting. Thackeray used the word in his "Catherine;" Gilbert in "The Mikado"; "As I gnashed my teeth, When from its sheath I drew my snickersnee."

Thackeray told us that his favorite bed-side books were Montagne's Essays and James Howell's Letters. Howell writing from Florence in 1621 to Sir I. C. spoke of various customs in that city: "One is that none must carry a pointed knife about him; which makes the Hollander, who is used to Snlk and snee to leave his horn-sheath and knife a shipboard when he comes ashore." According to Mr. Weekley the older form was to "Stick or snee," representing the Dutch verbs "steken," to thrust, "snijden" or "snijln," to cut. Weekley quotes Henry Glapthorne's comedy "The Hollander" acted at the Cockpit, Drury Lane in 1635 and published five years later: "It is our countrie custome onely to stick or snee."—Ed.

A MERRY BISHOP

What entertaining letters Howell wrote, though it is said that many, especially those dated from the Fleet where he was jailed as a Royalist, were not sent to the persons addressed but published to relieve his necessities. Turn for instance, to a letter actually written from Madrid (page 135 of the Sixth edition):

"They speak much of the strange carriage of the boisterous Bishop of Halverstadt (for so they term him here) that having taken a place, where there were two monasteries of Nuns and fryers, he caused divers feather-beds to be rip'd, and all the feathers to be thrown in a great hall, whither all the Nuns and fryers were thrust naked, with their bodies oyl'd and pitch, and to tumble amongst those feathers, which made them here presage him an ill death." Was this facetious bishop Christian of Brunswick, defeated by Tilly at Hoechst in the Thirty Years War?

As the World Wags:

Recently in my reading I came across a good example of what "Xenes" last week in his letter alluded to as "the interesting subject of the recurrent cycle of jokes and stories."

We all remember the visiting bishop's

gratification upon hearing Bridget sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," while cooking the breakfast, and her mistress's explanation that Bridget sang two verses for the eggs soft-boiled and the entire hymn for the hard-boiled.

About two centuries ago Sir Kenelm Digby wrote his "Experimental Receipts in Physic and Surgery." In this for the preparation of tea he prescribed: "Let the water remain upon it no longer than you can say the Miserere Psalm very leisurely."

MAX KELLNER.

Cambridge.

Sir Kenelm Digby died in 1655. The first authentic notice of tea as an article of consumption is supposed by some to be in an Act of Parliament, 1660, by which a duty of 8d. was charged on every gallon of chocolate, sherbet, and tea made for sale; but there is a sheet in the British Museum that tells of "leaf tea" to be had; the seller says: "In England it hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds and sometimes 10 pounds, the pound weight; and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1657." The writer adds that "he hath tea to sell from 16 to 50 shillings the pound." As late as 1678 tea was not universally used in English families. Henry Saville wrote to his uncle in 1678, complaining of persons "who call for tea instead of pipes and bottles after dinner," and characterized it as a "base, unworthy Indian practice." Tea was introduced into England about 1650-55. Pepys drank it for the first time in 1661.—Ed.

THE NEW MYTHOLOGY

II

"No," said the explorer, who had just returned from a long expedition into trackless wilds, "there was really nothing hazardous at all about my little trip. It was surprisingly easy and simple. At no stage of the journey was there any cause for alarm."

GEORGE THE RED MAN.

HERE'S A HARD ONE

As the World Wags:

These question games are getting harder and harder every time. The other night some one asked: "Who is the other senator from Idaho?"

LUCKY AND CO.

BRAGGIOTTI GIRLS

Repertory Theatre. Berthe and Francesca Braggiotti presented A Review of the Dance.

There was a freshness about the whole performance of the Braggiotti-Denishawn School that recalled 16 dreaming over a romance in a garden, years before the reality of a husband and the baby's first two years. There were all sizes of little women, ranging in age from six to—well, you never can tell on the stage, but no one could have been more than 23. The very young had a colt-like grace and a complete absorption in the dance, most charming in these days of Personality and It.

The curtain rose of the Braggiotti sisters watching Neophytes, who wore cheerful yellow bathing suits, in "Class Technique"—an original idea, giving the sedentary souls in the audience some idea of the work that goes to make a dancer. Personally we couldn't imagine getting even one toe over that bar.

The young dancers had absorbed a noteworthy hand technique. Miss Olive Mayer in a Bach Bourree, made a fluttering poem of her hands. Again and again this was the noteworthy feature of a dance. Miss Isabel Thorndike as "Smoke" in an Incense Dance, expressed with her graceful hands an ethereal, billowing quality.

In the dances of the three Braggiotti, a more finished technique, a deeper interpretative ability, appeared. Miss Francesca as Spring, Bertha as a Yogi and Gloria in a primitive Maori dance (done in a most un-primitive costume) gave moments of keen pleasure in the fusion of music and motion.

Here and there a talented pupil caught the mood of a dance. Miss Eugenia Frothingham was a dashing young troubadour in slashed sleeves and doublet, insouciant, romantic in every motion. Tripping to Strauss' L'Oiseau, Miss Chrystine Perry had the shy grace of a little bird. Mildred Racioppi was a lovely and joyous nymph, and Miss Miriam Winslow a shining evening star.

With the effortless grace and ease of a professional, and a special quality all his own, Ted Shawn whirled in a Valentino role. A gay and insolent toreador, he expressed the lightness of heart and animal spirits of a young Latin, and had to express them over and over to satiate the audience.

All in all, the Braggiotti sisters were expert beyond the ones' refiners make

R. H. G.

May 22 1927

Weekly Comment

Little, if anything has been said in the newspapers about the death of Edward Lloyd although he was one of England's most famous tenors, and was heard in this city. He came here to take part in the Handel and Haydn festival beginning April 6, 1890, in celebration of the 75th anniversary of the founding of the society. The other singers were Mmes. Lehmann-Kalisch, Nordica, De Vere and Walker, sopranos; Mmes. Wyman, Winant and Poole, altos; Herbert Johnson, tenor; Messrs. M. W. Whitney, Ludwig, Dr. Clark, basses. Lloyd sang in "Elijah," Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," J. C. D. Parker's "Saint John," "The Redemption," "Israel in Egypt," and he sang at one of the concerts, "In Native Worth." Mr. Zerrahn conducted. He sang again with the Handel and Haydn in April, 1892—"The Messiah," "The Creation," and Bach's Passion according to Matthew.

Lloyd, born in 1845, retired in 1900. T. P. O'Connor, who knew him well, wrote that in retiring at a comparatively early age, when his popularity was undiminished, he was an extraordinary contrast to Sims Reeves, who never could keep his money and was poor to the day of his death, with the result that he sang after he was 80 and with hardly a note left of his once wonderful voice. Mr. O'Connor thinks Lloyd, "the composed, businesslike, typical, and rather phlegmatic Englishman," was wholly without the characteristics called the "artistic temperament;" that his art was purely a matter of business. "He made a large income, but he was very careful in the expenditure of it, and he must have saved a good deal of money. The faces of the vast audiences who used to hang on the magnificent melodies of his voice apparently did not inspire in him any very vivid emotion, nor any desire for their continuous repetition. . . . He told me once the reason why he had never taken the part of an actor in opera was that his wife would not have liked it; he was devoted to her, and would not do anything that would hurt her feelings."

But Lloyd in spite of his beautiful voice and perfect vocal art was not the man for opera. His great ambition at one time was to be a successful farmer.

We heard the first performance of Gounod's "Mors et Vita," in Paris; at the Trocadero on May 22, 1886, for the benefit of the blind. The solo singers were Gabrielle Krauss, Mme. Conneau, Lloyd and the great baritone Faure. Gounod conducted; Guilmant was the organist.

As the singers sat on the platform that afternoon Faure and Lloyd were in strong contrast. Faure, as was the custom in Paris, was in full evening dress, but ungloved. Lloyd wore a frock coat and his white gloves were conspicuous. He was apparently not at ease, although he sang his best; one might say his customary smoothness, not with any perceptible display of emotion. Faure was elegant in bearing; dramatic in singing but not becoming unduly "operatic." As Guilmant said after the concert: "Yes, Faure is always comme il faut."

There are entertaining biographies of famous dancers; of Mmes. Salle, Camargo, the Vestris, Guimard, and Fanny Elssler; biographies abounding in gossip and scandal. Now comes an autobiography, "My Story," written, or purporting to be written by La Belle Otero (Caroline Otero). She has as much to say about her love affairs as about the stage. According to her story she is the daughter of a Greek officer and a Spanish gypsy. She once thought of an operatic career and appeared as Carmen. She is not at all shy in discussing her many adventures off stage. "Ever since my childhood," she says, "I have been accustomed to see the face of every man who passed me light with desire." Several times she was abducted, once with the aid of the chief of police in Oporto; but the greater number of her love affairs were voluntary. Otero was first seen in this country on Oct. 1, 1890, at the Eden Musee, New York. In January, 1897, she danced at Koster and Bial's Music Hall, New York.

For a time she was "the rage" in Paris. Jules Claretie wrote in January, 1900: "They are playing 'Shakespeare' at the Bouffes-Parisiens. Shakespeare is the name of a dog. This is thought to be very funny. Two other exotic names, Otero and Loie Fuller, flare always on Parisian bill-boards." But who could have told last month whether Otero were alive, in a hospital, happily married at last, or dead?

Sam Bernard, alas, is dead. The newspapers say his real name was Samuel Barnett, but this change originated in a typographical error. Early in his career a printer set his name and that of his brother Dick as Bernard. They could not afford new billing so they let the mistake go uncorrected. When Weber and Fields's Music Hall opened in New York on Sept. 5, 1896, with an inaugural speech by a Tammany judge, the book of the burlesque was by Bernard, Ross and Fenton. It was a poor book, for they had no fitness for the task. The plot introduced Mary Land, the creator of chicken a la Maryland, and her culinary art. In this theatre Bernard was in charge backstage. In those days a music hall was a vaudeville theatre in which drinks were served, or a beer garden turned into a theatre. As Mr. Isman says: "Very often the bar was the main tent and the stage a mere side show, hardly better than a capper for the sale of liquor. It followed that a music hall's appeal was overwhelmingly to a stag audience." Bernard saw that "the day was passing when a Broadway theatre could prosper without catering to a general and a sober audience." Weber and Fields therefore refused an offer of \$15,000 a season for the saloon and the liquor selling rights in the house, though they needed money badly. They put their brothers in charge of the bar and stopped the sale of drinks in the theatre while the curtain was up. Bernard also insisted that the show should be wholly free from vulgarity. In 1902 Bernard left to head a company of his own.

We quote from the Observer of London:

"Has it been noticed that laundrymen are among the most enthusiastic of the audience at orchestral concerts? A passage from a Boston paper supplies the clue:—At the last symphony concert of the Beethoven celebration

the audience applauded the great conductor, Koussevitzky, as if there were no to-morrow. Poor man, he was worn out, and the third collar of the evening was wilting around his neck."

Mr. Ernest Newman has been in high spirits since his return to London. He really enjoys going to concerts. Here is the evidence:

"We were given in the program the name of the house that was 'responsible' for the gown—a needlessly dubious way of putting it, for this was not one of the cases in which we feel that the responsibility ought to be fixed, as some piano manufacturers display their name on the piano at a concert in the laudable anxiety that the audience shall not blame a rival maker." He heard a new Rhapsody for viola and orchestra by W. H. Reed the respected leader of the London Symphony orchestra, "A well put-together, musicianly piece of work of the most worthy ancestry. Mr. Reed, at concert after concert, has done so much for the great composers—Strauss, Tchaikovsky, Brahms, and especially Elgar, to name only a few—that the least that could be expected of them was that they should do the handsome thing by him. And when he sat down to write this Rhapsody they certainly did the handsome thing by him—especially Elgar."

And this might be said of Mr. Koussevitzky's admirable interpretations of Brahms (Mr. Newman is praising Sir Thomas Beecham's performance of Brahms's symphony No. 3). "The trouble is that we have grown so used to hearing Brahms played for the most part in a solid, unyielding mezzo forte that it is a bit of a shock to us at first to hear him played with the same subtle gradations of tone as are thought appropriate to other composers."

In other words, Mr. Koussevitzky has made the music of Brahms vital and emotional.

Apocryphal of deadheads in Jordan hall, we quote from the review of a piano recital in London, a review in the Times.

"The hall was quite full, and those who were seated at the back of it heard through the greater part of the program the chink of coins mingling with the music. As the sound seemed to proceed from the neighbourhood of the box office, it could be taken as evidence that the success was solid. We could have done without it, however, for it was quite clear that the audience was listening almost breathlessly to the playing in a way which is never the case with 'free list' audiences."

"Balletif confesses to being weary of the music of 'The Wooden Soldiers'; and the tragedy is none the less poignant because it is not his music. He cannot be so sick of Jessel's tune as Rachmaninov is of his 'Prelude,' or Paderewski is of his 'Minuet.' As for the composers of some popular songs—well, it must be sufficient punishment to be always hearing them."

Some one has sent us the program of "Norma," performed at the Boston theatre on Nov. 19, 1867. Note the chief singers: Anna de la Grange, Miss McCulloch (she was for a time, as long as she could stand him, Brignoli's wife), Massimilliani, and Susini. Reserved seats \$2. Family circle 75 cents; gallery 50 cents. The performance began at 7:30 o'clock.

There is an advertisement of the winter term of the N. E. conservatory of music, E. Tourjee, director. "Terms \$10 to \$15. Lectures, concerts, matinees, and several classes for musical instruction, free to the pupils."

Ristori gloves with two buttons (\$1.50), were advertised; also "Opera colors, tassels, for \$1.50."

P. I.

May 23 1927

H. M. T. of Springfield, N. H., asks who "the parties were that did the filling in of what is known as the Back Bay of Boston."

"I have a somewhat hazy idea that it was done by contract issued by the city of Boston to the Boston Water Power Company, who sublet to individual contractors. Would like to know the original bounds of the bay and the names of the sub-contractors, and also if any one can tell about the incident of a locomotive engaged in the filling somewhere on what is now known as Newbury street, striking quicksand and never being recovered."

The Back Bay is the territory lying between the old Providence division of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. on the south, the Charles river basin on the north, and from Arlington street to Massachusetts avenue. All of this territory is "made land." It was originally a cove or arm of the Charles river. Into this bay projected a salt marsh peninsula. Charles street was laid out in 1803. The Boston and Roxbury Mill Corporation was authorized by the Legislature to build a dam, now Beacon street, from the end of that street near the Common to Sewall's Point in Brookline and a cross dam (later Parker, now Hemenway street), from Gravelly Point (the salt marsh peninsula) to the main dam. The Mill dam was open to the public in 1821. The basin fell into disuse and in 1849 the Back Bay was declared a nuisance by the city council. In 1856 a tri-partite agreement was signed by the commonwealth of Massachusetts, the city of Boston and the Boston Water Power Company to fill the "Empty basin"; there was a second and final agreement in 1864, and these parties completed the work, which began in 1855 and was finished about 1886.

"Area filled by the commonwealth, about 108 acres; area filled by private parties and corporations about 462 acres." By an order of the city council in 1878 land and flats located in the former "Full basin" were taken for the present Back Bay Fens and the work of filling began in 1878.

The land bounded by Exeter street, Bolyston street, Columbus avenue and Massachusetts avenue was called by the late Alexander Porter Browne, the "Small of the Back Bay." To others it was known as "Fairlyland." It was Browne, a witty lawyer, who characterized de Packman, the pianist, as "the Chopinzee," though that characterization is attributed to the late James Huneker. It was Browne who described dwellers in apartments as the "folding Bedouins of the streets."

Can any one answer H. M. T.'s question about the locomotive and the quicksand?

We have long got over the old superstition that things that are printed are necessarily or probably true.—Dean Inge.

THE UPLIFT MOVEMENT

(A little study for a folk-song in the music-hall manner, based upon Sir William Arbutnot Lane's remark, in an interview on "face lifting" and beauty culture, that "It is a great pity that surgeons do not make themselves familiar with such operations, and that they are content to leave the work in the hands of people who in so many cases are not properly qualified.")

I went to Sir Hercules Hackett.
The eminent F. R. C. S.
My appendix was all on the racket—
It wanted removing, I guess.
I sent up my card for attention
His man brought it back for me
"Sir Hercules asked me to mention
He can't cut you up, sir, ted!"

CHORUS

"For he's lifting the lid of a life
He's just got a grip on her face
He's getting the loose bits all
And stitching her ears into place
He's put a large tuck in her chin

And took in her scalp and her crown—
Oh, he's far too full up to begin, sir,
Removing appendixes now!"

I caught in a railway collision—
My word, it did fetch me a clout!
"He needs," said the Doc with decision,
"A leg off and an eye or two out."
They sent for my nearest relations
And rang up Sir Slashington Slekks,
Who replied with some haste, "Amputations
Are quite out of question this week."

CHORUS

"No, I can't leave the job I'm attending
For any emergency smash;
If I let go the physog I'm mending,
Gee whiz, it would drop with a crash!
Oh, it's not the least use to come drifting
Round here with an accident case—
For I'm right in the middle of lifting
The Duchess of Jellybag's face!"

—Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.

The argument about government of
motorists by motorists for motorists
cannot be considered.

—Winston Churchill.

THAT OLD COMIC ALMANAC

As the World Wags:

As no one has yet identified the old
comic almanac which in The Herald of
the seventh instant I asked whether
you or any of your readers could
identify, I will give another article
which I remember was in that almanac.
The article consisted for the most part
of a piece of poetry written by an "in-
spiring poet." I think that the article
had a heading and a few prelusive
words regarding the poetry, but as to
that I have no distinct recollection, and
I am not certain whether an illustration
accompanied the article, but I
have an indistinct impression that a picture
of the "aspiring poet," was at the
head of the article—that is, at the head
of the letter press of the article. Here
is the letter press of the article as I re-
member it:

"The thunder rolled from pole to
pole.

The lightning spread from sky to sky,
And—and—the cattle stuck up their
tails and ran,
And—and—

"Here our aspiring poet became so ex-
hausted that he fainted."

INQUIRER.

Religion in some parts of America
seems to run a good deal to topography:

"Heaven is a place large enough to
accommodate 299,900,000,000,000 souls
with a mansion of 100 rooms, each
16x16x16.—Dr. W. Graham Walker
(Memphis).

"William Penn Collins has been ap-
pointed 'Bishop of Righteous Hell' by
Bishop Frank Rice, of the Liberal
Church (Denver). The office, unique in
the history of Christianity, involves
locating and defining the region known
as hell."

A European critic can only draw the
most flattering inferences from the
superior facilities which the former
locality seems to have allowed for pur-
poses of survey.—London Observer.

Book of Esther Played by Marionettes

FINE ARTS THEATRE—The Yiddish
Marionettes. By an oversight on the
part of the Boston censors, the Yiddish
puppets performed on Sunday evening,
gathering to the Fine Arts Theatre all
of Boston's more enthusiastic marion-
nette fans. In justice to the progress
of liberalism in Boston, neither King
Ahasuerus nor the Angel Gabriel was
arrested, though that may have been
because yesterday was not Sunday, in
Yiddish.

"Alf Yener Velt," a satirical comedy
of the Hereafter, was the first offering.
Highly conversational, it was almost im-
possible to follow the plot, but a very
sinuous dragon of a Yiddish Devil, an
Angel Gabriel in a felt hat, and the
cloudbanks of the Hereafter with its
doors to Heaven and Hell, kept the at-
tention constant. An unusually hearty
laugh overcame our Anglo-Saxon re-
serve; prodding on the right revealed
the bon mot (Satan to a terrified soul)
to be "It's better to be a dead soul in
Hell than a live soul in Boston." Where
ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

King Ahasuerus, following the Book
of Esther, in lighter vein, had some de-
lightful court scenes. The King, a
puppet with a great deal of personality,
ruled his primitive and excitable court
with a charming lack of ceremony. His
only definite orders seemed to be "a
little bit of hanging." There were two
Ethiopian slaves who danced. Esther
lived in a fairy-tale palace behind a
wall, and Mordecai stroked a long white
beard. Apparently it took very little

In Biblical days to bring on a chant, or
even a song. This was the most inter-
esting play the marionettes gave, and
will leave a pleasant memory of the
Modjacot Shepel. R. H. G.

BLANCHE HASKELL

In the Copley-Plaza ball room yester-
day afternoon Blanche Haskell, so-
prano, gave a recital, assisted by Verne
O. Powell, flutist, and Walter Arno,
pianist. The program: Care Selve
(from the opera "Atalanta"), Handel;
Oh had I Jubal's lyre, Handel; Si mes
vers avaient des ailes, Hahn; Die Lotos-
blume, Schumann; Fruhlingsnacht,
Schumann; Wiegennel, Brahms; Hel-
len-Roslein, Schubert; Ich grolle nicht,
Schumann; Charmant Oiseau from
"The Pearl of Brazil" (with flute obbli-
gato), David; When Cella Sings, Moir;
In the warm blue summer weather,
Willeby; The Bird, Fiske; I heard a
cry, W. Arms Fisher; "You mustn't
swim till you're six weeks old" (from
Kipling's "The Jungle Book"), Leh-
mann; Charity, Hageman; Sweet Gene-
vieve, Tucker; Billy Boy, arr. Brockway;
The Last Rose of Summer, F. von
Flotow.

Attending musicales for more than
pastime is promissory of tedium oftener
than of pleasure, and yet the quest for
beauty in art is like a continuous trip
of exploration; and when a discovery
is made the satisfaction is greater than
digging an oil well in an unexpected
place.

Miss Haskell is such a discovery. As
one listens to her singing one feels that
here is the human voice as it has in-
spired writers of song and fable since
Eden. "The skylark tries in vain to
emulate her strain"—on that order were
the words of one of Miss Haskell's songs
yesterday, and the sentiment is quite
applicable to her own singing.

Miss Haskell's beauty of tone is well
supported by an admirable technique,
of which, from the first flowing phrases
of Handel's songs, one quite lost aware-
ness. She sings apparently with con-
summate ease, with flawless breath con-
trol, with true pitch, with intelligent
phrasing. Her enunciation is clear in
French and German as well as in Eng-
lish, with just a shade of a tendency
toward elision in the English and
slightly faulty vowel pronunciation in
the German—excusable enough where
the "umlaut" occurs, but too evident
where syllables containing "el" are
sounded "ee." Since comparatively few
persons understand the language, how-
ever, these little imperfections become
quite trifling and do little damage to
the total expression of the song.

Added to this technical equipment
and the natural beauty of her voice,
Miss Haskell has the rarer gift of
imagination and feeling in expression.
There was charm, there was tender-
ness, there was playfulness, in her
songs; and there was, in the Schumann-
Heine "Ich Grolle Nicht," irony, not
bitter, but satisfying irony. In short,
the spirit of the song did not escape her.

By request, Miss Haskell included in
her program three songs that one as-
sociates somewhat instinctively with the
parlor of halcloth vintage. They are
songs, however, that are also associated
with the triumphs of Jenny Lind, and
Miss Haskell's singing of them gives
them new life in these associations.
Small wonder the request.

The pleasure of the occasion was fur-
ther enhanced by the artistic playing
of both Mr. Powell and Mr. Arno. Not
from many musicales can the audience
with so much reason carry away pleas-
ant memory and genuine enthusiasm as
from the recital yesterday of Miss Has-
kell and her assistants. H. L.

Symphonic Program Played Under Casella's Supervision

POPS—At Symphony Hall last even-
ing the fourth week of the season's
Pops concerts was ushered in with a
symphonic program. Alfredo Casella,
conductor. Works played:

Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No.
3; Beethoven, symphony No. 7 in A
major; Strauss, "Don Juan," symphonic
poem (after Lenau); Berlioz, march of
the pilgrims singing their evening
hymn, from the symphony "Harold in
Italy"; Ravel, "La Valse," choregraphic
poem.

As at most of the concerts so far this
season, the audience last night was a
large one. There were just a scattered
few unoccupied tables on the floor; the
balconies were filled.

Mr. Casella neither dramatized nor
sentimentalized the music. Under his
baton things move right along, as the
spirit of the time likes to have them
move, "with snap," as the phrase goes.

The pieces played were, in cold print,
of the hackneyed sort, particularly
those by Beethoven and Strauss. With-
in the last year alone they have been
heard times innumerable. Mr. Casella
managed, nevertheless, to give them
freshness and the interest of old
friends in new dress.

Less often has the dust been blown
off the Berlioz March of the Pilgrims,
which it was good to hear, and to
which Mr. Casella gave full poetic
value.

The Ravel choregraphic poem
sounded less to advantage. It didn't
hang together well enough to make
its meaning clear. A little dramatic
pointing of the phrases at certain
places would have made clearer its
raison d'être and better brought out its
inner content.

All the programs of the Pops con-
certs for this week, as announced, are
open to the public, the one for Friday
being the only one of special charac-
ter—all Russian. H. L.

May 24 1927

Don Marquis is a man of surprising
versatility. Not content with reporting
accurately the conversation of Hermione
and her little group of serious thinkers;
forgetting for the moment his friend,
the Old Soak, soliloquizing at home or
giving us his history of the world and
his experiences in Paris; writing no
more sonnets to the Red-Haired Lady;
having told how the oyster revolted;
not resting satisfied with books that
have already lightened post-war gloom,
Mr. Marquis now comes forward with
"The Almost Perfect State," "Out of the
Sea" and "The Awakening," all pub-
lished by Doubleday, Page & Company.

As Sir Thomas More gave to man-
kind his "Utopia," Bacon his "New At-
lantis," Campanella his "City of the
Sun," so Mr. Marquis describes the
world as he would have it, as it should
be, as it may be if we will all heed his
wise counsel. The various articles now
brought together were printed originally
in his column "The Sun Dial" in the
New York Evening Sun, and in "The
Lantern" in the New York Tribune, for
Mr. Marquis was a journalist and he
now promises his return to the profes-
sion he richly adorned. The articles
are not tightly connected; they are dis-
cursive; there is no logical continuity;
yet there is an ever recurring theme,
the evil influence of the bean on an-
cient and modern governments, rulers
subjects. Mr. Marquis, the wild humor-
ist, reveals himself by his pathetic story
of the gray-haired, bent-bean addict,
led from a beanery by his wife and
little golden-haired daughter; the man
that promised to sign the pledge as soon
as he could earn money enough at some
honest employment to buy a fountain
pen. Oh! the tragedy of this house-
hold! Eviction, foreclosure of mort-
gage; everything "gone to buy Papa's
beans!" Nor could the beanearer's
daughter escape her fate, the heredi-
tary taste for beans. Papa died. The
golden-haired daughter served beans in
the beanery. That was her father's
ruin, and as she served, she ate.

"The ancient Egyptians lived largely
on lentils, and where are the Pharaohs
now?"

The humorist is led to ask the where-
abouts of mighty men and women of old,
as Villon and Victor Hugo asked before
him. Where is Nimrod?

"There are bats within his garret, there
are beetles in his dome,
And should you call at Nineveh, you'll
find he's not at home."

Where is Cheops in all his glory?

"He lies in his sarcophagus, with sand
in his esophagus,
Which isn't much to quench his thirst
and isn't much to eat;
Neither thoughts nor slippery ellum in
his arid cerebrillum,
And his shoes are full of cobwebs, and
the spiders bite his feet."

Where is Cleopatra? Hugo answered
with bitter mockery. Mr. Marquis is
more gallant:

"Handsome Marcus Antony he sat beside
the Nile,
With Cleopatra Ptolemy swapping smile
for happy smile,
And they fished with little Coptics for
to get a crocodile;
But where is gay Miss Ptolemy now?
The echoes answer, Where?
The dear component parts of her are
dusted through the air—
As an individual Despot, she's scarcely
anywhere!"

There is no attempt to prove any-
thing in this description of the almost
perfect state. Mr. Marquis admits that
he will probably contradict himself many
times. He might say with Walt W.
man:

"Do I contradict myself?
Very well, then, I contradict myself.
(I am large, I contain multitudes)."

But our philosopher, adding a
proposition: The trouble, in some-
times is that there's too much
too much worry, too many people, too
a territory the size of the United States
5,000,000 of people would be about right.
No one should have to work more than
four or five hours each day, provided
everybody toiled equally. The inhabi-
tants of the world will employ the con-
sequent leisure in doing what they
please.

"They will tell stories and listen to
stories; they will run foot races with
one another; they will write plays and
act them, and no one will get rich from
it; they will go swimming, and drink
enough to be happy without becoming
sots; they will go fishing oftener; they
will speculate on man's destiny and cul-
tivate their religious natures, and go
to chicken fights and ball games and
discover new gods and sit in the shade
and smoke, and make love without be-
coming jealous; they will invent new
arts and new games and new duties,
and every one will live 500 years and
be glad of it, and never have the tooth-
ache; they will pitch horseshoes and
write poems and build beautiful build-
ings and recite limericks to one an-
other. And in the winter time the
kindly-eyed and reverend old men will
sit in front of open fireplaces with their
feet in buckets of hot water and drink
bourbon whiskey with hoarhound candy
in it, and think, and think, and think;
and in the summer time they will sit on
the front porches with gin fizzes beside
them, and speculate, and speculate, and
speculate. There will be plenty of use-
ful and noble and pleasant things to do,
and plenty of time to do them in, and
everybody will do them."

The abbey of Thehame that the good
and wise Gargantua erected and en-
dowed for those whose life was to be
without laws, statues or rules, was a
work-house in comparison, though the
motto, "Do What Thou Wilt" was
adopted because "it is agreeable with
the nature of man to long after things
forbidden and to desire what is denied
us," but men that are "free, well-born,
well-bred and conversant in honest
companies, have naturally the instinct
and spur that trampeth them unto
virtuous actions."

If Mr. Marquis lays down laws for
the government of the almost perfect
state, he knows they will be broken.
"The progress of humanity consists in
the violation of laws. This is why laws
are necessary—men cannot advance un-
less they have laws to break."

Though many of the author's state-
ments seem contradictory, paradoxical,
there is much wisdom in this book.
"Anyone who wishes to violate a law
will be compelled to withdraw to a
distance from his fellow-men, so that
the violation will not interfere with
them."

"Self-improvement will be one of the
in-and-outdoor sports of the almost
perfect state—but anyone who talks
about self-improvement, uplift, and so
forth, will be boiled in asphalt."

"Conservatives never believe that
radicals are honest; radicals never be-
lieve that conservatives are sincere.
The thing that makes extremists of
both types repellent to us is their
wearisome sincerity; we respect them
for it, of course, but we don't like to
talk with them. They bore us so that
we pretend at once to be converted."

Of Mr. Marquis's "Out of the Sea"
and "The Awakening," we may write
later.

WILBUR THEATRE—"Listen Dearly"
a musical comedy in two acts by
Harold Atteridge and Gertrude Purcell.
Music and lyrics by Charles Gilpin.
Dances by William Seabury. Charles
A. Prince conducted. First performance
in Boston. The cast:

Cabin Boy.....	Jerry Bell
Steward.....	Chandler Christi
Daniel Hargrave.....	George Schiller
Count Hilbert.....	Fred Hillbrand
Count Kalm.....	Luis Albrand
Kansas Quinine.....	June Day
Josie Canada Dry.....	Josephine Duval
Ethel Canada Dry.....	Ethel Brvant
Dottie Silver King.....	Dorothy Van Hest
Sylvia Silver King.....	Sylvia Carol
Kitty White Rock.....	Marie Kerns
Violet White Rock.....	Violet Dell
Mrs. Frederick Sloane.....	Rose Winter
Beatrice Sloane.....	Shirley Vernon
Silent Smith.....	Charles Howard
Alice Hargrave.....	Laura Lee
Billy Hargrave.....	Stanley Rides
Bernard Vernon.....	Frank Bernard

With the rise of the curtain there is
the bewildering dance of Jerry Bell,
the cabin boy, who sets pace and rhythm
and vigor before you in a manner that
hitches your star of anticipation very
high. Then along comes our old friend
George Schiller, willing to philander just
a bit. (Will Old-Timer tell us to ho-

many generations this admirable farceur has played? Then Fred Hillbrand, as the comic publicity man, who carries more of the fun of this piece on his shoulders than the librettists. Why, of course, he sings "Spanish Melody," as he has sung in it one, two, three, four other shows that we know of. Yet, for all this, let him sing it at least once more—for comic-classic it is, no less.

Then Luis Alberni, the volatile wop count, with the trade of a philanderer, which he plies wholesale. Then the blonde loveliness of Shirley Vernon, coveted prize of Billy Hargrave in the competent hands of Stanley Ridges. Lastly the comic detec-a-tiff, the Silent Smith of Charles Howard, who essays, and well indeed, the manner and souse of Leon Errol. Now bring on the mortar and pestle. Mix. Billy's artificial teeth will be hard to grind, we know, but the pill, sugar-coated, is "Listen Dearie," light, frothy entertainment, pleasing musically, even though the musical editor has had his say; a dancing orgy that might grace any theatre for a summer's run.

T. A. R.

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Criss-Cross," musical production starring the Stones. Last three weeks.

PLYMOUTH—"Pirates of Penzance" and "Iolanthe," last week of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. See advertisement for schedule of performances.

SHUBERT—"Katja," Shubert operetta done on a large scale. Madeleine Collins and Leonard Ceeley sing principal roles. Second week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," Arnold Ridley's mystery play. Last week.

GAYETY—"Bozo" Snyder and his show here for summer run. Third week.

DAVE APOLLON ON KEITH'S BILL

Dave Apollon, with his musicians and dancers, and Roger Imhoff and his company in the comedy sketch, "The Pest House," shared most of the applause given out by the audience at Keith's last night. Both these acts have been seen many times before at the local vaudeville house, but audiences never seem to tire of their merits.

Dave Apollon is a talented young Russian, who dances as well as he plays, which is exceedingly well. Under his direction an orchestra of seven Filipinos perform wonders on stringed instruments. Mr. Apollon gets some unbelievable effects with both his jazz and classical selections. Incidental dancing by Marjorie Lane and Dorothy Charles added to the variety of his act. He works hard and knows how to sell his material to an audience. They called him back again and again. It is a wonder some revue has not snapped him up, what with producers crying for novelties.

Roger Imhoff relies on a deep Irish brogue and comedy of the burlesque variety to entertain the audience. "In a Pest House," his comedy sketch, has served him for many seasons. Last season he strayed away and appeared in a new sketch. Evidently it didn't answer his purpose as well, for here he is back with his first love and the audiences are laughing harder than ever.

Cecil Cunningham, another familiar figure to vaudeville audiences, leaves night club "hostessing" for a while to take a fling in the two a day. Her imitations of singers doing special songs were enthusiastically applauded. Eva

Clark, another singer on the bill, has an unusually charming personality and a sweet voice, but she spoils her effect too often by forcing both. She did "Kiss Me Again" better than the modern, popular numbers. Ethel Sinclair and Marge La Marr in a sort of "they know their onions" sketch called "At the Seashore" gave an excellent idea of what musical comedy gold-diggers are supposed to talk about. Frankness was the keynote of their dialogue and the audience was highly entertained. Roger Williams does excellent imitations of different instruments, the best of which was the organ. There are other interesting features to round out a varied bill.

A. F.

"Resurrection," a film based on the novel by Count Leo Tolstoy, directed by Edwin Carewe and presented at the State Theatre this week with the following cast:

Prince Dmitri Nekhludof.....Rod La Rocque
Katusha Maslova.....Dolores Del Rio
Maj. Schoenboch.....Marc MacDermott
Aunt Sophia.....Lucy Beaumont
Aunt Marya.....Vera Lewis
Old Philosopher.....Count Ilya Tolstoy

When one has followed Dmitri and Katusha from cover to cover of Leo Tolstoy's novel, one may hesitate at the door of a film theatre where they have found their way to the screen. Fortunately it isn't necessary in the case of "Resurrection." Edwin Carewe with the counsel of Count Ilya Tolstoy, has made a powerful and moving drama, picking the meat out of the story with a nice sense of picture value, inspiring his artists to paint their pictures with clear, beautiful strokes.

So realistically lovely is Dolores Del Rio's Katusha that one can even imagine the slight cast in her eye that so fascinated the Russian prince. Rod La Rocque is equally perfect in the difficult role of the prince, changing from idealistic youth to the petulant and spoiled man, and finally growing into age, reason and repentance before one's eyes with a surprising amount of spiritual transformation.

The picture is not perfect. For picture purposes Katusha's love has been polished into a fine thing that shines like a beacon light and leads her into her vast sacrifice. The prince is shown to love her greatly which, if we remember rightly, was not the case in the original story. Nevertheless, the story on the screen is sincere and the dramatic flow reaches great moments of intensity.

Dolores Del Rio gives the best screen portrayal in this part that I have ever seen a woman give. Her eyes are indeed mirrors of her soul. In the prison she succeeds in showing all the desolation of a wrecked and despoiled human being. She sinks to the lowest ebb and yet the mere mention of her lover's name brings back an echo of the sparkle that once was a dominate part of her.

The final scenes of Mr. Carewe's picture are impressive. Here is an American picture that whispers with confidence about the future of films.

C. M. D.

IRENE FRANKLIN

Irene Franklin, internationally famous for her red hair and presentation of character songs, sang her way into the hearts of a capacity audience yesterday at Loew's Orpheum Theatre, where she is appearing as the headline vaudeville attraction this week. There is no denying that Miss Franklin is an artist. She entertained with a group of clever character songs that brought rounds of applause. She writes the words for all her songs, while her accompanist, Jerry Jarnagin, composes the lyrics. Mr. Jarnagin also entertained with a few piano selections.

KEITH-ALBEE ST. JAMES THEATRE—Keith-Albee players in "Pomeroy's Past," a play in three acts by Clare Kummer. The cast:

Mary Thorne.....Ruth Shepler
Edna Hemingway.....Harold Chase
Trebus Hemingway.....Jack Westernman
Amanda Chilton.....Florence Pendleton
Francesca.....Edith Speare
Pomeroy Chilton.....Walter Gilbert
Edward Marsh.....Houston Richards
Hilda.....Kathleen Waller
Frances.....Theresa Kilburn
Tom Flynn.....Frank Charlton

Pomeroy Chilton is lonely and unhappy because the girl whom he loves is going to marry another. He has never had the nerve to confess his feeling for her. He does not know that she merely threw herself at the head of the debonaire Edward in order to get Pom to propose to her.

In order to grow old happily, Pom adopts a supposed orphan. Trouble begins when his sister refuses to allow the child the freedom of the immaculate Chilton home. Pom is determined not to be talked out of his decision so he calmly makes up a chain of lies that would make even a fisherman blush. The climax is reached when he announces that the child is his. He doesn't know that there are twins until Edward—who was moved to adopt the other one—casually mentions the fact. The sister recovers from one fainting spell only to learn that the mother of the children is there in her house. Pom is game; there is that to be said for him. He declares that he will see the thing through. It would indeed spoil the play to divulge the plot further.

Praise should be unotted for the players this week. Houston Richards ably supports Walter Gilbert as his partner in crime, or what have you. He is to the comedian's role born.

Florence Pendleton is just the kind of a woman that enters the room when the child asks "and is there to be no witch in this story?" Neither will she let go unmentioned the fact that her brother held the hand of another man's fiancée. She is a cross between a woman who can't die that night because she has so much to attend to the next day, and a woman who would run for president of an improvement association. Everything that she does in living up to Amanda is done exactly as Amanda would have done it.

As usual, Walter Gilbert played his part with the boyishness so enjoyed by the audiences. Edith Speare is a very ingratiating Italian seamstress who is an adept at plate throwing and embroidery.

F. B. B.

VITAPHONE HEARD AT TWIN THEATRES

John Barrymore Seen in Film
at Modern and Beacon

Vitaphone is now permanently installed at both the Modern and Beacon Theatres, the first Boston houses to introduce this feature at popular prices. How forceful is the threat that vitaphone will give challenge to the legitimate stage in the mechanical presentation of leading artists who had confined their appearances to personal ones on the stage, only time can tell. The sponsors of vitaphone, however, declare that they have concerned themselves very little in this prophetic controversy and have gone ahead with their own concerns in procuring artists to perform for the dual reproducing machine that registers sound and sight in as nearly perfect a manner as has yet been discovered. In connection with the presentation of vitaphone this week at the Modern and Beacon, "Don Juan," film starring John Barrymore, will also be shown. It was this same program which ran earlier in the season at the Colonial.

A list of the artists who have already been included in their program reveals a major invasion of the ranks in the fields of grand opera, the concert hall, the legitimate theatre and vaudeville. Schumann-Heink, Anna Case, Marion Talley and Giovanni Martinelli are from the opera field. The New York Philharmonic orchestra, Mischa Elman, Reinald Werrenrath and Charles Hackett are from the concert stage. Elsie Janis, George Jessel, Van and Schenck and Eugene and Willie Howard are from the legitimate theatre. And from vaudeville come Vincent Lopez and his orchestra, the Four Aristocrats and Roy Smek. Waring's Pennsylvanians are also enlisted.

Clara Bow in "Rough House Rosie" is a film adaptation of a Saturday Evening Post story of Nunally Johnson's by Max Marcin, directed by Frank Strayer and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre this week with the following cast:

Rosie O'Reilly.....Clara Bow
Joe Hennessey.....Reed Howes
Kid Farrell.....Arthur Houseman
Ruth.....Doris Hill
Arthur Russell.....Douglas Gilmore

Clara Bow has been using a good right upper-cut in several of her pictures and in "Rough House Rosie" she has a chance to perfect her technic. Good fun and clever subtitles save this picture from being merely rowdy.

Another stroke of genuine good sense is to picture a Tenth avenue belle without the wash tubs in her hours at home and not even one flight of rickety tenement house stairs.

From the Jumbo Jelly Bean Factory, little Rosie O'Reilly and her chum, Ruth, take to Coney Island for relaxation in company with Joe Hennessey, a pugilist in training, that is—until a pop-corn ball makes its appearance.

Everyone is happy until a fortune teller fans Rosie's ambitions and she starts being a lady. From the factory to a cabaret by the road of sheer persistence, with a stop-over in jail and an accidental bursting into society, Rosie is occupied and blinded temporarily to the pleasure of being Mrs. Joe Hennessey.

Clara Bow is attractive. There is enough of the "Mantrap" Clara to keep the screen warm, and her costumes are fascinating. The director of this picture is new to the Paramount organization, and his cave man scene alone should get him a long job. The hero, Reed Howes, is also an addition from another picture world, and plays with creditable ease. Arthur Houseman deserves mention.

BEN LYON IN FILM AT WASH. ST. OLYMPIA

"The Tender Hour" Directed
by George Fitzmaurice

"The Tender Hour," George Fitzmaurice's initial production for First National, showing this week at the Washington St. Olympia Theatre, is proving one of this director's best pictures. With Billie Dove and Ben Lyon heading a cast of prominent players, "The Tender Hour" is Fitzmaurice's most spectacular effort.

The story is laid in Paris and Russia before the war, and the picture is rich in colorful scenes. In addition to Miss Dove and Lyon the large cast includes Montague Love and Alec B. Francis in featured roles, Laska Winter, Roy Barnes, Buddy Post, Constantine Romanoff and George Kotsouaros, the wrestler. Marcia Kane is forced to marry the exiled Grand Duke Sergel, but her father who wants a title in the family. Marcia has been told that her real lover is dead. So she becomes the wife of the duke in name only. Alec Francis, a friend of the young lover, finds the lover, Ben Lyon, in a dive in Paris with three American crooks. Through his efforts they are reunited. Montague Love as the grand duke makes a very capable and thoroughly villainous villain. Miss Dove as the young wife has her first real chance to win dramatic honors and does very well. Ben Lyon is his usual boyish, likeable self, and Alec B. Francis as the dapper French count and friend of the lovers convinces.

m 7 25 1927

The facsimile of a handbill issued in England in 1835 is on our desk. It pictures "the first aerial ship, the Eagle," of the European Aeronautical Society. This ship, 160 feet long, 50 feet high, 40 feet wide, manned by a crew of 17, was constructed for establishing "direct communications between the several capitals of Europe." The first "experiment of this new system of aerial navigation will be made from London to Paris and back again." This aerial ship was on exhibition in the dockyard of the society at the entrance of Kensington, Victoria road, and could be seen on week days for one shilling.

The gasholder of this ship was covered with 2400 yards of cotton lawn. Its capacity was about 7000 cubic feet. According to the description in the Mechanics' Magazine (July 18, 1835), the car, or packet boat, was 75 feet long and 7 feet high. "The framework was wood, with strong netting all round to prevent any of the crew or passengers from falling out." The vessel was to be propelled or directed to favorable currents of air by four wings, each formed of 80 movable flaps of varnished lawn. "Except an allusion to 'the cabin containing the machinery,' no information is afforded of the situation and design of the propelling force."

The designer and showman was the "Count de Lennox." He asked for a loan of £200, pointing out that at least 20,000 persons would pay at least a shilling to see the vessel, "and the person addressed could have his own representatives at the ticket office to secure the recovery of his proportion of the receipts." The "count's" honesty was suspected. The Morning Herald remarked: "We should hope that their argonautics will not end in their obtaining a Golden Fleece without the trouble of sailing." No one sailed, the ship was seized for debt. It was on exhibition later in the year, when an ascent with the "count," his wife and six other persons was promised.

Early in 1835 a similar airship, constructed from the design of a French officer, M. Lennon, was exhibited at the Champ de Mars, Paris. It was to have taken 17 passengers and landed them at Hyde Park four hours later. One of the promoters was so confident of success that he took up his residence in London so as to be ready for the landing. Alas, the balloon burst when it was filling. The crowd of about 100,000 tore the balloon to pieces.

Horace Walpole wrote about balloons in 1784. In one letter he tells of Vincent Lunard, who ascended that year from London. He was far from respecting him as a balloonist, was very angry with him; he had the right to venture his own

due to risk the poor cat." (Laird had taken with him a dog, a cat and a pigeon. They all landed in safety.) But Walpole in the year before wrote an unconsciously prophetic mood, hope these new mechanic meteors prove only playthings for the learned and the idle, and not be converted into new engines of destruction the human race, as is so often the case. The wicked wit of man always tries to apply the result of talents to laying, destroying or cheating his low creatures. Could we reach the moon, we should think of reducing it to a province of some European king-

And Walpole amused himself by trying the change that would be made in the world by the substitution of balloons for ships.

"I supposed our seaports to become fortified villages; and Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire Heath . . . and all downs arising into dockyards for aerial vessels. . . . But to come to my ship-

news: "The good balloon Daedalus, Captain Wing-ate, will fly in a few days from London; he will stop at the top of the monument to take in passengers."

"Arrived on Brand-sands, the Vulturn, Captain Nabob; the Tortoise from Lapland; the Pet-en-l'air from Versailles; the Dreadnought from Mount Ararat; Sir W. Hamilton, commander; the Tympany, Montgolfier . . . Foundered a hurricane, the Bird of Paradise, from Mount Ararat. The Bubble, Shelton, took fire and was burnt to her very . . . There will be fights in the air with wind-guns and bows and arrows; and there will be prodigious increase of land for tillage, especially in France, by breaking up all public roads useless."

"How posterity will laugh at us, one way or other! If half a dozen break their necks and Balloonism is ex-

ploded, we shall be called fools for having imagined it could be brought to use; if it should be turned to account, we shall be ridiculed for having doubted."

ASHES AND EMBERS (For As the World Wags)

If I were walking in a crowd
Tonight, I'd guard alone
A treasury of cloistered things
A god would not disown;
My lips would be as dead kings' are
Concerning queens of stone.

The cross looms larger than the crown—
Villon hung on a tree;
The road unwinds for gypsy folk,
A ribbon wide and free—
(And yet the Brontes knew grey moods
As sorrow knows the sea.)

Does Scager sing of Paris dawn
Does Flanders lure McRae—
Does Brooker of English hedgerows
dream
Is Kilmer's voice as gay—
(And was Valhalla far to them
Who went the gallant way?)

There's log-flare and the fagot's snap
And ghosts of men they bring;
And if God's Mother is abroad
She'll shelter with her wing
The ones who lose and losing gain
The many splendored thing.

If I were walking out tonight
With tyros talking loud,
I'd toss in some young wanton's hand
A white rose for a shroud,
To hide her little sins at Lauds
And make our own less proud.
EDWARD YERXA.

As the World Wags:
With skirts the way they are, the
old one about "learning at his mother's
knee" is certainly up-to-date.
BILL OF LOMBARD.

FROM A MEMBER OF THE ANANIAS CLUB

As the World Wags:
I came home this morning from an
Elks' banquet without having heard one
Scotch story.
OLD SOAK.

CLASS IN PUNCTUATION

As the World Wags:
It would be difficult to find a more
striking example of the danger of poorly
placed commas than the following, a
translation from Le Petit Journal:

"The young man entered on his head,
a straw hat on his feet, patent leather
shoes on his forehead, a dark curl in
his hand, an ebony cane of carved wood
in his sparkling eyes, a silent threat."
Fitchburg, JAMES BROOKS.

J. B. DANTE, A PIONEER

While we praise the living, let us not
forget the daring men of old. There
was John Baptist Dante, a native of
Perugia, an excellent mathematician.
We tell the story as told by the cele-

brated Mr. Bayes in the old translation
by Bernard, Birch and Lockman (1736).

"One of his (Dante's) most subtle
inventions was to make a pair of wings
so exactly proportioned to the weight of
his body that he made use of them to
fly. He made the experiment of it
several times over the lake of Trasime-
nus, and with such success that it in-
spired him with the boldness to divert
the whole city of Perugia with the
sight. The time he pitched upon was
the solemnity of the marriage of Bar-
tholomew d'Alviano with the sister of
John Paul Baglioni. When the crowd
of spectators was assembled in the
great square, behold, our Dante at once
shooting from the highest place of the
city, appeared all covered with feathers,
and moving two large wings in the
midst of the air. He directed his flight
over the square, and struck the people
with admiration. Unfortunately the
iron with which he managed one of
his wings broke; and then, not being
able to balance the weight of his body,
he fell on the Church of Our Lady,
and broke his thigh. It was set by the
chirurgeons, and he was afterwards in-
vited to profess the mathematics at
Venice."

This Dante died towards the end of
the 15th century when he was 40 years
old.

Bayle, referring to Dante's experi-
ments in flying, says in a footnote: "I
fancy many of my readers will believe
nothing of it; yet it is a thing, as is
said, which has been practised at other
places."

May 26 '97

Treatises on the art of singing, vol-
umes of theories and practical advice
would form a large library, if writers
in French, German, Italian and other
languages were added to the English
men and women who have discovered
the "only true method" and are willing
to teach it for a pecuniary considera-
tion.

One of the most remarkable books
of a theoretical nature is "The Vocal
Movements and Some Others: A Study
of Parallels" by Janet McKerron, a vol-
ume of nearly 400 large octavo pages,
in the 68 "Song-fragments" in illus-
tration. The publishers in this country
are E. P. Dutton & Co.

Miss McKerron begins by saying that
it was not her original intention to
write a book on this subject; the book
is an incidental product of curiosity and
independent research, into other "very
high, transcendental matters." She
could not believe, for example, the cur-
rent accepted fact that millions of light
"rays" meet each other at millions and
more of angles in every point of the
illuminated space; and pass each other
without suffering mutual obliteration.
She believes that particles, not-waves,
do not collide, but curve round past each
other, and must have a certain amount
of freedom in choosing their path. "If
I could work this, my theory, into some-
thing like a fact, I speculated—in se-
cret—it ought to bring me in very great
fame in the end—as well as a tidy pot

Her theory in a nutshell seems to be
that song, rhythms and languages de-
pend on different poses of the body and
the larynx, which move on parallel
lines. If a singer takes the correct pose,
the song is almost automatic.

The mind, she argues, is a sort of
cinema house, working in response to an
impulse from the will, or involuntarily.
The mind takes "films" unceasingly,
and there is frequently a faithful re-
production of these films whenever it is
not consciously taking films. The body
is affected during the reproduction. The
more voluntary the filming, the more
involuntary the reproduction.

Here we are in deep water, but there
are greater depths beyond. This subject
of the cinema-house is elaborated and
copiously illustrated by examples; a
baby's wall of fear seeing a panther at
the zoo and crying out "cat"; the writer
finding a carpet brush in a drawer of
house linen, etc.

As observing others, one acquires
knowledge of one's self; as one imitates
especially strange persons and things,
Miss McKerron studied the singing of
French and Germans, and came to the
conclusion that vocal action must be
predominantly abdominal action; that
the movements are in opposite direc-
tions, if one is to sing well; also that
"openings activated by the compart-
ments 'predominant' at the moment
one simultaneous with with song-rises
(pitch) and closings of the predomi-
nant compartment with song-falls." In
good singing the two compartments are
not in unison. "The French seem to
sing with greater ease than the British;
so also do the Germans, in spite of the
fact that their general pace sounds ex-
tremely slow and heavy to a Briton."

Miss McKerron informs us that she was
not able to attain anything but squeals
and soueaks until she visited France
and Germany, and here she has much
to say about national and racial fac-
tors, and the peculiarities of the Brit-
ish vocal constitution.

Songs that she classifies as thoracic
and abdominal have some association
with the terms soprano (and tenor) and
contralto (and baritone), respectively.
A soprano singer is a person who sings
best "thoracically"; a contralto singer
one who sings best "abdominally"; but
soprano songs are not necessarily songs
for thoracic treatment, but for treat-
ment by a person who sings best tho-
racically. The vocal openings and clos-
ings of the body under the predomi-
nancy of one or the other compartment
are involuntary in their basis.

To illustrate all this she studied the
movements of a caterpillar, and came
to the conclusion that the pure abdomi-
nal movement is the one most suitable
for the rendering of a German song.
There is also much talk about "oscilla-
tions." There is a chapter comparing
vocal with piano music, with statements
that will certainly surprise pianists both
great and small: how playing by two
hands is something like choral singing
by abdominal and thoracic voices simul-
taneously.

The chapter on oscillations or rhythms
ends by advising the student to read up
articles on elasticity, inertia, momen-
tum, in encyclopaedias and textbooks, in
order to understand how motion accu-
mulates automatically. There are chap-
ters on "Regularly Alternating Songs
and Body Movements," "The Various
Parts of Theory Unified into a Com-
plete Organic Whole," the "Major" and
"Minor" Modes." Then one comes to a
chapter on the larynx, which is the
"direct agent." Considering the larynx,
one should investigate pitch, the varia-
tion of the pitches, and loudness and
vibration of loudness of notes. It is
gratifying to learn that the oscillation
of the larynx coincides with the slow
oscillation of the body.

"Make the body go, and the larynx
will respond automatically and imita-
tively." The "Strad" is not situated in
the throat of the singer, though the
untutored throw weight and strain on
the larynx, so that the pharynx suffers,
the mouth suffers, the nose suffers, the
brain suffers. In other words, deal
gently with your larynx, O ye singers.

In the chapter on the mouth, Miss
McKerron argues that the question of
resonance is properly a question of the
reception or remission of sound, not of
its emission, but "if the fore part of
the mouth is well rounded and the lin-
ing of the soft tissue of the cheeks and
lips held so that the issuing puffs of
notes can graze them nicely, high notes
especially receive fullness and contin-
uity—resonance, in part (so-called)
seems to be imparted to them, and
greater continuity of sound between
note and note!" The effect seems to be
due to the issuing in grazing the tissue,
but it is due essentially to inherent
agitation.

There are long chapters on "lan-
guages" and "British 'Areal' Varieties,"
not the least feature of this singular
book are the "song fragments" in il-
lustration of the writer's theories. The
many digressions in the text are enter-
taining; easier reading than many
pages in the statement and develop-
ment of her main proposition.

E. P. Dutton and Co. also are the
publishers of "Singers' French" by May
Laird-Brown, a book that will be of
more practical use to teachers and pu-
pils than Miss McKerron's "Vocal Move-
ments." Miss Laird-Brown divides her
book into two parts: Pronunciation and
diction; abridged grammar for singers.
She discusses the close E, open E, mute
E (the last a stumbling block to many
singers) the vowels, consonants, the
liaison, and the prema, giving many
examples, some in musical notation and
translations of French words into
phonetic symbols. As many young
singers pre-determined to sing French
songs with only a slight knowledge of
the language, this book should be use-
ful if only by way of discouraging them
from vain attempts.

ALICE B. WILLARD

Last night, at the Hotel Vendome, a
fairly large audience was well repaid
for venturing out during the rainy sea-
son. Alice Barton Willard chose to sing
at her recital three groups of French
songs. They consisted of 14th century
Pastourelles, 18th century Bergerettes
and songs of the 19th century composed
by Debussy and Gounod.

In the first place the gathering was
marked by a pleasant informality and
an enthusiastic reception of the songs
which must have gladdened the heart of
the artist. Mrs. Willard's voice is none

too powerful but it is beautiful. Her
range is none too wide, and she some-
times wavers, but she is tone perfect.

Her method of presenting her pro-
gram is similar to that of the inimitable
Meller. Costume and dramatic action
fit the song, which she explains before
singing it in a foreign tongue. Her at-
tractive personality, her grace and her
delightful voice are particularly adapted
to her repertoire. Occasionally one was
tempted to glance around to be certain
that the audience was not peopled by
courtly 19th century Parisians who were
listening to one of their own kin sing
delightfully while the accompanist
played a spinet and the gentlemen took
snuff. She was, in fact, in voice and
personality like a fragile statuette of
china.

Madam Martinez, the accompanist ad-
mitted to not being a professional pi-
anist. She played, however, with more
ease than many who mar the name of
professionalism. Her touch was light,
atmospherically correct for the period
of French lyric composition. Her play-
ing was marked by a feeling and gen-
uine love of doing things from the joy
of the doing as was Mrs. Willard's sing-
ing. F. B. B.

May 27 '97

It is not surprising that the feat of
Lindbergh has inspired poets of France
and the United States with fine frenzy.
Daedalus had Ovid for a rhapsodic
chronicler. We are told that as Daeda-
lus flew with his son, unfortunate
Icarus, the shepherd leaning on his staff,
the laborer at the plough, looking sky-
ward, were astonished at the sight of
the winged travelers and thought they
must be gods. We are even told what
course the intrepid airmen took. "Al-
ready they had passed on the left Delos,
Paros, and Samos so dear to Juno; on
the right they saw Lebynthos and Ca-
ymne, rich in honey."

It was Daedalus, by the way, who in
pite of his aerial prowess, first put legs
and feet to the statues of the gods. He
himself no doubt was happier when he
had at least one foot on the ground.

Is there any anthology of balloon
poems? Thomas Hood wrote an ode
to Mr. Graham, the aeronaut, in which
the poet, joining in the ascension and
looking down on the earth exclaimed:
"Think! What a mob of little men
Are crawling just within our ken,
Like mites upon a cheese!
Shaw! How the foolish sight rebukes
Ambitious thoughts! Can there be Dukes
Of Gloster such as these!"

Oh! What is glory? What is fame?
Mark to the little mob's acclaim,
'Tis nothing but a hum!
A few near gnats would trum as loud
As all the shouting of a crowd
That has so far to come!"

Tennyson in his vision of the world
to come
Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping
down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting,
and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling
in the central blue."

Darius Green and his flying machine
were sung in lines that schoolboys
pouted. In variety theatres we were
invited to join in the chorus

"Up in a balloon, boys,
Up in a balloon,
All among the little stars
Sailing round the moon,
Up in a balloon, boys,
Up in a balloon,
It's something very jolly
To be up in a balloon."

H. B. Farnie wrote the song in 1869.
Beautiful Alice Dunning used to sing it.

Then there is the poem of aeroplanes
and invasion by Charles M. Doughty
of "Arabia Deserta" fame. We know
only by hearsay. His poems are said
to be tough reading.

No doubt Rostand's poem to Lind-
bergh suffers in translation, but we
doubt whether Rostand is ranked by his
fellow-countrymen as a "boss poet."
The most original poetic tribute to
Lindbergh that we have seen was pub-
lished in the Chicago Tribune.

THE VICTORY

Coll, Nungesser and Lindbergh have rid-
den the blast,
Laughed in the teeth of the gods—like
the Norsemen they are.
Doreas, startled, has whimpered: "What
was that, that passed?"
Nungesser nudged him: Coll scorched
his beard with a star!

"Slim cannot make it alone!" said the
soft ones, and sighed.
"Make it alone!" shouted Lindbergh.
"ALONE! Can't you see
Two of the earth's stoutest souls, that
the fools say have died,
Waiting aloft just to make the great
crossing with me?"

France and America! Often before have we trod
Highways of triumph together—and now, through the air,
Three men come riding, come riding the whirlwinds of God—
Coll, Nungesser and Lindbergh with stars in their hair.

BILLY D.

As the World Wags:

"The Old Colonel" hit it right at a sign. "This husband insured by National Protective Association," to be hung on the bed at night. The association should go farther. It should fight to abolish the crudity and cruelty of present-day lethal agencies.

It is doubtless true that most wives believe their husbands deserve the extreme penalty, yet the Constitution forbids cruel and unusual punishments.

Miscellaneous hardware and reclaimed 44s are in this category. What chance has anyone of a painless death when a pistol is held in both hands by a woman? A prisoner recently admitted in court that he smashed an uppercut under his wife's chin. The judge asked him why he did it; he replied, "To cure her of face-drop." The court refused to believe the explanation. If the supreme court sustains the judge we shall ask for a commission. The other day I found an old friend writhing on the floor and groaning in despair. He had taken 50 cents from his pay envelope and got caught. His wife threatened him. I told him that most of our members drew their pay in two envelopes. He threw another fit and said: "Too late, too late."

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

STRANGE TO SAY

(Headlines in Illinois State Register)

BENJAMIN KELLY,
79, HIT BY AUTO,
IS NOT IMPROVED

Never to think at all is the only way to be perfectly orthodox.—Dean Inge.

As the World Wags:

Can you give a satisfactory explanation to the following bit of farm news appearing in the columns of the Bangor Daily News:

"It is reported that Philip Smith of the Smith hospital, Old Town, has purchased the farm foundry owned by the late Walter Crogan."

Being of a somewhat modest and retiring nature, I hesitate to place myself in the category of those who indulge in the bucolic pursuits, but may I say that I have dabbled a bit amongst the sods and cloods and never yet have I heard tell of any "farm foundry" in the conversations that I have had with my brother tillers of the soil.

Possibly, if you are unable to arrive at any definite conclusion in the matter, you might be willing to acquaint Mr. Herklimer Johnson with the particulars in this instance, as I have no doubt but that if such a thing as a "farm foundry" exists a perfect example will be found within the confines of his own Clamport.

I further beg leave to state that should Mr. Johnson be in a receptive mood I would consider it both an honor and a privilege to confer with him relative to the establishing of a "farm foundry" in any locality that he may choose, I to furnish what knowledge of farming I possess and he to supply whatever other incidentals may be necessary to place our manufactory firmly upon its feet.

Need I say that I await the decision of the Sage of Clamport with eager expectations.
DERF SICNARF.
Bangor, Me.

Two novels that are worth reading are published by Little, Brown & Co. novels of households, English and Chinese. One, "The Longest Shadow," by Jeffery E. Jeffery, already known as a pleasing humorist in fiction, tells of an English family, and the adventures of its members; "Sun and Moon," by Vincent H. Gowen, is a story of an extraordinary household in China.

Mr. Jeffery describes the change in the social and business life of England in consequence of the war. The head of the Queste family, which belongs to that was once known as the upper middle class, a family of ancient blood, but without land, is a retired civil servant of the government; retired, perhaps prematurely on account of too advanced views. One of his sons is willing to continue the family tradition, and is in public life. The others wax fat in business. The soldier son, Rodney, visits England at long intervals. His wife had run away with a dreamer and a wanderer much older. Rodney, thus deserted, brings his son to England.

The war breaks out. Hubert, the timber merchant, thinks his age forbids

active service, but is able to increase his income. Godfrey, the accountant, put his experience at the disposal of the "Business Government," looked well in khaki and was popular with his juniors. "Even the typists whom he selected for possible seduction bore him no grudge; they were, indeed, proud of the distinction." Of the daughters in the Queste household, Mary had married a penniless medical student; her husband was invalided home; her eldest son died at Loos; her second son was reported missing; Allison, a waspish woman, married a mining engineer who was blown to pieces. Rodney was killed, riding at the head of his squadrons into battle at the Somme. Philip, wounded, returning from the war, preferred to go into Godfrey's office rather than go back to Oxford. Philip may be called the hero of the story, an amiable, unstable fellow.

He was governed in a way by an extraordinary letter from his mother, in which she begged him not to cheat his emotions, the only reality; to be guided by impulses. "Love, though it blinds and sears and stabs and bludgeons, brings ecstasy." A silly letter, says Mr. Jeffery, and, judged by any decent, orthodox standard, a wicked one. Philip read this letter when he was 17. He was startled soon afterwards by the sight of a young and smiling girl riding on a fat and lathering cob. Going into business he became aware of the code: "Trust no one. Beware of sentiment. Miss no chances." It was easy for him to be a philanderer. Why did he not marry the wholesome sister of the yeoman Foade, his brother officer? He thought he had found his affinity in Judith Barrough.

Mr. Jeffery is especially happy in portraying different types of womanhood: The stoical middle-aged and widowed aunt, Minnie Foade, who loved Philip, was devoted to him but could not assert herself; the young widow of an Irish leader. He met her on a trans-Atlantic liner—she was the girl he had seen in his boyhood. But the chief figure in the story is Judith, who was definitely and disturbingly the product of her age; in the advance guard of the legion of women emancipated between 1914 and 1918. . . . She had discovered that she could lead an intelligent life without having to capture a husband or be captured by a protector. . . . She knew that even in a man-made world and under a man-made social system she could live by her wits without selling her body. And she might have guessed—if she had cared to think about it—that a vote was a trifle compared with the portentous fact that whereas an earlier generation would in its narrow-minded arrogance, have unjustifiably dubbed her a harlot, her post-war world hailed her as 'perfectly charming.' Philip was infatuated with her, loved her desperately even when she married another, and through her wiles, to save her husband from pecuniary loss, he falsified an audit and disgraced himself and the honorable name of Queste. Sailing for Canada he found the Irish widow Cathleen on board. She had told him when he saw her for the second time that she would like to help him. Did she then note his amiable weaknesses, his lack of backbone?

Here is a novel that may be read with pleasure, more than once as a study of human nature and of post-war social life. There is not a lay-figure in the book; these men and women all live, move, and have their being.

Mr. Gowen, the author of "Sun and Moon," has lived in China since 1914. Although his knowledge of Chinese domestic life and Chinese thought is intimate, it is not paraded as if there were the desire to write a story merely to display this knowledge. He tells of a strange household. An Englishman, Herrick, having lost his idolized wife, who bore him a son and daughter, turns Chinaman, lives with Chinese wives and

concubines, becomes, in spite of his profound scholarship, a hater of western civilization and a gross sensualist. He is determined that his legitimate children shall be Chinese. Their half-sister plays with them, but the two are, in a way, kept apart. The evil genius of the house is the concubine Kull-lan. She and the first wife are anxious to secure Herrick's wealth. His heart is weak, and the concubine by her wiles keeps him from asserting his better nature in the care of the English-born. An English family happens to be near Herrick's country home. They take an interest in these children. Herrick, suspecting that his end is near, asks one of the Englishmen to marry Nancy, but insists on conditions that make Nasmith refuse the offer, though he is in love with her. Incensed, becoming more Chinese than ever, Herrick gives her to a young Chinaman in marriage; bitterly regretting it when it is too late, he appoints Nasmith his executor. Great is the rage of the disappointed woman. Nancy, miserable in her squalid, lonely home finds an unexpected friend in the

William Wallace has written a book to show how Liszt suffered as man and musician by his friendship with women, especially the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein. The title of this singularly entertaining volume is "Liszt, Wagner, and the Princess." The publishers in this country are E. P. Dutton & Company.

Mr. Wallace, born at Greenock, in 1860, a university man, a student of ophthalmology and on the staff of eye-hospitals, abandoned this work to write music. One of his symphonic poems, "Villon," has been ~~unlike~~ performed here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; some of his songs have been sung. His book, "The Threshold of Music," is remarkable for its boldness and its prophecies regarding the future development of the art.

The Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein was not the first, not the last woman to throw herself at Liszt's head and at the same time throw her bonnet over the windmill; but she was the one that held him enmeshed for the longest time. It has been said that he became an abbe so he would not be obliged to wed her; that she finally bored him. The fact remains that his letters to her from 1847 to 1836 fill four volumes of 1556 octavo pages in all. In these letters touching on all subjects, politics, social happenings, literature, art, music, religion, Liszt is constantly affectionate, solicitous for her welfare in every way.

His father, dying, told him in Paris when the boy was 16 years old, that he feared he would fall a victim to the snares and domination of women. M. Guy de Pourtales in his "Vie de Franz Liszt" has told in a delightful manner the artistic triumphs and the amatory adventures of the pianist-composer. Mr. Wallace necessarily follows in this path, but in a sterner way, at times cynical. It is not now necessary to speak of Liszt's first love, Caroline Saint-Criq, probably his only real love—an affair abruptly ended by her father's pride; of the Countess Adele de La Prunarde, who bore Liszt off to her retreat in Switzerland where he improved his French; of the Countess Marie d'Agoult, with whom he eloped—the Count divorced her, remarking, "Liszt is a man of honor"—She bore Liszt two daughters and a son, while he was not unmindful of Lola Montez, "a painted and bejewelled woman with insolent eyes"; nor is it necessary to go through the catalogue of other light skirts of high and low degree who alternately enchanted and wearied the hero of the piano. Several biographers have already played the part of Leporello with his list.

It was in 1847 that Liszt met the Princess at Kiev. She was married and had a daughter, but she left her husband for her own estate, to lead an open air life, an intrepid horsewoman, with a taste for literature, philosophy and strong, black cigars. Mr. Wallace says she was too much inclined to pose as a precieuse, and ultimately as a theologian. She left Russia to join Liszt at Weimar. She was a Russian subject. Divorce was then impossible. The defiance of the conventions excited a storm of disapproval, but she cared for his mother and children, looked after his welfare in every way, and, not musical herself, was ambitious for his fame as a composer. And here, according to Mr. Wallace, wishing to play Liszt against Wagner, she became the former's evil genius. Then came the many years at Rome.

Mr. Wallace does not understand what Liszt saw in her. "Outwardly she was not attractive, dark in hair and complexion, almost Jewish in profile, with eyes described by him as those of a griffin. But she must have had personality and great ability."

Now the French composer, Henri Marechal, knew her at Rome in 1873 and was impressed by her "magnificent" eyes, her proud bearing. "She was indeed a 'Highness'; one might say an 'Imperious Highness!'" Her hair was raven black; her face smiling. When he called on her she was smoking an enormous cigar and swallowing cold tea from time to time. In her talk about music the influence of Liszt, Berlioz and Wagner was clearly shown. This visit led to a correspondence of four years. Mr. Wallace might have written otherwise of the Princess, had he read these letters. He does not mention Marechal's "Rome" in the Bibliography at the end of his book.

Nor would Hector Berlioz have corresponded with her at intervals from 1852 to 1867 if she had been a negligible person except in her ambition for Liszt.

It must be remembered that if Liszt as a pianist was something of a rope-dancer, as when he traveled in a caravan with the dining room, bedroom and kitchen all in one, with horses, a body-servant who decided which of the 360 neckties the master should wear; this idol of the public was singularly devoted to his ideals concerning composition.

As a composer and as a staunch supporter of Wagner, he incurred the hatred of the conservative. Mr. Wallace speaks of Joachim, the opportunist, who signed the famous manifesto, though Liszt had secured early engagements for him and the excellent appointment at Hanover; Joachim, who when he was at the head of the Hochschule in Berlin would not admit a pupil of Liszt unless he denied that teacher's doctrines—"In association with Brahms he exercised an evil influence over British music, the whole story of which has yet to be told." There was Schumann, "sulking and goaded by that gadfly, his wife, though Liszt had discovered the artist in his music long before he had met and had to endure him as a man . . . a dark, morose dog; irresponsible when Liszt with all his magnanimity performed his 'Genoveva' and his 'Manfred,' to be thanked with a churlish growl. There was spite, and the spite of a woman, Clara Wieck . . . Clara would have loved to rend the hair and the hateful cap of Carolyne, and the pair of them, for all their professions of friendship, would have been glad to scratch, metaphorically, one another's cheeks."

No doubt Liszt in the earlier years with Carolyne was arrogant, sensationally so, as a virtuoso, as an advocate of the "new school," also in the parading of his liaison. But he was indefatigable in his support of young and struggling musicians, generous in appreciation and pecuniary aid. Every one knows how he helped Wagner, who regarded him as a bank on which he could draw at any time; every one knows that Wagner robbed him of musical ideas, stealing from Liszt's symphonic poems, which he would not conduct at his concerts, fearing lest audiences would note his thievery. Nor is it necessary to bring forward additional testimony to prove that as a human being Wagner in every walk of life was a most contemptible person. Yet Liszt was faithful to him as a friend until Wagner took Cosima away from Buelow, her husband.

Carolyne was shocked, as she had been shocked by Wagner's affair with Mme. Wesendonck. She herself looked forward to marriage, for a divorce had finally been granted and her husband had married again, but the Church forbade her wish to take Liszt for a lawful spouse, this Church that prohibited the 24 volumes of her "Causes exterieures" from circulating among the clergy. She was jealous of Liszt, say rather for Liszt. She probably knew his fleshly weaknesses, and would have said as Pio Nino after listening for five hours to Liszt's confession on his becoming an abbe. "Easta, caro Liszt. Go and tell the rest of your sins to the piano!" Liszt's character was not free from "religious snobbery," but he had another ritual, that of Bayreuth, and Carolyne's religious ideas and polemics no doubt wearied him. She hated Wagner, who, in her mind, had raised himself on Liszt's shoulders to an undue eminence. So she could not understand Liszt's inclination to attend the laying of the foundation stone of the Bayreuth Theatre; she even insisted on seeing the letter of invitation and the reply; she was vexed when Liszt went to Bayreuth for the rehearsals of the "Ring" in 1875 and for the first performance of the entire work in 1876. She and Cosima were both vindictive; the latter cared little or nothing for her father, as was cruelly shown when Liszt died at Bayreuth. Carolyne was devoted to Liszt; for him she sacrificed everything. Is not Mr. Wallace a little unfair in saying she killed the soul in Liszt, day by day, inch by inch? "Blinded by her specious exaltations, her morbid introspections, she had not the wit to see that her arid nourishment must surely lead to starvation."

"Small wonder that he sought the milk of human kindness where it could be found, with the easy tolerance and gait of those well informed of the ways and fashions of Abbés."

This strange story is told brilliantly and by an accomplished musician. Mr. Wallace has a pretty wit. Commenting on a letter of Wagner in which he complains of Liszt, he writes: "Wagner was now well on his way to become a Wagnerian."

grandmother, the old t'ai-t'ai, who dying, begs her to leave, for the faithful Nasmith is in the village.

The character of this grandmother is admirably portrayed—she is not merely an Occidental old woman into whose mind and mouth Chinese thoughts are put to give "local color." Nancy and her father are alive, though, to some, Nancy's subjection to her father's wishes after her scenes of open rebellion, and her sense of obligation to her contemptible little husband are not easily understood. Kuli-lien is any wanton of West or East; Nancy's English nurse and the English family are conventional figures. There are pages descriptive of Chinese scenes and customs that are not wearisome; not mere padding; the temple where Nancy, meeting with a terrifying experience, is rescued by Nasmith; the wedding and the journey to the husband's home; the feast prepared in honor of Nasmith as executor with his dramatic ending. Nor will Herrick, with his mastery of Chinese lore, his wild outbursts of his unexpected moments of affection, his few revolts against sensual subordination be soon forgotten. It is as if Mr. Bowen had known this unhappy man, whether he ever met Nancy may be questioned. She is lovable, but at times sentimental.

Now, children, turn to page 90 of the "Golden Wreath" and sing; all sing:

"Smiling May,
Comes in play,
Making all things fresh and gay;
From the hall,
Come ye all;
Thus the flowers call.

Fragrant is the flow'ry vale,
Sparkles now the dew bright dale;
Music floats
In soft notes
From sweet warblers throats."

Even as children we found that this song seldom was in agreement with the weather. Some went in search of May-flowers and returned home wet, sneezing, ready for the preventives of a red flannel rag soaked in camphor round the throat, bear's grease on nose, chest, and a foot bath of hot water and mustard before going to bed. For in those days old and young went to bed; they did not go through what Richard Grant White described as the mysterious operation of retiring.

But some in defiance of the poets hymning the praise of May, said: "These poets are English, and May in England is a bright and merry month."

Oh, is it? In England this year they are complaining of the cold. Did not Shakespeare speak of "rough winds" shaking "The darling buds of May"? Daily Chronicle of London quotes Miss Milford writing in May, 1853: "Where is the May of the poets? Half the morning it snowed, at night there was

ice as thick as a shilling, and today it is absolutely as cold as Christmas." Charles Lamb wrote to Bernard Barton in May, 1826:

"I do not mind the rigors of real winter, but these hypocrites of Mays wither me to death. What lies yon poets tell about the May. It is the most uncongenial part of the year, cold crocuses, cold primroses, you take your blossoms in ice, a painted Sun—

Unmeaning joy around appears
And Nature smiles so if she sneers."

Let us consult the wisdom of the ancients. We have had an unusually wet May. Let us be joyful:

Dry May brings nothing gay; but, on the other hand, a May wet was never kind yet.

Nevertheless, "Water in May is bread all the year," but a May flood never did good.

In the middle of May comes the tail of the winter.

Thus do the proverbial philosophers and there are many of them, contradict one the other.

The New Mythology—
As the world wags:
"Yes," said H. L. Mencken, "Edgar A. Guest is my favorite poet."
GEORGE THE REDMAN.

THE BACK BAY AND ELLSWORTH
As the World Wags:

You asked for information about the filling of the Back Bay.

At that time I was in the R. R. service as train baggage man, and passed daily through the Back Bay. The filling was done by M. O. Monson with clean gravel brought from Wellesley and Newton. The Brookline branch then extended only to Brookline station and Mr. Monson built a new track from Brookline to the gravel pits. The work was carried on day and night. Mr. Monson bought locomotives from the Boston and Worcester R. R. and also had two more from Winans of Baltimore that came to Boston on a ship.

I never heard of the quicksand accident, though in a work of such extent some accident was bound to happen.

In the Herald under the heading, "Today in History," you ran: "Col. Ellsworth shot at Baltimore by rebels." Is not this an error? Was he not shot at the Marshall House in Alexandria, Va? We had an old song we used to sing in North Carolina in 1863 which went like this:

"The Marshall House it was the spot
Where Col. Ellsworth he got shot."
CHARLES A. RICE
Melrose Highlands.

"Merry Edith" reading this note in the Camden (Me.) Herald: "Myrick Bean visited Philip Pease recently," proposed them for our Hall of Fame. They might be posted together as Suocotash.

YES, NELLIE CAME HERE

We asked a few days ago whether Nellie Wallace, the joyous music hall singer, ever visited this country. A. R. writes:

"Nellie Wallace was here and played one week in Boston, where the Orpheum Theatre now is. I think it was in the winter of 1909. I can't remember all her songs, but one was about the 'Director's Gown.' One was 'My Husband Sits and Cries,' that was sung to the tune of the old hymn, 'There is a Happy Land,' only the tempo was different. In fact, all her songs were sung to rearranged hymn tunes. I was just starting out in life and was very observing. Nellie Wallace was 'THE low comedienne' of England."

THE FARMER AND THE LADY

As the World Wags:

An Industrious Farmer had a nice Orchard of Apples. One day a Richly Painted Lady stopped her Automobile near the orchard Fence and then put about a Bushel of the Farmer's apples in the Car. After a while the Industrious Farmer came out and Looked on. "If I had All these Apples," said the Richly Painted Lady, starting in on the Second Bushel, "I'd Have me a Cider press."

"Uh, huh," sez the Industrious Farmer—"an' if I had yer Crust, I'd have me a Pie Factory."

ORACLE.

CUPID

(Far As the World Wags)

Pretty, naked little Pagan god,
With chubby legs and dimpled knees,—
Winged, like the dainty butterfly,—
With golden bow and darts
Dipped in the sweets of Love
Which drive us mortals mad—
I think of you with loving smiles,
When sitting in the gloomy courts of law

And listening to the whining pleas
And avaricious alimony prayers
Of those who come to seek divorce.
Around the room the grim "in-laws" appear,
And in my ear the client mutters, "It's a lie."

Oh, dim, cool groves and woodland shrines,
And piping Pan and nymphs and fauns,
On these my mind for contrast always turns.

But watch the scene unfold,—
A pair of silly fledglings, romance mad,
Not really old enough to quit the mother nest,—
Ensnares by moonbeams at a summer dance,—

The wedding and the costly flat,—
The burned toast and a sheaf of bills,—
Hysterics, while her pretty little heels
Beat tempo's feminine tattoo
Upon the dollar-down Damascus Rug.
Then comes the flight to mother's sheltering arms,

The fainting wife upon the witness stand,
The crier calling the allowed decree;—
Then with triumphant glances out they go,—
And leave poor Cupid weeping and forlorn.

But 'mid his tears he fits a honeyed dart,
And shoots another mortal through the heart.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

'TIS YOURS, 'TIS MINE

As the World Wags:

No one should question that the natives of French West Africa have made a stern, or forward advance in civilization. They have demonstrated that association with real live people of other continents is a good thing—for Africans. The proof lies in the fact that they have become thoughtfully impulsive to rank with the elegant, their greatest aspiration being to own one, perhaps a multiple of umbrellas for both sunshine and rainy days—sunshine carrying to avoid more tan, rainy-day carrying not only to shield them from an overhead bath but to save it from a borrower during absence from the hut. This stated fact is so startling that one is inclined to wonder if they have absorbed the propensity of their more enlightened Christian brethren elsewhere, where at some gatherings after partaking of the refreshments guests oft depart, later to find that they have inadvertently taken away a sun-shade, or rain-shed, an art of conventionalism, though some term it an established custom.

H. E. R.

Newton Centre, Mass.

Americans are going to Europe in herds, it is said. They give various reasons for leaving their comfortable homes, their own beds and bathrooms. Some have chosen England to see the cathedrals, or to drink ale. Paris is, to some, a magnet, by reason of its wines, supposedly good cookery and its traditional gay night life and salacious shows carefully prepared for smug and orthodox Americans. There is the Riviera where, according to belief, the sun ever shines in and out of the season. Then there is the erroneous impression that all necessities and luxuries are cheaper in Europe than in this country. Nor should those in search of instruction be forgotten; those who are led about by a professor, male or female, with a surprising store of information about history, chronology, art, literature, biography, music, architecture, geology, and archaeology. "Here, young ladies, is the tomb of Hercules di Correntino. Do you remember what he said to Boccaccio after he had read some of the stories that I cannot recommend to you?"

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published two books that should be of use to those about to set sail. They are not guide books, in the narrow meaning of the word; one will not find distances between towns to be seen; one will not find the name of a hotel with a star or double star before it, or "well recommended," but eyes will see with greater intelligence.

One of these books is "Cities of Italy," by Arthur Symons. This is of course a reprint, for the first edition is at least 20 years old. The original preface is retained, with its dedication to "Madame la Comtesse de la Tour," which sounds better than a dedication, say, "To my friend, Jane Winterbottom," or "To L. P. B." Again we read that Madrid, Vienna, St. Petersburg and Berlin had nothing to say to Mr. Symons; perhaps he spoke to them coldly, and they resented it. Again we read that he hated Moscow and Naples; that he suffered simply because he was there; but he is gracious enough to admit that they gave him what they had to give.

Changes have been wrought in these Italian cities since Mr. Symons wrote about them. His description of Naples, for example, is now ludicrously false in its graphic account of the fifth and equal. Naples for some years, even before the appearance of Mussolini, has been a clean and orderly city. In spite of inevitable falsification of civic conditions, in spite of certain instances of what might be called aesthetic snobbery, this book is stimulating. The reader, visiting Rome, Florence, Siena, Venice, Verona, Bologna, Bergamo, may not share Mr. Symons's enthusiasm over this or that picture or building, but he will be spurred to appreciation and learn something about the character of a city, for cities, like men and women, have a decided or flabby character, yes, often a soul. For those who are unwilling to submit themselves to the discomforts and annoyances of travel, this book will be pleasing and informing reading, for Mr. Symons, when he is not trying to write well, has a peculiar charm in his descriptions and aesthetic opinions based on what he has seen.

"Along the Riviéras of France and Italy," by Gordon Home, who illustrates handsomely his book—the illustrations are in color, also in black and white—is a guide in the better sense, for it not only recommends and discourages a sojourn here and there, but gives a great amount of information without a vain show of pedantry, or irritating condescension. An agreeable feature of the book is the retracing of journeys in this region taken years ago by the observing Arthur Young and the grumbling Tobias Smollett whose recitals of discomforts caused Sterne to ridicule him under the name of Imelfungus.

Is Toulon as dirty and smelly a place today as Mr. Home would have us believe? Are pieces of half decayed cabbage leaves still on the porch floor of the ex-Cathedral of St. Marie-Majeure, and is that floor still greasy? "Not long ago we spoke of Mr. Oppenheim's search for sunshine along the Riviera, and how he found rain, rain, rain, to make the sunshine the more welcome. Mr. Home admits that it does rain at times on this coast that is thought to be an earthly paradise, but he is not insensible to the beauty of the scenery, the picturesqueness of towns and villages not frequented by the swarms of tourists, who are happiest at Nice and Monte Carlo. The latter place shocks the finer sensibilities of Mr. Home. There are types of humanity that "in a

few minutes rob the place of all its beauty; the sunlight becomes garish, the gardens a vulgar display, and even the sea appears to lose its dignity. Pickpockets, loudly dressed women of many nationalities, and men representing the depraved element in the moneyed classes of all the countries of Europe, turn Monte Carlo into a spot which cannot fail to be repugnant to the observant who find nothing attractive in the marks of a vicious life." My, My! We must see Monte Carlo before the night cometh when there will be no journeying except the last one to the unknown.

Mr. Home's descriptions are copious, when there is anything to describe; they are enriched by historical and biographical information and by anecdotes. For example, Allassio is now a favorite resort. How many know that Garibaldi as a boy was rescued from drowning in a storm off that town; that in 1880 when he spent the winter there he looked up the sole survivor of the rescuers and embraced the old man who dimly remembered the incident.

Even those who are not going to the Riviera, will enjoy this book. Their desire will be whetted; or they will see and know this coast better than many who make a whirlwind tour.

We doubt if many would be prompted to take the cruise that H. W. Tomlinson took in the tramp steamer, the Capella, up the waters of the Amazon and into the Brazilian jungle. There is now a fifth edition of "The Sea and the Jungle" published by E. P. Dutton & Company. The story is among the great narratives of adventure. Mr. Tomlinson dedicated it "to those who did not go." As for the telling, it may be said of him what Conrad wrote of W. H. Hudson: "You can't tell how this fellow gets his effects. He writes as the grass grows; the good God makes it there, and that is all there is to it." If Mr. Tomlinson has a singular faculty of bringing what he saw before one's eyes and nose, so that one is with him on ship-board and alone with him in the horror of the jungle, he has also the gift of making the incredible seem real. There is the story told by Sandy of Jack Driscoll at Cardiff; of his encounter with the old woman and his subsequent meeting with a girl in a new place; how when he came out that night and called on Annie whom he hoped to wed, she looked at him "like she didn't know him," and was a bit afraid of him. And when he saw his face in a public house mirror, "his eyes were dull and red and gummy, same as those old men who've lived too long, and his face was puffed and pimply, and he had a lousy white beard." Then there are the yarns told by the camp doctor, and the one told by Sandy about Moffatt meeting Davy Jones who kept souls in miles and miles of crab-pots. But it would be impertinent to dwell on the spell exercised by this book on readers old and young.

"CRADLE SONG"

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Cradle Song," a Spanish play in two acts and an interlude by Gregorio and Maria Martinez Sierra, translated into English by John Garrett Underhill. Presented by the Civic Repertory Theatre, New York.

The cast last night was as follows:
Sister Sagario..... Ruth Wilton
Sister Marcella..... Beatrice de Neergaard
The Prioress..... Alma Kruger
Sister Joanna of the Cross..... Era Le Gallienne
The Mistress of Novices..... Mary Ward
The Vicar..... Leona Roberts
Sister Tornera..... Margaret G. Love
Sister Inez..... Miriam Cutler
A Countryman..... Barlowe Borland
Sister Maria Jesus..... Oahlee Hubbard
The Doctor..... Egon Brecher
Teresa..... Josephine Hutchinson
Antonio..... Robert J. Ross

The interlude was spoken by Sayre Crawley.

This play was written in 1911. It was first performed in English in New York at the Times Square Theatre in 1921, when Augustus Duncan brought it out. Miss Le Gallienne revived it at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York on Jan. 24, 1927. It was the seventh production of the Civic Repertory Theatre. The Spanish Players performed the play in New York at the Forrest Theatre on March 9, 1927.

Here is an engrossing and moving play without action, without strong situations, without a "scene a faire." How simple is the story! A woman of the streets leaves her base-born baby at a convent of Dominican nuns, with a letter begging them to care for her. They accept the charge. The doctor of the village, visiting the convent at the time of the unexpected present, gives the baby girl his name, so that the birth may be registered. Eighteen years pass and the nuns tearfully prepare Teresa for her wedding and de-

parture. They see the bridegroom, Antonio, and approve.

The irresistible charm of the play is in the dialogue which reveals the various characters of the sainted woman, the youthfulness and ingenuousness of Teresa, the rough humor of the doctor, and the manly simplicity of Antonio. Then there is the peacefulness of the two scenes, the room opening upon the cloister, and the convent parlor. There is the convent atmosphere, which is in no way disturbed.

Then there is the absolute perfection of the performance, a performance in which the dream of a true ensemble is fully realized.

These nuns differ in character though they are united by holy vows and religious consecration. There is the prioress, mindful of the order's rules, but

human, ready to forgive a lapse; quick to rebuke when a nun is intolerant towards an offender. Sister Marcella is given to fits of melancholy. She thinks of the world; the sunshine and the suggestion of liberty without the walls depress her. There is one who would maintain even stricter discipline, sharp in speech, humorous at times, perhaps unconsciously, a grenadier of a woman. Opposed at first to the adoption of Teresa, she breaks down when the girl leaves. Sister Joanna of the Cross was the first to mother the helpless babe. The maternal instinct is strong within her breast. She remembers when as a young girl she carried in her arms the little ones of her own family. Teresa sees in her a mother, yet when the girl pours out her love for her she would stop the outburst of affection which she secretly welcomes. When Teresa tells of her consuming love for Antonio, Sister Joanna, against her will, thinks what might have been her own happiness. It may here be said that in this long scene between Sister Joanna and Teresa the dialogue occasionally becomes sentimental, and one could wish the scene a little shorter.

So sincere, so effective is the performance that the spectator feels that he is an intruder in the convent; that he like Antonio, should be allowed to see and hear the holy women only through the grated window. Miss Kruger as the prioress possessed the requisite gentle authority and sympathetic sanctity. Miss Le Gallienne revealed Joanna's character, her yearning for earthly affection, the wild regret against which she struggled as a nun. Miss Hutcheson was a charming, unsophisticated girl, not ashamed of her evident love. But all were excellent; there was no "out" in the performance.

An audience that filled the theatre was deeply impressed.

KEITH-ALBEE ST. JAMES—"Rain," drama in three acts by John Colton and Clemence Randolph, founded on a story called "Miss Thompson," by W. Somerset Maugham. Jeanne Eagles played the principal role for four seasons, appearing in this city last season at the Park Theatre. The St. James cast:

A Native Girl..... Virginia Stokes
A Native Policeman..... K. P. Howwa
A Native..... K. A. Fernando
Another Native..... William Laukaha
Ameena..... Elizabeth Wilcox
Private Griggs, U.S.M.C..... Houston Richards
Corp. Hodzson, U.S.M.C..... Harold Chase
Sergeant O'Hara, U.S.M.C..... Walter Gilbert
Joe Horn..... Louis Leon Hall
Mrs. Alfred Davidson..... Edith Speare
Dr. McPhail..... William Biear
Mrs. McPhail..... Sydel Landrew
Quartermaster Bates..... Jack Westernman
Sadie Thompson..... Ruth Shepley
Rev. Alfred Davidson..... Frank Charlton

The presentation of "Rain" is an ambitious undertaking for any stock company and the St. James players this week come through with flying colors. Comparisons with the original production are only natural, particularly when its run was such a long one and "Sadie Thompson" became so notable a figure to theatre-goers. Ruth Shepley, leading lady at the St. James, has this role and she does an excellent job. She lacks the heavy resonant voice that Miss Eagles gave to the character, but the very fact that she does not try to imitate too closely Miss Eagles's conception of the part, is one of the striking features of Miss Shepley's performance. Her "big scene" with the Rev. Davidson was kept down nicely, for here is a great opportunity to over-act. In the third act, after the minister has worked his reform, her performance differed from Miss Eagles in that Miss Shepley makes "Sadie" a rather sweet, appealing little soul, while Miss Eagles suggested more the whipped dog in her encounters with O'Hara, the hearty marine who loved her, and the minister. Walter Gilbert did his usual excellent work as O'Hara.

As for the other important roles, Louis Leon Hall as "Joe Horn" could move more slowly and indolently to improve his performance.

Frank Charlton was entirely satisfactory as the Rev. Davidson. Emma Wilcox added atmosphere as Ameena, Joe's native wife. She was, by the way, a member of the original "Rain" company. Edith Speare, confined this season to many hysterical and flapper roles, is first-rate as the straight-laced

minister's wife. Houston Richards, the inimitable comedian of the company, stands out as he always does, this time in the role of an easy-going marine. Jack Westernman handles a nice bit in the first act as the intoxicated quartermaster.

The set is excellent and the off-stage atmosphere added a great deal to the whole performance. The man in charge of the rain, however, could provide a little lighter shower so that in many instances the words of the players would not be drowned out. A large audience was enthusiastic in its approval, although the typical stock company audience "giggle," played an important part in the evening's proceedings. If you saw the original version of "Rain," you will be interested in making comparison with this production, and if you never happened to see the New York company, the St. James players will offer all that you need.

Peter Higgins Receives Warm Reception from Audience

Peter Higgins, youthful Irish tenor, and Willie Solar, "international entertainer," divide honors on this week's B. F. Keith bill with the 100 per cent. American beauty background of Jeanette Hackett and Harry Delmar's girl-show, "Luxuries."

Mr. Higgins, a slim youngster who apparently is what he styles himself, "Stagland's Youngest Irish Tenor," would be singing yet if he had consented to take all the encores last night's audience attempted to accord him.

Mr. Solar, who likes plain "Willie" better for a name, has been making 'em laugh all over France, Italy, Germany and the rest of Europe. He dares Boston to keep a straight face through his act, but nobody has done it yet.

The Hackett-Delmar revue advertises itself as in its sixth season. Its singing, dancing, smiling chorus, however, is as youthful as its costuming is modern. Husbands turn their heads away and strong men spend their lunch money for all-week tickets.

Hama and Yama, "the Nippon wonders" open the show with a tight rope and balancing act. "We Three," billed to appear in "singing that is different," appeared and sang and are as easy to look at as to listen to.

A stageful of trained straw hats features the act of Moran and Wiser who play catch with the spectators and make the latter like it.

"Almost Single," a one-act comedy, with Julia Nash and C. H. O'Donnell, satirizes marriage after seven years. Last night's audience found plenty in the sketch to laugh at. Even those unwedded applauded heartily.

"Rookies" Is Virile Show with Plenty of Humor

"Rookies," a screen comedy based on an original story by Byron Morgan, directed by Sam Wood and presented at the State Theatre this week with the following cast:

Sergeant Diggs..... Karl Dane
Greg Lee..... George K. Arthur
Betty Wayne..... Marceline Day
Zella Fay..... Louise Lorraine
The Judge..... Frank Currier
Colonel..... E. H. Calvert
Sergeant O'Brien..... Tom O'Brien

With all of the wars used up as screen to the Citizen's Training Camp in order to get their men in khaki and their cameras trained on them. "Rookies" is a virile screen play with dust, two pretty girls, chewing tobacco, a generous allotment of vulgarity and fun in it. The theatre rocked for half an hour with the echoes of good, hearty, masculine laughter after the film had dimmed.

material, the movie makers have turned. Some one had a happy thought when they teamed Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. A uniform is as becoming to Dane as pink is to a blond and his present part fits so well it must have been melted and poured around him. When Dane, as Sgt. Diggs, swings into a night club and discovers Zella Fay (Louise Lorraine) his natural humor finds an outlet against her dancing partner, played by George K. Arthur. From that time the two men find themselves entangled and George eventually winds up in the company of citizens training to wrap leggings, under the bright supervision of Sgt. Diggs.

Everyone works hard with the comedy in this picture excepting Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. The bland and lumpy Dane has a bucolic grace that is never fatiguing. He may romp and play like a Newfoundland puppy, but one feels in case of fire he would rescue all of the children from the top story without any effort. Even in the last sequence of "Rookies," when the story turned serious and Dane was forced to be rather seasick and scared, he did both with a large talent.

George K. Arthur is pint size but with a nice sense of humor and a to scratch, metaphorically, one ano-

Continuing Plays

COLONIAL—"Criss-Cross," the Stone family in a Dillingham musical extravaganza. Last two weeks.

WILBUR—"Listen Dearie," musical comedy with Fred Hillebrand, Laura Lee, Stanley Ridges and others. Second week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," mystery play by Arnold Ridley enters its 23d and last week.

GAYETY—"Bozo" Snyder stars in his own production. Fourth week.

'RUNNING WILD' ON AT METROPOLITAN

W. O. Fields in "Running Wild" is on the screen at the Metropolitan Theatre this week. It is another domestic drama in which the potentates of Paramount thrust Mr. Fields and in which he is so realistically pathetic that the absurdity of his material fades in the sunlight of his accomplishments. Futile and modest the mere male arises in the morning and to his setting-up exercises via the radio. The domestic wheels start revolving with a hen-like second wife ruling the household with unrelenting vigor. Shades of the movies of another day and more than faintly reminiscent are the scenes where the fat son yells "Ma" and Ma lays down the law.

Mary Brian is the pretty daughter of the lamb-like husband and she proves conclusively that a pretty girl is an asset, especially when the softly rounded chin can be as formidable as a rock ribbed coast. When she says "No wonder they don't respect you," with a toss of her head toward the "steps" of the family, one is impressed.

With the help of a hypnotist the lamb-like one turns into a roaring lion and accomplishes all that one would have him, even to jumping on the picture of the remarkable first mate of his irate wife, and having his own ennobled face hung in the place of honor.

John Murray Anderson has taken his revuette "Patches" seriously and has accomplished a well staged, well trained combination that is entertaining in every respect. Gene Rodemich and his Merry Makers don overalls this week, forget their hayseeds long enough to play symphonic jazz and accompany Evelyn Hoey in a return engagement and Cliff Crane, the rube dancer who has silently pranced through numerous musical comedies in Boston.

Messrs. Martel and Kilien have a musical argument entitled, "Orchestra vs. Organ," in which they both succeed.

'KNOCKOUT REILLY' AT SCOLLAY SQUARE

One of those fast moving comedy dramas with which Richard Dix has carved for himself cinema fame, "Knockout Reilly," his latest, is the attraction at the Scollay Square Olympia.

RAJAH RABOID IS BACK AT OLYMPIA

Constance Talmadge has her best role to date in "Venus in Venice," at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre this week. Connie is a Venice canal thief, thrown by a trick of fate into the company of a romantically inclined American artist in the person of Antonio Moreno. There is plenty of both comedy and romance in the picture. As the little gamin, impulsive and mischievous, whose exploits among the canals of Venice have earned her the sobriquet "The Water Rat," she is inimitable.

Connie and Marco, her aged partner in crime, rob the guests at a wedding. Diving from a bridge to escape the police she lands in the gondola of Antonio Moreno. Then a romance starts, somewhat hindered by Julianne Johnston as the haughty fiancée of the artist.

Somewhat in the background are Edward Matindel, Hedda Hopper, Carillo and Carmelita Geraghty, lending capable support to the players. The scenes of the Venice where much of the action takes place seem genuine, although all on a Hollywood lot. There are canals, picturesque bridges, cathedrals and hotels, thro-

Connie runs riot in her best role since "East Is West."

Rajah Rabold, who thoroughly mystified and amazed Olympia patrons the week before last, is back by popular demand for another week. The act is positively uncanny, and the rajah answers every question with ease. Surrounding the rajah is a vaudeville bill of real merit. Lew Reed and Paul LeVere do some clyonic dancing, with banjo, guitar and violin playing. Marie Stoddard has a new skit, "Entertaining the Prince." Jarrett and Dalrymple offer "Just a Pal." The Dancing McDonalds round out the vaudeville. Short subjects complete a well varied bill.

At Brussels our Lindbergh with a act that is natural to him and unconsciously exercised said he would like to hear La Brabanconne, the national anthem of the Belgians, whereupon the aritone Bouillez, who had sung the Star Star Spangled Banner," obliged the airman by lifting up his voice.

The Brabanconne was inspired by the revolution of 1830 when Belgium gained her independence. The writer of the words was Louis Dechez, known as Jenneval, a young actor at the Royal Theatre of the Monnaie. He, taking an active part in the revolution, joined a volunteer company. He wrote his poem and recited it at a restaurant, the Golden Eagle. In an engagement near Lierre he was killed by a cannon ball. The song was sung by Lafeuillade, a tenor, at the Monnaie on Sept. 12, 1830.

The music was composed by Francois Van Campenhout. Louis de Mesmacker had written music for the verses, but it did not please. It has been said that Campenhout was indebted to an old air or airs. This Campenhout (1779-1848), blessed with a magnificent voice, had sung at Paris, The Hague, Lyons, Rouen. He was at the Odeon, Paris, in 1803. He left the stage in 1827, having composed several operas, church music, choruses, songs.

The Brabanconne was played at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, led by Henri Rabaud. This concert on Dec. 30, 1918, celebrated the close of the year of victory. The national airs of the United States, Belgium, England, Italy (the Marcia Reale Italiana), France were played before compositions by Chadwick, Bizet, Verdi, Farnaby, Franck and Henry Carey ("America").

When Delhasse mentioned in his biography of Campenhout the singer's year of birth, the beau of former years remonstrated in a letter:

"Why the devil did you dig up that atrocious date which you nail on my sexagenarian forehead? When the grave digger has accomplished his task, and the corpse has received on his face and belly four or five feet of earth, n, i, ni, it's all over; the farce has been played. Then dates can come in plenty; and the dead man has nothing to fear from the pitiless truth. If the old artist has preserved up to the time of his latest performances some vestiges of a remarkable talent, oh, then it's another thing; one would say, good Lord, is it possible! What! The dead man was so old? It's prodigious! But to throw this terrible 1779 in his face while he is alive; this is to kill him morally. My dear Delhasse, my birth certificate is the only one wrong, it is old! and I feel that my cerebrum is still solid enough to be good for something; everything is not gone; there is still oil in the lamp; we'll show it, Apollo riding us."

Who is the more pitiable, the man that shrinks from telling his age or the one that, knowing his machinery is creaking and will soon stop working, boasts of his years? There's old Mr. Wheezucks, Jabez B. Wheezucks. His eyes are dim and rheumy; he shuffles when he walks; he tells in a thin voice the same old story three times in an hour to any one willing to listen, and he will say: "How old do you think I am? Just guess?" If courteous, Mr. Go-lightly will say "Sixty." Wheezucks will reply with a graveyard chuckle: "No, sir, I'm 79."

In the old days of whiskerage men would compare the luxuriance and length of their beards. Bearded strangers would thus begin a beautiful friendship. Today men enjoy comparing ages, and the older one of two feels a glow of triumph. One will say: "I remember the mourning in our town when the news came that Lincoln had been assassinated." "Pooh," says the other, "I remember the firing on Fort Sumter." Or they will try to achieve superiority by recalling some actor or actress forgotten long ago except by biographers and a few playgoers whose memory is tottering. "What's the first

play you saw?" "Do you remember Henry Dunbar" at the Boston Museum? They brought a corpse on the stage?" "The first show I saw"—heavy emphasis on "I"—"was White's Negro Minstrels. Their theatre was almost oppo-

site the St. Nicholas Hotel, in New York. The chief hotels then were the St. Nicholas, the Metropolitan, the Astor and the Brevoort. And I remember seeing a picture of John Wilkes Booth in the office of the Tremont House when he was acting Lucius Junius Brutus." And so they chatter. How much more commendable were the grave old men, warmed by the sight of Helen, endowed with the 30 attributes of ideal beauty.

"And as in well-grown woods, on trees, cold spiny grasshoppers Sit chirping, and send voices out, that scarce can pierce our ears For softness, and their weak, faint sounds; so, talking on the tower, These seniors of the people sat; who when they saw the power Of beauty, in the queen, ascend, ev'n those cold-spirited peers, Those wise and almost wither'd men, found this heat in their years, That they were forc'd (though whispering) to say: 'what man can blame The Greeks and Trojans to endure, for so admir'd a dame So many misries, and so long? In her sweet count'nance shine Looks like the Goddesses.'"

THE NEW MYTHOLOGY

As the World Wags

Once a stage comedian pulled such well-known wise cracks as "So's yer old man!" and "It won't be long now!" and "Sure I speak French—Chevrolet Coupe!" and nobody in the audience laughed. GEORGE THE RED MAN.

ONE BENDIGO

A novel was published recently with William Thompson, otherwise known as Bendigo, an English pugilist, for its hero. Truly a famous fellow in and out of the ring. A town in Australia and a hat were named after him. Becoming an evangelist, he bashed Satan with mighty blows. But how did he gain his name "Bendigo"? This question has exercised ingenuity. According to one account he was one of triplets and a friend of the family nicknamed them Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-Nego. It is true that Bendigo's first challenge (1835) was signed "Abed-Nego of Nottingham." The other theory, not now taken seriously, was that the boy's companions seeing his father approaching, would warn him by shouting "Bendy go!" But the boy was never called "Bendy" and, as Mr. Weekley says, the warning would have been "Look aht, Bendy, yer daddy's a-coomen."

The original name of the Australian gold field was Bandidoot Creek, from the bandicoot, an animal of the opossum species.

WESTERN GENEROSITY

E. H. Cutter sends us the following advertisement published in the Arizona Republican-Phoenix, Arizona:

Anybody over 80 years old can eat Free—

AT Willard's

230 W. Jefferson, if accompanied by their parents. "A fast nickle beats a slow dime."

MASTER BUILDER

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The Master Builder," by Henrik Ibsen, presented by Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre. The cast was as follows:

Knut Brovik (formerly an architect, now in Solness's employ).....Barlowe Borland
Kaia Folsi (his niece; bookkeeper).....Ruth Wilton
Ragnar Brovik (his son; draughtsman).....Robert F. Ross
Halvard Solness (master builder).....Egon Brecher
Alma Solness.....Alma Kruger
Dr. Herdal (physician).....Sayer Crowley
Miss Hilda Wangel.....Eva Le Gallienne

There's something like North shore sea bathing in a view of this "Master Builder." The milieu isn't warm, but it's bracing. A plunge into the half-light of Halvard Solness's life, with its spirits light and dark, tremendous forces of will, and brooding fears of retribution, brings a direct understanding of beings reduced to what they basically are, stripped of the coverings and defences of daily life. Egon Brecher gives a convincing picture of the Master Builder, who has ruthlessly wrested his success from life, at the cost of domestic happiness. The man's immense vitality, his brooding after the burning of his wife's home, his haunting fear that luck would turn, are well brought out. Solness lives, he struggles before us, we know him.

Eva Le Gallienne brings a peculiar intensity to Hilda. She is the Younger Generation of Solness's fears, incarnate, a lovely vivid bird of prey who would snatch her kingdom, like the Vikings of old, with a "robust conscience." Her scene with Alma Solness, where Hilda looks into the soul of the wife, and wavers at hurting a human being she knows, no matter how small and ineffectual that being may be, does full justice to one of the stretches of pure

poetry that distinguish this play. The last act, from this scene to Halvard's plunge from the tower, is a poem, or a series of short poems with words tumbling earthward between them. Halvard promises to build "the most beautiful thing in the world, a castle in the air"—and we see Hilda ecstatic as her Master Builder climbs the high place, great, with a song, defying the Mighty One. "Frightfully thrilling," as Hilda says.

In Miss Kruger's Alma there was too much convention. The feeling of strangeness, like a dead person walking, that appears in a reading of the play, was lacking in this Alma. She seemed too much the ordinary faded woman, in contrast with Hilda's bright presence. There was too little of the dweller on the borderland of the every day emotions, all through her scenes. Only in the last act she came alive, a woman eaten with grief for her lost "little things"—her burnt family portraits, her silks, her dolls.

But, as a whole, the strange poetic quality of the play couldn't have been better done than by Miss Le Gallienne's company. The smaller pieces fitted smoothly into the polished whole of the production. Ruth Wilton gave a wistful quality to the dominated Kaia Folsi, living by the will of the master builder. Robert Ross, as Kaia's fiance, suddenly coming to the realization of Solness's fear of his talent, helped make the last act live.

The Hollis Street Theatre was crowded with an audience attentive and enthusiastic. There were no laughs at emotional crises. The absorbing story of the Master Builder has never had a more enthusiastic response. The Civic Repertory venture, which filled the old Fourteenth Street Theatre all winter in New York, has an equally responsive public in Boston. Except for a June epidemic of whooping cough the evening was perfect. R. H. G.

A Canadian Folk Song and Handicrafts Festival was held at Quebec last month. A little before the festival, a volume, "Canadian Folk Songs," selected and translated by J. Murray Gibbons, with harmonization by Geoffrey O'Hara and Oscar O'Brien, was published by E. P. Dutton & Co. This is by no means the first or the only collection of this country's folk songs. Ernest Gagnon's "Chansons Populaires du Canada" reached a second edition in 1880. The book, containing over 100 songs with the tunes in notation, with many notes, among them one showing the origin of some of these songs in provinces of France, was dedicated to the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. It is an interesting work by a man of musical and literary knowledge and taste.

There are other collections: "Veillees due bon vieux temps"; "Folks Songs of French Canada," edited by Barbeau and Sapir; "Chansons Canadiennes," harmonized by Prevost; "Chansons of Old French Canada," harmonized by Margaret Gascoigne. A collection of 12 chansons with English words by Sir Harold Boulton and harmonizations by Arthur Somerville is announced for publication in London.

But this volume with the accompaniments by Messrs. O'Hara and O'Brien is the most practical collection for American singers. Charles Marchand has contributed an excellent preface on the interpretation of the songs, remarks about the necessity of studying carefully the words, assimilating the rhythm, entering the skin of the person to be represented in the song. There should be grace, moderation and suitability in gestures. "In certain classes of songs, for instance in the lumbermen's songs, the fineness of the gesture will relieve the coarseness of the words."

Speaking of Thomas Moore's "Canadian Boat Song,"

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,"

the translator, Mr. Gibbon, remarks that the song heard by Moore, "J'ai trop grand' peur des loups," is still sung at Poitu in France. "The imported chansons, of which several thousand have been collected, may in most cases be dated as not later than the 17th century. The 30 songs chosen for this collection are not, however, confined to the chansons brought from Old France. The artificial court life which so many of these reflect differs greatly from the life of the pioneer who with his axe had to clear the land for his farm and who penetrated the backwoods in his canoe among friendly or hostile Indians. Very

different, too, is the life of the habitant or rural peasantry of Quebec with its simple joys and sorrows from the life shown in the earliest chansons. The moderns, too, have their ballad mongers. Sturdy robust singers, whose keen sense of rhythm adds a vigor to notes which tradition may have cast in a minor key. Some of the old French chansons still preserved in Canadian song may go back to the troubadours and trouveres.

Mr. Gibbons tells us that the oldest known of the native songs is the lament of the dying trapper, Cadieux, which dates from early in the 18th century. Cadieux had been hunting in the north. Returning down the Ottawa, he heard that the Iroquois held the portage. He fired a gun, while the rest of the party shot the rapids. He did not join his comrades. His body was found lying in a shallow grave evidently made by himself and covered with cedar boughs. "Beside it was a poem which he had written with his blood on a piece of birch bark."

This poem of 11 verses ends (the translation is for a singer):

"Here then it is that the world me abandons,

But I seek aid in the Saviour of mankind!

Most Holy Maid!

Ah, do not me forsake,

Let me but die

In your arms I refuge take."

In one verse Cadieux tells an old crow, hovering near him, to go over in the woods and marshes where he will find more than one Indian corpse.

In strong contrast is "La Fille du roi d'Espagne," in which the princess, washing the clothes, lets her ring fall in the river. A gallant sailor boy dives, having been promised a kiss. He is drowned. The same story is told in "Isabeau s'y promene," though Isabeau did not lose her ring by washing her clothes.

"Canadian Folk Songs" should interest folk-lorists as well as singers.

E. P. Dutton & Co. also publish "Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas," by William Behrend. The translation from the Danish is by Ingeborg Lund. The admirable pianist, Alfred Cortot, has written a preface in terms of warm appreciation. There are 23 illustrations in half-tone and numerous quotations in musical notation.

Behrend, born in 1861, studied law. He has held important positions under the magistracy of Copenhagen, and has been music critic for several newspapers and magazines. He has written an "Illustrated History of Music" and several biographies of musicians.

The present volume originated in a course of lectures on Beethoven's Sonatas, delivered at the Royal Danish Conservatory of Music. The book was first published in Danish at Copenhagen in 1923. The author tells us that his purpose as a lecturer was to supply a kind of historical, biographical and psychological supplement to the practical teaching of the sonatas. Preparing the book, he wished to write one for "Everyman," a book that could be read by all lovers of music, performers, hearers, any one attracted by Beethoven's personality—or music, "a book which could be read without much previous knowledge of the subject, not only for the sake of learning, but for that of entertainment."

Mr. Behrend has well performed his task. He begins with the premise that the sonatas are, with few exceptions, "an independent and individual revelation of the composer's genius, giving an insight into his spiritual life and his experiences." For the piano was Beethoven's favorite instrument, the only one that he mastered to perfection, the one to which he confided his deepest secrets. One might say that Mr. Behrend has written the biography of Beethoven, the maker of piano sonatas, the first composed when he was about 12 years old, the last when he was 52, five years before he died.

The great excellence of the book lies in its sanity. So many writers on Beethoven have delighted in mush and gush. When Mr. Behrend comes to the so-called "Moonlight" sonata, he does not find in the music the slightest hint of Gluiletta, but the turmoil of the composer's soul, his melancholy and great struggles; and while he admits that Beethoven had a sensual side and was not fastidious in his love affairs, he does not, unlike Mr. Newman, dwell on this subject or dilate on the probable cause of Beethoven's deafness.

Fontenelle asked long ago: "Sonata, what do you wish of me?" Mr. Behrend gives an answer that is more than personal: that should instruct and stimulate teachers, pianists, and the great public.

There is a bibliography, also an index.

'LA LOCANDIERA'

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"La Locandiera," a comedy in three acts and seven scenes by Carlo Goldoni. Translated and adapted by Helen Lohmann from the Italian. Produced at the Sant' Angelo, Venice, in January, 1753, with Maddalena Raffi (La Corallina), the heroine. The play was produced in Italian by Mme. Duse at Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on Feb. 3, 1893, with "Cavalleria Rusticana" on the bill. Miss Le Gallienne brought out Miss Lohmann's translation in New York on Nov. 22, 1926, the fifth of the productions of her Civic Repertory Theatre.

The Marquis of Forlipopoli . . . Sayre Crawley
The Count of Alforbortia . . . Paul Leyssac
Fabrizio, a servant at the inn . . . Robert F. Ross
The Cavalier of Ripafraffa . . . Egon Brecher
Mirandolina . . . Eva Le Gallienne
Servant to the Cavalier . . . Barlowe Borland
Ortensia . . . Josephine Hutchinson
Djaniara . . . Beatrice De Neergaard

This comedy, which, as some say, is indebted to two comedies by Molière and Molière's "La Princesse d'Elide," has enjoyed remarkable popularity. There have been translations or adaptations in English, French, German, Spanish, Russian, Portuguese, Hungarian, Danish, Greek, Polish, Rumanian, Czech, Croatian, nearly 40 in all. Boston saw Mme. Duse in the comedy, following her unforgettable portrayal of Santuzza. The Moscow Art Players performed "La Locandiera" here.

Venice was without clubs. Men met for talk and relaxation at taverns or at gambling houses. Goldoni in this comedy shows the life at a tavern, with a sprightly, coquettish landlady, coquettish in order to keep custom and enrich herself. She has suitors who "would wed her. Among them a marquis proud of his blue blood, but poor; a wealthy count, who has bought his title. The waiter, in love with his mistress, is vexed by their wooing. Then enters a confirmed woman hater, the Cavaliere di Ripafraffa. Mirandolina sets herself to shame the misogynist, to exercise the power and lure of her sex. "May her nose drop off if she doesn't make him fall in love with her before the morrow." But Mirandolina, a shrewd, self-made woman, would not wed one above her station. She gives her hand to the faithful waiter.

When Goldoni brought out "La Locandiera" as "Camille, Aubergiste" at the Comedie Italienne in Paris in 1764, the mistress of the inn married the valet of the savage woman-hater. For this the Baron Grimm reproached the author. He argued that though this might happen, the fact that it could happen was not interesting in the theatre; that besides truth, the "varnish of poetry" was necessary. "The little inn-keeper, wishing to seduce by her wiles, this enemy of her sex, should have conceived a violent passion for him; that would have thrown into the piece a vivacity and interest that it now lacks."

So there was a demand for a conventional happy ending in 1764; but Goldoni here shunned the obvious solution. The inn-keeper would be much happier with the waiter than with the Marquis, the Count or the Cavalier of Ripafraffa.

The performance last night which delighted an audience that filled the playhouse suggested two questions: Was Miss Lohmann's "adaptation" planned to make this comedy with the good old asides and soliloquies more acceptable to modern taste, to turn it from a delicate comedy into a rollicking farce; should the performance have been pitched in a higher key than that chosen by the company. We doubt if Goldoni would have recognized his Marquis and Cavalier. He would have been pleased with the Count as portrayed by Mr. Leyssac; he would have applauded loudly Miss Le Gallienne's Mirandolina. Mr. Brecher's Cavalier amused mightily the audience, but in the last scenes he acted in farce-comedy vein. Take the two actresses impersonated by the charming women. They played in farcical spirit. Miss de Neergaard created laughter by her clumsy curtesies. Is it likely that an Italian actress would have been so awkward? Here again was a departure from true Italian comedy of Goldoni's time.

But when all has been said, the comedy as it was understood by this band of excellent players was entertaining and amusing, though the Marquis as played by Mr. Crawley was deficient in the pride that characterized this nobleman, unfortunate in his poverty. The Cavalier called him a bore. Goldoni did not intend him to be a bore with boring mannerisms in speech and action. No, one could not accept this portrayal.

One hardly associates Miss Le Gallienne with sparkling comedy, but as the hostess she was vivacious, speaking and acting with enchanting lightness,

with a coquetry that was compelling, that captivated the spectator as well as the Cavalier. Nor was there once the disturbing suggestion of an emotional actress condescending to play in light comedy. She maintained the appropriate spirit throughout, nor did she step for a moment out of the character. Thus in finally accepting Fabrizio, she did not fall into incongruous sentimentalism. She left one with the impression that Fabrizio as her husband would have ample cause for jealousy, even if her smiling sweetly on her guests were only for the good of the inn.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson about to leave town for his humble shingled cottage asked us yesterday about novels for the summer. For the Sage of Clamport delights in fiction, and has a most catholic taste. Perhaps those who know Mr. Johnson only as an indefatigable, intrepid sociologist may wonder at his enjoyment of light literature, but Richardson, the famous architect, devoured detective stories, and a judge of the United States supreme court rests his mind by reading French novels and likes them piping hot.

We happened to have a package of novels published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Knowing that Mr. Johnson is an admirer of Leonard Merrick, we spoke of "Violet Moses." When we first knew Merrick, through the many novels in the handy Tauchnitz edition—it was long before W. D. Howells discovered him—"Violet Moses" was mentioned on a publisher's fly leaf, but the novel was not included in the series. It was Merrick's first, and it was said that he wished it to be forgotten. He finally yielded to the wish of his American publishers. The story is not so good, it is not so well written as the later ones, of which "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" is the best; there are digressions, there are comments on life and manners that are rather yeasty; but there is true delineation of character, there are strong situations, there is a bitterness that is not displeasing. This novel is by no means negligible; it was worth reprinting if only to show the later development of a novelist's indisputable art. The visit of Violet and her aunt to the lodgings of Morris, who as a suitor had been rejected by the girl, is admirably described. "There is one taste the scientist has in common with the flaneur; the gentleman shares it with 'Alf' and 'Bill'; it is to see the girl he wants to marry under the roof that shelters himself." The return of Violet's impossible scapegrace father; the description of her dismal life with her family, so dismal that she married the rich and vulgar Moses, the Jew; the inevitable racial conflict that brought unhappiness; the temptation to elope with Morris—and here the dialogue, as in some other chapters, is youthfully rhetorical—all this is vivid, with surprisingly skillful portrayal of character, in a writer's first novel. Whatever may be said of it, "Violet Moses" is not dull.

A novel of a very different type is "Bill Myron," by Dean Fales. It's a rough-and-tumble story of a man who is a fighter from his boyhood as a ruler of a street gang to the end, when the well-born and rich Valerie confessing her love to Bill, says: "I suppose you'll always be fighting, William, and getting drunk, and having girls love you and everything, won't you?" "I love you," said Bill. And perhaps he did. Bill first met Valerie at the Moonlight Gardens which she visited on a slumming expedition with her well-dressed, aristocratic suitor, Oliver. Bill was wearing a soft pink shirt, a low cut vest. His dark, tight trousers were spayed from the knees downward. Bill grabbed her for a dance, saying: "How many millions has your old man got?" She was at once attracted; she was thoughtful when she left the hall. Bill saved Alyce Mae from being crushed by a falling beam. He called on her, and leaving, said to himself: "Just another girl. Not so bad—not so good." He went to a commercial college. A mechanic by trade—so he described himself—he roomed at the Y. M. C. A. and worked for an insurance company. The description of his life at the Y. M. C. A. is graphic and amusing. Alyce went back on him. When he found it out he grinned and said: "You really ain't a queen like you think you are. You're just a middle-class Jane with a little money. . . . In five years you'll be so fat you can't get out of bed without a derrick."

He was arrested for assault, but the judge dismissed the charge. Then Bill, unable to find a job, turned prize-fighter. He became famous as "Battling Bill Myron, Pride of the Middle West," but Torello knocked him out, for Bill, with a broken arm, was still game until he saw Valerie, "a frozen image of disgust and shame and horror." Then Bill was tough again. A girl of the street threw herself between him and her steady, Butch, his old enemy from boyhood, and was shot by Butch. Valerie's

father took him into his limousine after the trial. "A faint aroma of alcohol filled the upholstered cage."

"I know a man when I see one," said the millionaire and took Bill home to Valerie.

There is not space here to tell of the old shoemaker, an exile, mourning his daughter, the girl who saved Bill's life; of Bill first meeting her at a dance hall. We should like to quote from the description of Talbot's Park, and from the speeches at the Christmas celebration at the Y. M. C. A. We are sure that Mr. Johnson will enjoy this racy story. To quote a phrase of William Lyon Phelps, the eminent Yale professor, displayed in street car advertisements: "This is a ripping good novel." One might add: "For he-men."

A novel distinguished by its sobriety, asceticism, simplicity in picturing stern, sometimes cruel situations is "The Minister's Daughter," translated by Anna C. Settergren from the Swedish of Hildur Dixelius. Mr. Edward Garnett in his preface finds the novel "masterly by its form, by its proportion, by the precision of the author's strokes. . . .

The book is rich in original scenes, and in these scenes the characters disclose fully and clearly the springs of their individual natures." There is a striking contrast between the outside scenes of nature and life in the Sweden of 1798 and the mental and spiritual problems that vex the men and women of the story. Sarah, the widow of a minister, is tormented by the fact that she had once been unfaithful to him. Her lover refuses to marry her. A child is born. Sarah must do penance, work out her salvation. To us the great character in the book is Norenus, a wandering minister, learned, cynical, wretchedly poor, whose pride brings death to his little daughter. There is the servant girl, Lydia, a Pagan creature, who is executed for infanticide. She cries out "Missus, Missus" when her eyes are bound on the scaffold. Sarah finally marries the faithful Sahlen, the helper on the farm, but only when he has lost his sight through her enemy Mats Norman. "And all my grief over Joel's accident was unable to rob me of my own happiness; for my love was now safe from the tempests of doubt and fear, even as a sheaf of corn which in good season is gathered into the garner." The story ends with Sarah's son, leaving home for an academy, gay and cheerful, swinging his cap towards her as he sets out on foot. The further history of Sarah Alelia pulls together with that of her son."

It is a wintry, austere tale, one not easily forgotten.

"Afterward Lord and Lady Astor escorted him to the terrace, where he was entertained at Lady Astor's tea, officially opening the strawberry and cream season. Strawberries picked in Kent this morning were served to the airman and the other tea guests."

Strawberries with cream. Certain Englishmen visiting the United States have held up hands in horror at the sight of Americans pouring cream on these berries, and have insisted that the only way to eat them was to dip them in sugar, or better yet to treat them with wine.

Yet in the 18th century the poet Hurdis wrote in his "Village Curate": "To Godstow bound, For strawberries and cream." George Augustus Sala, in one of his gastronomical notes, spoke of "Bavarols aux fraises" and "Moscovite de fraises" in which the strawberries were crushed and passed through a tammy before they were mingled with the cream. Sala went on to say: "Mess for mess! I prefer strawberries and cream in the simple English fashion to such a 'mess' of which the recipe is given by Urbain Dubois in his 'Cosmopolitan Cookery' as a strawberry 'flan', or flawn with cream:—Spread a flawn circle with tartlet paste, which mask at the bottom and all round with buttered paper, and thus bake it in a slack oven. The crust being taken out of the oven, remove the paper, and mask the paste with a thin layer of apricot marmalade. The paste having cooled, fill the hollow of the crust with choice wood strawberries, which range in close layers; pour over a little very thick syrup; mask them with well-sugared and perfumed whipped cream, kept very firm. Smooth the cream well with the blade of a knife, raising it like a dome."

"I would rather not," said Sala. ("Flawn" or "flan" is an archaic word for a kind of custard or cheese cake; also a pancake.)

There used to be a famous cellar, Andersen's in Copenhagen. Perhaps it is still frequented. Piles of strawberries, quart jugs of cream partly whipped, basins of sugar and nothing else were on the long table in the cool basement. One could partake for a small charge, about 12 cents. But this was several years ago.

In the 17th century *crème* was allowed with strawberries in France. "L. D. L. M." says in "La Cuisine Velle" (1667): "Strawberries are eaten with a spoon. If there's a man, one can season with wine."

In our boyhood we knew the *fruit* of a family, a useful citizen, respected at town meeting, a member in good and regular standing of the Old Church (Congregational) who poured cream not only on strawberries and other berries, but on the halves of melon and on sliced raw tomatoes. He tried currants with cream but one trial was enough.

The representative of the Associate Press in London did not tell a gaping world whether Lady Astor and her teaguests speared delicately each strawberry with a fork, or employed a spoon. Did any one of them have the audacity to mash the strawberries? Super-refined Americans shudder at the sight. Yet the poet Calverley, remembering Beauty's daughter at Chattenham wrote:

"At my side she mashed the fragrant strawberry; lashes soft as silk
Drooped o'er saddened eyes, when va grant
Gnats sought watery graves in milk."

Only the other day we saw the saying: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did," attributed to Izaak Walton. Now Walton quoted this saying in his "Compleat Angler" and prefaced it: "We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, etc." But which Dr. Boteler, Edmond or Nathaniel? The two flourished in Walton's time and published sermons.

The great Oxford Dictionary gives many words compounded with "strawberry," from the fish "strawberry bass," to "strawberry worm." Perhaps the most curious of these compounds is "strawberry preacher," a preacher who preaches only once a year. Why were strawberry-leaves put on the coronet of a juke, marquis or beited earl?

And why is the berry called a strawberry? The etymologists are uncertain. One theory is that "straw" here means "a particle of straw or chaff, a mote, describing the appearance of the achenes scattered over the surface of the berry." Others say that it designates the runners or stalks, known as "straws."

The dictionaries say that in the United States pine needles are called "straws." Walt Whitman: "The ground in all directions is covered with pine straw." But how disappointing are even the great dictionaries. Among all the compounds given by the Oxford we fail to see "Strawberry-Blonde." On Cape Cod where pine needle driveways are not unknown, we never heard the needles called straw.

L. R. R. proposes for our Hall of Fame Messrs. Swiggum Brothers Brokerage Company, Fargo, North Dakota. They deal in ginger ale.

As the World Wags:

A man who was very fond of small babies and another liar were talking on the street corner. "Come over to my house," said one. "I have some genuine pre-war stuff."

"No," said the other, "I am going down to the beauty shop to wait for my wife."

MAIL STUDENT.

OTTO GURGEL!

(Mr. and Mrs. Otto Gurgel and daughters were Baraboo shoppers Friday.—North Freedom item in Baraboo, Wis., News.)

Oh, Otto Gurgel, we envy you
The honest name you bear;
We wish that you would travel 'round
And shriek it everywhere.

You, Otto Gurgel, Otto, true,
And so indeed ought we,
Instead of drinking soda pop
Or slooping 'round with tea.

Your name revives the memories
Of those dear days long past
Ere Mr. Volstead threw us down
And tied us hard and fast.

Yes, Otto Gurgel, you've a name
That makes us drop a tear;
It fans again our fainting hopes
In—sh—light wines and beer.

We'll make your name a slogan, lad,
Our thirst they must not burg e,
We'll send you down to Washington—
Three cheers for Otto Gurge!

R H L

CUTTING IN

(London Sunday Times)

Americans, when first they arrived in England, are almost always surprised at the absence of the practice of "cutting in" at dances, whereby a popular girl changes partners perhaps five or six times during a

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"No" plays of Japan have been performed in Boston. A great Japanese actress visited this city with her company and so excited the admiration of Emma Calve, who was then in town, that in a burst of enthusiasm she gave Yacco the diamond comb which she wore in the last act of "Carmen"; gave it—and afterwards regretted her expression of appreciation. But with the exception of those who have sojourned for a time in Japan or made a careful study of Japanese life from early days, the history of the Japanese theatre is unknown to our students of the drama.

Asataro Miyamori, professor of English literature in the Oriental University, Tokyo, has translated "Masterpieces of Chikamatsu, the Japanese Shakespeare." Robert Nichols, formerly professor of English literature in the Imperial University, Tokyo, revised the translation. The volume, of 359 large octavo pages, with 74 illustrations, many of them beautiful, all truly illustrative, is published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Octave Mirbeau was laughed at when, making Maeterlinck's earlier plays known to Parisians, he called the dramatist the Belgian Shakespeare. Is Mr. Miyamori rash in giving Shakespeare's name to Chikamatsu?

Little is known about the life of this dramatist. He died in 1724 at the age of 72. According to tradition he was in his youth a Buddhist acolyte. He wrote many plays, 80 of a historical nature, 24 of a domestic character. His masterpieces were for the puppet theatre.

In the long and interesting introduction to the literature and the populace of Old Japan are first considered. High and low were given to composing poems from 660 B. C. to A. D. 700. The subjects were love, war and wine. The poems were transmitted orally. In later periods there was a study of Chinese literature. Under the Shoguns when merchants were scorned, literature was even more zealously cultivated.

The courtesan figured prominently in novels and dramas, for the quarters of the demi-monde were the only places where the merchant was on a level with the samurai. "Among these frail ladies were many accomplished girls who, unlike the courtesans of today, were versed in etiquette, the tea ceremony, flower arrangement, koto-playing, and also in the composition of poems. They occupied a rather higher social position than the modern geisha, in this somewhat resembling the Greek hetairai; and samurai and even daimio did not disdain to patronize them. Courtesans of the best class were not without dignity and pride, and would never yield to the desire of patrons for whom they had no esteem." Girls and women of good family appear rarely as heroines in the literature of those early days.

There is full discussion of the "No" plays; the "Kyogen" or comic interludes; the "Kabuki" plays, or plays of the popular theatre; and the "Foruri" or puppet play, in which poetic portions describe the scenery, the expressions, actions and moods of the characters, with the author's judgment on their deeds. These portions were sung or chanted by a chorus seated on a platform overlooking the stage. The chorus also declaimed the speeches of the puppets.

One favorite subject was double suicide for love. This came from the pread of certain sects of Buddhism, which counted earthly existence as loss. Bushido taught that suicide was the best way of atoning for one's errors. Then there was the influence of the pleasure-quarters, for frequenters often ruined themselves financially.

Marionette performances are occasionally given today in Tokio and Osaka. There are little puppets, not more than a foot high, operated from above by strings; the great puppets are at least two-thirds life size, with elaborate mechanism: with hands in which each joint of every finger is articulated, eyes which move, mouths that open and close. They are held upright from behind. The chief puppeteer moves the head and right hand; the assistant moves the left hand; another the legs. The puppeteers work on the stage in full view of the audience; the puppets are placed before them. All the puppeteers wear clogs to give them the height necessary to the holding of the figures upright.

According to the author, the modern reader will prefer Chikamatsu's domestic plays to the historical, but in the dramatist's lifetime the historical were the favorites. The dramatist was also of this opinion, for the historical dramas gave him opportunity to show his knowledge of Shintoism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and of Chinese and Japanese classics. These plays inspired merchants and peasants with the spirit of the samurai. The heroes are the bravest; the wise were all wise. "The audience of his day was enraptured by miraculous incidents and fabulous characters. The public taste was low. And just as young people prefer flowery romances to the sobriety proper to the novel, so the audience preferred wild and exciting plots to the elaborate delineation of human nature."

The domestic plays were, as a rule, based on actual occurrences; dramatizations of the contemporaneous chronicle scandaleuse. Thus "The Love Suicide at Sonezaki" came out a fortnight after the suicide itself. These plays had unity of action, often unity of time and place. There was truthful treatment of human traits, yet the characters as a rule were types. "Chikamatsu was at pains to portray human nature, not individual characters." While he was a realist he was also an idealist, "for ugly events are beautified and contemptible characters idealized." Souls of dying lovers found salvation. The dramatist was sympathetic toward men and women who took refuge in suicide from follies or guilty courses; benevolent even toward unattractive wives worthy of pity than of hate.

Chikamatsu was a great poet, combining something of the musician, the executionist and the puppeteer. His plays were intended for spectacular and auditory effects. "Words," he said, "must become living things. . . . Art is in the shadowy frontier between reality and unreality. . . . Ben-kihi—the most beautiful Chinese woman that has ever lived—was not without some defect in her person and were she painted as she actually was the result might contain some displeasing element. The same is true of nature: while aiming at reality it nevertheless contains something contrary to the nature of reality. This is what art is and this art delights us."

It is doubtful whether an occidental can gain a just idea of this drama's worth. For his great distinction lies in the perfection of his language. He used all forms of rhetoric. He could be witty and humorous, at times going so far as to introduce in a pathetic passage some humorous vulgarity; occasionally he was obscene. His fondness for playing on words "often held against Shakespeare as a weakness in his earlier works," is thought to be

his most beautiful characteristic. Of course these puns, which in Japanese are employed as a means to euphony and beauty, "pivot words" rather than puns, are untranslatable. And it should be remembered in any estimate of this dramatist's many-sided genius, that, living when he did, European history and literature, the world's science and philosophy were as they were not.

The plays in this volume are, with one exception, "The Tethered Steed," unabridged translations in prose of what are thought to be the best of Chikamatsu's puppet plays: "The Almanac of Love"; "Fair Ladies at Poem-Cards"; "The Courier for Hades"; "The Love Suicide at Amijima"; "Adventures of the Hakata Damsel." Episodic details are omitted from "The Tethered Steed," a wildly fantastical play, and passages that are only "words, words, words," are much condensed. Mr. Miyamori speaks of the almost insuperable obstacles in the way of a translator, of occasional unavoidable paraphrasing; the more unfortunate, for significance and grace, the beauty and music of the language are thus sacrificed. Yet in the flowing and vivid translation here given one finds pleasure.

P. H.

dance. An amusing sidelight on this custom was told me by a charming young American at a luncheon party last week. She related how once, at a college dance, she saw a man who seemed to be dancing all the time with the same girl. Suddenly he produced a \$1 bill and held it out imploringly behind his innocent partner's back, but still no one "cut in" and released him. At last, in despair, he added a second dollar, but with what success history does not relate!

A few days ago we quoted from Horace Walpole's jocose letters about balloons, letters in which he foretold future landing grounds and aerial trips to foreign capitals. In the year 1783 William Cowper wrote to the Rev. John Newton about balloons but in a graver spirit. He asked, in case man should at last become as familiar with the air as he has long been with the ocean, whether the consequences would prove a mercy or a judgment.

"I think a judgment. First, because if a power to convey himself from place to place, like a bird, would have been good for him, his Maker would have formed him with such a capacity. But he has been a groveller upon the earth for 6000 years, and now at last, when the close of this present state of affairs approaches, begins to exalt himself above it. So much the worse for him. Like a truant schoolboy, he breaks his bounds, and will have reason to repent of his presumption. Secondly, I think it will prove a judgment, because with the exercise of very little foresight, it is easy to prognosticate a thousand evils which the project must necessarily bring after it; mounting at last to the confusion of all order, the annihilation of all authority, with dangers both to property and person, and impunity to the offenders. Were I an absolute legislator, I would therefore make it death for a man to be convicted of flying, the moment he could be caught, and to bring him down from his latitudes by a bullet sent through his head or his carriage, should be no murder."

This from the gentle, melancholy Cowper, who wrote that he would not enter on his list of friends:

"(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense, Yet wanting sensibility) the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

One does not easily see William Cowper going gunning for airmen, or putting bullets into the balloons of his day.

Yet Cowper foresaw the day—having dreamt that he drove through the upper regions in a balloon with the greatest ease and security—when airy excursions would be universal, "when judges will fly the circuit, and bishops their visitations; and when the tour of Europe will be performed with much greater speed, and with equal advantage, by all who travel merely for the sake of having it to say, that they have made it."

TABOOED WORDS

On the island of Foula, Great Britain's loneliest inhabited island—it is 3½ miles long by 2½ miles wide, but there are hills and a cliff with a drop of 1220 feet to the sea—on this island are 150 inhabitants, who fish and raise sheep.

We read that there are some words the men never mention when at sea: light, woman, minister, cat, moon, end. If it is necessary to speak of the moon, they say "that which guides by night."

Mr. Cecil Binney finds a parallel to Hesiod's use of words, "the knowing one" for "ant"; "the house carrier" for "snail." The modern Greeks say "the senseless animal" for "horse." Mr. Binney reminds us that the fear of words was known to the ancient Greeks as shown by the euphemism "Euxine" ("the hospitable") for the inhospitable Black sea.

Do any of the New England fishermen stand in fear of certain words when they are at sea?

TO C. D'S HILL

(For As the World Wags)

A high hill, kind sentinel protecting those beneath its breast,
Where life flows on, as the ever running brook,
And like the brook, finds a haven to rest its course,
In a pool, inhabited by water lilies,
But, alas, only for a moment, to continue again,
As mortals, seeing an everlasting calm.
V. W. C.

THE NEW MYTHOLOGY

As the World Wags:

A French guide took an American tourist into a Paris cafe and ordered a bottle of chartreuse, "No, thanks," said the American tourist. "I never touch the stuff any more. Prohibition has got me completely out of the habit."

GEORGE THE RED MAN.

NO THANKS, PLEASE

As the World Wags:

This new fashion which some corporations have taken up of training their hirelings in obsequious politeness is the sort of thing that turns the stomach of the gods. Unless I have misinterpreted the printed announcement, telephone operator, instead of repeating the number called, which is plain common sense, must henceforth say simply, "Thank you," and proceed to make the connection. But why the "Thank you"? "Thank you" for what? The subscriber is conferring no benefit on the operator, doing her no kindness—nothing whatever to evoke even the most superficial expression of gratitude. This pinchbeck politeness is seen at its worst in the suave servility of the ushers in some of our theatres. They are overwhelmed by your ungrudging alacrity in handing over your tickets, enraptured when you keep your seat coupons, and fairly prostrated by your condescension in surrendering the same. If they would sometimes thank you profusely for sitting through the show you might forgive them, but by that time their powers of expressing appreciation are exhausted. The night will come when one of these pests, more than ordinarily unable to dissemble his love, will be kicked down stairs by an amusement seeker who dislikes being slobbered over and thanked when no thanks are due. Or, if he dislikes resorting to measures of such violence he might, while the usher is in the midst of thanking him for crossing the door sill, quietly ask him to lend him ten dollars. The chances are that for the next half-hour the usher will be so flustered that he will gag whenever he opens his mouth, and so contribute his mite towards making the world a better place to live in.

W. E. K.

HEALY IN LOWELL

As the World Wags:

Was George P. A. Healy, the great American portrait painter, a resident of Lowell in 1840? Recently I discovered a single column advertisement in the old Lowell Courier of June 4, 1840, in which the painter stated that he had a studio in the old Exchange building here, and solicited calls from probable patrons. It is not generally known that two of Healy's finest portraits, full length portraits of Nathan Appleton and Patrick Tracy Jackson, hang in the main reading room of the City Library here, and probably a third, that of Washington, standing by his charger. One of his earliest works, "Ecce Homo," purchased by a Catholic priest 80 or 90 years ago for \$10, is located somewhere in New England. Has any reader of The Herald seen this painting?

G. F. O'DWY

(Healy, born in Boston in 1813, went to Paris in 1836 and remained there several years, with occasional visits to this country. From 1855 to 1867 his home town was Chicago. He later lived at Rome, then Paris, and in 1892 at Chicago, where he died in 1894.—Ed.)

June 7 1927

A revue at the London Pavilion is entitled "One Dam Thing After Another." Note that "Dam" is without its final letter "n." Is this spelling for those who are still so old fashioned as to be shocked by the sound or sight of "Dam"? The Victorians compromised on "d-n." But we have changed all that. Women of alleged good breeding do not hesitate to say "damn" and "hell" when the spirit moves them. An English archdeacon recently assured a conference in the South of England that "the word damn has changed its meaning entirely, and I do not mind saying it myself, for one has to call a spade a spade sometimes in order to say what one means." But has the word changed its meaning? Would this archdeacon wishing to call a spade a spade call it a damned spade?

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote in his journal—we quote from Mr. Bliss Perry's excellent volume of extracts: "I confess to some pleasure from the stinging rhetoric of a rattling oath in the mouth of truckmen and teamsters. How laconic and brisk it is by the side of a page of the North American Review. This profane swearing and bar-room wit has salt and fire in it."

And again: "What a pity that we cannot curse and swear in good society." For a hundred occasions the forbidden words are the only good on my page about 'Consistency' would be better written thus: 'Damn Consistency.'

Yet we doubt if talking with Margaret Fuller he swore like a teamster or a pirate.

"Damn" and "hell" are now heard so commonly, they have lost force and intensity of expression, yet by some theatre goers they are thought to be amusing, for whenever they are spoken on the stage there is laughter in the audience and not only from those possessors of a hair-trigger laugh classified by the late Frank Eugene Chase as "guffoons." The name of the Deity is too frequently, too carelessly used in modern comedies and farces. "Damn" and "hell" are simply vulgar terms; admirably expressive when seldom used and then for some strong provocation.

Our friend "Snowshoe Al" uses these words too often in his amusing bedtime stories. His "damn" and "hell-uva" become tiresome.

We apologize to V. W. C. whose lines addressed to a hill were published in The Herald yesterday.

For "seeing an everlasting calm," read "seeking an everlasting calm."

TO WOODS

Woods soothe those who are weary—
With songs from the tenants' feathered throats;
And the rustling of trees, wafting fond memories
Like taffeta skirts, where once sweet lavender did lie,
Lures many of earth's ship-wrecked souls
So harborless—to peace.

V. W. C.

A SHORT SHORT STORY

(St. Clair Co. Ill. Medical Bulletin.)

Small town. Busy lawyer. Pretty stenographer Ophelia Orchis. Club woman wife. Shopped in New York City every year. Met lumberman. Two dinners. Two theatre parties. Platinum wrist watch. \$2000.00 net. Can't take it home. Pawns it \$100.00. Tells hubby she found ticket. He goes to N. Y. C. Comes home. Says watch no good. Sold ticket for \$50.00. She cries. Next week. Goes to hubby's office. Sees Ophelia. Sees watch. Misery. Can't complain. Acts nice. Forever unhappy. That's all.

GIN AND ROMANCE

As the World Wags:

A recent Herald editorial mentions the late Lord Carmarthen and his gin. "There never was much romance about gin," says the writer.

Maybe so, but this picture from "The Way of all Flesh" has always appealed to me:

"Then the great man (Dr. Skinner) unbent. 'And what shall it be to drink?' he exclaimed pensively. 'Shall it be brandy and water? No. It shall be gin and water. Gin is the more wholesome liquor.' So gin it was, hot and stiff, too."

Dr. Skinner, like most teachers, was a humbug and a bluff, but who are we

to say that he did not know liquor?

EASTERN ESAU.

No, gin is not a romantic drink. Thackeray speaking of Byron's line, "Fill high the bowl with Samian wine"—Thackeray misquoted it, by the way—said "small beer is nectar compared with it, and Byron himself always drank gin. That man never wrote from his heart." Gin is associated with several unpleasant things: gin-drinker's liver, for example; Hogarth's "Gin Lane." Look at the illustrative quotations following the definition of the word in the Oxford Dictionary: "gin, liquid madness," a "gin and water nose," "gin-drinking hag," "dull eyed, gin sodden lout." Ponder the common slang terms for gin: "blue ruin," "misery," "strip-me-naked." Yet William Maginn wrote a poem of 37 stanzas in which 37 words appear as rhymes to gin-twist. The title is "A Twist-Imony in Favor of Gin Twist." Here is the 31st verse:

"Though the point of my nose grow as red as a rose,

Or rival in hue a superb amethyst,
Yet no matter for that, I tell you 'tis flat,

I shall still take a pull at a jug of gin-twist."

(This drink was practically a punch, "rather freely flavored with a greater quantity of the essential oil of lemon, obtainable by rubbing a lump of sugar on the rind of a lemon, or by infusing their parins of said lemon-rind into the sugared and spirited hot fluid." Thomas Hood in his "Ode to J. S. Buckingham, M. P.," has something to say about gin; Francis S. Saltus, the brother of Edgar, addressed a poem to gin; Charles Lamb drank this liquor, and all too freely.—Ed.)

MY TEACHER

As the World Wags:

My teacher wears spectacles. He has a pair of spectacles for reading and a pair to put on when recess comes. One day teacher said, "I am now going to talk about optical illusions. Does any little boy or girl know what an optical illusion is? . . . Well, I am gratified to know that when you do not understand a thing you do not say 'yes.' It is far better to remain in ignorance than to tell a lie to your teacher. I might draw some very excellent comparisons here pertaining to the illusion of an untruth—but one thing at a time. I continue: Now, at times, when we look at the moon when it is rising it looks bigger than it really is. That is an optical illusion. Supposing, now, I should look at the moon with my recess glasses on—how big do you suppose the moon would be then?" "I guess it would be about the same size as it always was," said a little boy. "O ye gods!" said my teacher. "Will you please sit down! I will simplify the proposition: What would happen if I put my recess glasses on when I read a story to you?" "Please, sir," said the little boy who had just sat down, "you would probably see me eating an apple."

ORACLE.

'SOLITAIRE MAN'

By PHILIP HALE

Opley Theatre: First performance of "The Solitaire Man," a melodrama in three acts by Bella Cohen and Samuel Spewack. The cast was as follows:

Pilot Chelton Richard Whorf
Landing Officer C. Wordley Hulse
Inspector Wallace David C. Oliver Lane Norman Cannon
Oliver Lane Gaby Fan
Alice Heming Elapeth Dunder
Mrs. Vall Edmund George
Robert Bascom May
Mrs. Hemletta Hopkins Rupert Lucas
First Detective Albert Robinson
Second Detective

The action, the shooting, the trades against war, the questioning of certain characters now crooks, now detectives,

the screeching chattering of the one comic figure introduced no doubt "to give relief," the putting out of lights and turning them on again, take place in a passenger airplane supposed to be going from Paris to London.

The passengers are a mess. Oliver Lane, who lost an arm in the war, is so incensed by the profiteers, the fat swine who stayed at home, that he takes upon himself to rob them of their personal property, including precious jewels. To prepare himself for this high and holy mission he took lessons in second-story working, safe-blowing and other tricks of the profession. He would leave his card, "The Solitaire Man," with "ex-officer" in a corner. He is supposed to have killed one of the swine. Mrs. Vall, who lost a son in the war, kept a genteel gambling hell. Young Bascom is a dope fiend. Alice Heming, sweet Alice, was rescued by Lane as she was about to accost a passerby. There was only that or the river. All these crooks are bound to-

gether by their interest in Lane's Cause with a capital A.

While Lane was sojourning in Paris he was arrested by Inspector Wallace, for some one of the workers for the Cause had squealed and told Scotland Yard where Lane was lodging. As the airplane starts, the passengers seem to be highly respectable, with the exception of Lane who is handcuffed to the officer. The officer turns out to be one of the crooks, and later he is again a detective; still later a stool-pigeon. Lane is a voluble person. "Then he would talk; ye gods, how he would talk." The wonder is that Mr. Cannon ever memorized his lines. There are moments when the conversation of the crooks and the detective is punctuated by pistol shots, but no one is killed till just before the final curtain.

There is a pursuing French airplane. The passenger plane is now headed for Spain, now for the upper regions of the air. The pursuer is armed with a machine gun. The scenic effects of the flight through air are well managed. The melodrama is also machine-made; but it is so preposterous that it is amusing and except when there is endless repetition in the conversation it holds the attention and excites curiosity. With each fall of the curtain there is a pleasing shock to the nerves and the spectator wonders what the deuce will come next. Just who is Inspector Wallace? Will Lane turn out to be a detective?

The melodrama was acted as if the company believed in it and for a first performance the playing was brisk and the talk well memorized. It is not necessary to particularize. Mr. Cannon defended ably the righteousness of his Cause; Mr. George gave a good imitation of a dope fiend; Mr. Clyde was no more impossible than others who have been called upon to play that singular character a stage-detective, who may at any moment turn out to be a desperate villain—witness the last scene in "The Bat."

NEW PARK THEATRE. "The Cat and the Canary," a play in three acts by John Willard. The cast was as follows:

Roger Crosby Walter De Luna
"Mammy" Pleasant Mary Diehl
Harry Blythe Mack Allin
Susan Silsby Gertrude Perry
Clay Young Louise Ad Del
Charles Wilder Rex Benware
Paul Jones Leon Waycott
Annabelle West Louise Price
Hendricks Charles J. Long
Patterson James Far

This is a thing to harrow the soul and make each separate and particular hair to stand on end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The audience had undoubtedly assembled to have its soul harrowed. Even during the first act, when nothing much was happening there was a tendency to hysterical laughter, growing into a crescendo of screams, when clawlike hands began to appear from the most stable portions of the woodwork. By the middle of act three it wasn't safe, nervously speaking to drop a program.

The canary in the piece, a young lady called by the every-day name of Annabelle, helress to a long-vacant and most unpleasant manor house. On the arrival of Annabelle and the five other heirs and heiresses, assembled at midnight for the reading of the will, the ancestral home seemed to be occupied by a gaunt West Indian caretaker with second sight, at least one evil spirit, and an escaped lunatic of homicidal tendencies.

In addition to the manor and the West fortune, there was the slight item of a practically priceless necklace, made of rubies and sapphires (rather a trying color scheme, we thought. It would only be really appropriate for the ball on the evening of July 3, or the fancy dress at Poland Springs on Feb. 22). Then there were two snarling suitors for the hand of Annabelle, both of whom showed some rather bad traits early in the play. A child could see that all this opened a great field, and the most was made of it.

In act one Mr. Crosby, the family lawyer, disappeared into the air, or rather was engulfed into a section of the library book-cases, by nothing more apparent than a hand. From that time on, the handles of locked doors turned, footsteps sounded, the hand reached through a wall and snatched the necklace from the neck of Annabelle (unprepared for the color scheme, she had brought only a pink negligee), and it was all extremely perplexing and dreadfully nerve-wracking. We could hardly enjoy the embrace of Annabelle and the Boyhood Sweetheart from the Old Home Town at the end of the play.

The acting in "The Cat and the Canary" could be best described as "adequate," but as there was nothing at all of the Ibsenesque in the plot, it sufficed. Annabelle played by Miss Louise Price gave a description of that hand that made the blood run cold, and faltered most realistically. Mr. Leon Waycott as the simple suitor who knew he was scared, was good.

The audience took a horrid pleasure in its torture. Laughter and screams in equal parts.

R. H. G.

Bebe Daniels in "Senorita," a screen comedy written by John McDermott, directed by Clarence Badger and presented by Famous Players-Lasky at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Senorita Bebe Daniels
Roger Oliveros James Hall
Ramon Oliveros William Powell
Don Francisco Hernandez Josef S. Kard

Bebe Daniels said she preferred this part of the noble senorita to any she had ever played and added that she had never said that about another. One can hardly blame her. As long as Bebe has a generous amount of slapstick she is safely ensconced in her drama, but add a mustache, Douglas Fairbanks antics, swift, sure sword play and the interesting atmosphere of a South American hacienda, the agile Bebe takes to it in much the same fashion as a duck takes to water.

The plot affords the star a chance to don trousers because her grandfather had always thought she was a boy and had bequeathed her or him the title of "the best caballero in all South America." When Bebe arrives in the picturesque country where cattle belongs to the best thief and arguments mean the flash of swords, she finds her fiery-eyed old grandfather broken by age, but not in spirit.

It is merely a matter of time, nimble wits and courage before the Hernandez household takes its own away from the neighboring clan of Oliveros and Bebe as the young Francisco crashes down from high balconies in the best Fairbanksian manner on her enemies, flashes over prairies rounding up cattle with ease and determination, does her turn at slapstick and fades out satisfactorily as a 'dainty and feminine creature clinging to her hero's neck.

It's fun—all of it—and William Powell enhances the charm with his never failing grace and swagger, his magnetic deviltry which has so many layers of artistry. Joseph Swickard as the elder Don Francisco Hernandez is a lovable patriarch and James Hall does very well as the hero.

The revue this week takes up sports in most of its phases. There are girls in tennis costumes, boxing costumes and football suits made of cloth of gold, an ice-skating act, comedy football dancers, and even a saxophone finds its niche in the sports. A bicycle ball game is exciting and Gene Rodemich and his merry-makers offer "In Greenwich Village" with Evelyn Hoye and the Patterson twins contributing tones and heels.

JACK NORWORTH

Jack Norworth and his wife, Doris

Adelphi, head the bill at Keith's this week in the comedy sketch, "The Nagger." A wife's insistence on the last word, refusing to believe anything her husband tells her unless it's the answer she is after, forms the basis of the dialogue. It isn't like the ordinary bickerings so popular in vaudeville but has real merit. Norworth and Miss Adelphi have a nice comedy sense, particularly the former. They step in front of the curtain after the act and Mr. Norworth sings a song or two, accompanied by his wife. The audience gave them an enthusiastic reception.

The comedy honors of the bill, however, go to Al Trahan and Vesta E. Wallace in a rather rowdy sort of act called "The Curtain Speech," written for them by Frank Fay. Trahan has evidently studied Fay's style of delivery, for it is easy to detect the pseudo "dirty laugh" so popular with Frank Fay at the close of an especially telling line. The Trahan & Wallace act deviates far from its title. They roughhouse and tumble over the stage and the audience roars. They stopped the show with their antics. And for good measure they step into Jack Redmond's act, (the golf expert), and go through some more of their clowning. Al Trahan a capable performer, carries the burden of the comedy. It's of the "nut" variety and difficult to describe. They were called back again and again.

Thomas J. Ryan, an old timer, returns to show the younger generation how they hoofed it back in the '70's, for it was at the Old Howard in 1873 that he first appeared in Boston. He does the very dance he did then and he is some "hooper." And just to show that he is up to date he winds his act up with a vigorous Charleston that would do justice to many a juvenile dancer. An attractive young flapper works with him. They gave Mr. Ryan a royal welcome. Other entertaining acts round out an excellent summer bill. A. F.

"The Rough Riders," a screen drama adapted from the story of Hermann Hagedorn by John Goodrich, directed by Victor Fleming and presented by Lasky-Famous Players at the Fenway Theatre with the following cast:

Col. Theodore Roosevelt Frank Honner
Stewart van Brunt Charles Barry
Bert Henley Charles Emmett Mack
Mary Mary Astor
Hells Bells Noah Berry
Happy Joe George E. Stone
Col. Leonard Wood Col. Fred Lewis

It is said that Hermann Hagedorn, well known authority on things medieval, and from whose script photoplay was made, wept a few salty tears at the inaccuracies and distortions in the picture when he saw it at a preview. It may follow the line laid down by proper historians, in fact, the Spaniards were cleared guiltless of the actual blowing of the Maine. When she was finally used it was found that the explosion occurred from within her own hull.

Whether or not the Spaniards were dealt with harshly for picture purposes does not detract from the excellent entertainment of this photo-play. It is wholesome, amusing and dramatic. Its formula is routine but it is so delightfully acted and directed that one is swept along in the current of '98 thoroughly enjoying its vigor, its humor and its love tale.

The story concerns Theodore Roosevelt. The T. R. who appears on the screen is a likable, determined echo of that our memory recalls of this picturesque President. If the military episodes seem to lack discipline and wander informally and in slipshod fashion, historical research assures us that this is correct. The picture has uncannily caught the very soul of the Rough Rider troops, replete with courage, organized with hearty cheer and democratic in the extreme.

The love theme has three angles. Mary Astor is the girl, Charles Emmett Mack and Charles Farrell are her suitors and all three are excellent. The atmospheric touches are also reliable and amusing. Charles Emmett Mack and Mary Astor ride into the picture on a bicycle built for two. The wide hats and flouncing skirts are particularly becoming to Miss Astor and she sparkles and shies in heart-warming fashion. Charles Emmett Mack, who plays the pathetic soldier who atones for his cowardice by his gallant death, gave a fine and sincere performance. Several times he plumbs to the depths of human feelings and failings. Once when his hated rival walks into a spot covered by a Spanish sharp shooter and he lets him become a target but hasn't enough demoniac courage to let him be shot. Again when he kicks out at this same rival, mortally wounded as he was.

Charles Farrell from Onset, Cape Cod, the juvenile of "Old Ironsides" as well as "The Rough Riders," digs in securely and raises his flag on which "Ability" is inscribed. He is the ablest and most gentlemanly of the younger men of the screen today.

The comedy is as the comedy would be in the hands of George Bancroft and Noah Beery. The subtitles are worthy of George Marion, Jr., and Hy Fine has gathered together the musical accompaniment that sets off the pictorial graces of "The Rough Riders" and San Juan hill. O. M. D.

"Lovers," a screen drama based on the play, "The World and His Wife," directed by John Stahl and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Ernesto	Ramon Novarro
Teodora	Alice Terry
Don Julian	Edward Martindel
Don Severo	Edward Connelly
Pepito	George K. Arthur
Donna Mercedes	Lillian Leighton

John Stahl has made a fascinating picture drama out of Charles Frederic Nirdlinger's play. It unfolds naturally and with a deep undercurrent of genuine feeling. If one is given to comparisons, the present photoplay might be likened to a delicate timepiece that tinkles out its alarm in an unoffending manner rather than the bolsterous commotion that adds its last nerve-racking spasm to its steady roud tick-tock-it's-this-o'clock.

There is nothing blatant about this screen play excepting the title. In fact, its ease of manner is a distinct relief. Gossip, idle, riddling gossip about a man, his wife and a youth is the subtle thread upon which the plot is woven, and it is so well done that if one believes all one hears about the moving picture public this neat writing on the screen may not be a box office "wow." Its comedy is also the kind that materializes from overbearing every-day persons.

Edward Martindel does exceedingly well as Don Julian. Ramon Novarro is modest, though starred, and plays his part instead of playing with it. He is first introduced as a carefree, unassuming youth, and in the course of the drama he takes on courage and character in a convincing manner. The dueling scene is splendid. Alice Terry is loveliest when her eyes are swimming brightly in tears, and perhaps this is one reason for giving us plenty of these scenes—Mr. Stahl is a very interesting director.

'BROADWAY NIGHTS' AT WASH. OLYMPIA

Lois Wilson and Sam Hardy
Star in New Film

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Criss-Cross," musical extravaganza starring the Stones. Last week.

WILBUR—"Listen Dearie," musical comedy with Fred Hillebrand, Stanley Ridges, Laura Lee and others. Last week.

ST. JAMES—"Rain," Keith-Albee stock players in revival of famous South Sea play. Ruth Shepley in the Jeanne Eagles role. Second week.

"RESURRECTION" AT THE ORPHEUM

Roscoe Ails and Katie Pullman Head Vaudeville Bill

June 8 1927

Some time ago the announcement was made that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks would, by writing a biographical study of Emerson, complete a trilogy which would represent phases of American literary life and culture. The first volume was "The Ordeal of Mark Twain"; the second was entitled "The Pilgrimage of Henry James." Now we have, not a volume devoted to Emerson, but with "Six Episodes" relating to his life, there are studies of John Butler Yeats, Randolph Bourne, the letters of Ambrose Bierce, notes on Herman Melville, the novels of Upton Sinclair, and two essays, "Amor Fati" and "The Literary Life in America." E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers.

An English reviewer discussing certain biographies wrote as follows: "The new convention is that the great man must be human. To be human is, apparently, to be slightly ridiculous. And thus, while in the old biography, the great man was praised for his virtues, in the new he is praised for his failings."

If all biographies are to be of this sort, then the shadows of the old biographies will be removed, and there will seem to be no reason for thinking that anyone was great in the past, since everyone will be known to be human and ridiculous. Thus it will soon be necessary for a number of extravagantly laudatory biographies to be written in order to restore the balance."

What does Mr. Brooks really think of Emerson? He describes in the brilliant manner that was expected by those familiar with the preceding volumes the routine of Emerson's life, his walks abroad with Thoreau, his intimacy with the unpractical and extraordinary Alcott, his trips to Boston and as a lecturer to distant cities; and, as he says in his introductory note, Emerson's own words as written down in his Journals have been largely drawn upon, "with the idea of presenting as directly as possible his (Emerson's) own thoughts and feelings." There is a pictorial sketch, or rather an elaborate portrait of the man as he was seen by his fellow villagers and by his audiences; little is learned of Emerson's mind and the manner in which it worked. Mr. Brooks writes about Melville with greater gusto, never with ironical comments, never with sly and entertaining innuendoes. Read the pages which show the deliberate art by which Melville ensnares the readers of "Moby Dick"; "no less extraordinary is the development of the legend . . . of the sense of impending fatality." And Mr. Brooks ends by saying of Melville, "His masterpiece is worth more than libraries of lesser books. 'Moby Dick' is our sole American epic, no less an epic for being written in prose."

Mr. Brooks was no doubt wise in his portraiture of Emerson, the man, the conversationalist. Was the Sage of Concord a philosopher in the true sense of the word? Had he a system of philosophy? Mr. Brooks does not attempt to dig deep into the mind of Emerson, any more than he tries to explain the mystery in Melville's creative life, of what he describes, speaking of "The Con-

science Man," as his "premature artistic senility." No, one would not have had Mr. Brooks write otherwise than he has about Emerson. One sees him going by stage through the slums of the North End, observing the picturesque crowds, finding the unrestrained attitudes and manners stir the painter within him. "No suggestion here of those depressing college anniversaries at Cambridge, those hurrahs among the ghosts, those yellow, bald, toothless meetings in memory of red cheeks, black hair and departed health." Nor did Emerson walk at once "to one of those literary clubs, where they still discussed the question, 'Who wrote Junius?'"

There were the Transcendentalists in solemn meeting on the point of saying daring and extraordinary things—"and just as their blood was up it was time to go. That infernal Boston frigidly! they ought to have called it the Lonely Club. (With a seat; two porcupines meeting with all their spines erect, and the motto, 'We converse at the quill's end.')

As for Thoreau, "there was never such a man for locks and hinges and door-knobs, or for making the chickens behave. . . . Snakes coiled round his leg, fishes swam into his hand, a sparrow even alighted on his shoulder."

What magic he performed with jack-knife, spyglass and microscope, tucked away in his pockets with his diary and pencil!

And in Concord Emerson was open at every pore to the common life. He learned more from the "common" people there than from long-haired Dunkers, Muggletonians, Agrarians, Abolitionists, Groaners, Come-outers, who visited him. The man who ate pie for breakfast listened to vegetarians for whom the world was to be redeemed by bran and pumpkins; who would not wear leather because it was stolen from animals. Sitting in his study, they "took the oxygen out of the air, and he twisted like the eel in the exhausted receiver."

But it was in Concord that in summer days and on winter evenings he was "adjacent to the One," when he was in touch with the force known to

the old Buddhists "which sleeps in plants, awakens in animals and becomes conscious in man"; when he knew that "the solitude of the body was the populousness of the soul"; when he seemed to have "traversed all the cycles of life." As Pythagoras had expressed it, "One mind runs through the universe"; or as the Greeks said, "The soul is absorbed into God as a phial of water broken in the sea."

There is a short and sympathetic sketch of Yeats, the printer, the father of the poet and mystic. He came to this country for a fortnight and stayed 13 years. His idea of a good life was "Idleness and conversation." It was he that spoke of "the most deliciously uninteresting girl I ever met, her perfect aplomb in selfishness was a perpetual surprise and pleasure."

There is praise of Randolph Bourne, whose name even is unknown to "the general," "one of the fullest, richest and most significant lives of our generation."

The collection of Bierce's letters—"few better craftsmen in words than Bierce have lived in this country"—is in certain ways a sad book. "He had come to loathe the civilization in which he lived, his career had been a long tale of defeat." He was a starved man who retained in his own life, as Mr. Brooks put it, the poise of an Olympian.

There is searching criticism of Sinclair's early novels by which he wished to stimulate the working man. Judged by the "cultivated-class standard" these novels are as bad as books can be. Weak, slovenly, deficient in all the qualities that make a work of art. . . . A book which is not good enough for me is not good enough for Mr. Sinclair's readers either."

"The Literary Life in America" is perhaps the essay that is most pregnant with thought expressed without dazzling pyrotechnical display. Here, as in the chapter on Melville, Mr. Brooks is so much in earnest that he writes the sturdy prose without lyrical flights. He finds the creative will a sickly plant. The writers, "pilant, passive, acquiescent, anaemic suffer from the heritage of pioneering. Yet when America was more colonial than it is now, American literature commanded the full respect of Americans. Today one goes after 'my strange god from England.' For the American writer shares the 'mass fatalism' of the American people."

June 10 1927
"The Czechoslovak minister hands Chamberlain a letter on the official legation stationery, advising him:

"Having read about your desire to have a good drink of Pilsener beer on your arrival at Berlin, I would be very pleased if you would accept a case of real Pilsener for that purpose."

A whole case! No wonder that "the letter was acknowledged with a cheery smile by the airman." But to know the full glory of Pilsener, the airman should go to Pilsen and drink it from the keg. Excellent Pilsener was drawn from the wood at the Three Ravens in Dresden. It was served in glasses shaped like a boot. There was a peculiar knack in drinking from them, otherwise the beer would fall on cravat, waistcoat and the sinner's lap.

Fortunate Chamberlain in that he was not asked to drink Weissbier, which the Berliners insist can be brewed only with water of the Spree. A family would sit around a big bowl of this beer and take turns in putting it into their swollen bellies. A glass of Kuemmel was recommended as a chaser.

Yet in this country there were men not necessarily of German parentage who drank Weissbier and even sang its praise. In Vanity Fair of Sept. 22, 1860, there are five verses with a picture showing two men, not of a prepossessing appearance, sitting at a table, with tall steins before them. Weissbier in a Stein! Perish the thought! But the poet speaks of: "the tower like glasses" proudly rising,

"Unchanged in shape since that early day
When they heard the lute of old Luther play."

We quote the third verse:
"Beautiful beer! how it foams and creams!

Like liquid amber then rolls in streams;
Know you the Saxon maids divine,
Or 'the braided locks of girls of Rhine,
In this beer the hue of their curls is seen
So they call it in glasses, a cool Blondine."

Who wrote these verses? George Arnold? He was the author of a famous poem on beer that might have been sung in Pfaff's cellar in the years when T. B. Aldrich, Fitz James O'Brien, "Ned" Wilkins, William Winter, Artemus Ward, Walt Whitman, Ada Clare and others of wit and fancy knew it:

"Here,
With my beer,
I sit,
While idle moments flit."

We believe there is an anthology in praise of ale and beer, from good Bishop Still's (—O auspicious name) "Back and side go bare, bare" to A. E. Housman's

"Oh many a peer of England brews
Liveller liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's way to man.
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think:
Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world's not."

This is in the spirit of George Arnold's verses. The anthology should surely contain C. S. Calverley's address to beer. Maginn's glorious "The Pewter Quart" should not be missing:

"Pleasant it is their shine to see,
Like stars in the waves of deep Galliee;
Pleasant it is their chink to hear,
When they rattle on table full charged
with beer;
Pleasant it is, when a row's on foot,
That you may, when you wish to demolish a brute,
Politely the man to good manners exhort,
By softening his skull with a Pewter Quart."

In our little village of the Sixties ale was pumped for customers in resorts shunned by the strait-laced—in the daylight—but beer, the sort then known as lager beer, was to be obtained only at a bakery owned by a more or less honest German named Kaiser. There were dark and horrid rumors concerning this beer. It was commonly reported that an old boot was put in each keg to give the desired flavor. We doubt if the beer at Pfaff's was really good stuff; it was probably lager beer. There is a picture in a number of Vanity Fair representing a young man asking an older companion: "Is the 'g' in 'lager' soft as in 'gin'?" "No," is the answer. "It's hard as in 'gout'." When we were in London in 1878 little German beer was imported. It was to be had at the Tivoli, but it was called "lager bier." Now "lager bier" in German meant summer beer, "store beer," thin, pale stuff. In the Seventies in New Haven students wishing a mild and, as they thought, cooling drink, would ask for "lager." How Frank Moriarty, who offered the best of Bass at the Quiet House, would storm and rage if a student, not knowing, would say to the waiter, "Lager, please." Moriarty would glare at the offender and murmur, "Swipes! Filthy stuff! Not a man's drink."

A writer in The Herald said that Sir Thomas Browne "found no worthy imitators, as he finds today too few readers."

Dr. Samuel Johnson was a man of parts, but Sir Thomas influenced him greatly, as he influenced De Quincey, Pater, Stevenson, and above all Herman Melville—witness Melville's "Moby Dick," "Mardi" and "Pierre." Nor do we believe that only a few today read "Urn Burial" and "Religio Medici."

Apropos of Ambassador Herrick going back to the American breakfast in honor of Lindbergh. Breakfast parties in London used to be more formidable than any provided for distinguished guests in America. Motley, the historian, was invited in 1867 to a breakfast given by a London collector of rare books. The historian described the breakfast in a letter to his daughter. "Beginning with coffee and tea, we ended with sherry, champagne and maraschino; fish, cutlets, rois, salad, game, puddings, and ice, going on in regular order meanwhile. If you ask me what I did I can only say I opened my ears to the animated and intellectual conversation, and my mouth, not to eat, but to gape and gasp and wonder at the prodigious consumption of victuals at that hour of the day. When I reflected that all these people would lunch at 2 and dine at 8, I bowed my head in humiliation and the fork dropped from my nerveless grasp."

"Both were at the highest pitch of a competition which had something awesome in its tenseness, something sublime."

Who would think that this was said only of two men playing tennis?

As the World Wags:

Ben Hecht has Count Bruga say: "There is bound to be tale when a butler takes to fiction," but that doesn't dispose of Michael Arlen. After reading "Young Men in Love" I am convinced that he's the greatest exponent of the reverse English as applied to literature, making vice virtues and virtues vicious by easy twists of the wrist. I mean he shows a picture of a cad (and he still uses that word), but juggles the projection so that the portrait fits the subtitle: "A Swell Guy." He'll be best remembered in 10 years as an Armenian who didn't starve. J.F.E.

June 9, 1927

When Charles Bennett was living in London, he became well acquainted with Robin H. Legge, the musical editor of the Daily Telegraph. Mr. Legge has paid an affectionate tribute to his friend in that journal.

"Many others besides myself will regret in all sincerity to hear of the death of Charles Bennett, recently a professor at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, but before that for several years a highly and deservedly popular musician in London. Charles Bennett was amongst the most genuinely musical men I ever knew. On many an occasion in the days of 20 years ago and more he would sit for hour after hour at the piano in my house and, with never a sheet of music before him, he would accompany acts of operas, songs of all countries and rhythms, and he, Denis O'Sullivan, Bertram Binyon, and Frederic Norton would extemporise contrapuntal part-songs till the small hours. His own voice was a very sympathetic bass-baritone, his style was impeccable, and his talent for composition very charming and graceful. He was, moreover, a very true friend."

The latest dance in Europe, later than the "Machinery Dance" is the Banana glide. The dancers imitate the action of a person slipping on a banana skin. The American beginner can practise the glide on almost any sidewalk of the city.

We are now told that Arthur Sullivan's favorite place for composition was the corner of a first-class compartment in a railway carriage. Did he seek rhythms in the wheels? Honegger likes to ride on the footplate of an express. Hence perhaps his "Pacific 231." A European composer not long ago was inspired, more or less, by an aeroplane. Mr. Converse's amusing epic of a Ford pleased the Symphony audiences last season, though some who take their music too seriously thought the composition unsuited to the dignity of these concerts. Nonsense! Music that entertains, that is gay and joyous, if it is good of its kind, is never out of place even if compositions by Beethoven and our old friend Johannes Brahms are on the program. One of Johann or Joseph Strauss's good waltzes might well be played occasionally.

This reminds us that Oscar Straus, the Straus whose name is often misspelled—he is no relation to the Waltz family—has departed from the traditions of Viennese comic opera. Paul Bechert in one of his interesting letters to the Christian Science Monitor says that Oscar's latest operetta, when Bechert heard it in Berlin was then a "Chamber operetta" minus a chorus and sumptuous settings, but in Vienna the composer felt himself obliged to cater to the "genus loci," so there was a large chorus, elaborate staging, and new music. Among the new numbers is an "Astonishing Charleston of the most haunting variety."

An English journalist writing about Oscar Browning, apropos of a recent biography of that singular man, remembers him "hushing the undergraduates to silence as he waddled to the oboe-phone (a kind of harmonium) and played Mozart on one finger." We have heard of aerophones, terpodions, aeolodions, adelphones, adiophones, poikilorgues, harmonines, but "oboephones"?

THE HOLLYWOOD HALO

(On reading Colonel Josiah Wedgewood's spirited defence, in Committee on the Cinematograph Bill, of the superior morality of American films, and his touching entreaty, "Leave me my American films. Don't let us shut down the only stream of moral influence that is coming into this country.")

Give me, ah! give me the youth who auspiciously
Hugs his old Momma and starts for the East,
There in the city to struggle ambitiously,
Making his goal a cool million at least
Vamps with a languishing eye and luxurious

Tempt me but never persuade him to fall—
He can distinguish true love from the spurious,
And in the long run he baffles 'em all.

"Give me, ah! give me the maiden who matches him,
Curls on her shoulders and artlessly dressed—
Young, very young, she engages and catches him
Down on the farm in the far Middle West;

She, too, is tempted—rich "clubmen," importunate,
Woo her with offers of mansions and gold;
She, too, is faithful and sticks to the fortunate
Hero who claimed her attentions of old.

"Till, from the traps of the city and chandler
Lure of the sirens, we see him depart
(Having struck rich as a New York financier),
Back to the farm and the girl of his heart . . .

That's the right mixture of lucre and lowliness,
Those are the morals we never should scrap—
On with the hydrant of Hollywood holiness,
And down with the dastards who'd turn off the tap!

Lucio—in the Manchester Guardian.

Don Marquis's tragic play "Out of the Sea," a sort of "Tristram and Isolde" on the Cornwall coast was announced for production at Atlanta, but as the play was thought to be too "heavy" for a summer stock company, the production has been postponed.

The play is dedicated to Brander Matthews and Mr. Matthews is quoted as saying: "It is one of the best constructed plays I have read in recent years." How does the old nursery rhyme go?

"He began to compliment,
And I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you again?"

Messrs. Maier and Pattison have been playing again in London. It is interesting to read about the achievements of Bostonians in foreign cities. The Observer remarked:

"Two-piano music is hard to find. The originals are few. To play arrangements is hardly worth doing on the concert platform. Two-piano music is hard to play. It is liable to sound, as a whole, rather like a mechanical piano-forte. It is a curious case where perfect unanimity is dangerous. Messrs. Maier and Pattison had that unanimity. We have never heard anything so good of its kind. But the result was chilling. They were never out of time one with the other (except for a moment at the end of one of the Brahms-Haydn variations,) they tossed the tunes from instrument to instrument, they picked up each thread as it was dropped. This was all technique. When it comes to the question of interpretation, there is little to be said. That business they cannot manage very well at present. The Brahms-Haydn

was pined about, as regards speed, and there was no instinctive detection of hidden beauty, such as fine interpretative artists can light on and give to their hearers. The accents were often distributed in a novel and wilful way, making for instance, the gracious seventh variation absolutely unrecognisable.

June 11, 1927

Our remarks about "damn" and "dam" have excited some of our readers.

"Francesco" writes: "I am inclined to wonder whether I was taught right in my early youth. I was told that it was not profane for a person to say 'I don't care a tinker's dam' or, succinctly, 'I don't care a dam.' Even today I use that helpful phrase, only I always have in mind the little protecting, circular ridge improvised by the tinker in his work, and not the more forcible term 'damn.' Is it correct English to say, 'I don't give or care a damn?' When 'damn' is a verb and not a noun? Furthermore is it correct to say, 'a damn fool,' when the person probably means to say, 'a damned fool?' Why use the noun and not the more fitting past participle?"

The noun "damn" has been in the English language since the beginning of the 17th century. "Francesco" has surely seen "The Rivals": "Danns have had their day." Goldsmith: "Not that I care three danns." Byron: "Not worth a damn." Sir Walter Scott: "Boring some one who did not care a damn." Macaulay: "I care not as the Duke (of Wellington) says, one two penny damn."

Now as to "tinker's dam." This expression has nothing to do with the tinker's wall of dough. See the Oxford dictionary: "Not to care, or be worth, a tinker's curse or damn." An intensification of the earlier 'not to care, or be worth a curse or damn,' with reference to the reputed addiction of tinkers to profane swearing. The dictionary characterizes the confection suggesting the origin as the wall of dough, "ingenious but baseless." When Stevenson in "St. Ives" puts the phrase, "I care not a Tinker's Damn" in the mouth of a character he spells the word with an "n." No, "tinker's dam" is a feeble softening, as "darned," "gosh" (either with or without "all hemlock").

"F. M. B." of Williamstown writes: "Speaking of 'dams,' the recent floods call to my mind an ancient conundrum I used to hear when I was young: 'Why don't they stop the Mississippi from running?' The answer was: 'Dam it, they can't.'"

Mrs. Emelle Alexander-Marius reminds us that the word "damn" as an interjection does not exist in the French language any more than "hell."

"If a Frenchman wants to swear he has to go all round the bush and use different locutions, which being translated into English become laughable, such as 'nom de nom, nom d'une pipe' (name of a noun, name of a pipe), to which may be added 'Sacre' (adored) to make it stronger, more wicked." She speaks of adding to the phrase the profane use of the name of the Deity. "The word 'hell' is never used in French as a swear word."

"THUNDER ON THE LEFT"

"A Boston School Boy" sends us a review of a novel by Christopher Morley. Page 21—"Damn the picnic, damn the picnic, damn the picnic."

29—"Damn—damn—damn—his damned impudence."

47—"I'm damned."

53—"Damnable persistence."

71—"damn the picnic."

83—"damn Mr. Martin."

142—"damn the picnic."

168—"damnning of his meditations."

172—"was damnable like."

176—"dear damned fool."

218—"damnation."

220—"forget the damned sandwiches."

221—"damn, forget them."

224—"you damned old fool."

239—"damn Martin."

241—"damn skittish."

244—"his own damnation."

256—"damn it."

Great is the English language. We quote from the Manchester Guardian: "When women first got degrees at Oxford some of the newspapers called them 'undergradettes,' then the undergraduate papers adopted the word, and now the O. U. D. S., in telling the public that it is breaking with its established custom of engaging professional actresses, heads its announcement 'Undergraduate Actress Wanted.' We are dropping such forms as 'authoress' and 'editress,' and 'undergradette' is obviously superfluous. "But the Oxford Isis, in commenting on the O. U. D. S. requirement, speaks of 'a lady undergraduate member of

the university.' Why this sudden reversion to Victorian phrases? It recalls the remark made in some reminiscences by one of the pioneers of the higher education of women when various sites for one of the new halls were being considered, that the fact that it overlooked the ground where undergraduates played tennis made it hardly suitable for 'a ladies' college.'

We have received from a Paris perfumer the announcement in English of "the apparition of a new perfume."

WHY MEN MARRY

(From the Hibbing Daily Tribune)

WANTED—Married woman to work for husband's board. All afternoons off.

ENGLISH AGAIN

(From an Exchange)

"The new bus service which the Boston & Maine Transportation Company, a subsidiary of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, plans to inaugurate between Worcester and Lowell, is being delayed, etc."

BIOGRAPHICAL

The question whether Ibsen smoked is discussed at Oslo. He was never photographed as smoking. His old housekeeper never saw him smoke, "but he always chewed American twist tobacco." A London journalist says that Ibsen used to comb his whiskers in public.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

As the World Wags:

This advertisement appeared in the Bangor Daily Commercial:

GIRL WANTED FOR GENERAL housework in family of three. No washing or ironing. Must be food cook. References required. Apply to MRS.

Webster's Dictionary lists as obsolete the meaning of "to throw" as one interpretation of the verb "to cook." Perhaps the one who inserted this advertisement found the meaning not out of date as far as her previous cook was concerned; hence the desire for a "food cook."

The dictionary also contains the verb "to cook" as meaning "to make the noise of the cuckoo."

ARTFUL ARTIE.

THE NEW MYTHOLOGY

As the World Wags:

"Splendid!" murmured the author as he sat viewing the screen version of his novel. "Only a few slight changes that really improve the story!"

GEORGE THE RED MAN.

When Gothic spires were praised for "pointing to Heaven" Mr. G. K. Chesterton remarked, "It's rude to point" and thought he was keeping up his reputation as a wit. (See his "Return of Don Quixote.")

ADD "HOWLERS"

The teacher asked for an essay on the subject: "Give Alfred the Great's view of modern life if he had survived to the present age."

One boy wrote: "If Alfred the Great survived to the present age he would be such an exceedingly old man that his views on any subject would be quite worthless."

This Cottbus, or Kottbus, where Chamberlin and Levine made a forced landing, is by no means a negligible town. Count Pueckler's Chateau of Branitz, with its fine park and garden, is only a couple of miles away though perhaps now it is not in the possession of the family. The industry of the town was the manufacture of cloth. There is a monument in memory of the war of 1870-71.

Mr. Dienstrach, writing to the New York Sun, does not mention these facts, but he says that when he was a small boy Kottbus was famous for its queer cakes and the memorable "Kottbus stage coachdriver." In German the formidable Kottbuser Postkutscher, who, in the classic among all tongue-twisters, was said (for good local reasons) to scrub the Kottbus stage coach body, which, in German, sounds like: Der Kottbuser Postkutscher putzt den Kottbuser Postkutschkasten.

As the World Wags:

King Albert of Belgium at Ostend attended a convention of American Rotarians. The King is a brother Rotarian and it is going to make Europe sit up and believe in world democracy when they see the King of the Belgians walk around with a tin saucer suspended from around his neck reading, "Call Me Bert." R. H. L.

When I meet a boy who is companionable with grandmothers and aunts, and has nothing said against him, I feel there is something wrong with him.—T. Scanlon (magistrate)

Giuseppe Campanari has died at Milan. Although he had not lived in Boston for many years, he was conspicuous in the musical life of this city from 1884 to 1893, and after he left the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a valued violoncellist, he was a welcome visitor as an operatic singer.

Campanari was born, not at Venice, as stated in certain newspapers, but at Veneto, Italy, in 1859. In his early years, as a violoncellist he was a member of La Scala's orchestra in Milan, but as a baritone he had made himself known in opera houses of Italy and Spain. He joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1884. Even then he thought longingly of an operatic career. He was the violoncellist of the Adamowski Quartet in 1888-9. He sang at a performance of Verdi's Requiem, on Feb. 24, 1889; with the Apollo Club on Dec. 4, 10, 1888; he was heard in other concerts; and he sang here sporadically in opera, as at the Boston Theatre on March 13, 1893, when he took the part of Valentin in "Faust."

In 1893 he joined the Hinrich Opera Company and as a member took the part of Tonio in "Pagliacci" when that opera was performed for the first time in this country at the Grand Opera House, New York, on June 15, 1893. His associates in this performance were Selma Koert-Kronold, Montegriffo, De Pasquall and Averill.

He made his debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company, Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, managers, in New York, as the Count in "Il Trovatore" on Nov. 30, 1894. As a member of this company he sang in Boston many times: as Escamillo, the Count in "Il Trovatore," Mercutio in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," Valentin, Enrico Ashton, Figaro ("The Barber" and "The Marriage of Figaro"), De Nevers, Ford (Verdi's "Falstaff"), Amonasro, Marcello (in "La Boheme"), Papageno, Alfio. We are under the impression that he took the part of Kothner when "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" was sung here in Italian.

In 1898 he visited Boston as a member of the Damrosch-Ellis Opera Company and was heard as Figaro ("The Barber"), Germont, Mercutio and Escamillo.

He sang here at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1896 (Massenet's "Vision Fugitive" and the Prologue to "Pagliacci"); in 1901, Mancinelli's "Pater Noster" and the Prologue to "Pagliacci"; 1905, Recitative and Aria from "Iphigenia in Tauris" and "Rivolgete a Lui" from "Così Fan Tutte."

Campanari was an excellent musician, honest towards composer and audience, capable in every way. Probably his portrayal of the jealous Ford in Verdi's "Falstaff" was his greatest achievement in opera. No one has equalled him in this part, so far as this country is concerned. His Figaro in "The Barber of Seville" was excellent; voluble, spirited, amusing. As his figure was not commanding, heroic roles were not so well suited to him, but his portrayals were always intelligent, and while in Italian operas he knew the traditions there was also a certain compelling individuality in his dramatic singing. There was a noticeable lack of subtlety and finesse in his interpretation of Massenet's "Vision Fugitive," while his performance of Ford did not lack these qualities. His Escamillo was conventional. Only Baklanoff, out of the many we have heard in this role, and we are not forgetting Del Puente, has given more than vocal force to Bizet's Toreador.

Campanari was an amusing companion, a good story teller, with a keen sense of humor and a wit that was at times biting in the exposure of some musician's bluff, pretensions, meanness. Our friend was generous and hospitable; devoted to his family. His latter years were passed as a teacher in New York. He took great pride in a daughter who sang here not long ago at a concert given at the Boston Art Club.

His brother Leandro, violinist and conductor, born at Rovigo in 1857, studied at the Milan Conservatory, toured Europe and in 1881 came to America. He settled in Boston, formed a string quartet, taught at the New England Conservatory, was a chormaster. He toured Europe in 1887-90. Returning, he was a professor at the Cincinnati Conservatory for seven years; then orchestral conductor at Milan, New York, Philadelphia. In 1907 he taught at San Francisco. We believe he is no longer living.

"In real life people do not shoot themselves, or hang themselves, or make declarations of love every minute. . . . Much more time is spent in eating, drinking, flirting and talking nonsense. And we must have the same thing on the stage. A play should be made where people come in, go out, have their meals, talk about the weather, play cards, and all that not to please the author, but because it is so in real life."—Anton Chekhov.

Sir Henry Wood at a dinner of the Musical Club in London told his experiences as a conductor of grand opera in his early years.

"One of his earliest recollections was a production of 'Tannhaeuser,' with the assistance of a very inadequate orchestra, consisting of one flute, four violins, and a double-bass who could only play on one string. It was discovered that in the setting there was no star to shine during the singing of the celebrated 'Oh, Star of Eve,' and Arthur Rousby, who controlled the company, ordered two holes to be cut in the back cloth—to make sure of at least one star being in evidence. 'I ask you,' Sir Henry said, 'to imagine how uninspiring it was to conduct the beautiful soliloquy, 'Oh, Star of Eve,' at the same time watching, through an exceedingly thin back cloth, two persons, a tall thin man and a small call-boy, dodging about on a bending plank, set between two common or garden pairs of steps, with lighted candles in their hands, trying to find the two holes. I need not say they never found them.' The same Mr. Arthur Rousby on another occasion caused a pantomime cow to be converted into a horse for his use whilst singing in the role of the Commendatore in 'Don Giovanni.' As Sir Henry had feared, the appearance of the strange beast was hailed by the gallery with shouts of 'Milko,' and 'Fourpence a quart.' The climax came when, on an important note, the singer's seat, which happened to be a bicycle saddle, fell off.

"My first salary was two guineas a week. And I remember two guineas a week for my rooms. But I did not starve."

Sir Thomas Beecham, who takes a dismal view of musical conditions in London and is dismal as he looks towards the future, is coming to this country. As he said at a dinner of the Critic's Circle, he was off to the United States "where a musician could practise his art with self-respect, and his example would be followed by every English musician who had any self-respect."

"Our (the English) orchestras are haphazard collections of men who play one night in one orchestra, the next night in another, the third night for the wireless, and one or two nights in the cinemas. The great orchestras of America play all the week nothing but the finest music in the world, and they play together. I have conducted a certain orchestra in London at 15 or 20 concerts, and on no two occasions have I ever had the same group of horn players together. In the opera world we have gone back to the worst days of the last century. One has only to spend a brief time on the other side of the Atlantic to realize that we have not the slightest conception of what modern opera playing means."

When Mr. Ernest Newman was in Boston he spoke in the same vein about musical conditions in London.

A writer about Oscar Browning describes him as hushing Cambridge undergraduates to silence "as he waddled to the 'oboeophone' (a kind of harmonium) and played Mozart with one finger."

There are many strange names for instruments of the harmonium type—instruments that long ago went out of fashion—but nowhere in books about instruments, or in catalogues of foreign and domestic museums of musical instruments, do we find even the name "oboeophone," much less a description. Can any reader of The Herald give us information? The word is not in the huge Oxford Dictionary.

D. H. Lawrence's "David," brought out in London last month, must be a curious work. As far as we learn, Bathsheba is not introduced, but some one speaks of Michal "performing her ablutions." "An invisible Goliath contributes a vast voice and later a severed head, fortunately covered in sack cloth. Irrelevant young women have a giggling scene, apparently to remind us that even in Judah there was cause for grave discussion of the modern girl." Nor are we told whether Mr. Lawrence's David performs the celebrated pas seul before the ark which excited the bitter mockery of his wife.

Those interested in songs of the sea should note that "A Book of Shanties," by C. Fox Smith, has been published by Methuen. "Shanty," however, is not synonymous with "Sea Song." The former was a working song; it was not sung by sailors for amusement. There were capstan, windlass, pumping and hallard shanties. It is said that shantying was at its best between 1850 and 1875.

P. H.

AN AIRMAN OF 1783

As the World Wags:

One wonders if a description of Lindbergh's flight, written 144 years from now, will cause a future generation the amusement awakened today by an account of what was, on June 15, 1783, almost as epochal an event? I quote from Carlyle's "French Revolution"—"What will not mortals attempt? From remote Annonay in the Vivarais, the brothers Montgolfier send up their paper-dome, filled with the smoke of burnt wool. . . . Vivarais Assemblymembers applaud, and the shouts of congregated men. WILL VICTORIOUS ANALYSIS SCALE THE VERY HEAVENS THEN?"

"Paris hears with eager wonder; Paris shall ere long see. From Reveillon's Paper warehouse there, in the Rue St. Antoine (a noted warehouse)—the new Montgolfier air-ship launches itself. Ducks and poultry have been borne skyward; but now shall man be borne. Nay, Chemist Charles thinks of hydrogen and glazed silk. Chemist Charles will himself ascend from the Tuilleries Garden; Montgolfier solemnly cutting the cord. By heaven, this Charles does also mount, he and another! Ten times ten thousand hearts go palpitating; all tongues are mute with wonder and fear;—till a shout like the voice of seas rolls after him, on his wild way. Finally he descends welcomed by the universe—the whole chivalry of France, Duke de Chartres foremost, gallops to receive him.

"Beautiful invention; mounting heavenward, so beautifully—so UNGUIDABLY!"

This was 144 years before Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic in 33 hours!

Consider the perfection of his airship and the nicety of the instruments that make the word "unguidably" have no place in the lexicon of modern aeronautics.

ANNE HOWARD.

A USEFUL TRICK

(London Daily Chronicle)

He was boring her to tears when in came her dog.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "have you taught him any more tricks since I was here last?"

"Yes," she said sweetly, "if you whistle he will bring your hat."

As the World Wags:

While I was away I visited Europe, Asia and Africa. Nothing happened on the trip except that in the Holy Land a guide told me about the flight of the Holy Family to Bethlehem to Egypt and a tourist with a hand-knitted jersey wanted to know how Joseph and Mary and the Child got across the Suez canal.

GEORGE ADE.

NOTHING ELSE?

(The Mayville, N. D. Tribune)

Position Wanted—By accomplished young lady. Clerking, teaching vacation Bible School, Shampooing, Waiting Table or Typing. Call The Tribune Office, 41-32.

THE MAGAZINE'S CALENDAR

As the World Wags:

"I was so mad this morning," said our file clerk. "Here it is June already, and I went into the book store and asked for the August Sloppy Stories; and they were all gone." W. C. H.

I have never yet given a certificate as to either perfect health or perfect sanity.—Dr. T. Berkeley Hyslop.

If a hen purred like a cat or wagged her tail like a dog, we could still take some interest in her, but her behavior forces us to the conclusion that hens have no soul.—Robert Lund.

PINE NEEDLES—STRAW

As the World Wags:

The countless pine needles of Florida's vast pineries are gathered and spread as a mulch on the strawberry fields—in the northern portion of the state—at least.

In Clay county the country people call these needles "pine straws"—to the writer's personal knowledge—and probably so throughout the state.

PERCEVAL SAYWARD.

Braintree.

J. E. P. suggests that strawberries are so called because straw was laid under the plants. The leading dictionaries do not admit this explanation.

As the World Wags:

En route to the South Shore the following sign greeted us:

SLOW WORKERS AHEAD They were! But why advertise it? BILL.

I AM HIM

As the World Wags:

Sense being married I have not touched anything literary as reely have not any time because wen a girl has a big apt. to take care of she has not got much time to herself by the time she has washed the dishes from the day before and taken a bath and does her nails. Because no matter how much a girl does in the line of housework after

Young matron she should never go and lose her looks before 25. So every day I go through the very same routine, and if I half to let a little of the simpler things like dishes and housework go till the next day or till he comes home, wy, I think that after all nothing is as important as a girl keeping her looks.

And of course I know that he would rather see me fresh and rested instead of having a clean house and dinner ready. So I knew that it was because he had a hard day at the office that he was so cross last night and not because we had to go out to the restaurant. Anyway now I am going to take time every day to be literary as I was a stenographer for a grocery firm before I was a young matron and I think a girl should not let herself go in a literary way. So everyday after I have taken a bath and done my nails I am going to accomplish a literary article.

PAT.

June 4 1927

We read in a newspaper published in India that a veterinary college is advertising for a helminthologist. How many of our readers, including the young gentlemen who are enjoying the advantages of a collegiate education, can tell offhand just what a helminthologist is, and what will be required of him? The physicians of course are supposed to know whether they doctor men, women and children, or dogs, cats, horses and horned cattle.

Mr. M. G. Donohue of East Milton asked us who wrote "That Little Black-Eyed Rebel," beginning "A boy drove into the city, his wagon loaded down With food to feed the people of the British-governed town; And the little black-eyed rebel, so innocent and sly, Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye."

Miss Louella D. Everett writes: "The poem, 'The Little Black-Eyed Rebel,' is by Will Carleton (1845-1912), and is to be found in 'Poems for Young Americans,' published by Harper & Bros., and on pages 209-10 of Burton E. Stevenson's 'Poems of American History,' revised edition, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1922.

"The introductory note says the heroine of the poem was Mary Redmond, and she succeeded more than once in helping to smuggle through letters from soldiers in the Continental army to their wives in Philadelphia." L. F. O. and others have answered the inquiry. There are 10 verses.

MARY'S NOSE IS BLEEDING

Some one wrote not long ago that a round of paper the size of a penny pressed on the palate would stop bleeding at the nose. We doubt if our highly esteemed family doctor Evans would agree to this.

In our young days in the village paper rolled up and wedged between the upper lips and the gums was supposed to be a cure. Another remedy was applied in the case of Maj. G. C. Alletson, who was obliged to call in a doctor. He tied a string tight round the major's little finger and plucked the nostril. The bleeding stopped at once and the doctor assured his patient that this was a sure cure.

KNOWN BY THEIR SMELL

The complaint is made that London's odors are not what they were; that the motor has given to all large cities a uniform smell of gasoline. London used to smell of coal; others said that the city, like Munich, smelt of beer; certain districts, of jam, pickles, tanneries. Still another asserts that the dominating smell of London in the nineties was horse, unbearable in the dog days.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, who apparently had a cultivated nose, thought the ideal smell was that of Mauritius. China smelt of "moth-eaten curtains," West Africa of decaying vegetation, Arabia of rancid butter, St. Petersburg (when it was St. Petersburg) of wood fires. Hungary of cattle sheds and stables. Paris of burnt coffee, Japan had "the genuine spicy smell." "As for Berlin it conveyed the impression that if there were any smells they would be numbered and under police regulation."

Louis Venillot wrote a savage book, "Les Odeurs de Paris," in which he attacked social, political and literary phases of Parisian life that to him smelt to heaven.

Salem in the old days of its commerce smelt deliciously, for as Herman Melville was told (see "Moby Dick"), "the young girls breathe such musk their sailor sweethearts smell them miles off shore, as though they were

"drawing nigh the odorous Moluccas instead of the Puritanic sands."

By the way has any one noticed a peculiar smell in the Copley station of the subway, noticeable for some weeks, as one approaches and leaves the station, and while the car halts there?

LEGS

(With apologies to Poe)

See the ladies with their legs,
Lanky legs!
What a world of wild emotion rises at
this sea of pegs!
How they twinkle, twinkle, twinkle
On the sidewalks day and night,
While the stares that foreheads wrinkle
Seem no whit false shame to crinkle
As from busses they alight,
Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of loony rime.
To the strange configuration that a
beauty-lover plagues
In the legs, legs, legs, legs,
Legs, legs, legs,
In the curving and the swerving of
the legs.

II

See the funny waddling legs,
Shapeless legs!
What a world of disillusion in imagination's
dregs!
In the tramcars left and right,
How they pall upon the sight,
With their lack of petticoats
(White and con).
Oh, from out the ten-pin legs
What a gush of too-funny convoluted
eggs-
tremities!
Then it is
Flappers show us—bold young tegs,
With the rapture fond that begs
For the crossing and the tossing of the
legs, legs, legs,
Legs, legs, legs,
For the swinging and the flinging of
the legs!

III

See the loud unstuckinged legs,
Bare brown legs!
What a tale of terror their distur-
lency eggs
On the startled beach all right!
How it screams that they're a fright,
Too much hairfired to shriek
To the senses of the sheikh, sheikh,
sheikh,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy
of the eye,
In a squealing posturelation to the deaf
and frantic eye;
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire
And a resolute endeavor
Now, now to sit—or never—
By his side on the sand, there to spoon.
Oh, the legs, legs, legs,
Shapeless as discarded kegs—
What a pair!
How they bulge and crook—no more
Hidden as in days of yore,
(There's no bosom either in the palpi-
tating fair!)
Yet the eye it fully knows
By their ankles
And their wankles
How the danger droops and swells
By the sinking or the swelling of the
legs,
Legs, legs, legs, legs, legs,
Legs, legs, legs,
In the glamor and the hoodoo of the
legs of the belles!
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

BIGGER AND BRIGHTER BAZAARS

We read of a church bazaar in an English town where behind a placard, "A Horrible Murder," the visitors were offered a prize to the one who pointed out in the grounds of a doll's house the exact spot at which the murder took place.

We prefer the church fairs of our village and remember the brunette who, as Rebekah at the well, filled glasses with weak lemonade for all who would buy. Nor was there any placard: "Ho! Every one that thirsteth." Her eyes and smile were as a magnet.

'THE KING OF KINGS'

"The King of Kings," a screen drama of the life of Jesus of Nazareth, produced by Cecil De Mille, adapted for the screen by Jeanie Macpherson, and presented at the Tremont Theatre with the following cast:

Jesus, The Christ H. B. Warner
Mary, the mother Dorothy Cumming
Peter Ernest Torrence
Judas Joseph Schildkraut
Mary Magdalene Jacqueline Logan
Caiaphas Rudolph Schildkraut
The Pharisee Sam de Grasse
Pontius Pilate Victor Varconi
Others, including: May Robson, Montagu Love, Theodore Kosloff, Julia Faye, Kenneth Thomson, Alan Brooks, etc.

A great and reverential screen play has been accomplished by Mr. De Mille in this first American film adaptation of the salient points of the life of Jesus of Nazareth. The subject is one that in itself sets this work aside as a remarkable achievement.

The most dramatic story ever known

is told with a dignity, a gracious manner and a spiritual meaning in this photo-play. The scenes glide from one to another with all of the depth, the graying softness of charcoal pictures, rubbed and blended by a master hand. The settings are fine or large according to the dramatic appeal, the costumes are graceful or beautiful, the souls of the players are wrought into the picture in an inspired manner.

Mr. De Mille has not confined himself to the route a picture of this kind would ordinarily take. He begins his action with Mary Magdalene and her abode, all done in prismatic colorings, with dash and fire, instead of a peaceful scene.

The contrast is therefore the more poignant when the Christ is introduced in a fashion so gentle and kindly that any feeling one might have of seeing the presence of Jesus on the screen is dulled into acceptance. Mr. Warner is sincere and plays with great depth and earnestness, but his facial characteristics are against his perfect portrayal, his lips are cold, he needs more distance than Mr. De Mille has given him for the most part.

The scenes are expertly directed and photographed from the brilliant banquet at the beginning of the play, the quiet of the healing of the sick, the plotting of Caiaphas, the coming of the soldiers of Caesar to extract the tribute. In this instance the dynamic value of the screen is used to show Peter going to his boat and catching a fish that carries the coin to be given the soldiers in his mouth. A lightness to the general theme is introduced here as the Roman soldiers fish but without the same success.

When the Savior turns the money lenders out of the temple is the one time He seems to lose his calmness. He throws the tables that bears the coins to the floor, one after another and then allows the doves and animals to go free.

The second half of the picture carries Jesus first to Caiaphas and finally to Pilate. There is the last supper, the warning of Peter that he should deny Him three times before the cock should crow. How perfectly this scene has been copied from the old painting of this subject. It is as if the figures come to life in subtle greys and white.

The punishment and crucifixion were treated in a white heat fashion. Perhaps Mr. De Mille felt it was necessary to dilate on the cruelty in contrast with the calm of his last scenes. The earthquake and the "rending of rocks" is impressive and beautiful. The final scenes are soothing and precious.

"The King of Kings" is the most impressive film that has ever been made. It is not entertainment, but an approach to the more inspiring things in this life. Mr. De Mille has made a masterpiece that will no doubt live.

The cast of the production is an imposing one. Many stars appeared in small parts on account of their interest in the film. Dorothy Cumming as the mother put a nobility as well as sincerity into her role. Both Caiaphas, played by Rudolph Schildkraut, and Judas, played by his son Joseph Schildkraut, were remarkable. Jacqueline Logan as the Mary Magdalene was excellent, in fact one could go down the complete list of players and not pick a fault, with the possible exception of Ernest Torrence. His performance was effective but extravagant.

Mr. De Mille has accomplished a great picture. C. M. D.

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Cherry Blossoms," an operetta in three acts, based on "The Willow Tree." Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Music by Sigmund Romberg. Staged by Lew Morton. Albert Hurley conducted. The cast:

Stella Maywood Eileen Carmody
Jeffrey Fuller Robert Hobbs
George Washington Goto Bernard Gorcey
Kamuro Frederick Kaufman
O-Dan-San Fred Harper
Ned Hamilton Goodie Galloway
First shop girl Helen Nord
Second shop girl Howard Marsh
Tomotado Virginia Arlington
Shimamura Ronnie Madison
The Bonze William Pringle
Noro Frank Greene
Mary Temple Harold Kravitt
Larry Fuller Frank Davenport
O-Yuki-San Marjella Swanson
A geisha dancer Helen Nord
Mrs. Goto Goodie Galloway
Emily Wentz

The first impression of this operetta—and it is entitled to that distinction—is misleading, for the exposition drags.

This is obviously a fault by way of providing comic relief, and it would be much better if the trading over the purchase of the willow tree shrine were made more pointed. This does not mean that the clowning of George Washington Goto was not to our liking, rather to the contrary, let his pleasing banalities of the subsequent scenes have full rein.

Viewing this performance it is hard to dissociate one's thoughts from John Luther Long's cocktail tosser and the gullible Cho-Cho-San. It is even possible to conclude that the collaborators had "Madam Butterfly" spread before them. The theme is startlingly similar,

with perhaps the exception of the last act that really takes the form of an epilogue, in which we visualize the return of Ned Hamilton, to whom Yo-San had yielded in a common marriage. There was the child of this union, O-Yuki-San, dancing in a tea house, this day to be sold to the highest bidder. Needless to say, she is bid in by the father. So it will be seen that after all Ned was not another Pinkerton. He would make amends for his folly.

The music is far above the commonplace of our theatre, and you cannot but conjure up no less a name than Sir Arthur Sullivan. Not that it is exactly Sullivan-esque, yet it is reminding in a pleasingly vague way. Theatrically with but one exception it is sound. And that exception is no less than the motivating number of the piece, and the outstanding number in this opus, "My Own Willow Tree," as fine an Irish ballad among its Japanese neighbors as ever graced the studio of the Herbert of pleasing memory.

The settings are rich, faithful in Japanese motif, notably the willow garden and the Yoshiwara tea house. Nor was the cherry tree overemphasized.

It is to be regretted that the full story could not be told, for lack of space, but a garbled one in unthinkable.

Helen Nord gave two careful studies in the dual roles, and she was neat in differentiation. She has a pleasing voice, and the tragic note grew convincingly with her performance. The Ned Hamilton of Howard March was both vocally and dramatically significant, pronouncedly so in the Finaletto. Much might be said in praise of the remainder of the cast. At least we will conclude that musical Boston will be interested. T. A. R.

COLONIAL—"Twinkle Twinkle," musical comedy produced by Louis Werba. Comes here after New York and Chicago engagements. Joe E. Brown is starred and Nancy Welford and Flo Lewis featured. The cast:

Jack Wyndham Francis X. Donegan
Florence Devereaux Elsie Bonwit
Suzette Anita Furman
June Sylvia Shawn
Glenn Ann Kelly
Sam Gibson Harry Buchanan
Cutie Audrey Van Lieu
Alice James Nancy Welford
Jennie Betty Veronica
Richard Grey John Hundley
Harry Clarence Oliver
Telegraph Operator Frank Bryan
P. T. (Peachy) Robinson Joe E. Brown
Bessie Smith Flo Lewis
Jane Robinson Dorothy Martin

Let's get the plot out of the way first. A famous movie star tiring of her every day associates, hops off a train in which they are all traveling and finds herself in the small town of Pleasantville, Kan. Here, under an assumed name, she finds true romance, only to discover that her choice is also of her profession, he, too, traveling incognito. The hero is a movie director who wishes to study conditions in a small town and happily for the plot chooses Pleasantville for his locale. A villain, a rather mild sort of the type, and a comedy detective with his waitress girl friend help to complicate the plot and keep things generally moving at a highly entertaining speed.

Joe E. Brown covers himself with well deserved laurels as the star of the piece. He plays a hick detective, using all the familiar rube tricks that go with the role, but doing them in a manner all his own. Mr. Brown knows he hasn't a pretty mouth, he exaggerates its size with his make-up and then proceeds to use it for his means of comedy expression. He has only to open that wide expanse of mouth and the audience is laughing ahead of him. He was given an enthusiastic reception last evening. Nancy Welford, a dainty little lady, with a pretty voice does what is expected of a musical comedy heroine. She and John Hundley, the hero, were particularly effective in "Sweeter Than You," one of the more tuneful numbers.

Flo Lewis, a pert vaudeville comedienne, gives an excellent characterization of a wisecracking waitress and works admirably with Mr. Brown. Clarence Oliver, who will be pleasantly remembered by his visit here in "Laff That Off," takes care of the comedy role, that of the man behind the counter in a station restaurant, which has a large share of smart lines of the breezy sort.

The chorus is unusually attractive and the dance routines show originality. What people seem to want most in a summer show is lively and vigorous dancing, and the girls in "Twinkle Twinkle" seem happily disposed to do this for their audiences. The whole production twinkled brilliantly last evening and should continue to do so for the summer weeks here. A. F.

'BUDS OF 1927' AT KEITH'S THIS WEEK

Ned wayburn's "Buds of 1927" were displayed in a burst of gorgeous and satisfying efflorescence at Keith's last night. An octette of most personable young ladies, with Herb de Bell and Floyd Carder supplying the maseur element, provided a succession of songs

and dances, comedy stunts and contortionists acts that provided a full vaudeville show in itself. They are a talented bunch.

There are two unusually good "nut" turns on the bill this week. Russ Brown, teamed with Jean Whittaker, comes to the front with some really new stuff and Oscar Loraine intersperses his comicallities with snatches of violin playing which reveal him to be a genuine musician as well as a clown of parts.

Alleen Stanley, back from London, received an enthusiastic greeting from the house, which seemingly could not have enough of her songs and ballads.

The performance took on a Lindbergh slant from Dok Eisenbourg and his popular Sinfonians, assisted by the Shepard Choral Society which sang so well that one wished there was more, very much more.

Jack Tarella proved himself to be a slack wire artist of supreme accomplishments; and a clever juggler than Torino—handicapped though he was by a sprained finger—seldom comes to town. An entertaining program.

'KONGO' PRESENTED AT GAYETY THEATRE

"Kongo," jungle melodrama by Chester Devonde and Kilbourn Gordon, with tom-tom, voodoo, witch doctor and other sensational appurtenances of the savage tropics, has returned to Boston, opening last night at the Gayety.

Unlike many of the recent pieces of the cork helmet and grass skirt school, Kongo's big motive is not jungle love, but jungle hate, and concerns itself with the long campaign of revenge conducted by a crippled trader against one Kregg, who has done him wrong. By allying himself with the voodoo magicians, he casts a wide circle about his post and lures his victim within the trap.

Although confined to a wheel chair, Flint, the trader, is master of blacks and whites alike by means of his long whip, his ready gun, the magic charm which he wears about his neck, and the electrical devices with which he takes advantage of African superstition. No opportunity of introducing the horrible and ghoulish is neglected by authors or directors. Murders and ghastly talk of weird tortures and creeping poisonous swamp things are the warp and woof of the play.

There are attacks by drum-beating natives and escapes through a secret passageway, and the hands of the men are always creeping toward their holsters in true dime-novel fashion. The part of Flint, played effectively by Charles B. Middleton, is naturally the big role. Leora Spellman plays the wronged but righted Annie, and Blanche Burnette wears the grass skirt.

H. F. M.

AT MODERN, BEACON

Vitaphone presentations and new photoplays at the Modern and Beacon theatres form a program that ably vies for favor with outdoor enticements. In the Vitaphone offerings are Mme. Schumann-Heink in three of her best liked songs; Al Jolson in a trio of his hits, and Vincent Lopez with his orchestra in three jazz numbers. The photoplays are the Paramount picture, "The World at Her Feet," starring Florence Vidor, and "Bitter Apples," made from a story by Harold MacGrath and starring Monte Blue.

Variety marks the Vitaphone offerings, thereby emphasizing its wonders. The remarkable property of projecting the personality of the artists in both picturing and reproduction of sound is a chief contributor.

The Paramount offering is a merry comedy of the conversion from philandering of two couples who were drifting toward interchange of partners. The incidents bringing about this conversion are of the farcical, and are so well constructed that laughter prevails throughout the unrolling. The acting and direction deserve special praise.

Mr. MacGrath's story is of more dramatic stuff and chronicles the affair of a banker's son who is vengefully pursued by another whose father killed himself over losses from the wrecked bank. The adventures range to the high seas and include a storm and shipwreck, perils of drifting at sea, and a battle with rum runners.

101 RANCH SHOW OPENS AT ANDREW SQ. GROUND

Life of Frontier West Vividly Presented

Indians battling the whites in bygone days, the exciting life of the American cowboy on western plains, stage coach hold-ups and daring horsemanship, with

many other interesting wild West features, were strikingly displayed at the opening performances yesterday afternoon and evening by the 101 Ranch Wild West company at Andrew square show grounds.

"A Million Bid," with Dolores Costello, Warner Oland, Betty Blythe, Malcolm MacGregor, Douglas Gerrard, Grace Gordon and others, directed by Michael Curtiz from a story by George Cameron is presented at the Metropolitan Theatre this week.

Revels are interesting if only to convince patrons of the arts that they have progressed in their taste. A few years ago the Vitaphone Company of America made the picture that is appearing at the Metropolitan Theatre with Anita Stewart in the role that Dolores Costello plays so delightfully at the present time.

The picture is well acted, beautifully dressed and Michael Curtiz, a Viennese director who resurrected the old timer, "The Third Degree," and made an interesting photo-play of it, has done wonders with photography and angles. Nevertheless, the skeleton that has been draped so carefully shows through its coverings and the film remains a carefully-wrought thriller, the kind that satisfied our screen diet several seasons ago.

There is the hard-hearted mother, played by Betty Blythe, who sells her attractive daughter in marriage to the highest bidder, who in this instance is Warner Oland. There is the wreck at sea and water gushing all over the premises with the beautiful bride saved as she swoons into the turbulent tide. The mother is drowned, which is something of a relief, and the husband who paid a million for his bride is left unconscious enough in the waters. One feels that everything has happened for the best, especially when the beautiful bride takes her vows the second time and to the man she loves.

All is well until the first husband is discovered to be alive and the ensuing scenes are heavily dramatic as the second husband, who is a brain specialist, operates on the first, who has lost his memory. The end is the best part of the picture. Husband No. 1 pretends that he has not recovered his memory, a scene nicely shaded by Warner Oland.

Ted Lewis and his band are at the Metropolitan this week, the same versatile jazz-mad Ted. Gene Rodemich and Evelyn Hoey have an act in which Miss Hoey is happily reminiscent in her songs. Jack Miller assists.

"LAFF THAT OFF"

Before an audience that lost itself completely in the shifting comedy and drama of the piece, "Laff That Off" was revived for a new run at the St. James Theatre last night, with Walter Gilbert as leading man, supported by an augmented and recast Keith-Albee St. James Company.

The play, already given with much success by the Keith-Albee company after the Christmas holidays, is an appealing love story, interspersed with humor and near-melodrama, with a climax that alternately brings mirth and a feeling verging on a lump in the throat.

Last night's company showed so many new faces that it seemed almost an entirely new one, contrasted with the cast that staged "Laff That Off" six months ago. Walter Gilbert was warmly welcomed back to the leading role.

Houston Richards and Frank Charlton enjoyed their customary popularity. Ruth Shepley was sweetly appealing, Jack Wester discharged the comedy role with sure-fire results, while Edith Spear and the remaining members of the company gave their usual capable support.

The audience found the performance highly enjoyable, giving vent to frequent unrestrained mirth and generous applause.

Hamid Bey Leads Vaudeville Bill at Loew's

"Rookies," a riotous film featuring the new screen comedy team of Karl Dane and George K. Arthur, and Hamid Bey as the headline vaudeville number, are the foremost attractions on the bill this week at Loew's Orpheum Theatre.

"Rookies" is a very humorous tale, portraying life at Uncle Sam's military camps, and while it deplets life at the camp, with its drills in all branches of the service, athletic and range contests, these are made a background for the numerous comical situations and laughs which naturally are evolved.

Marceline Day has the leading feminine role, the object of the attentions of Karl Dane as the hard-boiled sergeant, and George K. Arthur as the rookie.

Hamid Bey, daring Egyptian miracle man, with the assistance of Zulifer

Effendi and Prof. Victor Bartelloni, performs a group of interesting scientific experiments. Famed in a cataleptic state, is buried *she* on the stage. Although his doings are sometimes weird, they are nevertheless entertaining.

'THE SUNSET DERBY' AT WASH. OLYMPIA

Mary Astor Stars in Photoplay of Horse Racing

A story of the race track world, intensely interesting and human, and strikingly lacking in the threadbare plot and situations which generally grace pictures of this locale, is now playing at the Washington street Olympia Theatre. It is "The Sunset Derby," a First National picture, starring Mary Astor and William Collier, Jr.

June 15 1927
The Herald mentioned words that were not spoken by fishermen of the island Foula when at sea. One of these words is "woman." Mr. Lawrence A. Stoughton Holbourn, who knows the island well, has given the reason. Fishing is a man's job. "To mention a woman would be to commit a sacrilege against the spirits of the sea. And so it is unlucky to have a woman on board." Or a rival fisherman's wife may have the evil eye, so it would be dangerous to mention one of her sex. "The fact that a woman has a bad influence on fishing is shown by the superstition that still survives in that a man bound for the fishing will avoid meeting a woman at all costs, often going a long way off the road. If, however, he meets a woman, and still has a good catch, he must reward her with part of it."

TABOO

There is a Spanish proverb: "It's unlucky to call an adder, an adder." Among the old French the weasel was not called by its real name; "moustelle" and "moustolle" were replaced by "bellette." For it is said, even now, that the sight of the weasel crossing a road presages death. When Erasmus knew England the speaking the names of the weasel brought bad luck. In many European countries there are euphemisms for this animal.

Other words not to be spoken on the water are rabbit, salmon, priest. In South Devon a rabbit is called an angel; hares, lop-eared gentry; priests, black-coated gentry.

APROPOS OF THE SHORT SKIRT

As the World Wags:
I think I may be correct in assuming that I introduced the short skirt or golf skirt in Berlin in 1899. At any rate, there were no other skirts of this type to be seen. Mine was, to me at least, an elegant circular skirt, extending about two inches below the knees. It was all wool, a dark green modern plaid. The inside of the skirt was black and white checked. On either side of the skirt were stripes about four inches deep, with buttons and buttonholes. The whole effect was that of a tailored garment or sport skirt quite out of the ordinary.

The German women were just beginning to ride bicycles and they rode badly, their long, awkward skirts flying in the breeze or invariably catching on the wheels. I think they envied my skirt, for as I rode my bicycle up and down the streets, especially on a Sunday afternoon, towards Charlottenberg, I felt myself observed by many passersby; that delighted my young heart.

Fashion always has a great influence on sport in Europe. In Paris cycling became popular, especially with women. The French were not then an athletic race, but their women were far more petite than the Germans. Cycling became an excuse for adopting new fashions. Wonderful knickerbocker costumes were devised for the Parisienne, who tried to ride a man's machine and not a "drop-frame" type—which varied from very bold and scanty knickers to divided skirts of a very voluminous and heavy cut. The cycling was indeed an excuse for the clothes, just as bathing is now an excuse for elaborate, if scanty costumes on the beach at Atlantic City. The Parisians rode better than the Germans, but did not hold out as long. English women, who rode best and looked the worst, had prejudices against knickerbockers, bloomers, or "rational dress"; finding cycling a good and agreeable pastime, they indulged in it with all the disadvantages of ordinary attire.

Even in 1914, when I was obliged to

remain in Strasbourg for a time, because of the necessity of moving troops down from Scotland and the lake district, after the startling entrance of England into the war, on bank holiday, there was a strong prejudice against our American "free and easy" sport costumes. The young ladies of the Folk Dance school of Cecil Sharpe were very careful not to be seen on the street without a raincoat on, when they wore their school costume, a long navy blue serge Russian blouse or tunic over very full bloomers. There is no such thing now as woman's awakening freedom. She is awake.

I spent the summer of 1924 at Fontainebleau, France. There the women of

the town felt deeply hurt, especially the older generation, to see the Americans so gaily dressed when they themselves were still wearing mourning for their most remote relatives who died during the war. It was hard on the French to see us so gay and happy, enjoying study in that sacred old pile—the palace of Fontainebleau. I appreciated their surprise and real resentment when they saw us in knickers, golf stockings of an extravagant color, riding habits of linen or crash, and leather puttees, as we walked along the streets, twirling our swagger sticks and our whips. The white flannel-clothed young men of the Fontainebleau school shocked the citizens greatly. Sport clothes the French had known a long time, but the gay clothes and gayer manners of the young Americans who sat drinking tea and eating pastry, in front of the cafes, or at night went singing down the street with their mandolins and ukuleles, ping-ponging to a population of conservative citizens safely ensconced behind their closed shutters, was very unusual and trying. But, all in all, the sport clothes have come to stay. They are practical, comfortable, tailored, smart. What more do we want at home or abroad? As to high heels, but that is entirely off the subject. Long live the golf skirt now merged into knickerbockers; and may human character continue to be irreproachable in spite of modernity.

EDITH LYNWOOD WINN.

LITTLE WILLIE

(For As the World Wags)
I still remember how I hated WILLIE Lang. We sat together in the village school. The girls gave him their cookies at recess.

And maybe that is why I hated him, Ye Gods—he was a pretty sight to see, With curls and cunning little velvet suit.

Believe me, he could sing "Thou Art My Mate."

While holding Millie Tyler by the hand. His mother was a fragile little soul, Whose heart held on Willie's love.

His father was the village auctioneer, Who slammed the doors and smelled of Rock and Rye.

And read Tom Paine and went to fairs. But Willie did not learn to hate and fight.

His mother taught to turn the other cheek.

So far so good.—"Will Willie went away To prep school where the boys are taught by men.

Not to a spoony "Co-Ed" place. And Little Willie cut the apron strings. And learned to smoke and lots of things. He played baseball, and boxed and rowed

And grew up tall and spoke out loud. When Willie, in the spring recess, came home,

His mother cried aloud, "Where is my little boy!"

The old man grinned and slapped his back.

And felt his hip, in hopes he had a flask.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

TO GALAHAD

Your eyes like stars, lighting a new path to my heart, can they promise protection from destruction, as does a light-house to ships uncertain of their course?

V. W. O.

SAVED! SAVED!

As the World Wags:

The facts were in the hands of the newspapers.

At one minute before the great presses had started their daily roar the frantic woman rushed into the editor's office: "In mercy's name, stop the presses," she cried. "I told the reporter I wore a blue chiffon dress to the ball, and, my Gawd, it was a pink georgette."

The night editor turned pale. He grabbed the telephone. "Hey, there," he shouted hoarsely, "stop them presses."

THE ILLINI KID.

APROPOS OF THE STATEMENT THAT WINTHROP AMES WILL REVIVE "THE GONDOLIERS"

and another operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan; apropos of the stage business in Mr. Ames's production of "The

Pirates of Penzance" in Boston at the end of last season, a valued contributor writes as follows:

Notes and Lines:

Why didn't Mr. Ames employ the conventional stage "business" of D'Oyley Carte? The New York notices led us to believe that, at last, a true revival was coming, unsullied by the touch of profane hands. But everything was jazzed. There was no "easy and elegant diction" save from the painstaking Ruth. You could understand her words, but the producer forced this admirable artist to join in some clownish acting. The pleasing little woman would make a splendid Ruth under able direction. None of the other members of the cast fitted their parts.

The pirate king sang his solo and danced a "London Bridge is falling down" sort of thing simultaneously, while frantically waving a large black flag. When not otherwise employed, he did a grand right and left with his pirates. He was never still a moment. At other times he flirted fatuously with a charming little flapper, one of the new characters introduced by Mr. Ames, a cunning tike, but—shades of Victoria, what was the idea? The major-general had a cockney dialect and murdered the patter song. He did not try to sing "River, River, Gentle River" but recited it a la vaudeville, while the chorus hummed an accompaniment.

And the sublime "Hail, Poetry"! This is one of those simple but grand choruses that work up to a climax. Someone told me that singing in this chorus causes the hair to raise, the spine to quiver, and a feeling of ecstatic exaltation to flood one's being when it comes to the last words "All Hail, All Hail, Divine Emollient." But the director didn't allow time for the flood. He introduced some remarkable staccato effects that ruined the whole thing for a true Savoyard. In those old days this hymn was good for several recalls, but not now. One perfunctory half-hearted encore was enough.

An admirable feature was the charming bunch of vivacious girls forming the woman's chorus. They sang effectively, even though handicapped by the orchestra leader's eccentric notions of tempo. He set every number at a race-horse pace—the impression gained was that he wanted action, action, speed, speed, at the sacrifice of Gilbertian humor and Sullivanian music. And they introduced two other characters never thought of by Gilbert—an orderly and a doctor of divinity. This last person was brought on at the close and did a high-kicking Majilton all over the stage, weaving in and out of the chorus of pirates, who, arm in arm with Maj.-Gen. Stanley's daughters, marched into a property church to be wed, evidently—and the curtain dropped. I gave a moan of anguish and fled. They tell me this was not the end, but that there followed some forced curtains with the full company assembled and going through new business having slight relationship of Gilbert and Sullivan. LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Boston.

Mr. St. John Ervine cannot forgive Mr. C. B. Cochran for his "odd belief in nudity" as shown in the new revue "One Dam Thing After Another" at the London Pavilion, and Mr. Ervine makes surprising statements which should arouse the indignation of English women.

"Eight women out of ten," he says, "have hideous legs. Skirts were properly invented to hide them. Mr. Cochran insists on letting us see the whole bare leg, with all the bony cavities about the knee lit up by limelight. How much longer must we wait for women to realize that their legs are nearly the ugliest things in nature?"

Mr. Ervine should visit New York and Boston in the theatrical season. He would have opportunity to rest and cheer his eyes. Many English actresses who have played in this country do not deserve his harsh criticism.

I must say I politely demur to the remarks of Sir Thomas Beecham about the disinclination of the British public to give enthusiastic support to opera. My view, which a great many lovers of music share, is that opera as a form of entertainment is out of date. The only way in which I can listen to it with pleasure now is "on the air."

Sitting in a comfortable chair, smoking a pipe, freed from the annoyance of seeing fat heroines and bull-necked tenors, one can fully enjoy the music. I don't see how anyone can do this in a theatre. It is too absurd to see a dying woman sing magnificently through a long scene; there is nothing absurd if one only listens to her. It is maddening to have a favorite character whom one pictures as a romantic young

hero presented as obese, bald and middle-aged. Opera appeals to a rather childish taste. Most of us have out-lived that.—London Daily Chronicle.

MY MUSIC TEACHER PLAYS As the World Wags:

My teacher has a violin. Every Friday afternoon he plays for us. Last Friday he played "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" and when he finished he said, "Can any boy or girl tell me what piece I have just played? A little boy across the aisle said, 'You just played "My Wild Irish Rose." No, no, says my teacher. . . . Sit down! . . . Can't any one tell me the name of the piece I have just played? And a little girl says, "The Blue Danube." Ye gods! said teacher. . . . Now, listen! I will play it once more for you. So he played it again and then said, "There now—does that sound like "The Blue Danube?" And the little girl said, "Yes, sir, that sounds more like it!"—Oracle.

Mr. Waldo H. Dunn of the College of Wooster, O., reading "Hamlet" with a class of college students, referred to comments on the Queen's remark about the Prince: "Ho's fat and scant of breath." A young woman in the class at once made the positive assertion that by "fat" Gertrude meant "sweaty." She added that being on a hot day in a far away district in Wisconsin, a farm wife, seeing the tourists all sweaty exclaimed "How fat you are," and explained by "fat" she meant "sweaty." Mr. Dunn says that in the Douai version of the 23d Psalm, there is the reading: "Thou hast fattened my head with oil." But how does this apply to "fat" as "sweaty"? Wright's great Dialect Dictionary does not give this synonym of "sweaty."

M. Prevost, reviewing the film play, "Napoleon," by Abel Gance, shown in Paris, says that Antonin Artaud in the role of Marat begins by scratching himself "a little too horribly" but plays in "a simple and beautiful" manner the bath-tub scene when he is killed by Charlotte Corday.

Miss Loni Loraine, the charming young Austrian actress now appearing in "Sweet Kisses," a popular new play in Vienna, receives 47 kisses during each performance. As there are seven shows a week it means that she receives a total of 329 kisses a week—Sphere.

But I doubt if the prettiest face can stand so much wear and tear—The Observer.

Michael Saddler, whose life of Anthony Trollope is excellent, has dramatized, with the help of Gerard Hopkins, Trollope's novel "The Warden." The performance was announced in London for June 12. It is not easy to see how the novel lends itself to the stage.

It appears that one should not speak of the members of the Russian Chauve Souris Company as "Les Chauves-Souris" the Bats, for The Bat is their sign, not their name. There used to be in Lenin-grad a cabaret of the same kind, called The Stray Dog.

Elsie Janis is looking for a London Theatre in which to bring out a musical comedy next fall. The supporting company will be all-British, "a point on which she lays special emphasis." This will be her farewell to big productions; "hereafter she will appear only in vaudeville and recitals given by herself."

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's play "Twe's Lover" was produced at the end of last month, 45 years after she began to write.

A man of good reputation for truth and veracity, a man we have known for many years as one without a sense of humor, never up to small deceptions or any sinful games, told us that while his watch as a rule keeps excellent time, whenever he is run down (the man, not the watch) or feels that he has taken cold, his watch loses, perhaps not more than a couple of minutes in 24 hours. "Just enough," he said, "to warn me also to go slow."

Can a watch be a barometer of the wearer's state of health? We know that watches are sometimes affected by the weather; running faster in winter and slower in summer.

As the World Wags: Motoring through a New England village last week I saw a placard announcing the sermon at the church for the following Sunday. The placard read: "The Rev. — will speak at the forenoon service on 'The Resurrection.'" Under it was the "beautiful thought," the "admonition," what-

ever you are pleased to call it for the week: "Don't worry, friend; it may never happen." MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Miss Gertrude Stein is the subject of adverse criticism. We are inclined to think that her literary expression came from spending her days and nights with Henry James. Yet there is a certain explicitness in this passage from one of her recent works:

November the 15th and simply so that simply so that simply in that simply in that simply so that in that simply so that simply so that in that way simply in that way, simply in that way so that simply so that simply so that simply simply in that, simply in that so that simply so that simply so that simply in that, so that simply in that way. Actually the 15th of November."

Even the wayfaring man though a fool would know that Miss Stein fixed the day as Nov. 15.

A BED TIME STORRIE FER GROWN-UP GUYS

By Snowshoe Al

Little Percival Porcupine sat at his typewriter with both wrists bandaged. He wuz suffering from an attack uv Corona Cramps. In frunt uv him lay 63 pages uv typewriting wich he had ist dashed off in a hurry, in fact this wuz how he had sprained his frunt ankles. Once in a while he wood turn his head an' expectorate viscidously, after wich he wood wash his mouth out with lysol. Then he wood use nasty language wich I shall not repeat, on account it wuz too dam ruff. Jist then Oscar Mink, the grate detektiff, stuck his head in the door.

"Wot is going on in here?" sez Oscar Mink.

"Well," sez Percy, "it's like this: I saw a cake uv soap advertised, wich wuz serposed tuh be 99 an' 44 one-hundredths per cent. pure, so I got one an' took a bit out uv it."

"Well," sez the grate detektiff, "that explains the profanity an' the mouth-washing, but wot's the idea uv pound-ing that typewriter all nite an' keeping everyone else awake? Wot's all that manuscript—a book?"

"Hell, no!" sez Percival, as he put the 63 pages uv typewriting in an envelope an' addressed it to the soap manufacturer, "that's merely my opinion uv the uthur 56 one-hundredths per cent.!! @!&@!\$%&@!!!"

The chief constable of West Sussex complained recently that as the result of the increased mobility and efficiency of his police, he is "now rather short of criminals." It was at once suggested that he advertise: "Wanted a few men for light criminal jobs: previous experience preferred." Or, "Homes offered to experienced, well educated criminals in Sussex. Board and lodging on the fifty-fifty principle." As an additional inducement for applications, it should be remembered by the criminals that "every Sussex village has its author to whom one can tell tales at profitable rates."

We heard a man described as a bore because he constantly interlarded his talk with "When all's said and done." Nearly every one of us has his pet phrase in speech that irritates those with whom he happens to be. One will keep saying, "By and large"; another, "D'ye see, d'ye see."

FELICIA HADLEY, A. D. 1728

(For As the World Wags)

She never wore a shortened skirt, Nor ran with wanton knee; She was as sweetly circumspect As any lass need be.

No silken sheen her ankle graced In those Provincial days; Good homespun stockings were the rule, And close-embracing stays.

And low-cut gowns were then taboo, Except on ballroom floor— The girls were strong on modesty In those old days of yore.

But now, forsooth, and now again, Go view the motley throng— Our lovely girls scarce draw the line Between what's right and wrong.

Ah well-a-day and lack-a-day! Some day the styles will change, And what just now is quite au fait Will then be passing strange! Wakefield. F. W. Y.

THE CONJUROR'S EGG

(London Daily Chronicle)

The amateur conjuring show was going none too well.

"Can any lady or gentleman lend me an egg?" asked the conjuror.

"If we 'ad one," shouted a voice from the back, "you'd have got it long before this."

FOR WITCHGRASS

As the World Wags:

A gramina colloquially known as

witchgrass is most troublesome to Englishers by its wild and uncontrolled growth and the difficulty of eradicating it in gardens, lawns and gravel drives and walks. It grows in knots and clumps and is as unmanageable as the mythical females it is named after. The late Congressman Asher C. Hinds, the famous parliamentary authority, was my next door neighbor and, with the rest of us, a fighter of witchgrass. After years of vain conflict he finally rejoiced at finding a way to keep his driveway clear of it, by covering it with a thick layer of concrete. He said he did not feel perfectly sure that the cement would keep the grass from growing up through it until two or three years after the cement was laid. Portland, Me. G. A. E.

IN A "NUT" FACTORY?

(From Laconia)

William Shaw, who has been master maniac at G. H. Tiltor & Sons mills here, has finished his labors and has taken a like position in Philadelphia, in a large plant there.

FOR THE CLASS IN HISTORY

(Don Marquis)

Every day was wash day with M. Antonius. But in the midst of it all that gallant old party preserved his high serenity, kept in tune with the Infinite, boasted an excellent digestion, communed with the Cosmic-All every night before he went to bed, kept his solar plexus free from fat, faced the future unwinkingly as the statue of Zeus, and found time to lay down the constitution and by-laws for the Young Men's Pagan Association of Rome, Italy. He chewed his food 32 times before he swallowed it, disliked minor poets, and was an Advanced Thinker.

Let us add to our remarks about the expletive "damn." We stated a few days ago that an English archdeacon had changed its meaning: "The word might be uttered by ornaments of the church without scandal in moments of emergency." He has been supported in this opinion and in unexpected quarters.

The Royal Free Hospital has sent out 2000 "Anti-Curse Boxes." They bear this inscription:

"Silver for a curse,
Penny for a damn
To the Child's Royal Free
Wherever I am."

This led "Lucio," a bright and shining light of the Manchester Guardian, to comment on this distinction between "curse" and "damn." "The implication that 'damn' is not a 'curse' is rather a curious one, because, strictly speaking, it is about the most terrifying imprecation one could find. 'Damn you!' is swearing only because of its theological implications, and theologically, it means to consign anyone to eternal perdition. That is a pretty drastic thing to do; and yet we find the Royal Free Hospital appeal going on to argue that 'damn' can be wiped out by a penny fine, but 'blast' should cost 'sixpence' or even one shilling. But 'blast' is really a relatively harmless word with no special theological implications at all. 'Blasted' only means 'withered,' and is a process properly restricted to this world; 'damned' is a much more serious affair, since it concerns the next. Still 'blast' is a more satisfying mouthful than 'damn,' so perchance it is right that its user should pay on the higher scale. It only proves once more that in matters of profanity it is the sound which counts rather than the sense."

But the slang dictionaries define the verb "blast"—to curse, to damn. Chapman's "Revenge for Honor" (1654): "And thus I kiss'd my last breath. Blast you all!"

"Blasted"—often substituted for 'damned,' 'bloody,' it being thought a milder form. "Blasted rascal—an abandoned rogue!"

Nor has the verb "damn" necessarily "theological implications." The word meant originally to inflict loss, to condemn to a particular penalty or fate ("Sec Cromwell damned to everlasting fame"); to adjudge and pronounce a thing or practice bad, to condemn a literary work; to prove a curse, to be the ruin of. Was not Cassio "almost damned in a fair wife?"

Has anyone compiled a little dictionary of ancient Greek and Roman oaths? Homer's heroes were ingenious in calling one another abusive names, but we are inclined to believe they were as clumsy swearers as any schoolboy trying to be smart. Take for example the phrase "Ouk eis olethron"—will you not go to destruction—a more courteous imprecation corresponding to our ruder "go to hell," a request which we arc sorry to say, in certain instances, not obeyed.

This "Lucio" of the Manchester Guardian, like Mr. Silas Wootton, drops into verse.

the Menevrel's account of Mr. Koussevitzky's first concert in Paris this season should interest The Herald's readers. Note the beginning:

"Solemn reappearance of Serge Koussevitzky: The master advances, head on high and at a pace slowly calculated; obligatory ovation, which was followed by a second one more spontaneous and much heartier after the admirable performance of Beethoven's symphony in C minor. Of all the orchestral concerts that I have had the opportunity of hearing in this year of Beethoven's anniversary, this was, I regret to say, the only time I had before me the total presence of Beethoven's genius . . . An interpretation in which no phase of Beethoven was ignored to the detriment of one to which there might be the wish to reduce the whole."

The critic spoke in warm praise of Roussel's Suite, played for the first time in Paris—the first performance anywhere was in Boston last season. Milhaud's "Carnival of Aix" gave him the impression, not so much of a carnival as of a fair, where one stopped for a moment before each booth. "Ravishing orchestral details"—but the critic found Milhaud's playing of the piano part "very dull and cloudy."

AT A CONCERT (For the Sunday Herald)

"Two seats for Miss Welding, please."

The gentleman in the box examined several pigeon-holes leisurely, although the last bell had rung. "Six dollars, please," he remarked, his eyes rolling into space.

We rushed in with the rest of the scurrying mob and, with some delay owing to the absence of the usher, found our seats.

"My goodness!" gasped my friend from New York, "do they always act this way?"

"Strange as it may seem, we are not yet highly civilized," I answered, blushing for my beloved Puritan city.

I opened my program book and began to read about the prelude to "Death and the Lizard," a new Symphonic Poem by a local celebrity who had the previous season conducted another esoteric work which he had chosen to call "Morpheus et Amor," a fanciful name suggested by a gentleman acquaintance who had been suffering tortures with a toothache.

My young lady in red bent toward me. "Who is the conductor?" She spoke hissing as through false teeth.

"Hush," I began. "They are about to start." And then they did start with blatant blast and tinkling cymbal, walls of violins and long protracted agony on the part of an overworked oboist to whom the composer had given no breath marks.

"My dear," raved the young lady in red at the close of the first movement, "Is that really Paderewski on the front seat just under the conductor's desk?"

"No . . . no," I whispered, grasping her arm, for I was fearful she would disturb the tuba on his entrance to the second movement. "Ha! Listen to that chord from the combined 'celli. Bravo. Sanctissima!"

The lady in the seat in front turned her head around and frowned severely. I grinned at her, then uttered a groan. My young lady in red had suddenly placed her foot hard on my new patent leathers.

"Excuse me," she hissed through her teeth, as became a New Yorker.

I was on the point of replying when, with a loud blast from the entire woodwind and brass sections the strange cacophony ceased. The conductor bowed, wiped his face several times, bowed again and prepared himself for the next bout.

My young lady friend in red was all smiles. "It is very nice," she cooed, "but our conductor, Mr. Blank, is an artist. This man . . . has he ever conducted anywhere else?"

I looked sternly at her through my horn spectacles and remarked convincingly, "He is a very great conductor. He has conducted all over the world except possibly in Mexico and Sitka. I hear he is afraid of bandits and cool drinks. But listen to this next work . . . Here he will shine."

"The Death of Ludovic" . . . A great wailing of 'celli in a chromatic descending scale, elusive commentaries on life by the violins muted, long-drawn-out, sharp punctures by the oboes, blending with the cautious tones of trumpets . . . sotto voce . . . and the occasional patter of the tympani, veiling innocence with mirth on the off-beat.

"Such repression from the percussion is childish," I growled, as the last notes of the oboes died away. "No wonder some one died. I would die if I had to hold my breath every time I wanted to say something . . . This modern music savors of . . ."

"Delusions and snares," mocked my lady, when, after a loud wall from the oboe, they started into the third movement with a trotting kind of motion like that of the well-known hoof beats in "William Tell."

My friend looked ecstatic. "At last a melody," she cried, her whisper being more like a hiss. "Heaven be praised!" The lady in front stirred, turned, and shot a fiery look back at us.

"Hush," I murmured, with a slight chuckle. "We shall soon lose it in unholy dissonances." And we did. That melody, hauntingly beautiful, never came back . . . Willy-eyed and gaunt, Death strode across the stage, thrusting his long fingers down the throat of a little trumpeter who squeaked out of a hole long enough to allow a piccolo to trill with a circumflex curve. And then chaos, chaos that gave to the work an unwanted and barbaric significance. A holocaust of sixty-fourth notes followed an onslaught of chromatics that toppled over each other in Peer Gyntish confusion. Ghouls slunk into bass violas and tore them limb from limb. Elves frolicked without reverence on the very coffins of martyrs, and grave secrets were unearthed for the first time in the sequences wrought by agonized trombones, while scathing jests from the second violins were followed by a swift volley of chromatics from the first violin in the ratio of one to six.

Then came the final crash. The oboist fell back panting into the arms of a clarinetist, while the tympani player let himself down by a trap door into the infernal regions below stage.

Applause, long-suffering applause, shouts, acclamations . . . The composer rose sadly, wearily. It was too much even for him. Never before had he been so close to Death. Regret palsied his limbs . . . He bowed to the conductor and fell back stunned into the arms of a stout lady whom he had never met in the formal way.

My young lady in red poked me with her elbow . . . "Was it really so great?" Thus she questioned as became an inhabitant of that little island called Manhattan.

For my life I couldn't say, being the Puritan that I am.

EDITH L. WYNN.

Critics are accustomed to being abused by everybody. We are considered to be lacking in average intelligence, to be corrupt and venal, and to do our work without care or thought. Managers sometimes ask heaven to inform them why critics are ever admitted to any performance, although we are present by their invitation and they are under no compulsion to invite us. The remedy for us is in their own hands; they need not ask us to attend their performances. But will they use that remedy? Yes, I don't think. And how aggrieved the actors would feel if they did!

—ST. JOHN ERVINE.

STRINGS AND WOOD

("Strad" violins, it is said, depend for their sound upon the thickness of the wood).

Ah, Stradivarius,
My art precarious
May be assumed indifferent or good.
As, out of my own head,
Its output may be said
To vary with the thickness of the wood.

The Guadagninian
Or pure Maggini
May correlate the height of bridge and post;
Of Ruggieri's
The faults are serious
If back and breast a differing camber boast.

As Gorgonzola's airs
Differ from Camembert's
The tonal quality of lyrics proves
Sonorous quickening
In mental thickening.
Shown in my brows' deep-corrugated grooves.

A. W.—in the London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. E. M. Newman, having received permission to take photographs in the Soviet Republic, has planned a trip down the Volga to the Caspian sea, then by boat to Baku. From the great oil-centre he will go to Georgia to visit its capital, Tiflis, then through the heart of the Caucasus into the Crimea, on to Odessa, Kiev and return to Moscow. He then intends to visit Leningrad. This will cover the most interesting and beautiful parts of European Russia. For the first time Americans will have an opportunity to hear and see Russia of today with its many types of dwellers in the cities and remote villages, its natural beauty, the daily life of its 150,000,000 people, something of the manners, habits and customs and everything of human interest that Mr. Newman can bring back.

PLUTOCRAT TO CHAUFFEUR

("Nowhere in the world can one see such perfectly turned-out motor-cars as in the West End of London to-day. The smallest detail is considered, and the livery of the chauffeur and footman more often than not matches exactly the color scheme of the car"—Latest information on the Whole Duty of Chauffeurs.)

Henry's nose is getting redder
And it deepens day by day;
Once it was the tint of Cheddar,
Now it throws a crimson ray.
Henry, when exposed to question,
Calls it just a normal pink;
Henry says it's indigestion,
I myself suspect it's drink.

Still, I own that wouldn't matter;
Henry I should still esteem,
But for this—that nose would shatter
Any decent color scheme.
It is not a point of morals
But of artistry—I mean
Henry's budding beacon quarrels
With my latest limousine.

That I simply cannot suffer,
That implies a hopeless hitch;
Rather let me have the duffer
Who upsets one in a ditch.
He must moderate his color—
If he can't achieve, in fact,
Something neutral, something duller,
Henry and his nose are sacked.

Our friend Overton thought he had symptoms of a mortal disease. His family doctor advised him to consult a specialist. On one of the recent hot days he walked from Brookline to the specialist's office. In the waiting room he felt uncomfortably hot. To pass the time he picked up a book on the disease by which he was thought to be threatened. He read these words: "The patient who is suffering from this disease never perspires." Overton gleefully picked up his hat and rushed from the office. This story has several morals. One is for the doctors: Don't leave medical treatises in the waiting room, if you wish for fees.

As the World Wags:
I saw this sign this morning on High street:

TO LET
Small office, with or without space.
Is this a demonstration of Mr. Einstein's theory? A. C. W.

An actor in London recently refused to take the part of a doctor because the doctor was represented as behaving in an unprofessional manner.

This reminds one of the two leading actors who visited Elsinore in Jules

Laforegue's legendary morality "Hamlet." They refused to take roles in Hamlet's play to be produced before the King on the ground that they never appeared except in sympathetic parts.

Not long ago an actress in London cast for a leading part said at rehearsal that she would not make herself ugly and behave in an unpleasant way as she was required to do in the last act. Dramatist, manager, her companions, pleaded with her in vain. The author, poor wretch, was obliged to cut out the last act. As a result the play did not meet with great success.

Yet the omission of the last act or the last scene of an opera has not inflicted a deadly injury. How many in Boston have seen the last act of "The Huguenots" with Raoul's entrance into the ball room, and the great trio in the street? or the last scene in "Don Giovanni" where there is a highly moral "tag" and Leporello promises to live a better life?

Will some lover of passionate poetry, some wooer of the Muses, name the author and supply the missing verses of a Bowers song popular in the Fifties of the last century? The chorus ran: "Oh my name is Jake Keyser, I was born in Spring Garden, To make me a preacher, my father did try; But it's no use ablowing, for I am a hard one, And I am bound to be a butcher, by Heavens, or die."

We do not find the poem in the anthologies, not even in Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Parnassus," but there are many noteworthy omissions in that volume.

LOST ILLUSIONS

As the World Wags:
There should be a Society for the Destruction of Popular Beliefs. Here at Constantinople, for instance, I find that the Galata bridge, which I always thought connected Europe and Asia does not do so at all, and the crowd that passes constantly over it is neither dense, cosmopolitan, nor more interesting than that at Boylston and Tremont streets at any hour. St. Sophia for all its historical associations, is sticky with dirt, harshly lighted and stupidly painted. Camels do not carry pianos about on their backs, but usually empty baskets. "Old Turkish houses," all unpainted (because of taxes on paint), are quite similar to bay-window types in the backwash of any New England city. And you are lucky if you hear a muezzin call a

...hear to the destruction of our city. Constantinople is still one of the most fascinating scenes on God's green earth.

EDWARD P. GOODNOW.
Constantinople.

ARE SUCH EXPRESSIONS INCORRECT?

As the World Wags:

I see that in a communication to your column "Eastern Esau" condemns such expressions as "can't help but learn" as incorrect, and I noticed that expressions of that kind were branded as incorrect by Ruth Brooks in "Our Daily Lesson." Are such expressions really incorrect, however? They have the sanction of Webster's New International Dictionary, as can be seen by looking at page 1002 of that dictionary, where, in the 6th definition of the transitive verb "help," this expression is given as an example of the use of "help" in the sense of that 6th definition of the word: "we cannot help but grieve."

OBSERVER.

April 28, 1927.

There was an English choirman who was endeavoring to obtain light and shade effects from his brass instruments. "Piano, Mr. Brown, piano," I murmured coaxingly to a rubicund villager who was performing on the cornet.

"Piano be blowed!" retorted M. Brown. "I came 'ere to enjoy myself."

Ernest Newman wrote most appreciatively of the late Samuel Langford, the music critic of the Manchester Guardian, nor was Mr. Newman the only one of the fraternity that mourned Langford's death. "He (Langford) was in equal proportions musician, philosopher and poet, and his writing about music was the expression of a fine nature that, when it was moved by anything, concentrated its whole spiritual resource upon it."

Yet in the latest English dictionary of musicians, a modern dictionary in every way, neither the name of Langford nor that of his predecessor, the brilliant Johnson, is mentioned. Brethren, let us not prescribe to ourselves preposterously. As Tennyson wrote:

"However we brave it out, we men are a little breed."

As the World Wags:

Pipe the church announcement column of the Washington Post. Notice the name of the preacher of the Centennial Baptist Church—E. Hez Swem. I demand that E. Hez Swem be made keeper of the natatorium of your Hall of Fame.

COTTY.

The "last of the Balaclava famous 600" died last month. This time at Blackpool, England.

As the World Wags:

At exactly 6 P. M. the bride pulled on her lid and rushed out of the apartment to the delicatessen shop. "Please gimme half dozen potatoes and a bushel of doughnuts." "You mean a half dozen doughnuts and a bushel of potatoes, don'tcha?" corrected Delicatessener. "Oh, my, no," said the bride, quite out of breath with excitement. "It's after 6 now and I'm afraid I wouldn't have time to peel that many potatoes for supper."

ORACLE.

BILLINGS, NOT REED

As the World Wags:

The question—lately discussed in The Herald—whether it was Tom Reed, or Josh Billings, who was the author of the epigrammatic statement that it is better not to know so much than to know so much that isn't so is settled in Billings's favor by Francis S. Smith's biography of Billings, on page 60 of which the epigram is quoted from Billings as follows: "It iz better to kno less than to kno so much that ain't so."

INDAGATOR.

THE NEW MYTHOLOGY

As the World Wags:

A Constant Reader wrote to his favorite author and showed him where he had made an error in his writings. The author was very grateful. "It is a pleasure," he said, "to have friends who will tell me when I have made a mistake." GEORGE THE REDMAN.

1623-1927

It is reported from Spain that the Spaniards found fault with the visiting Prince of Wales because his manners were too democratic and he did not attend a bull-fight. In 1623 Charles, Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Buckingham, went to Madrid to negotiate a marriage with the Infanta; but though treaty was concluded, the match was not satisfactory to the English, and Charles I married Henrietta Maria, sister of Louis XIII. Howell was at that time in Madrid and wrote an interesting

one picture — — — — —

...gallantry of the journey, the discreet behavior of the Prince.

"As soon as the Infanta saw the Prince, her color rose very high, which we hold to be an impression of love and affection, for the face is oftentimes the true index of the heart. I have seen the Prince have his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta, half an hour together, in a thoughtful, speculative posture, which sure would needs be tedious, unless affection did sweeten it." Yet Howell could not say that the Prince was ever allowed to talk with her privately. When Charles left for England, Howell wrote: "The Infanta resents it more than any. She hath caused a mass to be sung every day since, for his good voyage." Poor Infanta!

As the World Wags:

Doc Evans answers negatively an inquiry asking if there would be harm in eating steeped tea leaves, but I would caution Emily of the terrible jag one can get by eating the dry leaves. Dr. Schuyler of Halifax, N. S., stated to me some 40 years ago that they had a well defined case of delirium tremens in the City Hospital brought on by a young girl chewing tea leaves.

W. G.

Newton Highlands.

'CHANG,' JUNGLE PLAY, AT FENWAY

"Chang," a jungle drama, produced by Ernest B. Schoedsack and Merian C. Cooper in Siam and presented by Paramount at the Fenway Theatre. It has taken courage, the souls of artists, a keen sense of dramatic value and humor to make this remarkable picture. The two men who went to the untamed jungles of Siam and caught the spirit of the oldest struggle known to man, that of wrestling a living for one's family out of the cruel vastness of the jungle have tempered it with an appreciation of animal intelligence, ferocity and the final curbing of brute strength to man's will that he may live.

The opening scenes show the family happily established. Their house is perched high, on stilts. The man is paring his way with his ax into the very heart of the wilderness. His pleasant brown-skinned wife is hugging the rice, their noble, wise-eyed youngsters are present. Life for them is imbued by the urge of self protection and the care of their animals.

As easily as we step to the curbing, hall a taxi and swing comfortably to our destination, the family of Kru, lock up their animals and hoist their crude ladder to their house in the tree tops and prepare for the night.

Then it is that the jungle awakens. Then it is that Mr. Schoedsack gets his first leopard with the camera and starts on the further hunt for drama. The rhythm and sounds of the jungle are very aptly told. The snarl of the tiger is a poignant close-up. The comedy is in the hands of a monkey and a cub bear. The monkey is a past master of expression and action, made.

Under the cover of night, a leopard stalks to Kru's estate and leaps the crude protection that the man had raised to protect his goats. The next day Kru goes back to his native village and the chief allows him men to beat back the jaws of the jungle that had become emboldened. Now the audience is allowed to join in the hunt. Traps are built. The natives boldly set forth to snare and kill the marauders and the argument has its moments of excitement when huge snakes slither and crawl up to be disposed of.

Never for a moment is the thread of the story lost, never for a moment is the suspense lessened.

"Chang" is realistic, beautiful, dramatic and funny. It is the best film of its kind that has ever been made.

C. M. D.

'BARBED WIRE' AT THE METROPOLITAN

Last in a role that displays to the highest advantage her talent as a great emotional actress, Pola Negri is to be seen at the Metropolitan Theatre where her latest Paramount starring vehicle "Barbed Wire," is being shown.

"Barbed Wire" is one of the most unusual motion pictures to come out of the war, since it deals with an angle hitherto untouched by motion picture producers, life behind the battle lines. It was adapted from Hall Caine's novel, "The Woman of Knockaloe."

Mis Negri in the role of Mona, a Normandy farm girl who is irresistibly

attracted to and forced in spite of an instinctive hatreds to love a war-time German prisoner, reaches the sublime heights of her dramatic art. The opening scenes in their sheer beauty are reminiscent of Corot. The Normandy countryside bathed in soft sunlight with the happy bustle of the harvest are of a quiet poignancy. And then into the idyll breaks the roll of drums. War has been declared and mobilization is ordered. But we are taken only for a few brief flashes to the front, for the picture concerns itself with the life of the people behind the lines. This in itself is something more than a refreshing angle. Mona's dreams of feeding the soldiers of France of which her brother now is one, are shattered when the military authorities designate her father's farm to be used as a prison camp. Huge yards are marked out in barbed wire and while Mona looks on rebelliously, the immigration of the prisoners starts. She is imbued with a fierce race hatred which is fanned to its utmost when news comes of her brother's death at the front.

Miss Negri displays all the subtleties of acting that have made her famous. Her transition from the naive farm girl to the mature woman with the entire responsibility of the farm on her shoulders is particularly fine and convincing. The struggle between her all-embracing hatred of the entire German race, and her particular love for the German prisoner, Oskar, is shown with admirable restraint.

Clive Brook, as Oskar, and the late Einar Hanson as the brother offer two very remarkable characterizations. Claude Gillingwater as the father, and Gustav von Seyffertitz as the neighbor are not to be overlooked. The comedy touches are in the capable hands of Clyde Cook, erstwhile Ziegfeld Folies funster.

Production is credited to Erich Pommer and Rowland V. Lee. "Barbed Wire" is an adaptation by Jules Furthman.

There is an attractive stage presentation.

BILL AT KEITH'S

Murand and Gilton, "Variety Cyclists," give the bill a lively send-off this week. The woman is the more accomplished of the two, and has a wholesomeness of manner and personality, unlike many others in similar work. She has the rare ability of convincing an audience that she is thoroughly enjoying her work, and hard work it is, too. She was rewarded by loud applause. Next in line comes Edwin George, a nonchalant chap, who makes a business of bad errors in his juggling, accompanying it the while with an indifferent and lackadaisical line of talk that the audience liked.

It's about time for some dancing now, and a boy and two Duncan Sister types to assist him, present a "miniature song and dance revue." Their time was just about average, the feature of the act being the execution of an acrobatic dance by one of the girls who played at the same time her violin. The audience received this act enthusiastically.

Wilbur Mack, evidently an old hand at this sort of thing, works with an extremely attractive young woman in one of those "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" dialogues. Their material savored of smartness and the girl read her lines in an agreeable voice. This is a point to be made in these days of shrill tones employed by most of the assisting partners of vaudeville teams.

Al K. Hall next in line furnished the bill with a burlesque flavor. His act was rowdy, but the louder and funnier it became the more the audience enjoyed it. Mr. Hall gave them what they wanted, without a doubt.

Morton Downey, billed now as "just he himself," is a sweet-voiced chap who was last heard here with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. He gained considerable prominence in New York this past winter singing in night clubs and next season will appear in Edgar Selwyn's new musical comedy, "Strike up the Band." His voice is of a high lyric quality, and he has cultivated a nice touch of John McCormack brogue and enunciation. He accompanies himself, sometimes with the assistance of the orchestra. His songs were well chosen. He employs the falsetto effectively but should not try to force his voice in order to bring about the so-called "wow" finish so popular in vaudeville. Mr. Downey is most pleasing when he works easily.

A sketch came next, a clever satire on quarrelling husbands and wives. Edwin Burke wrote it and Arthur Ayllsworth is featured. Then Miss Patricola stepped before the curtain, was accorded a hearty reception, and gave generously of popular songs. She still uses a ballad, accompanying herself

with a violin obligato. They are like Miss Patricola. The Andrews closed the bill with wonderful feat, displaying perfection in balance acrobatics and news reels rounded out an entertaining summer program.

A F

'FAIR AND WARMER'

"Fair and Warmer," Avery Hopwood's tried and trusty laugh producer, scored its usual hit last night at the St. James Theatre, where the Keith Albee players are staging it this week as their farewell offering of the season.

Walter Gilbert, as "Billy," the husband who's too good to be interesting, went manfully through with his one evening of wine, women and song, ably abetted by Ruth Shepley, who was winsome as "Blannie," the girl bride who wanted to be compromised but wasn't sure just how.

"Blannie" and "Billy" concocted their skyscraper cocktail according to the script, put it where it would do the most damage, and amiably allowed themselves to be outdone by the audience in enjoyment of the resultant riot.

Mr. Gilbert and Miss Shepley were well supported by Edith Speare as "Mrs. Billy," Jane Stewart as "Tessie," Houston Richards as "Jack Wheeler," Frank Charlton as "Philip Evans," and Harold Chase and Jack Westerman as "Harizan" and "Pete."

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Twinkle Twinkle," musical comedy starring Joe E. Brown and featuring Nancy Welford and Flo Lewis. Second week.

PARK—"The Cat and the Canary," thrilling mystery play revived. Third week.

WILBUR—"Cherry Blossoms," operetta with Howard Marsh in featured role. Last week.

TREMONT—"The King of Kings" (film), Cecil de Mille's biblical production with notable cast. Second week.

GAYETY—"Kongo," tropical drama enters its third week.

DOUBLE BILL AT MODERN, BEACON

"Vanity" and "Outlaws of Red River," with Vitaphone

BABE RUTH SEEN AT SCOLLAY SQUARE

"Babe" Ruth in "Babe Comes Home," a film comedy adapted from Gerald Beaumont's story "Said With Soap," directed by Ted Wilde, produced by Wild Gunning and presented by First National at the Scollay Square Olympia, Washington Street Olympia and the Central Square, Cambridge, with the following cast:

Annie	"Babe" (George Herman) Ruth
Laundry girl	Anna Q. Nilsson
Georgia	Louise Fazenda
Laundry driver	Elmer Shannon
	Arthur Stone

There is nothing delicate or tidy about this film in spite of the title of the manuscript from which it sprung, "Said With Soap." A moving picture laundry, minus fumes and steam, with Anna Q. Nilsson trying hard to be the presiding genius and Louise Fazenda thrust into the scenes for the apparent purpose of comedy. The fact that this laundry washes the baseball suits of the home team is an exciting thought but Anna Q. forgets business long enough to write a sassy note to the home-run king of the team about his lack of cleanliness and compares him to the quaint barnyard animal commonly known as genus hog.

One is entirely in sympathy with the laundress when the next scene shows the "Babe" himself and his chewing tobacco. It isn't a pretty scene and as the reels unwind the tobacco is given a featured part, playing dramatically at the climax. One wonders finally if a man is not a man when stoop

Ted Wilde is guilty of directing a picture and if he isn't to be should have thrown his money down somewhere on the "lot" clatter and argued with whom inspired by this theme. There are few green pastures and thoughts and a few baseball good. The poor comedy

And that is both true, chucks you the ribs and expects you to like it. Babe Comes Home" is scheduled to play in New York at a legitimate theatre at a \$2 fee. Perhaps the name of "Babe" Ruth will keep the crowd from the doors, perhaps the comic will cause merriment, perhaps the blatant action of the film will not find.

June 22 1921
J. M. H. writes to us: "I see that the 1st of Arts Choir gave a 'nautical' entertainment in Hyde Park. The Sun-
Times (London) said that sea shan-
des (sic) were sung. That an audience of
over 5000 joined in the chorus of "Billy
Boy" with

And me Nancy kiddled me fancy,
Oh, me charming Billy Boy!
"But is not 'chanty' the proper spell-
ing?"

We, too, read this account and were
surprised at the spelling. The diction-
aries now at our hand give "Chanty"
and "Chantey." One of these diction-
aries is the Concise Oxford. We were
also surprised at finding the reporter
including "Tom Bowling" and "The Bay
of Biscay" in the list of Chanties—good
sea songs both of them, but not usually
characterized as "Chanties" or even
"Shanties."

O civilization, with your million con-
ventions, soul and body withering prud-
ishnesses, vain education for the little
ones, going to church in best black
clothes, unnatural craving for cleanli-
ness, feverish striving after comforts
that bring no comfort to the heart, are
you a mistake altogether?—W. H. Hud-
son in "The Purple Land."

As the World Wags:

"These new-fangled cigar lighters are
all right as far as they go" conceded
the big oil man, "but a fellow has to
carry matches anyway to pick his
teeth." J. F. H.

STEADY ON

(London Daily Chronicle)

"I wasn't doing forty miles an hour,"
protested the motorist accused of speed-
ing . . . "nor thirty neither, nor even
twenty. . ."

"Here, steady on," interrupted the
magistrate, "or you'll be backing into
something!"

WHEN MY "LINDY" FLIES

(Apologies to Paul Laurence Dunbar, author
of "When Malindy Sings.")

G'way and quit dat noise, Miss
Europe—

Put dat 'nautics book away;
What's de use to keep on tryin'?
Ef yo' practice twell yo're gray
You can't sta't no boys a-flyin'.
Lak de boy dat sails de skies
From Los Angeles to N'York city,
When my "Lindy" flies.

Easy 'nough fu' folks to hollah
Looking at de wheels and wings,
Peerin' ovah in de cockpit
When de engine softly sings;
But fu' raal melojous music
Dat just strikes yo' hea't an' eyes,
Jes' yo' stan' and watch him tak' off,
When my "Lindy" flies.

Fiddlin' Mel, jes' stop his fiddlin',
Lay his fiddle on de she'f;
Mississipp' done quit his swellin'
'Cause he jes' so shamed hisse'f;
Folks a-playin' on de go'f links
Or a runnin' fu' a prize—
Bless yo' soul—comes to a stan' still,
When my "Lindy" flies.

Who dat says he's sp'iled by praises?
Dat he jes' a foolish guy?
Hush yo' mouf,—I heah dat buzzin'
Ez he rises in de sky.
Look! he's floating 'bove de ocean,
Wif de winds and waves he vies;
Sartin suah he'll get to Paris,
When my "Lindy" flies.

DOWN WITH THE SASSENACHI

As the World Wags:

The dastardly attempt on the part of
some invidious correspondents of your
admirable newspaper to take away from
an aviator prominently before the pub-
lic the glory of his Irish origin leads me
to communicate something not gener-
ally known to be true, which furnishes
a complete refutation of the envious
and narrow statements of these cor-
respondents. George Washington was
also an Irishman.

The name was Sullivan and the fam-
ily came from Cork.

True it is, that the histories make him
of the Stratfordshire Washingtons, but
the answer to that is as obvious as the
nose on his face: British propaganda,
which was as false and fierce in that
day as it is now. Bad cess to them!

When the boy was born, and a fine
boy, Mr. Sullivan; Patrick, the father,
brought him how best could he pro-
vide for the future of such a fine lad.
How better, said he, than to give him
the name of the city that is to be the
future capital of the future republic, if
so there is any. So with the foresight
that is the well-known characteristic of

the Irish race, he called the boy's last
name Washington. Then with that tact
which is equally characteristic of us
Irish he called the first name George,
after the ruling monarch, so that how-
ever the shindy that was coming should
turn out the lad would be all set.

Well, as it turned out the embattled
Irish licked the haughty minions of
King George and his hireling Hessians
(with some slight assistance from oth-
ers, to be sure, for I scorn to demean
myself to the low plane of them that
refuse honor where honor is due) and
the glorious new republic was a fact.

It was then that the Irish statesmen
of the day, like Benjamin Franklin
(Ben McLean) and Alexander Hamilton
(Hamel Tooney) and others looked
around for a first chief, and who, said
they, better than this lad now grown to
be a man whose is the name of our
new city? Washington of Washington.
Hasn't it the great sound.

ONE OF THE OPPRESSED.

As the World Wags:

A hint of a strike by actors, and a
threatened suit by theatrical promoters,
successors to Daniel and Charley Froh-
man, against makers of wrist watches
has become interesting. The cause of
this action is said to be due to a sus-
pension of tumultuous applause by
hand-clapping that so encourage actors
at performances to do their best. On
the other hand theatregoers excuse their
lack of this sort of applause that the
clapping of hands causes such vibrations
of their muscles as to put their wrist
watches out of order. H. E. R.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME

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land 4771."

June 23 1927
Dr. John C. Bossidy of Lee-in-the-
Berkshires wrote a long letter to the
Springfield Union concerning his quatrain
beginning

"And this is good old Boston
The home of the bean and the cod"

He wrote because he was tired of see-
ing his quatrain misquoted in print and
in speech, even by Gov. Fuller and
Julian Hawthorne not long ago. He ob-
jected to the Springfield Union's version:
"I am from Massachusetts
The land of the Sacred Cod,"

The doctor likes his quatrain though
he says that he "foolishly wrote and
spouted" it at a college banquet in Bos-
ton years ago, "a quatrain which has
ever since kept my temperature above
normal and my temper below par." His
letter is amusing throughout but it is
too long for this column.

He should remember that some au-
thors think it is better to be quoted
erroneously than to be wholly ignored.
And what public man has not been
misquoted, especially by the press, "the
lever that moves the world?"

There is a greater annoyance than
misquotation. You have written, as
you think, a concise, plain-spoken, in-
cise article that could not possibly
be misunderstood. Old Auger comes
up to you at the Porphyry and says:
"I read that article of yours. I read
between the lines, ha-ha, and saw at
once what you meant to say."

As an excuse for a man's rudeness,
his friends say, "You know he's very
shy. He is absurdly bashful."

When Anatole France was persuaded
to lecture in England he said to his
agent: "I wish you would work up a
reputation for me. Perhaps I am not
timid, but I like to be thought so. A
timid man can do anything if he keeps
still when he should speak. People say,
'How charming! He is so timid, you
know! If he speaks when he should be
silent they set that down to nervous-
ness. A timid man can dare almost
anything with sweet impunity.'"

The death of the Duke of Leeds re-
vived the story of his standing as a
youthful candidate for Brixton. A man
in the crowd shouted: "Does your
mother know you're out?" The duke re-
plied: "Yes, and by tomorrow she'll
know I'm in," which she did. This
story has been often told as a triumph-
ing example of election wit; but it is
now said that the reply was prepared
beforehand. The heckler was the fam-
ily butler.

A BALLAD FOR CAL.

Tune: "The Dreary Black Hills"

Kind friends, I have packed up my pole
and my worms

(Please mention no jest or no hint of
third terms);
I gladly forgot all mere vetoes and bills
While planning my trip to the Dreary
Black Hills.

Chorus (with feeling):

Oh, don't come away—
Stay at home, Mr. Smith,
I trust each prediction is naught but a
myth!
For Godzakes lay off, and leave me to
my chills—
As I shudder in gloom of the Dreary
Black Hills.

The roundhouse at Cheyenne is noisy
these nights

With Haugen-McNary discussions and
fights,
The ghosts of those taxes, amendments
and ills

Will leer through my peace in the
Dreary Black Hills.

Chorus (with intense feeling):

Oh, don't come away,
Stay at home by all means—
My collies will snap at the seat of your
jeans!
My haven is guarded with padlock and
grills;
"No Callers Allowed," in the Dreary
Black Hills.

GRIMALKIN.

As the World Wags:

I had a quiet little party at my house
the other night celebratin' the wife's
bein' away, an' I'm worried to pieces
'bout it now. Somebody left his um-
brella at the house. HOWARD.

P. S.—I'd like it if the guy that left
the umbrella would return the plano
lamp when he calls for his property. H.

As the World Wags:

Newspaper reports reveal that Cal
has a valet and that he took the valet
with him into the Black Hills. Cal, you'd
better keep that valet out of sight while
you're West. Out where men are men
and cut their own hair, they shoot
valets on sight. And no man with a
valet has a chance for third term as
President. R. H. L.

CHATTERERS

As the World Wags:

Three Englishmen were sitting in the
lobby of their club. A fine auto passed
the building. After 10 minutes had
elapsed one of the men said: "A Dal-
mian." Twenty minutes later the second
man said: "No, Rolls Royce." Half an
hour later the third man left, saying: "I
can't stand these beastly arguments." FOKIN.

THAT OBOEPHONE

We spoke not long ago of Oscar
Browning waddling to the "Oboephone"
in his room and playing music by
Mozart with one finger. Like Rosa
Dartie we asked only for information,
"What is an oboephone?"

Mr. Lowell Cabot Finnegan writes to
us: "I am afraid the undergraduates
have pulled your reverend leg. Oscar
Browning was known as 'O. B.' The
'oboephone' is a play on this name.
You will of course remember the second
finest epigram in the English language
which begins:

"O. B. oh be obedient

To nature's Stern decrees."

"K. L." quotes from Shane Leslie's
"The End of a Chapter": "On Sunday
evening a rabble of the curious gathered
in the rooms through which the best
of the Cambridge world had passed and
listened to O. B.'s swan song, which was
a gabble of royal anecdotes accompanied
on an instrument irreverently called the
'O. B. ophone.'"

"Who was it," asks "K. L.," who wrote
the delightful poem to Oscar Browning.
"O. B. o be obedient
To nature's stern decrees
For though you be but one O. B.
You may be too obese."

ADD "TABOOED WORDS"

As the World Wags:

No doubt as the cuttle-fish, the moon,
the mistletoe, the serpent were regard-
ed in certain localities as unlucky or
sacred, the mention of their names was
thought to bring bad luck. Did not
old Rome have a name that was kept
from the common people, and was not
to be uttered by even those who knew?
In the Old Testament the name of the
Lord was not to be spoken. Uzzah was
struck dead because he touched the
Ark of the Covenant. I am inclined to
think that the superstitious dread of
speaking certain words is connected
with totemism. By the way, was the
totem, whether it were a bear or a fish,
regarded by so-called savage tribes as
the mythical ancestor?

JABEZ OLIPHANT.

June 24 1927
Why should any apparently reason-
able person, respected in the commu-
nity and not unacquainted with letters,
neer at a fellow-man because he dons
it because t' villainous baron

or count in the old melodramas
them with a tall and glossy plug hat.

We read that when a group of young
Englishmen, all sporting spats, saw the
Prince of Wales approaching, spatless,
at an outdoor festivity, they sneaked off
and in a remote corner of the garden
removed their spats and threw them
into the bushes, where the gardeners the
next morning found half a dozen spats
or more. This led our old friend the
writer of indignant letters to the news-
papers to say that he would learn the
identity of these cowards and move to
have them expelled from the Spat Club.
There were replies. "We can under-
stand a spat wearer's emotion over this
incident, but the occasion, after all, was
a difficult one. To a man they must
have felt like an inexperienced diner who
finds himself still in the soup while the
other members of the party are already
"fishing." It was hoped that the indig-
nant correspondent would reconsider
the matter. "Find them by all means,
talk to them, but not expulsion, no.
Any thinning of the ranks of spat-
wearers in these dark days of industrial
strife is to be deplored. Yes."

Nor will spat-wearers admit that
spats are now hopelessly old-fashioned
with other articles of the gay nineties.
One wrote that spats protect the feet,
are one's half-hose. He admitted that
a careless person might strike the
wrong note in color, but if one is care-
ful and conscientious in selection, spats
give an air of dignity, high social
standing. They suggest a retired bank-
er; a man who inherited wealth. Even
if the wearer's income is moderate,
spats invite the respectful consideration
of the passer-by.

Will some student of words tell us
the origin of "Spattee"? It is not a
diminutive, for the spattee is taller than
the spat. Is it a combination of "spat"
and "puttee"? Perhaps if wearers of
spats would speak of their "spatter-
dashes," derisive thumbs would not be
pointed at them, for "spats" is only a
contraction.

ALFREDO CASELLA

When it was announced that Mr. Ca-
sella would conduct the "Pops" this
season, it was said by some that his
programs would be "high-brow"; tha
the great public would be bored; tha
the audiences would gradually dwindle
in size.

The result of his program-makin'
has been to the contrary. If one judge
success only by box-office receipts, M.
Casella has triumphed gloriously; bu
what to the lover of music is more t
the point, his programs and his ski
and enthusiasm as a conductor hav
shown that the great public gladly ac-
cepts music of a high standard
whether it be symphonic or what
known as light. Look over the program
of the season soon coming to a close
see how admirably they have been ar-
ranged to suit all hearers.

It is true that the taste of the publ
has been developed since the old day
the extra concerts of the Boston Sym-
phony Orchestra, the broadcasting
this orchestra's Saturday night su-
scription concerts, have led audient
to wish for an evening at the "Pop
more than marches, waltzes, fantasi
on familiar operas.

Mr. Casella has conducted march
waltzes and other dance music, but th
have been of the best kind. He h
revived lively overtures that were u
familiar to even the older lovers
music. He has introduced pleas
compositions that were unknown.
has even dared to give symphonic p
grams, which have been warmly app-
ciated.

No one wishes, not even solemn
structors in the art of "How to Lis-
to Music," stiff programs at these c
certs. (At the Boston Symphony
chestra's subscription concerts, a l
overture, a waltz by Johann or Jo
Strauss, a spirited march would
be out of place.)

Mr. Casella's talent as a comp
conductor, pianist, was fully kr
here before he took charge of
"Pop" concerts. His skill as a
gram-maker and his catholic taste
now equally appreciated. He has
only pleased the management and
audiences; he has not only won the
spect and affection of the orches-
he has made much for musical rig-
eousness in this city.

Returning to Rome next month,
will busy himself in composition
he comes back in the fall to fulfill
gagements. Among the composi-
is an opera "The Woman as Serp-
based on a play by Gozzi which se-
as the libretto for Wagner's early o-
"Die Feen." Mr. Casella's study of S-
vinsky, biographical and critical,
recently published in Rome. It
valuable addition to modern mu-
literature.

NO, NO, NANETTE—OR, SAF
FIRST

("In the annual report of the
Kiss Let

less than 40,000 germs of sickness, which may often prove fatal, can be transmitted by a single kiss."—Reuter telegram.)

Take, oh take those lips away—
Miss, they make me feel quite chilly!
Sweet they look but what are they
But the lair of base bacilli?
Forty thousand germs exchange
Quarters when our kisses mingle—
These are tidings that derange
Any pulse and make it tingle.

What defense can art supply,
Or the paint that comes so pat do?
Lay your useless lipstick by—
Golly, girl, what good can that do?
Rouge a microbe till it squirms
And you'll make it much more
vicious—
Forty thousand raddled germs
Won't be any less malicious.

Drink to me only with thine eyes
At long and cautious ranges,
And let's avoid, in any guise,
More intimate exchanges;
For, leave a kiss within the cup,
And you'll most surely spoil it—
I'll have to snatch the goblet up
And bear it off and boil it!
—Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.

A BEST SELLER?

"Irene in the Centre" is said to be a promising first novel. Does not the language at times abound in fine specimens of hifalutin? After a young man has indulged himself gaily in aviation and drunkenness, he shoots himself with a revolver: "He pressed against his heart the thing that was not a flower." A love letter is thus described: "Neatly if hurriedly written, correctly punctuated, it showed in every line the stamp of a man who had made good use of his educational opportunities."

As the World Wags:

I have been greatly impressed and benefited by newspaper articles written by celebrated female players of lawn tennis. I now know that one should not always try to hit the ball into the net. Practice is good for one's form, and a good service is decidedly advantageous. A player should cultivate backhand as well as forehand play. For this sound and valuable advice much thanks.
LOOKER-ON.

We have been unfortunate if we have not known in our own experience more noble characters than could be gathered from all the books of our most popular novelists.—Dean Inge.

We read in the New Testament that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the lilies of the field, not even when he put on his Saturday best clothes to welcome Balkis, Queen of Sheba.

In the gloriously passionate Song of Solomon—will the newly appointed Censor of Books prohibit the sale of the Old Testament?—the Shulamite likens herself to the lily of the valleys.

Was there a difference between the lilies of the valley and those of the field? Did both have medicinal properties? For we now are told that the lily of the valley is as efficacious as digitalis and far safer in heart disease, especially for valvular trouble. Robert Louis Stevenson knew that the lily has other valuable properties. See Mr. Campbell putting Davie in "Kidnapped" on his way to Uncle Ebenezer's:

"To make Lilly of the Valley water: Take the flowers of Lilly of the Valley and distil them in sack, and drink a spoonful or two as there is occasion. It restores speech to those who have the dumb palsey. It is good against the gout; it comforts the heart and strengthens the memory; and the flowers, put into a glasse, close stopt, and set into one hill of ants for a month, then take it out, and you will find a liquor which comes from the flowers, which keep in a vial; it is good, ill or well, and whether man or woman.

"Likewise for sprains, rub it in; and for the cholic, a great spoonful in the hour."

The lily of the valley was more than a flower that blooms and perishes to that great ruffian and artist, Benvenuto Cellini. His eyes once failed him so he could not finish a gold chalice for His Holiness the Pope. A "person of distinction" conspicuous for his virtues and extraordinary endowments" advised Cellini as follows: "Take lily of the valley with its stalk, flower, and beard altogether, distil them with a gentle fire, bathe your eyes with the water several times a day, and you will certainly get rid of your complaint; but before you begin the bathing, take physic."

Now the lily of the valley is obtainable; the busy ant is found in the suburbs and has ventured into cities, but where is the sack for the universal panacea recommended to Davie?

As for the lilies of the Bible, let us consult "Scripture Illustrated," being

the fourth volume of Calmat's dictionary, published at Charlestown in 1814. The learned commentator: "I should not be surprised if this (the lily of the fields) was the same flower as is designed by the bride in Canticles II. 1, who compares herself to 'a flower of the brook side'."—King James version "lily of the valley"; "not of a cultivated garden. But the white lily, which is what we first think of, is a flower of the field in Persia; and some of its species may be so in Judca. Besides this, there is the martagon, crown imperial, and other colored lilies; if the comparison be to the whiteness of Solomon's raiment, then certainly it never equalled the brilliant whiteness of a lily; if it be to resplendence of colors, then the mixture, the relief, the glow of colors, in some kinds of lilies, exceeds whatever the manufacturers of stuffs for Solomon's wardrobe could compose."

O learned commentator! A gloss for hardened fundamentalists; but there is nothing in the Bible about the lily as a remedy against diseases, and as the flowers should be dissolved in sack, the brew is evidently a recipe from Satan.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES

As the World Wags:

I write to support the gentleman of "good reputation for truth and veracity" in what he says with regard to watches and their sensitiveness to the person's health. I hardly thought the statement needed any support. It happens that the subject was recently brought up on an evening when I was in company with eight or 10 gentlemen. They were lawyers, bankers and others; men of good standing in the community. One of them remarked that not only were watches influenced by the health of the person carrying them but that he had noticed the taking of certain medicines had a marked effect on them, notably the well known spring tonic—sulphur and molasses. The remark would have gone unnoticed but one or two present were incredulous and questioned the statement. The rest of us were emphatic in our support; and myself personally, who am not a lawyer, was able to bear witness to the truth of the same.

GEORGE STUART.

Hull's Crossing.

ADD "COLLEGE FABLES"

One of the boys cracked out a home run, winning the ball game; none of the brothers slapped him on the back afterwards and said "Nice goin' Joe!"
DER WEIBERFEIND.

PERIPATETIC STRAPHANGER?

(Concord, N. H., Telegram)

The Wild Flower Club will take the 2:37 car for a walk to Horse Shoe pond on Monday afternoon.

They were discussing the character of dear Arabella's suitor. Aunt Lucinda looked over her glasses and said: "I am sure he is an exemplary young man! He told me that he had made it a point for several years to drink six glasses of water a day."

ETIQUETTE DEPARTMENT

(From the Sun Dial. Edited by H. I. Philbrick)

Sir: In the Market street station, Newark, I saw a gentleman call to the attention of a lady companion to the fact that the seam in the back of her stocking was not straight, and apparently offer his assistance. Is this permitted by the book of etiquette?
J. D. H.

Authorities differ, but it is generally held that, if the gentleman has been properly introduced, such a step is proper. Miss Emily Post says on page 356: "When a gentleman observes that a lady has her stockings on in such a way that the seams are not straight, he should, if he knows her, approach, raise his hat, rap her on the leg with a walking stick, smile and remark jauntily, 'They're that way again, my dear.' Meinqnon, another famous etiquette authority, says any reference to such a situation is allowable only when the people involved are married, and that the proper course is for the gentleman to snap his fingers, and say, 'Once a sloppy dresser, always a sloppy dresser!'—Ed.

As the World Wags:

The lesson had been on natural history. The teacher had been dealing with the larger animals.

"Now, Tommy, could you tell the class what it is that elephants have that no other animals have?"

"Little elephants," replied Tom.

LOOKER-ON.

M. Henry Prunieres, that excellent writer about music and musicians, the correspondent of the New York Times concerning operatic performances and concerts in Paris, tells us at M. Koussevitzky's second concert three works were performed for the first time in that city. Tansman's Symphony was played in Boston last season. M. Prunieres found the work interesting by the technical skill displayed rather than by the eclectic melodic material. Many influences were recognized. "The composer seems to me much more at home in the field of the ballet and the symphonic poem than in the domain of pure music." M. Prunieres liked Germaine Tailleferre's concerto for harp and orchestra "very feminine, revealing too much the influence of Debussy, but disclosing great individuality of feeling." This concerto was performed at Cambridge last season.

Prokofieff's overture for 17 instruments was new. Two pianos, two double basses and a violoncello play a purely rhythmic role with the percussion instruments. The melodic line is given to the wind section. "With all its hardness, so characteristic of Prokofieff, the work is notably interesting for its power and vigor as well as for its schematic and stark method of composition." Ravel's orchestration of Moussorgsky's "Pictures of an Exposition" was also on the program.

M. Prunieres had this to say of M. Koussevitzky: "What a marvelous leader and what mastery of intricate and difficult works! One cannot imagine anything more perfect."

Pirandello's latest play produced at Rome is about a young woman with whom many men fall in love. She frightens them away by her superiority in character and intellect. They marry. Elene, the heroine, acts as guide and philosopher to their wives. One of the husbands finds he is still in love with Elene. He suspects another husband of the same passion; the suspicion is not wholly baseless; so he kills his rival and as he represents it as a case of suicide, he is not detected. The first act is played in a sick room. The whole play produces "the effect of a pathological experiment, and a dull one at that."

Mr. Hugh Butler asks whether the "acrobatic contortions and violent Swedish gymnastics" of certain orchestral conductors—and among them some of the most famous—are essential or whether the wished-for results could not be obtained at a lesser sacrifice of bodily tissue. He quotes Debussy thanking Chevillard in 1901 for "abstaining from the bull-fighting pantomime habitual to certain cosmopolitan conductors. It was most disconcerting—that way of theirs of planting banderillos in the head of an English hornplayer or of gorgonizing the poor trombonists with the gestures of a matador." When Alfred Cortot conducted performances of "Parsifal" in Paris he, if Debussy is to be believed, when there were bellicose passages, pointed "a menacing baton, just as the banderillos do when they want to disconcert the bull. . . . Then, like Weingartner, he leans affectionately over the first violins murmuring intimate confidences to them; turns towards the trombones and admonishes them with a gesture whose eloquence may be translated thus: 'Now, then, you fellows! Use plenty of muscle; you've just got to out-trombone yourselves!' And the docile trombones conscientiously swallow their tubes."

Mr. Butler, preferring quiet movements of body and arms, says that certain temperaments can express themselves without gestures. It is also true that those who may be described as magnetic conductors are demonstrative in gesture and this without any deliberate attempt to impress the audience thereby. It should also be remembered that certain players in the orchestra must be shaken out of their constitutional phlegm. He concludes by saying that perhaps the ideal method would be to have both orchestra and conductor invisibly screened, "or failing that, for the conductor to be shrouded like a new statue, and not unveiled till the end of the concert, though I have a suspicion that this plan would not be a popular one with conductors!" Heinrich Pudor advocated concealment of a conductor some years ago, so Mr. Butler's idea is not a new one.

Members of the Gewandhaus orchestra, who have played under many famous conductors, told Mr. Butler that Furtwaengler seemed to have "the capacity of temporarily multiplying their powers by the infectious energy of his personality."

Personally we prefer a pantomimic conductor provided he achieves glorious results to one that stands like a stoughton bottle and is icily null.

The diary of Lady Frederick Cavendish has been published. In 1879 she wrote of Sarah Bernhardt: "A woman of notorious, shameless character. Not content with being run after on the stage, this woman is asked to respectable people's houses to act and even to luncheon and dinner and all the world goes. It is an outrageous scandal."

When T. Jefferson Coolidge was minister of the United States to France (1892) he was amazed and shocked by hearing Yvette Guilbert singing in the houses of French aristocrats and by learning that she was a welcome guest. He wrote forcibly about it in his diary. He could not separate the woman from her songs.

Boston has been tolerant in this respect. Books have been censored and are censored, but there has not been a searching inquiry as to the private life of famous actresses and opera singers. It is not necessary to mention the names of those whose "private life" was notoriously public, but these singers and actresses were made much of by "our best people" and many women who were not invited to meet them gnashed their teeth in envy. What was not permitted to poor Miss Jenny Jumpup or Mrs. Lucy Looser, was ignored in the case of Madame Squallini and Madame Sardouesque.

"Film Star Leaves Husband," says the Evening Standard. Is there nothing we can be allowed to take for granted?—London Observer.

There is censorship of plays in Paris but it is a censorship of patriotism, the kind of patriotism that seems absurd, and not only to Mr. H. G. Wells. At the Comedie Francaise Hugo's "Ruy Blas" was tinkered even before the war. The line "She loves a blue flower of Germany" was changed by the Chauvinistic Company to "She loves the blue flower of the mountains."

Hugo's "Les Burgraves" has been revived in connection with the centenary of the Romantic movement, the play is all about mediaeval Germany. Albert Lambert cannot force himself to say, "Je veux Une Allemande au monde," so he has substituted two lines in which the word "Germany" is omitted and the poet's meaning weakened.

In Lithuania all the plays of Shakespeare are tabooed.

Applause is not an aesthetic judgment; we cannot say either "good" or

ad" in a hurry unless we are fools. It will probably disappear quietly day as duelling did, as being too crude a method for our then refined sensibilities.—London Observer.

A Los Angeles critic describes Mr. Rudolph Renton as a pianist of phenomenally sure, fleet and enduring technic. . . . "Playing in the first movement with great metallic (not pugilistic) tone Renton could subdue and nuance himself anon. His *al fresco*, yet controlled, playing of the *Andanza* will be long remembered, though the steel-like springiness of his rhythms in the finale likewise remain exemplary."

"*Al fresco*." Mr. Renton is apparently an open-air pianist, especially horrible at a picnic.

Apropos of the recent performances of "Pickwick" in this city a fortnight or so ago, Nigel Playfair, bringing out in London a mutilated version of "George Barnwell," prefaced it by "When Crummles Played—" taking the text for the most part from "Nicholas Nickleby." He said to a reporter: "When Dickens adaptations fail it is because too much has been attempted. In every Dickens novel there are several main plots, an infinity of important accidents, an endless gallery of memorable characters. To stage all that it must be 'potted' and if it is 'potted' almost inevitably it will be spoiled. But out of almost every one of the novels you might draw just one theme, and without any mangling of dialogue or incident, make a good play of it."

Critics objected to the taking of Lillo's once famous drama and playing as the Crummles Company would have performed it. Has any one of our readers ever seen this drama, produced in 1731 and based on an old English ballad? the story that Thackeray burlesqued with exquisite feeling as Bulwer would have written it? When was "George Barnwell or the London Merchant" last played in Boston? Perhaps Mr. Kilby or Mr. Edgett can tell us?

Ernest Newman did not like Mme. Larsen-Todsen as Bruennhilde at Covent Garden. Expressing his disappointment he gave a swift kick to the Metropolitan Opera House. "Her gestures are conventional and repetitive. She comes from the Metropolitan Opera, New York, and shows it. Nothing in that curiously uneven institution used to astonish and amuse me more than the way the singers had of coming as far down as possible to the footlights and addressing their remarks to the audience instead of to the persons they are supposed to be acting with. I have even seen an Italian tenor there yank the heroine behind him with one imperial sweep of his arm when she showed signs of getting, as it no doubt seemed to him, out of focus. . . . I know no place where the stage style is so bad as at the Metropolitan, where, seemingly, the 'stars' are allowed to do what they like."

June 27 1927
"An unusual number of Americans will visit England this summer."

This means that some will be content with seeing London. There is the tower, which Artemus Ward called "a sweet boon"—"America, oh my unhappy country! Thou has not got no tower." (We believe that Mme. Tussaud's has been reopened). Some may visit all the Cathedrals. Others look forward to tankards of ale. No one seems to be daunted by the reports of uncomfortable beds, poor bread, ill-treated vegetables, and high prices in country and even city inns. And there is a distressing rumor to the effect that ale is not what it was, except, possibly in bottles.

To those who might, on "education" bent, plan an "educational" tour we recommend "The Homeland of English Authors," by Ernest H. Rann. He says the book is not a history of English literature. If it were, we should not recommend it. Nor is it a handbook of literary geography, a gazetteer. Mr. Rann attempts to show to this generation certain authors as they were or are in real life, and so he takes us to East Anglia, Kent, the Midlands, the West country, Yorkshire, the Lake District and Wessex. Most of us could name celebrated writers of the Lake District; but there is Thomas Hardy of Wessex; and how many know of Hawker and Fern in the West Country? We now learn that the former was a clergyman who wrote stirring Cornish ballads, saw lions and heard voices, but the church was often strewn with the burnt ends of matches with which he had lit the candles. As for Edward Fern, the rural postman who walked miles every day for half a guinea a week until recognized as a poet by Langens, Krawbs, Francis Newman and others he received 13 shillings a week and was relieved of Sunday duties. He was Palmerston by his "Lion Flag England," distributed among British troops before Sebastopol. Apparently Fern copied Burns, for his portrait shows him dressed like a Scot, with a red, tam-o'-shanter and all—but a man for a that.

Let us now praise famous men. In a book, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Mr. Rann begins with the Eastern nities. He talks of places associated with Carlyle, Jocelyn, the Dickens of "Pickwick" and the Angel and the White Horse hotels, Fitzgerald, the Wiltie Collins of "No Name." There is pleasant gossip about these men, how Fitzgerald who had been: "Grabble, toasted cheese, gin water, what else is wanted but a to complete the perfect square of fort?" blundered into matrimony, and Lucy Barton. "In six months and and wife had separated, to

meet once afterwards in the public street, but not to speak." The choir will now sing: "Just tell them that you saw me."

Dickens in Kent—Gad's Hill, Rochester, the "Cloisterham" of "Edwin Drood"—David Copperfield in Canterbury; Hardy and Wessex—many familiar descriptions of scenes and characters are retold, but there is also fresh matter. How many remember that Sussex is the "Denls Duval" country of Thackeray—as for that, how many today read that excellent novel, unfinished, alas? Or connect Sussex with Henry James, Belloc, Francis Thompson, Sheila Kaye-Smith, the admirable novelist, whose poems, "Saints in Sussex," were recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co.? No one will probably be tempted to visit Chichester simply because Charles Crocker, a shoemaker poet, lived there. The London Observer asks whether any literary pilgrims would tramp the lake country today out of reverence for Southey alone. Those who delight in his whimsical, "The Doctor," might; those, too, who have found his common-place books a help in time of troublous searching after subjects for light, breezy editorials and paragraphs. And some of Southey's minor poems and his prose are good reading today. We remember a boy at Phillips Academy, Exeter—he afterwards was an ornament to the bench—who amazed us poor, trembling wretches by spouting pages of "Thalaba" on recitation day. But let us go back to Mr. Rann's readable book.

There are chapters entitled—"The Eden Phillpotts Country, the Shakespeare Country, the George Elliot Country, the Arnold Bennett Country and the Bronte Country. In the West Country we meet Ian Ridd and the Doones, see Southey and Shelley at Lynmouth. "Lorna Doone"—we doubt if we could read it today; but we would gladly re-read Blackmore's "Maid of Sker," to us the finer novel of the two; we should like to hear the Whistling Ghost of Minehead described by Sir Walter Scott and see Dunster Castle over which the two architects fought for supremacy in Hardy's "Laodicean".

And the West Country is the land of "Westward Ho!" Here Kipling received part of his education, and remembered boyish experiences when he wrote "Stalky & Co." Then there is Barnstable where Prince Charlie "gave himself his usual license in drinking"; where at a Burns dinner the "wicked libellous toast" of "to hell with the Barnstable Town Council" was proposed. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who lives in summer not far from Barnstable on the

Cape should read this chapter. At Chesterfield we would see the tombstone of John Wheatly, "An Unprofitable Servant," who died at the age of 82.

Admirers of George Eliot will be pleased by the chapter devoted to her country and her characters, some of whom are drawn from life, as Dempster in "Janet's Repentance"; Tom Tulliver from Isaac Evans; Amos Burton from the Rev. John Gwyther. The story of Enoch Arnold Bennett, who placed the "Potteries" on the literary map of England, is told, at some length. Without him, Staffordshire would be without its "literary apologist," though George Eliot touched on it cursorily. If the late David Christie Murray had possessed something more approaching genius, or even the uninspired industry of Anthony Trollope, he might have come near to being regarded as the county's supreme story-teller. We think better of Trollope and would not use the word "uninspired," for many of his characters still live, nor do we regret with Mr. Rann that there is no idealism in Bennett's novels. Why should one be disappointed by not finding any philosophy concerning the achievements of the famous "Potteries" or of the actions of the men and women who have brought them about? Why ask a novelist to philosophize? If you wish to read philosophical works do not demand them of novelists. As the old woman said when she was reproached for her silence at table: "When I eats, I eats; when I talks, I talks." Novels are to be devoured, leisurely or quickly; some are to be at once spewed from the mouth.

Reading Mr. Rann's pages one may visit scenes made famous by "literary tellers" without personal discomfort. One will easily tour England this summer, as one can travel in the far east with Marco Polo, voyage with Hakluyt's heroes, and even go a-whaling, but with an old fashioned harpoon, with Herman Melville, and perhaps catch sight at a respectful distance of Moby Dick, who remembers gleefully the fate of Captain Ahab.

June 28 1927
M. S. wishes to know why we spoke of Hudson river boatmen and "cavaliers" as frequenters of Keeler's old oyster house in Albany, N. Y. "Did they enter in full armor and check their lances?"

We do not wonder that she asks. True, there may have been men of knightly bearing among those boatmen. Artemus Ward, speaking of the gallant fireman in his thrilling tale "Moses the Sassy, or the Disguised Juke," said that Greece in its barriest day never produced "so hefty a cavalier."

The word we wrote was "Canallers," not cavaliers, for heroes of the Erie canal used to drift into Keeler's. If there were "Lakemen" at home in Buffalo, so Canallers revelled at Albany. There were Canallers as well as Lakemen on the whaler the Town-Ho when Moby Dick rose "with some tatters of Radney's red woollen shirt, caught in the teeth that had destroyed him."

This reminds us. Opening Mr. Bliss Perry's "Heart of Emerson's Journals" to find some "golden thoughts" or "crumbs of comfort"—there were little books of texts from the scriptures thus entitled in the Sixties—some inspiring paragraph for guidance during the day. We read the entry for Feb. 19, 1834.

"A seaman in the coach told the story of an old sperm whale, which he called a white whale, which was known for many years by the whalers as Old Tom, and who rushed upon the boats which attacked him, and crushed the boats to small chips in his jaws, the men generally escaping by jumping overboard and being picked up. A vessel was fitted out at New Bedford, he said, to take him. And he was finally taken somewhere off Payto Head by the Winslow or the Essex."

A white whale; Old Tom; Emerson made the entry in 1834. Herman Melville was born in 1819; "Moby Dick" was first published in 1851, and in that great novel Melville names four whales "as well known to the students of Cetacean History as Marius or Sylla to the classic scholar": Tim or Tom, "scarred like an iceberg" lurking in Oriental straits, "whose spout was oft seen from the palmy beach of Ombay"—was he the Old Tom of Emerson's journal?—New Zealand Jack; Morquan, whose lofty jet was sometime like a snow-white cross; and Don Miguel, whose back was marked with mystic hieroglyphics. Melville says nothing about one of these whales being white.

It has been said that Melville had in mind a whale named Mocha Dick, who died in 1840, according to J. N. Reynolds, who was then at sea: Reynolds's "Mocha Dick, or the White

Whale of the Pacific: a feat from a journal," and Reynolds's swarthy mate's great desire, as was that of every whaling captain, was to kill this prodigious Mocha Dick as white as wool. Was Melville acquainted with Reynolds? Is it not more likely that he heard about Mocha from some whaling companion, as Emerson listened to the unnamed seaman?

In 1906 Capt. Higgins of the Admiral Sampson reported in Boston that soon after his vessel left Jamaica two large white whales followed it for miles. One likes to think of Moby Dick as still alive and spouting joyously.

HUMAN TAILS

Dr. Philip R. Kemp of Ilkley writes that a few years ago it was his privilege to remove an appendage about 1½ inches in length from the lower part of an infant's spine. "I understood that this 'tail' had never been wagged, but the owner was only 12 months old when he lost it." Darwin states the fact that the os coccyx at an early embryonic period is free and projects beyond the lower extremities, and has been known "in certain rare and anomalous cases, to form a small external rudiment of a tail." Mrs. Annie Bill quotes from Sir Arthur Keith's "Human Body": "Well-authenticated cases are on record of children who have been born with true tails." What do the Fundamentalists say to this?

No doubt a well developed tail would be of considerable advantage to those whose chief diet consists of nuts and fruits, especially climbers after walnuts, chestnuts, beechnuts and cocoanuts. Nor would the tail baffle the ingenuity of well-fitting tailors. Coleridge tells of the Devil visiting the earth, to see how his snug little farm went on, and describes the Devil dressed in his Sunday best: "His breeches were blue, and there was a hole where the tail came through."

MARKING TIME

(For As the World Wags)

I've marked his shirts, I've marked his socks;
His poncho and his duffie-bag;
On running shorts and flannel shirts
I've sewed full many a dinky tag.

I've marked his shoe, pyjamas, towels,
I've marked the whole blamed list, I hope!

But one omission haunts me still—
Pray tell me how to mark the soap?
ISABEL, G. W.

Women make bad motor drivers for the same reason that they sometimes make bad wives—they want more than fifty-fifty in life and its highways and byways.—Stanley Wrench.

According to the New York Times certain persons of good reputation think at Washington that "Britain and Japan are up to some skulduggery" at Geneva.

"Skulduggery" has various meanings. When Robert Burns was welcomed hilariously at Edinburgh he and his merry comrades at their revelries indulged in "skulduggery," to quote Henry's admirable essay on Burns: that is they told indecent stories and sang indecent songs. This form of amusement was popular among the wits and learned men of that city. If the British and Japanese at Geneva thus understand the word "skulduggery," Washington need not fear that these powers are "laying a trap" for the United States. No doubt they are exchanging the Limericks that are not for a family newspaper.

For "skulduggery"—there are several ways of spelling the word—originally meant "unchastity," "obscenity" and later "rubbish." One finds the word with its chief meaning in Scott's "Redgauntlet," which is not so dull a novel as some would have it: "There was much singing of profane songs and bawling of red wine and speaking blasphemy and sculduggery." There is also mention of "sculduggery songs."

DISCRETION

When other mammas fondly smile
And idle hours with tales beguile
Of progeny divine,
I sit discreetly, saying naught,
Thinking the while they simply ought
To see mine.

HELENE R. B.

As the World Wags:

While I was admiring my pal's new motor car, I asked, "How is the pick-up?" "I don't know yet," he replied, "my wife has been riding with me since I bought it."

WHITEY.

Most undergraduates who can write verse have also the intelligence to see that there is very little money in it.—London Daily Chronicle.

As the World Wags:

The husband was reading from his newspaper: "Isn't it remarkable?" he exclaimed, looking up. "It says here that 4000 elephants are needed each year to make billiard balls."

"Marvellous, isn't it," the wife answered, "how such huge beasts can be trained to do such delicate work."

THE BETTER 'OLE' SHOWN ON SCREEN

"The Better 'Ole," a film comedy adapted from the play by Bruce Bairnsfather and Arthur Eliot, directed by Charles Reisner and presented at the Modern and Beacon Theatres with Vitaphone accompaniment and with the following cast:

Old Bill	Syd Chaplin
Alf	Jack Ackroyd
Corporal Quint	Ed Kennedy
General Von Hinden	K. Morgan
English General	Tom McGuire

Old Bill was first introduced to us during the war, the late war "that ran," as Bruce Bairnsfather says, "as long as 'Able's Irish Rose'." Old Bill was first in English newspapers and later in a book of drawings created for our amusement by Mr. Bairnsfather, and so real did he become that he finally found himself on the stage in an inimitable play, "The Better 'Ole'."

Sydney Chaplin has put Old Bill on the screen and the part loses none of its delightful and refreshing comedy or its human quality, and that is extravagant praise.

The picture centres around Old Bill, in his majesty's service somewhere in France. The comedy is as natural and spontaneous as Old Bill himself. Little Alf, the cockney pal of Old Bill, is present, the film skims the war, taking advantage of all the kindness and humor that could be extracted and not indulging in romance.

From the time that Old Bill and Alf are discovered in "No Man's Land," arguing about their 'oles, to the moment when Old Bill can give an order to the bullying corporal and make him do it, is a joyous parade of funny antics. The horse, of which Old Bill was the front legs and Alf the rear for the company show, is alone worth a song of praise. The horse, captured by the Germans, joins them in their liberal imbibing. Not one whit overdone. One rocks with merriment as the reels unwind mercilessly and Chaplin stumbles from gag to gag, always without effort and always funny.

A great deal of credit should go to Sydney Chaplin and Charles Reisner, who have taken one of the most delightful characters and turned it loose on the screen. They have made a brilliant comedy and have not stopped to ponder on the 14-year-old intelligence they are supposed to consider. Bravo, Chaplin and Reisner.

The Vitaphone also gives us Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather, who registers ex-

ceedingly well as to voice, personality and sketches. Mary Lewis is not so good. She is self-conscious and much too close to the screen. Reginald Werenath, the baritone, has a good voice for Vitaphone reproduction, his performance is excellent. The Vitaphone is interesting and shows a steady gain in smoothness. C. M. D.

"Rolled Stockings," a film comedy by Frederica Sagor, scenario by Percy Heath, directed by Richard Rosson and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast of Paramount junior stars:

Jim Treadway	James Hall
Carol Fleming	Louise Brooks
Ralph Treadway	Richard Arlen
The Vamp	Nancy Phillips
Rudolph	El Brendel

This is the first of a series of "youth" pictures Paramount has decided to frame around their young stars and is altogether an amusing film of college life where co-eds take up campusty along with their chemistry.

James Hall is pictured as the oldest of the Treadway boys with so much nerve and personality he can remove a policeman's hat, don it and use it as a means of getting acquainted with pretty Carol Fleming (Louise Brooks). "The younger and more serious-minded Treadway (Richard Arlen) takes his crew as a means of scholastic accomplishment. All in all the "movies" have secured an ideal college life.

The brothers fall in love with the same girl. Carol may be a flapper freshman but she is endowed with a pleasant sense of judgment and character as well. Her heart seems to lend her to the under-dog, the serious-minded brother when he is being made ridiculous by a fraternity initiation but the older and charmingly frivolous Jim succeeds in planting his fraternity pin above the lady's heart with the co-educational understanding that they are engaged.

Up to this time the film moves with rollicking steps but when Jim gets the girl, the young crew-man turns wild and breaks training on the eve of the biggest race of the season. The race is in the picture, however, with young Treadwell in his seat.

The last scenes, with the exception of the crew race, do not keep up the pace set by the first of the picture. The direction seems to lose some of its splendid vitality. Louise Brooks is excellent with Richard Arlen claiming second honors.

The surrounding program is the usual high standard this theatre has established. Gene Rodemich in English riding boots and a vest of a Mexican bandit leads his Merry Makers in a musical round-up. Evelyn Hoey is again sliding her songs over the footlights in deft fashion. "Maid of the Mist" is the revue with active, slender maids diving into a tank on the stage.

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Twinkle, Twinkle," Louis Werba's musical comedy of summer calibre. Pretty tunes and vigorous dances. Joe E. Brown is the star, Nancy Welford and Flo Lewis, featured players. Third week.

TREMONT—"The King of Kings," Cecil DeMille's biblical production, dealing with the last two years in the life of Christ. Third week.

PARK—"The Cat and the Canary," revival of popular mystery play. Fourth week.

GAYETY—"Kongo," thrilling tropical drama. Third week.

'THE TAXI DANCER' AT STATE THEATRE

Joan Crawford Stars in Tale of Dance Halls

Joan Crawford plays the title role in "The Taxi Dancer," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's elaborate production of the Robert Terry Shannon novel of the same name at the State this week.

TRIXIE FRIGANZA HEADS KEITH BILL

Lorraine and Minto, Freed's Orchestra Well Received

Trixie Friganza, "Grand Duchess of Comedy," heads B. F. Keith's bill of the week with her "bag o' tricks," high jinks which have lost nothing of their effectiveness in the years that Trixie has been winning encores with them.

Rivalling Trixie as the hit of the show, Ted Lorraine and Jack Minto with Mlle. Marguerite Davies take their share of applause for a singing-dancing act after the French fashion.

Jack McLallen, ably abetted by "Sarah" and Fred "Pansy" Sanborn, frolics through a lively turn of "laughs, tricks and tunes," featuring a variety of musical and acrobatic specialties.

Billed as "U-Rope's foremost musical director" Carl Freed leads an excellent, if eccentric, jazz orchestra that would be playing yet if last night's audience had had its way.

Lalla Selbini and Bert Albert, as the "butterfly and the cat," have an unusual novelty, with Bert, as the "cat," stealing the stellar honors from the ornamental but less agile "butterfly" as played by Mlle. Selbini. M. Albert offers a reward of \$1000 for duplication of his fast work on all fours.

Maud Earl's classical and popular songs were well received, as were the "high calibre capers" of Lew Castleton and Max Mack, tumblers extraordinary. The De Kos brothers in a European athletic specialty close the bill. The screen program includes an "Aesop's Fable," "Topics of the Day" and a Pathe News Reel.

MILTON SILLS IS STAR OF 'FRAMED'

Film of Diamond Mines Opens at Washington St. Olympia

Milton Sills is a French army officer, a worker in the Brazilian diamond mines and a prisoner in the Amazon penal colony, in "Framed," at the Washington St. and Scollay Square Olympia this week. Sills owes his large following to the manly and heroic roles that he appears in and in "Framed" he has succeeded in satisfying his many fans. The picture begins in France, Sills is drummed out of the army and scorned by the girl he loves. His faith in his country and in women gone, he goes to Brazil and is plunged into the picturesque and stirring atmosphere of diamond mining, with all its intrigues and dangers resulting from the lure of the precious gems. He saves the daughter of the company's chief from death in a "mud-rush" when the ground is churned into mud by the tropical rains and fills the mine tunnels. In the girl, Natalie Kingston, Sills finds his ideal in woman and something to work for and win. He unearths a band of diamond thieves but is "framed" and sent to the deadly penal colony on the Amazon river. How he escapes, redeems himself and wins the girl he loves, forms the climax to a picture that fairly teems with thrills and romance. Natalie Kingston, chosen as the baby star of 1927 by Wampas, is lovely and appealing as the heroine; Charles Gerard, Burr McIntosh, Edward Pell and others have colorful, well-played parts. Natli Barr, Hollywood's newest sensation, a former star of the Russian stage and screen, has a vamp role. Miss Barr is a decided brunette and brings a new type of beauty to the screen.

"Southern Capers," featuring Slim Tibblin and a large cast heads the vaudeville at the Washington Street Olympia, in a clever act of song, dance and melody. Willie Frick, world's champion figure skater brings the Hippodrome skaters here in a real novelty, an ice-skating act. Eddie White, blackface comic; Violet and Charlotte Singer, recruits from the concert stage in "songs," and Wilson and Kepple, nimble footed dancers complete a bill which is rounded out with excellent short features and news specials.

The Scollay Square vaudeville is headed by that clever clown, Roy Rogers and his revue of girls. Judson Cole assisted by the enthusiasm of the audience proves that the hand is quicker than the eye. Ruby Latham duo are seen in aerial stunts. Rhoda & Broshell and Cahill & Wills, Italian and blackface comedians, make up the rest of the program.

Film at Orpheum Adapted from Hutchinson Novel

"One Increasing Purpose," screen version of A. S. M. Hutchinson's widely read novel, is being shown for the first time in Boston at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week.

Edmund Lowe has the leading role of Sim Paris, a visionary young man whose search for the "Purpose" behind the scheme of things provides the plot of the story. He tries to learn the reason for his good fortune in life and the final solution of his problem forms a stirring drama that has been transferred beautifully to the screen by Harry Beaumont.

All the exteriors of this production were made in England on the locations described in the story.

An all-star cast supporting Edmund Lowe includes Lila Lee, May Allison, Jane Novak, Holmes Herbert, Josef Swickard, Huntley Gordon and others.

First published as a serial in a magazine, "Immortal Longings" by Ben Ames Williams can be re-read with pleasure. In other novels and in short stories he has shown the ability to excite curiosity over an apparently baffling tragedy, to bring vividly before one the terror that shook two women alone in a lonely house awaiting a murderer; he can be humorous, sometimes in a grim or cynical manner; he describes a landscape, a winter's scene, village life so the reader sees with him, walks with him or joins him in the village store; his men and women whether they live in Fraternity, Me., on a hill-side farm, or in a bustling town are alive. We have seen them; we have heard them talk. How simply Mr. Williams writes; not with studied simplicity; he knows exactly what he wishes to say in repeating what his men and women should say and telling how they act.

The story of "Immortal Longings," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., has been related by others: How a rich man of the town, tempted to go a-fishing, visits the farmhouse of his father and grandfather, apparently long deserted, but when he enters he finds someone has cared for it, some one besides Pot

Riddle, his farmer. Yes, a woman, June, a schoolmate when they were young, had consciously or unconsciously expected his return. She was keeping house for Riddle, her widowed brother-in-law. These are the three chief characters, Overlook the city man, Riddle and June. Overlook does not join his fishing partner. The old house is haunted with tender reminiscences. He puts off day by day his going. Will June wed Riddle? Would she make him, Overlook, a worthy wife?

Overlook remembers that when they were all school children, Riddle and another kissed her by force; then he held her in turn but released her, whispering "Go on, run." She looked at him, confused, began to cry, and fled. Overlook after many years, standing in what had been his father's bedroom, chuckled with understanding and exclaimed: "She wanted me to kiss her that day. She wanted me to! No wonder she remembered me." Here Mr. Williams philosophizes:

"Nothing so immediately and powerfully attracts a man to a woman as the discovery that she is interested in him. He may have lived across the street from her for years and never regarded her or found in her any appealing trait; but if someone suggests to him that she has a tenderness in his behalf, the man is bound to seek to warm himself at that fire. She may be too young or too old, too fat or too thin, too beautiful or too plain,—but if she loves him, he is bound to investigate the matter; and if she loves him enough he is more likely than not to settle comfortably into the niche prepared in her heart and rest there—for a while, if not always."

June's care for Overlook's comfort, his growing jealousy, her doubts and final surrender are described so that the reader looks on June as the woman among women. Overlook, even to the day of the wedding, questioned whether he were acting wisely in thus mating, even after June going to him as was chipping a sapling, smiled into his eyes and said: "It just looked to me that if you was going to farm the place you'd need a woman by."

There is a wealth of delightful details in this story, not introduced by Mr. Williams to show how jolly country he can be as George Moore said of Thomas Hardy, but as completing the picture. Mr. Don Marquis asserts that eating of beans have brought ruin to individuals and nations. Would he shudder, reading that June, Riddle and their guest sprinkled sugar on their baked beans and then added vinegar? "Best way to fix beans, I always say," declared Riddle. And Overlook relished them though in his New York apartment he was served with clear soup, a morsel of some white-fleshed fish, "vaguely flavored with the delicate aroma of fine wine"; meat so tender that it had no perceptible texture, mushrooms, snow white potatoes, peas, four stalks of endive, a bit of pastry, "a crumbling triangle of white cheese pitted with blue mold," and coffee in a tiny cup set in a silver web. On Riddle's table were pork and beans, a black and scalding liquid called tea, pickles, hot soda biscuits, butter, blueberry pie. Overlook ate heartily, and when June cleared away the dishes he and Riddle smoked their pipes. When Overlook left, to sleep in the old house, June held a lamp on the porch; its light across her face, her body in shadow. "There was serene beauty in her brow; a sweet composure in her eye; strength in the curve of her lip. He stood a moment, held there, faintly shaken."

No wonder he did not return to his French chef, valet and chauffeur, his antisepic office; his young woman stenographer, "rigid and inhuman beneath her enamel."

"Andy Brandt's Ark" by Edna Bryner, also published by the Duttons, a story of a plucky, energetic, intelligent girl who leaves her shiftless, ignorant family and dismal surroundings, and comes to New York, and later, visiting her people after she married Michael Bernstein, has been reviewed at length and extolled as a singularly honest and powerful novel with a "significant" theme. Let no one be deterred by the author's peculiar style, most peculiar perhaps in the opening chapters. Edna looked at a 20th century face in pastel: "A creature for colors certainly. For thickets. For adventure less calculated than seasonal flights. Cedar Waxwing the gypsy bird." The husband Bernstein: "One of the tribe of Judah, but without ring, in nose or on finger; with his Harvard jibe exteriorly, his intense spirit of rightness interiorly, more citizen, U. S. A., than any of them." See also the pages beginning "Andy Brandt. On Trial. By the Matrons, Mothers of Eligible Sons, City of Cleveland, For Jouncing."

But when one has passed the description of the heroine Andy's early life with the catalogue of the houses in which she had lived from the time she was born in a low malarial district, and

arrives at the portrayal of the chief characters one realizes the strength, the intensity of this book, with its grim exposure of a family's spiritual ugliness, its mental squalor. These characters, most of them pitiable beings, stand out in bold relief. There is the almost incredible mother, a true daughter of the horse leech; the pathetic father, misunderstood and abandoned by all except Andy; there is Andy's sister Althea who, Andy thought, was worth the effort to arouse to a sense of truthfulness and responsibility, trying as she was, a hopeless case apparently. Truly a remarkable novel; but not one for street car reading; not for a hammock, while there is chatter on the veranda.

"O, LADY, LADY! SHAME WOULD HAVE IT HID"

As the World Wags:
After reading the lament of the seeker after "dream legs," the statistical article in which 90 per cent. of legs are proved to be failures, and Mr. Dole's jingle, "Legs," which ends on a note of disappointment, I am led to believe that in the gay nineties there were more concealed liabilities than hidden assets. Trusting to my own observation, after admiring the lovely, filmy stockings in the shop windows, I agree with Apemantus, and
"I doubt whether their legs be worth the
Sums that are given for 'em." W.

June 21 1927

Sir Walter Gilbey, talking with a reporter, admitted that he was a peculiar person. He pointed to his hat, a bowler of his own design, which curves flush with the crown. "There is no one in the world who wears a hat like mine—no one else would dare . . . My daily carnation arrives with my letters in the morning, and it is always one of my favorite color, mauve."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor says that Sir Walter's father was eccentric in dress: His spare form was wrapped in clothes that looked as if they had come straight out of the 18th century. Blue and yellow predominated in their color; there was also a fob watch. Mr. O'Connor, noting that the present Sir Walter always wears a fancy waistcoat, remembers that George Augustus Sala wore a white one every day of the year; Mr. Reed, once representing the farmers in the House of Commons, a white waistcoat and white hat; John Morley "went in for drably yellow and blue colors," while simple Leonard Courtney loved a yellow waistcoat.

A man who wears a hat that others regard as "out of fashion," a derby, say, instead of the soft hat that is the "only correct headgear," does not necessarily wish to be remarked in a crowd; he prefers the derby; he is like Jones in the epigram.

"Jones" likes his lettuces undrest. D'ye ask the reason?
T is confessed
That is the way Jones likes them best."

Take our friend Ferguson, for example, Mr. Gilead P. Ferguson. He may be the only man on the sidewalks wearing a derby; but he is not abashed, nor is he puffed-up. He finds this hat not only better suited to his head, easier to doff when perchance he meets Mrs. Eugene Golightly or Miss Jane Winterbottom, swimming towards him (to use one of Charles Reade's pet phrases), a gait revealing the goddess; he consciously or unconsciously thus protests against standardization, which means monotony. Ferguson still wears flowing cravats, as he wore them in his student days in Paris. He is not disconcerted by the fact that in this respect he wanders

"lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills."
He would agree with Mr. C. H. Bretherton, who, discussing most un- sympathetically, American character in his "Midas," asserts that a nation having 20 kinds of socks to choose from is better off than one that has only two. The Englishman who can still compare the output of his hatter and his tailor with those of his neighbor is leading a fuller life, ceteris paribus, than the American who simply buys the standard hat from a hat shop and the standard suit of clothes from the gents' furnishing department." And so Ferguson says with the poet of the heart and home

The hat that all are praising
Is not the hat for me.

Query—What sort of hat did Alice's friend the Mad Hatter recommend to his customers? Or should we say "patients?"

Standardization in dress leads to standardization in thought, artistic, say rather unartistic taste in art and literature, and in action. Not that a man should be like the Englishman we described some weeks ago as dressed in pea-green from head to foot—he at

last jumped from a cliff. . . . Every respectable American should not tamely submit to the command of a hatter, tailor or haberdasher. If he wishes his trousers loose when the herd wears them tight, let him prevail over the remonstrance of the shocked tailor. Even if he should wish to sport a straw hat in dead winter, following the example of that brilliant lawyer E. Winslow Paige of Schenectady and Albany, the terror of the canal thieves in the late seventies and eighties, do not shrink from him, do not speak to the police, do not telephone to a psychiatrist, even if the crown's busted and the rim frayed.

ADD "HISTORY OF SCOTLAND"

As the World Wags:
In talking with Col. Charles Lindbergh, he informed me that the air pockets over Scotland were very small. SKIPPER OF THE DREDNOT.

PERSONALS

As the World Wags:
Lost on Main street car line: Two pairs pink stepins. Laundry mark, "E. G." Return to owner for reward. Eddie Googon.

Jessie Silverthorn's pharmacy has added shoe repairing to her other varied lines. The motto now is: "Save time. Shoe repaired while you eat."

Program for this week at Olson's Opera House: Wednesday, "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; Saturday, "East Lynne"; Sunday, "Abie's Irish Rose." Ephraim Smith and wife left Tuesday for Paris to do some shopping. Will return on Thursday.

Homer Ellis, our genial magazine solicitor, has added the Woman's Home Companion to his line. Tony's Tonsorial was his first customer.

DUKE BAKRAK.

"JAKE KEYSER"

Mr. Fred'k H. Thompson of Fitchburg, born in 1844, remembers the old Bowery song, "Oh, My Name Is Jake Keyser." We asked about the authorship. "I knew but one verse (that was enough). Your version is mild. Mine has 'a-trying' in the third line instead of 'a-blowing.' I lived in New Salem, Franklin county, in my boyhood days. The part of the song which reached me was surely tough. I hope there was in the other verses some sanctifying virtue."

L. R. R. writes: "When I was a lad in Milwaukee, a boy sang:

"I'm the mad butcher.
I'm the mad butcher,
I'm the mad butcher, they call me insane."

"I think that was the chorus. It thrilled us, but I never knew what it meant. I wonder if it had any connection with 'Jake Keyser.'"

Not the slightest. "The Mad Butcher" was sung in variety theatres years ago.

McMURROUGH-CAVANAGH

Mr. John McHugh, writing about the late Arthur McMurrough-Cavanagh, M. P., mentioned the fact that, born without arms or legs, he became proficient in all kinds of sport.

Mr. Tim O'Toole of Portland, Me., reading Mr. McHugh's interesting article, was reminded of an item appearing in the Carlow Examiner many years ago when the result of a General Election caused the unseating of McMurrough-Cavanagh, who had represented Carlow in the British House of Commons. Referring to McMurrough-Cavanagh the newspaper said: "Nature deprived him of his arms and legs, but the people of Carlow, more cruel than nature, deprived him of his seat."

As the World Wags:

She had been asked to dinner at the home of a new neighbor. When she returned someone said: "How was the dinner—all right?" She hesitated a moment, and then replied: "Well, it was the kind of a meal you look for a paper napkin with." JAZBO.

Jazbo, this lady's English was not only quibsy, we suspect her of being a bit of a snob. Perhaps the neighbor had just moved in to her house, and napkins of paper were the only ones conveniently at hand. We have eaten excellent dinners where the napkins were of paper. Furthermore, your friend's remark was a shabby comment on well-meant hospitality.—Ed.

Westerners should not tell a Vermonter, even if he happens to be President of the United States, how to catch trout. Messrs. Coolidge and Whiting are right: Many a shy, self-respecting trout has swallowed to his cost a worm on a hook. These Western scoffers should read Mr. Bliss Perry's delightful essays on natural worms and artificial flies.

We may not be allowed to quote from an article written recently by the indefatigable Mr. E. V. Lucas:

"Fish must ever remain among the insoluble problems of this world. While we can examine the warp and woof of rainbows, we know nothing about these creatures: What they think, what goes on behind those wide eyes, which now and then are brighter and more lustrous than anything in the Rue de la Paix. Do they see us? They give no sign. Are they happy? They give no sign. Are they unhappy? They give no sign. Do the fish that look like men in clubs converse and behave like men in clubs? We shall never know. At the most we can observe them through glass, whether the glass of their tanks or the glass of diving bells, and they are always mute. They are like the films before music was held to be a necessary accompaniment: Movement without sound."

The male in all species is always infinitely the more beautiful.—St. John Ervine.

A THOUSAND YEARS OF WESSEX

(Thomas Hardy, born June 2, 1840)

Beyond the frail hand-clasping of the years, the thousand summers and the winter's hush,
Change and the brood of Life, a Wessex, ageing in the sweet Motherhood
Turns in her sleep, and, turning, smiles again
For those who were her sons.

A thousand years she dreamed for you
that she might make
One perfect son who then should speak
her soil.
One thousand years she dreamed to give
you dreams—
Dreams of her clovered fields, her winter
wonderment 'midst weeping woods;
She dreamed those thousand years that
you might sing
As some lone thrush upon the lofty
bough.

She travelled through all Time, and
gave her thoughts to you;
One thousand years of thoughts that
you alone should know.
—Newman Flower in The Observer.

IN MAIDEN LANE

A correspondent sends us the advertisement of the Marybud, Inc., restaurant in Maiden Lane, Albany, N. Y. It seems they serve chickens there, and employ an accomplished rhetorician instead of a sandwich man or the blast of a siren when a fresh lot of chickens comes in.

"None of the barnyard 'hoipolli,' nor western proletariat fowls who traveled East in a barrel. The very aristocracy of Chickendom, pre-destined from early egg-hood to grace a Marybud table and charm a Marybud diner. Plump with contented feeding—tender as the thoughts of a maid—and broiled to that superlative deliciousness that makes eating a happy rite. You can't dine better Saturday."

We well remember Maiden Lane in the 70's and early 80's. There was the restaurant kept by Charles Fairfield, Esq.—the best of cooking; at noon the prominent citizens of Albany stood two deep at the bar. Later came Keeler's, famous for oysters, a branch of the oyster house south of State street, the house frequented by Hudson river boatmen and cavaliers, passionately addicted to cold cabbage slushed with pepper sauce. At times a boatman, heavy with beer, would drop his head on the cabbage plate, weep bitterly, and then insisting that he had been insulted, try to pick a fight with those at the next table.

ALL'S FISH

As the World Wags:

'Twas in the hard winter of '67. We wuz a-beatin' up from Lubec to Camden, and our grub wuz runnin' almighty low. Off Swain Isle the sun come out, and the snow wuz melted off in patches near the water, and we see a small flock of sheep what wuz a-eatin' of the little grass there wuz just above the rocks.

The skipper, old Joe Mellish, you know, wuz a-lookin' at them sheep with the hungriest eyes I ever did see. "Bill," sez he, "Bill, do you reckon them sheep eats carrots?"

"No, Joe," sez I, "I don't reckon as how them sheep has any carrots to eat. Vittles must be as low on Swan Isle as they be on this old hooker, and I allow as how carrots look as good to them sheep as mutton would to us."

"Bill," sez he, "look in the lazaret and see if there ain't a few of them extr'y big cod hooks left there, what we wuz fishin' with off the Virgin."

I looks, and sure enough, them hooks wuz there, and a hank of the strongest and best cod line as well.

When I came up, the skipper has a carrot in his hand. "Bill," sez he, "look what I found under them seven spuds in the locker."

der an. ate home.

"Joe," sez I, "I wuz a-savin' of tnet there carrot for dinner tomorrow."

"Bill," sez he, "what is one carrot to a leg of mutton?"

"Bait," sez I, and I tumbled to his lay.

So I baited up a cod hook with that carrot, and hove our dory over and pulled ashore. Then I put that carrot on a small rock where them sheep had been usin'. Them sheep wuz almighty scary, and run like deers when I landed. Then I pulled off shore to the end of the line and waited. Pretty soon them sheep come a-sneakin' back, and one of them smells that carrot, and it smells almighty good to him, seein' as how he ain't had no real food for goin' on five months. And he gobbles up that carrot.

And I makes the line fast to the dory, and pulls like hell for the ship.

For a bit I pulled awful hard, and then it goes a little easier, and when I gets alongside I pass the line up to the Skipper, and then I h'ists in the dory, and then I goes aft and gives the Skipper a hand.

"Bill," sez he, "that's an almighty big cod you've caught."

"Joe," sez I, "it is that."

So we hove that sheep in over the taffrail, and we skun him out and we dressed him down, and pretty soon a nice No'ther comes up, and we goes a-sailin' on our course.

And that night the Skipper wuz a-lightin' his pipe after dinner.

"Bill," sez he.

"Joe," sez I.

"Bill," sez he, "you're a damned good fisherman."

"Joe," sez I, "I know it," S. P.

CLEAR PROOF

(London Chronicle)

"Darling," he said, gazing into her eyes, "when did you first realize that you loved me?"

"When I began to be annoyed at people calling you an idiot," she replied.

June 21 1927

Mr. Herkimer Johnson called on us a few days ago. He had much to say about air-navigation, books, politics and the conduct of life. He envied Mr. E. E. Whiting at Rapid, S. D., eating mounds of buckwheat cakes and sections of pie in the restaurant not far from the presidential kitchen range, cakes and pie, as Mr. Whiting assures us, of a quality not to be found in the effete East which is inhabited chiefly by she-men and sob-sisters.

Mr. Johnson waxed enthusiastic over certain books he had been reading.

"You know I could hardly be called an out-of-door man. I neither fish nor hunt, and I cannot bear the thought of shooting a bird, much less a deer. I am a duffer at tennis and golf. I do not enjoy sailing or swimming. You will be surprised to hear that I have enjoyed a book by Henry Williamson entitled 'The Old Stag.' Also a beautifully printed little book with charming illustrations, 'The Four Gardens,' by 'Handasyde.'"

"But, Herkimer," we said, "this 'Four Gardens' is not a new book."

"I know it," he said impatiently, "but I'm speaking of a revised edition, published by E. P. Dutton and Company, the publishers of Henry Williamson's stories. You'd better read them."

So warm was Mr. Johnson's praise, that we purchased these books in spite of the fact that the jacket of "The Four Gardens" trumpets the fact that the book "breathes perfume, leisure and the aesthetic joy of beautiful gardens."

Being a city man, almost persuaded to say with the late Mrs. Bell of Chestnut street, that the finest bouquet in the world is a street lamp, garden to us means roof-garden, in which many a Bathsheba may be seen but not as David saw Uriah's spouse. Intrepid explorers in the country have assured us that there are to be found Italian gardens, Japanese gardens, "Secret Gardens," French gardens, besides gardens devoted specifically to roses, dahlias, rhododendros and such. We remembered gardens of the poets, Marvell's, Dobson's, Thomas Edward Brown's, Katharine Tynan Hinkson's, Swinburne's "Deserted Garden"; Bacon's famous essay; gardens imagined by the novelists, as Hawthorne's of poisonous flowers; Octave Mirbeau's dreadful "Jardin des Supplices" in China where the unhappy hero and Clara saw unspeakable torturing; pleasant gardens in which Besant's maidens strolled.

We saw our village gardens in the 60's: old-fashioned flowers with simple, homely names; walks trimmed with box; a summer house, smelling of mortality, with slugs under the narrow, uncomfortable seats, a garden pump just outside.

Fortunately "Handasyde" does not burden her fascinating little book with too many literary allusions and flam-

boyant descriptions. She tells of four gardens in Scotland: a Haunted Garden, an Old-Fashioned Garden, a Poor Man's Garden, and a Rich Man's Garden. There is a motto for each chapter: Stevenson's.

"It is but a child of air
Who lingers in the garden there"
for the Haunted Garden; for the Old-Fashioned Garden lines by Jean Ingelow; for the Poor Man's Garden, Mary Howitt's.

"Ah yes, the poor man's garden;
It is great joy to me,
This little precious piece of ground
Before his door to see";
a garden of carnations, sweet peas, gilly flowers, southernwood and lemon-thyme; while for the Rich Man's Garden, there is a quotation from Shelley.

How was the first garden haunted? There was a ghost, a figure in gray. Annie saw it, but she was the seventh child of a seventh child, therefore clearly entitled to anything in the way of visions. The Duni saw it in the dusk. Although the Duni had served gallantly in the navy, had been drinking a glass of wine on the poop of his vessel when a cannonball broke the glass to atoms; though he had three silver medals in a glass case, when he saw the ghost rapping on an old door that had been walled up, he ran for his room and thanked his stars that it did not face the garden; but this garden was also haunted with memories and faces and children's voices. The ghost picked thyme as she wept and the Duni found a sprig of it in his tobacco pouch. John, the gardener, did not believe in "boggles: there's no such folk, for hoo could the critturs eat?"

A pathetic romance is told in "The Old Fashioned Garden," the story of Lady Mary and Leslie Sinclair—their death suddenly on the purple moors: a story of an old feud between their parents. "Whose plants sage in his garden shall never die; not that Lady Mary wanted that; life beyond the grave held more for her than life on the hither side would ever yield, and she wearied sometimes to be gone"; but there was her garden, and the Rev. Ajax Smith was always ready to talk with her about flowers and indulge in hopes, which she soon dispelled. "She remembered the sunshine and the calm of stones by which she and Leslie and the two collie dogs had stood. Not all the gardens in Christendom could comfort her that summer's day." Yet the Rev. Ajax had been wondering how a man could marry on £120 a year, and he told Lady Mary, "My looks aren't the sort to improve with age." He might have aided her in planning her dial of flowers whereby those who knew might learn the time of day.

The "Poor Man's Garden" made an appeal to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, though he once told us only wild flowers came from the sandy soil at Clamport. He could not afford clay beds, nor had he time to steal from the sociological researches that have given him international fame. He once had a little patch where corn and a few vegetables gave promise until the cow of a Portuguese strayed that way. Mrs. Johnson, the cottager known to "Handasyde," was more fortunate with her cabbages, potatoes, leeks, laburnums, appleingie, mauve rockets. She would have planted on her mother's grave a weeping willow or some "ither decent tree, but Mary-annie, she that's marrit to ma brither Weellum, got there first and what did the hissie dae but plant daffodils all o'er the mound." Other gardens of the poor show that the only gardener is Nature; the last garden for him takes up only six feet of ground; primroses and cuckoo flowers with grass waving above his head—common flowers smelling sweeter than any wreath of exotics left to wither on a manorial grave.

The "Rich Man's Garden." We see the guest undergoing the ordeal known as the walk of the proprietor; gardens that should be all gold, the pride of Baudelaire's metallic landscape. One would like to see the garden of rich John Hardress, who valued privacy before anything else. His gardens were not a show place though the fame of them was spread abroad. Even the wall fruit stood ankle-deep in flowers. And in these gardens there was pleasant talk between Hardress and Eveina as they sat or walked between the flower beds. Even the intruders, Lady Wrench, Louisa, and "that little beast Albert Gate," disturbed them for only a few minutes.

Here we are forgetting Mr. William's "Old Stag." We must read it at once. Yes, as the good old Turk said to Candida, work keeps at bay three great evils: boredom, vice and need. We'll answer questions propounded by Mr. Johnson or by any other contributor: "Tis well said, but we must cultivate our gardens."

That brilliant singer Madame Galli-Curci read and digested the 32 volumes of Swedenborg in a single summer season, a "stupendous feat," as Mr. C. W. Barron justly says in his interesting article "Galli-Curci swayed by Swedish Genius."

And so she is in tune with the Infinite even when she is not in tune with the orchestral pitch.

A newspaper column is not the more entertaining when a contributor addresses it as a "colyum" and its editor as "Ye Editor."

There are Englishmen who still speak contemptuously of the "American" language. Yet they are protesting against their Admiralty barring the word "sailor," for one read recently of an attack by "Three naval ratings" on a Danish Communist in Copenhagen. Americans have not yet condemned the words "sailor" or "seaman." Thomas Campbell wrote a stirring poem "Ye Mariners of England" and in the fourth verse spoke of "ocean-warriors." Suppose he had begun "Ye naval ratings of England, That guard our native seas."

Some one should compile an anthology of verses revised to suit modern taste, then we would have in "The Burial of Sir John Moore":
"No useless 'casket' enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him."

As yet, the annual sea-serpent with a head shaped like a barrel, hissing as he swims with terrific speed off Nahant, has not made his appearance, nor do we find in the newspapers appalling stories about the deadly fly in the kitchen or on the dinner table. Probably the serpent and the malignant fly are waiting for warmer weather.

The College of Pestology in England has made this announcement: "We have a gold medal for the presentation to the person who composes the best essay on how to kill the house fly." Lucio of the Manchester Guardian, reading the announcement, was thus inspired:

AN ADDITION TO THE HONOR LIST

"What did you do for that medal, daddy?

The medal that hangs on your chest?
Did you win it in youth as a soder-ladie

With your blade at the foeman's breast?
Or was it at sea with the tempest roaring?

Did you save men's lives from the deep?
Or was it well earned when the flames were soaring

With the children upstairs, sir, asleep?
"Or was it a mark of admiring clamor,
And the sportsman's approving shout?

Did you get it, daddy, for throwing the hammer,
Or scoring a hundred not out?
Oh, tell me at once how you came to inherit

That emblem of valor or sport,
For a medal like that, sir, it must mean merit
Of a very unusual sort!"

"My son, you do well to admire the possessor

Of a trophy so rich and refined—
It proves that your parent was once a professor

Of courage and culture combined;
To learning it certainly testifies loudly,
Of valor 'tis also the prize—
I won this medal I wear so proudly
For an essay on swatting flies!"

"GOLDEN THOUGHT" FOR SUNDAY

We parsons are a bit apt to judge people's religion by the degree of docility with which they listen to our outpourings.—The Rev. E. S. Woods.

HEALTH AND WATCHES

As the World Waits:

Don't lose faith in the truthfulness of your friend who tells you that his watch loses time when he loses "pep"; this phenomenon has a mechanical causation.

Notice that a watch winds much easier at the start of winding than at the finish, because the steel mainspring offers a much stouter resistance to the winder's fingers as it is being coiled tighter and tighter in its little barrel; inversely, the uncoiling spring gives a much stronger impulse to the other wheels and things when wound up tightly than when nearly run down. As a result the watch tends to gain when first wound and to slow down as the spring unwinds. Watchmakers regulate it to average between the extremes and perform correctly from day to day, if fully wound about the same time every day.

When your friend doesn't feel well he doesn't wind his watch with habit-

July 3 1927

Handel's oratorio, "Belshazzar," was performed as an opera at Breslau on May 22. The production was in a "modern stylized" manner, whatever that may mean. There were 500 on the stage, including soloists, chorus and ballet.

We note this performance, for when "Belshazzar" was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, the finest chorus in the oratorio, the Bacchanalian chorus, was omitted; the directors of the society would not sing in praise of wine. And this was long before the passing of the Volstead act!

"Belshazzar the King made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand." What a superb sentence! No wonder it excited the admiration of De Quincey, the flaming rhetorician.

"They brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the King and his princes, his wives and his concubines, drank in them. They drank wine and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone."

Did the concubines form the ballet at Breslau? Did the scene of the handwriting on the wall strike terror to the audience? "Then the King's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another."

A great subject for a one-act opera. Perhaps Richard Strauss might have been tempted if there had been a neurotic woman in the story; but the Queen appears only to recommend Daniel as a justly famous interpreter of dreams. Strauss might have made much of the astrologers, Chaldeans and soothsayers who were unable to read the writing, as he did with the chattering, disputing Jews in "Salome."

Did the fingers of a man's hand at Breslau come forth from the air or from the plaster, or did they merely appear? For learned commentators on the Book of Daniel have discussed this matter with commendable ingenuity.

Tales by Edgar Allan Poe have inspired composers of music; symphonic poems, "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Masque of the Red Death," "Silence." Mr. Roger Sessions is writing music for Mr. Frederick Day's play, "The Fall of the House of Usher."

Debussy had in mind two operas, "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Devil in the Belfry"; he made sketches for them. The latter subject was thought by some unpromising, but Debussy liked it. He told his friends that the music would be in a very different manner from that of "Pelleas and Melisande."

The subject has been utilized as a ballet with music by D. E. Inghelbrecht. The production was at the Paris Opera last month. While, according to reports, there are charming passages in the score, there's not sufficient contrast in the action between the dull and conventional life of the Dutch villagers and the frenzy that followed the arrival of the little man in black. Figaro described the music as a "superb mosaic," but without sufficient movement until the finale, a Bacchanale, "the finest, liveliest, most expressive" portion of the work.

Will ballet finally drive out opera? Young and even old composers seem to be attracted by the dance form. Gustav Holst's latest work is a choral ballet, "The Morning of the Year." London critics say it is "very nearly a perfect art form."

Alice Delysia, believing that 50 years hence playgoers will be unable to enjoy the form of the theatrical productions of today, thinks that the revue is passing; that it will be superseded by cabaret which is evolving from the revue itself, the cabaret with its peculiar spirit of intimacy with the audience in closer contrast with the singers and dancers.

Mr. Booth's book, "Old Pink 'Un Days," abounds in anecdotes. Here are two stories of the theatre.

"Is it true," said an interviewer to Tree, on a not-too successful American tour, "that you've decided to cut out the Shakespeare shows and appear in vaudeville?" "In vaudeville?" murmured Tree, "No, no, in Louisville."

When a critic told Sarah Bernhardt that her hair and teeth were false, she let her hair down and cried: "Pule it! Is it real or not?" And then she bit his fingers, asking in triumph: "Are my teeth false?"

St. John Ervine saw "The Garden of Eden," adapted by Avery Hopwood from the German of "Berrauer and Oesterreicher." Mr. Ervine ended his review as follows:

"I have written at length about this play because I consider it symptomatic of a dull foulness that has become too common in the theatre. This play illuminates nothing; there is no veracity in it; it is vulgar in its virtue as in its vice; and it offers an ideal of life to young and feeble imaginations which is mean and contemptible. It is the kind of play that ought not to be written or performed."

We infer from this that Mr. Ervine did not like "The Garden of Eden."

Myra Hess and Harold Samuel played piano duets in London last month. These pianists have appeared in Boston, but not together. The Times did not take their duet playing too seriously.

"The chief danger of pianoforte duets is that the players are apt to allow themselves to be 'carried away' by each other and resort in their excitement to mere thumping on the instrument. . . . We fancy that it was Mr. Samuel who trilled his coat tail, and Miss Hess who could not resist the temptation of putting a foot on it."

When a reporter in London called on Mme. Nazimova she said to him "I suppose that I shall be expected to tell you all about my tempestuous temperament. But really, I'm not an emotional actress. I'm a character actress."

To the Editor of The Herald.

I find in my scrapbooks two references to Lingard. One article, headed "Singers Made Famous Through One Song," says of him: "Two generations ago William Horace Lingard, an admirable comedian, secured his position in theatrical history by singing the popular song of the day 'Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.' This is an absolute instance of the song making the singer."

The other article, headed "Famous Through Songs," says: "Contemporaneous with Harding was the equally well known singer Lingard. He attained celebrity through his character songs, his principal successes being 'Champagne Charlie' and 'Captain Jinks.' Such an impression did Lingard make upon the public mind that even now, after the lapse of 30 years (?) or more 'Captain Jinks' can in fancy be seen parading down Broadway and the inebriate figure of 'Champagne Charlie' still stands out on the records of truly boasting of his capacity for alcoholic stimulants."

Mr. Spaeth, I think, in "Read'em and Weep" mentions Lingard, or possibly it is "Champagne Charlie." He is wrong when he says "Leybourne sang in the 90's."

ROBERT E. MAY.

Beachmont.

"Champagne Charlie" was never one of Lingard's great songs. Leybourne was the music hall singer that first made the song famous, but when he and others later sang it Charlie was not represented as "inebriated." Leybourne cut a dashing figure for a time in London; dressed and lived extravagantly and was the idol of Johnnies of the day. Lingard used to sing "Walking Down Broadway," "On the Beach at Long Branch" and other songs in which English streets and places were changed for the American public. Did any of our readers ever hear an English "serio-comic" singer, Charles Edward Dunbar, who visited this country in the 70's? He used to sing "Wait Till the Moonlight Shines on the Water" and

"Walking on the Strand one day,
Smoking my cigar,
There I met my Nelly love
Waiting at Temple Bar."

We doubt if he ever was tolerated in a first class music hall of London. We heard him in New Haven, Ct., and still see his greasy hair and vulgar wink; we still hear his booming voice. We were young then and as beer was served in the hall, we thought we were seeing life.

The Oxonian in the Saturday Review of Literature has hit upon an ingenious way of advertising books. Here is an example:

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude,
Who borrowed 'Eighteenth Century Verse'
And left me all forlorn.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly."

P. H.

ual vigor. His fingers are not so strong and his watch feels wound up before it is; he has left off the few last coils that give the greatest impulse. The average is upset on the gaining side and the timepiece loses time.

It is simple when one remembers that a watch gets its energy not from burning coal or falling water, but from the owner's fingers.

GEORGE F. POUTASSE.

Wayland.

As the World Wags:

Mary Robert Rinehart's hero in her new story, "Lost Ecstasy," sings:

"I am a lonesome cowboy,
I am a lonesome cowboy,
I am a lonesome cowboy,
A long way from home,
in the first installment, in a "fair barytone." Later in the story he sings the same song in "a clear but slightly inarticulate tenor." G. A. E.

Portland, Me.

(This cowboy had probably changed his vocal teacher between installments of the story. The new teacher had said: "You are all wrong; you're a tenor, not a barytone. It's lucky for you, you came to me before it's too late." And remember, G. A. E., that Jean de Reszke began his career as a barytone.—Ed.)

As the World Wags:

A Scotchman had an automobile. What worried the Scotchman more than anything else was the amount of gasoline his automobile used. One day he went to his little garage in the back yard, took the cap off the tank of his car, and squinted inside . . . but it was too dark—he couldn't see a thing. Now, the Scotchman was very anxious to know how much gasoline he had, so he lighted a match to have a little look. Accidentally the match dropped into the tank. "Weel, wouldn't that twist yer whiskers!" hooted the Scotchman in dismay, as he peered after the lighted match. "She empty again!" ORACLE.

The English vied with the French in their enthusiastic welcome of Capt. Lindbergh. Now that the shouting is nearly over, an article published in the Daily Chronicle of London is not without sound sense.

"If you ask any flying man what he thinks of the Lindbergh reception in America he will tell you it is not only rather absurd, but rather dangerous. This is not jealousy. All flying men

have a great admiration for Lindbergh's feat, and for the sensible way he has carried himself throughout his triumph. But they think, and no doubt he thinks, too, that such exaggerated public excitement tends to attract towards aviation persons whose interest in it is purely 'stunt-ish' and who will attempt perilous adventures for what they hope to get out of them. Lindbergh's own query, 'Do I really deserve all this?' shows what is his own feeling in the matter."

T. P. O'Connor, who shook hands with Lindbergh, found his manner delightful; he was so modest, so unselfconscious. "He gave me one disappointment. I expressed a hope that there was something Irish in his family. He said 'Yes,' with great delight; but judge of my feelings when he immediately added: 'One of my grandmothers was born in the Isle of Man.'"

WILLIE AND UNCLE CYRUS

(For As the World Wags)

Willie—Uncle Cyrus, when I grow up I want to get married.

Uncle Cyrus (reproachfully)—Don't talk that way, Willie, when I have a hammer in my hand.

Willie—Do you like being married, Uncle?

Uncle Cyrus (nervously)—Where is your Aunt Hetty?

Willie—I am not sure just where she is now.

Uncle Cyrus—In that case I will not answer at present.

Willie—Oh, please, uncle, just give me some idea.

Uncle Cyrus—Well, when I was your age I thought I should like it.

Willie—But you will let me get married sometime, won't you?

Uncle Cyrus—Perhaps, but before I do I may take you down to the beach and let you play with a big octopus.

Willie—Oh, goody, goody, uncle; you do think of such nice things. What is an octopus?

Uncle Cyrus—Octopuses and marriages almost defy description. Please do not press the question. You would never believe me.

Willie (pouting)—Uncle Cyrus, you are making fun of me.

Uncle Cyrus—No, indeed! Socrates had his Xantippe and he was one of the wisest, too. It is no joking matter. When she doused him with suds all he said was, "It usually rains after it thunders."

Willie—I fear I have much to learn. But do tell me if you like marriage.

Uncle Cyrus—Hush, Willie, I hear your Aunt Hetty coming.

ES L. EDWARDS.

ADD "INSTANCES OF GRATITUDE"

As the World Wags:

There was great excitement on Clyde-side. A small boy who had fallen into the water had been rescued by a passer-by. As soon as the father of the lad came on the scene he sought out the hero and without a word of thanks demanded of him roughly: "Whaur's his bunnet?" LOOKER ON.

THE NEW MYTHOLOGY

As the World Wags:

There once lived a boss who did not begin to dictate to his stenographer at 5 P. M.

AN UNPREFERRED BRUNETTE.

As the World Wags:

Once a young man undertook to raise a mustachio and no one said, "Lookit th' misplaced eyebrow."

GEORGE THE RED MAN.

As the World Wags:

From Philadelphia comes the statement that out of every 400 prescriptions for medicinal liquor, four are bona fide. I hadn't any idea the percentage was so large; had you? JAZBO.

Does any one second the nomination of Mr. Harry Aftergut of Los Angeles for the Herald's Hall of Fame?

As the World Wags:

I saw them in the hotel lobby. She impressed me at once as the very personification of the most princely patrician noblesse. Beyond the shadow of a doubt she was of the "intelligentsia" and of aristocratic forbears. There was something regal about her finely-chiseled features, the pale blue veins, and in her eyes was a glint of authority. But her husband—what a contrast! The florid cheeks and plebeian chin were undulating in disgusting rhythm. He was chewing gum! he, her husband, openly, brazenly! Chewing gum! What travesty! What—But my philosophical ratiocinations ended with a jolt. She also was chewing gum.

OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

(Doesn't George Meredith in one of his novels speak of husband and wife defying the world with mutual onion?—Ed.)

THE CHERRY-WIFE

It wasn't me he married, but my orchard;

And so I keep him tinkling at the bell From the first glint of daylight until sunset,

To scare the birds, and serve him out as well.

The birds in June are mighty early risers:

And he must rise with them if he would sell

A single cherry: and, on rainy mornings,

How I lie chuckling at the tinkling bell! WILFRID GIBSON.

It is said apropos of Arthur Aspinwall's "Lord Brougham and the Whig Party," that Brougham was "a somewhat ridiculous figure; and between his conceit and his nose was the joy of the satirists and caricaturists throughout his life." It is strange that there is no mention of his remarkable trousers pictured with fiendish glee by Punch.

Foreign visitors in Washington have been shocked by the sight of senators and congressmen spitting, and not always with unerring accuracy, into spittoons. Hatherton's Diary, in 1844, tells of Brougham sitting on the Woolsack, "frequently spitting between his legs on the fine carpet of the House and rubbing it in with his feet—his common practice."

FOR OUR CONTRIBUTOR OBSERVER

As the World Wags:

From Messrs. Funk & Wagnall's we can now "learn to swim like Prof. Davis Dalton swam the English channel; like Prof. D. D. swam in winning 148 medals of honor; like Prof. D. D. swam in saving 278 human lives."

"Observer" can do as he likes about this.

"Two school teachers wish positions for the summer. . . Will go together or separate. Would consider anything at all during summer months."

May I suggest summer school? Stoneham.

EASTERN ESAU.

"Captain Salvation," a screen drama adapted from the novel of Frederick William Wallace, directed by John S. Robertson and presented at the State Theatre this week with the following cast:

Anson Campbell Lars Hanson
Mary Phillips Marceline Day
Bess Morgan Pauline Starke
Captain Ernest Torrence
Zeke Crosby George Fawcett
Peter Campbell Sam de Grasse

A good sea-going melodrama is fine for the soul once in a while even when

it isn't "Captain Salvation" but in this picture an excellent cast and clever direction keep the drama at the right stage of mellowness to be keenly appreciating.

COMEDY AT KEITH'S

Marion Wilkins Pleases with Dancing Act

All the song and dance teams quick-change artists, and ukelele cowboys join forces for the final act at Keith's this week and put on a miniature musical comedy. The music, book, and lyrics of this tabloid affair were written by Billy Dale, who also appears before each act in chef's cap to announce the next course on the menu.

"Gossips of 1927" is the name shared by all players in a bill which appealed to the audience by its spontaneity and unexpected qualities. Billy Dale, "Baron" Emerson and others have rowing commissions, and pepper the show with amusing one-minute skits and impersonations here and there.

After the Aesop's Fables and humorous topic films, the boyish Marjorie Moore and her girls' jazz band take the stage, Mis Moore winning out with youthful charm and supple acrobatic dancing. Emerson and Baldwin do a weird simpleton act, and Casey and Warren ring the changes on a jewelry oldup act. Jack Hewitt and Fred Hall's song act would have gone well even if they were not Boston natives and favorites.

Best of all was the fantastic and highly individual dancing of Marion Wilkins, who has something of the Fiji Islander and something of Alla Nazimova in her mannerisms and stage disposition. Slender and smiling and equipped with a face which is pleasingly different rather than pretty, she covets with a frantic and angular abandon which seems to be all her own. Hibbitt and Hartman have a hard-boiled act of a henpecked husband, and the round of gay and dizzy foolishness draws to a close with the Paris Night club "junior musical comedy." H. F. M.

'MAN POWER' AT THE METROPOLITAN

The program at the Metropolitan Theatre has been growing better and more pretentious each week. Now comes the first of the Andre Charlot revues called "The Peddler," done after the manner of the continental ballets. Perhaps it is just as well that one is unable to understand the peddler who does the prologue and then is obligingly overcome by sleep because when the curtain reveals the color and action of the dance puppets, one is greatly intrigued.

The revue is delightful. The dancing far exceeds the usual ballet and then there is Hank, an expressive creature who might have been inspired by Sir James Barrie. It isn't alone his ears, his eyes or his hip bones that make him such a poetic and enjoyable being but a co-ordination of his whole self. Hank is a personation of a small donkey among the puppets.

The toy policeman is good, the wooden dolls as joyously fantastic as the march of the wooden soldiers of some years ago, and the whole is staged with the delicate genius that characterizes most of the work of Andre Charlot. One feels that they should purchase a half a dozen hats and take them all off to the Paramount organization if they are going to give this kind of entertainment often.

It is quite natural that the rest of the entertainment would be overshadowed by this exquisite revue. Gene Rodemich has built up his own offering by a troupe of comedy dancers, some good instrumental jazz music and an elaborate finale.

The film is "Man Power" with Richard Dix as the star and Mary Brian as the power. It is good "movie" matter in spite of its obviousness, and uses most of the thriller tactics that have made the screen what it is today. The photography is worthy a more serious picture.

One can imagine the press sheet that will be sent out in behalf of "Man Power." It will perhaps read something like this: Richard Dix in one of his manly roles so beloved by the American public—and that is the story. Dix, as an ex-captain of the tank corps, "takes a trip in his private car with some companions," but at the railroad crossing of a small California town he sees Mary Brian.

He immediately establishes a perma-

ent address and saves Mary's father from failure by finding out what is wrong with the half a million dollars worth of tractors his factory had built. There is a rainy Christmas eve, and an impending dam catastrophe to keep things exciting.

C. M. D.

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Twinkle Twinkle," Louis Werba's lively musical comedy of summer calibre starring Joe E. Brown, Nancy Welford and Flo Lewis are featured. Fourth week.

TREMENT—(film), "The King of Kings," Cecil de Mille's biblical production dealing with the last two years in the life of Christ. Fourth week.

PARK—"The Cat and the Canary," thrilling mystery play revived. Fifth week.

SALLY O'NEIL AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

"White Way Gaieties" Head Vaudeville Bill

Sally O'Neil gives an amusing portrayal of a jazz-mad Jewish colleen in "Frisco Sally Levy," now being shown for the first time in Boston at Loew's Orpheum theatre.

With a Jewish father and an Irish mother, Sally does her best to uphold the traditions of both races. But her task is a hard one. In searching for romance and adventure, she is involved in many thrilling and humorous escapades which make her a storm centre in her Irish-Jewish family. To further tangle the plot she has suitors of both races.

However, all this pleases the audience, for comedy is the keynote of "Frisco Sally Levy." The direction by William Beaudine is very good and the cast, besides Miss O'Neil, includes Roy D'Arcy, Charles Delaney, Kate Price and Tenen Holtz.

"All Aboard," at the Washington Street Olympia this week is Johnny Hines in his latest and best. Johnny has surpassed himself in this comedy. The story is unusual for a comedy production. It seems to get somewhere and each gag and laugh sequence helps it merrily on its way without retarding the action for a moment.

The comedian has surrounded himself with an admirable cast including Edna Murphy who scores a success as the heroine, with Dor Farley and the oversized Babe London sharing in a number of uproarious scenes. For villains there are Frank Hagney and Sojin. Much credit is due the director, Charles Hines, the comedian's brother, and C. C. Burr, producer.

Another horror of the American invasion of England. The college yell of University College, Exeter, which greeted the Prince of Wales: "Delafar, Spragafar, Kikofar, Ewara, Poy, Poy, Poy and the Coll," moved one London editor to violent protest. "For very small children such gibberish might be suitable but to hear it shouted by young men makes me feel as I do when I see a 'grown-up' in Boy Scout uniform."

The editor was taken to task for saying: "This is the first of its kind in this country so far as I am aware."

Mr. Noel Treavett wrote in reply that it hurt him to see the practice ascribed to American influence. "Cardiff, my old college, has for years given vent to its feelings with a yell which starts with an imitation of a rocket, repeated three times. Then come the following words:—

Cardiff-ee, Cardiff-ee,
Cymru-o, Cymru-o,
Cardiff-ee, Cardiff-ee,
Cymru-o, Cymru-o,
Bant a hi, bant a hi,
Nawr te, nawr te,
Hip-ray, hip-ray, hip-ray,
Hurrah!

Aberystwyth, Swansea and Bangor, the other constituent colleges of the University of Wales, each have their

respective yells, and there is one for the University as a whole also.

"In many inter-university matches I have heard yells from several other of the provincial colleges, and have no doubt that they exist in all."

OUR FRIEND THE PSYCHOANALYST

(N. Y. Medley)

"Well," said the bearded physician, "I find that you are suffering from an assorted crop of suppressed desires. You are also the fortunate possessor of three types of complex: Superior, inferior, and ulterior. Your thyroid gland is slightly out of focus, while neurologically your reactions are very poor. I find definite traces of dual personality and chronic melancholia. You live in a dream world and are mixed up in five or six interlocking personalities. I think you are perfectly safe. Go ahead. No jury will convict you."

"Thanks, Doc," gratefully answered Hamlet. "Do you know where I can have a dagger sharpened?"

"Bearded" physician? A good many years ago your doctors grew beards thinking luxuriant whiskerage would impress patients and lead them to see in the doctor a reservoir of medical wisdom and long experience. How many physicians in Boston today sport a full beard? There is a dispute in England over the question whether a picture of "a typical English farmer" illustrating an article on the crisis in agriculture and showing a man with bushy whiskers, is "typical." The majority say it is not. Some farmers have a moustache, most are clean shaven. "It is rather hard on farmers to represent them as being still enslaved by the face-fin fashion of 40 years ago."—Ed.]

YOU AND I

(For As the World Wags)

One warm June night through an open window, outside were branches waving

Like lovely ladies' plumes on Sunday, Silhouetted against a full white moon the quivering leaves formed patterns

Of rare Chung lace; A lonely church spire towards heaven reaching

Seemed timidly asking for companionship of moonbeams, too—

While we embraced contentedness, these our only chaperon Did guard us in our love.

V. M. E.

AND NO ONE SAID: "GOD BLESS YOU!"

(Saltville, Va., Press)

I. B. Perry of Marion was brought to the Abington Hospital last Friday and had his right leg removed Tuesday. Mr. Perry sneezed while lying on a couch in his room and broke his leg.

LEST WE FORGET

As the World Wags:

In a courtroom said a lawyer to Mrs. Augusta Flynn: "You've had four husbands, haven't you?" "No," replied the lady, "only three." "WHAT!" shouted the lawyer, "weren't you married in 1921 to Mr. G. R. Root?" "Oh!" exclaimed Gussie, with a little gasp of dismay, "I forgot him," and smiling ingratiatingly, she supplemented: "You see, I only lived with him a few months."

I ask you, Sir, what chance has even a lawyer got with a dame like that? She's the type of woman who could look around on the way home from a Sunday School picnic and say: "I wonder if I left any of the children lying around in the bottom of the bathing pool? They're liable to catch their death of cold."

JAZBO.

A BUNCH OF ROSES

A bunch of roses,
Gay and red,
Hear them whisper
Beside your bed.

They're telling secrets
That they know
For secrets gather
Where roses grow.

I've seen some lovers,
Once on a lane;
Says one, so wise
In love's old game.

I've known a rose,
Says one much older;
Who lived for a night
On a lady's shoulder.

But here's a bud.

It died as you slept.
I wonder what secret
It has kept.

KEEPER OF THE STARS

As the World Wags:

A prohibition enforcement officer admits torturing a man by twisting a towel tightly about his head to force

a confession of liquor law violation. Well, the twisting towel idea is good, but they did those things so much better several hundred years ago. Let's see: There was the Iron Maiden, the red hot pinchers, the thumb-screw, the rack, and the chair under which a bed of glowing charcoal was placed. Prohibition enforcement officials who resort to torture ought to be able to get a lot of new and novel ideas out of this list.

R. H. L.

[Then there were the Scottish boots, the strappado, the torture by water. As for the Nuremberg Maiden, a London reviewer of Frank C. Rimington's "Motor Rambles in Central Europe," writes: "Like many other travelers he (Mr. Rimington) is prepared to swallow the Nuremberg Maiden whole. It is time that this lady was put in her place as a museum freak, the horrid figment of someone's diseased imagination. The maiden formed no part of the administration of criminal justice, and was probably never used at all." There was another "maiden," a sort of prototype of the later guillotine. James Douglas, Earl of Morton, who is believed to have introduced the "Maiden" into Scotland, was beheaded by it in 1581. It seems to us that prohibition officers would apply with a peculiar zest the torture by water.—Ed.]

Many are deterred from reading good novels by the slow pace of the introduction. In our youth we hurried over the opening chapter or chapters that were so dear to Sir Walter Scott. Our fathers grew tired of the solitary or two solitary horsemen of G. P. R.-James. Balzac's architectural, genealogical, sociological, historical, philosophical openings are a stumbling block to the lazy or superficial reader. On the other hand stands out the conversational opening of which the famous request of the Duchess is a shining example. Suppose one picks up a book and begins:

"On the foggy afternoon of Nov. 15, 1921, John Leadbetter, the wealthy banker, was found dead in the library of his sumptuous mansion in Montague square. He had been shot in the head. Windows and doors were locked on the inside. No report of a pistol was heard by those in the next room or by the servants passing through the hall. Mr. Leadbetter had entered the library an hour before luncheon. When the servants broke into the room at 2 P. M. everything seemed in order. No pistol was found by them or by the police when they were summoned."

Who would not go on reading through curiosity?

Two stories of adventure, "The Brethren of the Axe," by John Somers, and "Vanneck," by Robert Grant (not Judge Robert Grant), published by E. P. Dutton and Company begin in an alluring manner. Note the title of Mr. Somers's novel: "Brethren of the Axe." Is it a story of mediaeval days: are headsmen the heroes or villains? The first chapter is headed "The Glass of Vermouth," and here is the opening sentence: "I owe my life to the clumsiness of a waiter at Florian's, who lacked the grace to apologize for having saved it." The reader at once knows that the villain of the story will not triumph in the end, for the narrator lives to tell the tale; but at the bottom of the first page, he learns that this narrator, looking in a mirror of the Venetian cafe, saw a strange sight: "A brown, slim-fingered hand was filling the contents of a small bottle into my glass of vermouth." The shirt cuff of the extended arm was ornamented with sleeve links of emeralds set in a gold trefoil. Why should any one in Venice attempt to poison an Englishman of the secret service passing under the name of Henry Cartwright, a Liverpool merchant? What was the detective doing in the city? Why was Signor Guardino, a prominent Socialist and an enemy of Fascism, stabbed to the heart as he was leaving the Milan cathedral after attending high mass? (Page 5). It is true he had received a warning letter signed by a rubber stamp which showed a licitor's axe and rods within a circle on which was the words: "Fratelli del Fascio." And why, on page 6, does the author introduce a news dispatch from Montenegro? When Henry left London he said to his chief, that he supposed reports from X23 would be forwarded to him; to which the chief quietly replied: "X23 has sent in his last report. He was found dead in his bed with his throat cut the day before yesterday." And all this is in the first chapter.

Enter the admirable Count Alessandro Rocca. Is he a patriot? Is he with Henry Merchant or a plausible plotter against him and Fascism? He was at least a delightful companion when he chose: enthusiastic over Pirandello, who

claims that truth is merely a creation of our brains. The count hopes to marry the rich American woman, Miss Della Kidder. "Her teeth are good. That is a sign of virtue, you know, so naturally they all have that."

Then the wild adventures begin. Henry, escaping a knife thrust from a organ grinder with a wooden leg and a monkey; Henry, disguised at Rocca's request as a fisherman; a man, mistaken for Henry, stabbed in Henry's room. No. 31 at the hotel; strange doings on the vessel Sant' Ilario; cases of smuggled arms; forged letters and instructions; a curious envelope; disguises without end; Henry spying in "The House of the Enemy" and feigning madness in the Piazza; the Lagoon of the Seven Corpses; the escape in the night; the rushing motor car race with the expected tragic ending; Rocca enigmatical to the last: "Tell Queenie dead men can love as well as living ones." Was Rocca a friend in 1917 or an enemy in 1926? At any rate, the peace of the world was assured by Henry's courage; assured for the time being. Unlike many "exciting" stories this one is well written; the incidents have logical connection; there are not too many sudden leaps into the improbable or the impossible.

"Vanneck" is a story of a young Englishman of good birth, given to the races, an inveterate borrower. His father, Sir Girvan Campbell, at last refuses to help James, who, desperate, allows himself to be sent to Alexandria as an agent for a mercantile firm.

"My passport for Alexandria is all right," said James Campbell, perching himself on the fender seat. "What happens when I get there?"

Many things happened. His friend Sam Leap thought James might advance the sale of kilts for the African market. "Think how interesting it is to make people buy things in large quantities, things which quite likely they don't really want at all." James might be able to pay the money lender.

On the steamer he falls in love with Miss Doris Bell, and dislikes at first sight Senor Don Diego de Peron of Montemoreno, a handsome fellow even if his slushed black hair, coming low on his cheeks, produced a whiskered effect; even if he sported a canary-colored handkerchief of great richness in his breast pocket; even if at breakfast he attacked his teeth with a powerful weapon and with his left hand in front of his mouth displayed a headlight diamond ring. But James was attracted to an American, one Vanneck. Vanneck was worth while; a staunch friend; an "amoozin cuss." He also disliked Don Diego, as he saw him on deck in patent leather boots with cloth tops, and a black felt hat with a low crown and stiff wide brim set at an angle on his head. "A revolting object. Probably never had a bath." Yet he reminded Miss Doris of Seville, toreadors and Carmen.

Vanneck was in search of curiosities for Morgan's Mammoth Moving Museum, and was prepared to pay \$10,000 to anyone who could prove that "Alkol Media" would not grow hair after death.

If "Brethren of the Axe" is red-hot melodrama of the better sort, "Vanneck" is written more in farce-comedy vein, with a light touch, whether the chapters are of love, adventure, racing or thwarted villainy, with Vanneck the saving angel and Sir Girvan a relenting, yes approving father in the end. For in spite of James's blunders and follies when he was first in Egypt, he succeeded there in selling 20,000 men's hats for \$35 a hundred; he had received information that every male in the Turkish empire would be compelled by law to wear hats. Mr. Grant does not force the jocose note, though he has a lively sense of humor.

FOR WARM WEATHER

(Bulletin board at Camp Lewis, Washington.)

II. MEDALS TO BE WORN WITH UNIFORM

Uniform with medals will be worn at reception for Maj.-Gen. John L. Hines. Trousers optional.

FROM THE VIRGINIA REEL

Cop: Who was driving when you hit that car?

Drunk (triumphantly): None of us; we was all on th' back seat!

Mrs. Francis Hueffer, who died recently, was considered a great beauty in her youth and not only by the Pre-Raphaelites. "During her last illness she used to lie just under a picture of her husband and of herself at the age of 20, which was painted by Alma Tadema and given to them for a wedding present. It showed her a beautiful girl with blue eyes and a dazzlingly fair complexion."

We knew a woman in Boston, who,

coming from another city, was a reigning beauty 40 years ago. Her portrait, full length, was then painted by a great master of the art. A few years ago, showing the portrait to a visitor, she gazed at it, silent, except for her sighs. Quantum mutata ab illa! Do posthumous admiration and praise make her forget for a moment the puffed eyelids and crumbling chin of today? Should she hide her former face and figure with a mourning veil? Or should she laugh gaily and say: "That's the way I used to be. Look at me now!"

There should be in every house a mortuary chamber for family portraits, pastels, black and whites, miniatures, photographs, tints, silhouettes. Why should guests be afflicted by the sight of Mr. and Mrs. Jeroboam Dickinson, a cardboard couple, soaked in oil? Uncle Amos was no doubt a grand old man in the Sixties, respected, envied for his farm and bank account, pointed out to strangers as he walked with squeaking shoes down the broad aisle to his pew beneath the high pulpit; but now his whiskerage, fiery on the wall over the left hand low bookcase, makes little children laugh.

We respectfully submit that framed photographs of Dad and M-m-m-ther, Sister Sue and dear Brother Ike have no place in the drawing room, reception room, dining rooms, library, bed rooms for guests, not even when the photographs, taken by talented amateurs, friends or members of the family, are well high unrecognizable.

THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS

(American hotel keepers say that Englishmen make a lot of noise about the bath, but do little else.)

I stay at the Walledoff Wistaria. Some forty-five floors from the street; It covers some acres in area.

With comforts the place is replete, But worn is the lino that covers the path From room eighteen-hundred-and-six to the bath.

To tell the attendant I'm coming, I fasten my door with a bang, Beguiling my journey by humming Some bolsheroos, militant twang, Rehearsing the song—they will hear it in Gath— That presently I shall declaim in the bath.

Omitting to turn on the water, I leap in the porcelain tub, Sing "Honor and arms," as if slaughter Were common as taking one's grub; I shatter the plaster and loosen the lath, Like any mere Englishman taking a bath.

—A. W. in the Daily Chronicle.

THE DOWNWARD PATH

Lucio read: "The news that these brave fliers called for beer caused me painful surprise" says Mrs. Ella Boole, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Lucio thought how easily one rash act leads to another. "A man begins by thoughtlessly flying the Atlantic and after that it is almost easy to walk into a public house. Messrs. Chamberlin and Levine should have been warned in advance not to let their daring lead them too far. But the outlook is not favorable. They began by heavily breaking the whole of the Sabbath by the very day which they chose for their flight; they followed this up by demanding beer on their arrival, and by this time they have probably been seen at several music halls and been caught trying to buy cigarettes after 8 o'clock at night."

This reminds one of De Quincey's ascending course in crime: "If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing, and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrustation. Once begun upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time."

"GOD HATES A QUITTER"

As the World Wags:
At Vlasina, in Russia, a gentleman 132 years of age has retired from active work, stating that 120 years of labor should be enough for any man.

JAZBO.

As the World Wags:

The motors for the Lindbergh plane, the Chamberlin plane, and the Byrd plan, all three of them, were designed and made by Charles L. Lawrence. He went to Groton School, and at a celebration at Christmas, 1896, some verses were written and read by W. A. G., one of the masters, in which were included the following:

"When Charlie Lawrence seems to work With singular devotion, It's not his Latin nor his French, Oh, no, he's got a notion. He's busy with the last details For crossing land and ocean On his new patent flying car Run by perpetual motion."

C. P. C., Jr.

Many readers of The Herald who enjoy the writings of "Snowshoe Al" (Mr. Albert J. Bromley) may like to know that he was recently married to Miss Gertrude Able.

OUR PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT

As the World Wags:

Let us walk along the Rue Royale. Oh, see the large and excited crowd of Americans on this side of the street all trying to enter that store at once. See their tongues are hanging out as though they were tortured by thirst. Let us ask this nice policeman what it's all about: "Gendarme, qu'est-ce que c'est?" Ah, monsieur, seulement les Americains a Maxim's! Yes, to be sure. Maxim's (Mox-EEMS)! During the dark days of the war what a pleasant change it was from the grim horrors of the trenches to come back to Maxim's and hurl the bartenders at the floor to see how high they would bounce! Those were, indeed, the days! But, remember Volstead! Let us be brave and pass on.

R. H. L.

As the World Wags:

To settle an argument, could any of your readers state or inform me of the capture of Geronimo? Did General Crook capture him? When and where did he die?

SAMUEL SMITH

[We are far from trustworthy books of reference. The only one at hand states that Geronimo, medicine man, prophet, warrior of the Chiricahuas, of the Apache, committed depredations on both sides of the Mexican border; that pursued at first by General Crook, he surrendered to General Miles in 1886; that he was taken as a prisoner of war to Florida, later to Fort Site, Oklahoma, where he died. He was born about 1834. Ed.]

"WHERE HAS EVERYONE GOTTEN HIS NAME FROM?"

("Bronx Ballads" by Robert A. Simon)
For Minzeheimer calls himself McGee Levi signs his checks as Robert E. Lee, Weinstein and I had an awful tilt: I forgot his name was Vanderbilt. And Rosenthal ain't Rosenthal no more.

Mr. Bliss Perry gave the title "The Heart of Emerson's Journals" to the volume of selections from them published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Some one suggested at the Porphyry that Mr. Perry might have chosen another organ, say the spleen or the liver. This quip sounded clever at the time but it will not bear close examination. Emerson certainly was not a splenic man; nor was he liverish. Our friend at the Porphyry evidently did not like some of Emerson's flings at institutions that are still cherished, regarded as almost sacred; he could not understand why Emerson did not show a warmer appreciation of Hawthorne, why he was in fact so cold in speaking of him as an author; how he could extol Carlyle's "Frederick the Great." Mr. Perry in his preface admits that some of Emerson's off-hand impressions of books and authors were shallow. Has not Emerson's anthology, "Parnassus," made many wonder at his choice, at his taste in poetry?

Is the Emerson of the journals always to be taken seriously? Did he not write from day to day whatever came into his head? He was not afraid of contradicting himself. If he wrote in 1832: "This year I have spent say \$20 in wine and liquors which are drunk up, and the drinkers are the worse. It would have bought a beautiful print that would have pleased for a century; or have paid a debt," he wrote in 1859: "I think wealth has lost much of its value, if it have not wine. I abstain from wine only on account of the expense."

He wrote in 1845 about commencement at Harvard: "I avoid the Stygian anniversaries at Cambridge, those hurrahs among the ghosts, those yellow, batlike, toothless meetings in memory of red cheeks, black hair and departed health"—one would think that Emerson was then 87 years old—he was only 41; if he then wrote as a Dismal Jemmy, in 1861 he remembered with delight his young days at college, the "delicious sensibility" of youth, but this memory was not tinged with melancholy. Nor did he avoid going to the jubilee of his college in 1836: "a noble and well-thought-of anniversary. . . I found my old friends the same; the same jokes pleased, the same straws tickled; the manhood and offices they brought hither today seemed masks; underneath we were still boys."

He could be inaccurate. In 1874, sojourning in Paris, he met "Henri" Taine, who sent him the next day his History of English Literature. Taine's name was Hippolyte Adolphe Taine. (As "Henri" we find him in the index.) But

We asked, apropos of a performance of "George Barnwell" in London, if any reader of The Herald had seen the play in Boston; we also asked the date of the last performance in this city, and said that Mr. Edgett of the Boston Evening Transcript or Mr. Kilby might know.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

The lure of your appeal in The Sunday Herald is irresistible. I find that the last performances of "George Barnwell" in Boston were given at the Boston Theatre on Nov. 21 and 23, 1861, with John McCullough in the leading part. Then, going backwards, there is a gap until Oct. 27, 1854, when it was given at the National Theatre.

Of course you understand that no dates of theatrical performances can be guaranteed, but to the best of my knowledge and belief these are accurate.

E. F. EDGETT.

Mr. George Arliss portrayed Paganini on the stage. The author of the drama based a romantic episode on what had actually happened. Now there is a musical comedy, "Paganini," with music by Franz Lehar. The plot seems to be a rather foolish one. As told by a London critic who was traveling in Germany, it runs somewhat as follows:

Paganini is heard fiddling in a garden "all by himself." This reminds one of a wheeze dear to "Hannibal" of Yale in the 70's. "Yes, gentlemen, this story would make you laugh if you were all alone, all by yourself, solitary, with no one near you, in the woods."

A Princess enters the garden and at once falls in love with him, notwithstanding the fact that she is well married. To have him near her she appoints him music director of her court. The Prince at last stops a concert at which Paganini was to be composer, fiddler, and lover. Paganini, whose feelings as an artist are cruelly hurt, goes away in a temper. For a reason known only to the librettist, the violinist is next seen in a den of cut-throats, but he is released and restored to the court, having played here and there a solo. These solos were played by what is known in theatrical slang as a "ghost" violinist, while the impersonator of Paganini made the appropriate motions.

No doubt there is a basis of truth in this story. In 1805 Paganini was engaged as solo violinist and teacher of the Princess Bacciochi at Lucca and there he sojourned until 1808. There were many legends about this strange man: how he murdered one of his mistresses and spent many years in a dungeon where as only the G string of his fiddle remained unbroken he gained incredible proficiency; that high born dames would bear him away to their castles, where he would fiddle in luxurious captivity. (In like manner a Parisian woman of high degree took the young Liszt to her castle, chateau, or villa, where he had opportunity to gain fluency in the French language). We believe Paganini finally married a singer, Antonia Bianchi. At any rate he had a son, Achille, by her, and to him he bequeathed a sum equivalent to \$375,000.

In the play for Mr. Arliss Paganini was represented as madi in love with an English girl, but his intentions were strictly honorable.

Mr. R. F. Hunter in a letter to The Herald gives an interesting account of the career of Elizabeth Hunter-Hight (Mrs. B. F. Hight), who recently died at her home, The Biltmore, Lynn. She was in her 84th year. "With her passing the last member of the famous old Boston Museum Company, as it was constituted in civil war times, departs from the stage of this life.

"Mrs. Hunter-Hight began her stage career at the Boston Museum in 1858, speaking her first lines as Young Edward, the Prince of Wales, in 'Richard III,' to the Gloster of Edwin Booth, and played her last role in 1908 at Daiy's Theatre, New York, in Paul Armstrong's play, 'Society and the Bulldog,' thereby completing a service of 50 years in the theatre. She was distinctively a Boston actress, for of that long term nearly half was spent in active professional life in this city, where also she was born Nov. 10, 1843. First as Elizabeth Baker and then, after her marriage, as Mrs. T. M. Hunter, she played for eight consecutive seasons with the Boston Museum Company, then under the management of E. F. Keach, and with William Warren and Mrs. Vincent. For five years following she was a member of Arthur Cheney's strong organization at Selwyn's Theatre (afterward the old Globe) and then joined the forces of Orlando Tompkins at the old Boston Theatre, where, for several seasons more, she contributed to the important work of that splendid company, which embraced Messrs. Shewell, James, Price, M. Levick, McGuinness, Leslie Allen (father of Viola Allen), Buckley, Craven, Mrs. Thomas Barry, Dora Goldthwaite, Amy Ames, Rachel Noah, Louise Muldener, Marie Wainwright and others.

"These two were brilliant decades in the annals of the three resident companies of Boston (1858-1878) which then ranked with the companies of Wallack and John Brougham in New York and that of Mrs. Drew in Philadelphia as the foremost of the country.

"Through the 'stock starring' system then in vogue Mrs. T. M. Hunter, as she was known to the theatregoers throughout her playing days in Boston, appeared here in support of practically all the great players of those days, including Forrest, Fechter, Boucicault, Ristori, Charlotte Cushman, E. L. Davenport, Warren, John Gilbert, Lester Wallack, Florence, Jefferson, Edwin Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Bangs, Frank Mayo, and though practically always engaged for ingenue roles circumstances often gave her leading parts with many of these players. Thus she played Ophelia to the Hamlet of Fechter; Goneril to the King Lear of Forrest, and Eily O'Connor (the Colleen Bawn) to the Myles of Boucicault during her seasons at the Selwyn, where also she stood in the wings awaiting her cue in that performance of Richelleu wherein Forrest broke down, never to play again. Later, at the Boston Theatre, she was seen as Virginia to the Virginius of John McCullough; as Lady Anne to the Richard of Edwin Booth; as Anne Boleyn to the Henry VIII of Charlotte Cushman, and as the Queen in 'Sardanapalus' with George Rignold, then a distinguished London favorite. During her seven seasons at the Boston Theatre and by reason of the statuesque figure of Mrs. Thomas Barry, long the leading woman of that company, many of the straight 'leads' as well, because many of the leading actors preferred heroines of lesser stature. Thus she played roles of first importance with Jefferson, Florence, McAuley, John Gilbert, E. A. Sothorn, Raymond, etc. During her time at the Boston she played Henriette to the Louise of Kate Claxton in 'The Two Orphans'; Eliza in the first Boston presentations of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'; with Marie Wainwright shared the leads in the first great spectacular production at the Boston in 'The Exiles.' etc.

"The piece is well-played, the best acting coming from Mr. Douglas Blandford, who, as a corpse falling out of a cupboard, behaves admirably."

—James Agate, writing about "The Terror."

The name of Amherst Webber is not unknown in Boston. We were surprised to find him referred to in the Daily Telegraph of London: "Long known to fame as 'trainer' of Jean de Reszke," Mr. Webber has written music for a new fantastical play in which Maggie Teyte took part.

THE PROMPT THAT FAILED

(London Daily Chronicle)

The hero and heroine had "dried up" completely in their love scene, and the voice of the prompter came to them in a whisper, "The moon is up," but no notice was taken.

Again came his voice, "The moon is up," and still the lovers looked round hopelessly. More audibly the line was repeated, and then in a loud voice clearly audible to the audience, "The—moon—is—up."

"Yes, yes, I know," said the hero, turning savagely to the prompter, "but who says it?"

Mr. Peter Dawson, characterized in London as "the famous bass baritone," asks in print: "Why trouble to learn all these foreign songs? We have British 'Lieder' every bit as good as that of the Germans." He might have said as those of the Germans. Perhaps our old friend the linotype did him injustice.

P. H.

others have taken "H" for "Henri," not even for "Hector," arguing "H." must stand for "Henri."

It would be easy to argue from many entries in the journals that Emerson, at least in the earlier years of his life, suffered from what is now known as an "inferiority complex." He wrote himself down as idle, stupid, hollow, ungenerous, cautious, cold. "I am ill at ease among men; I criticize with hardness; I lavishly applaud; I weakly argue; and I wonder with a foolish face of praise"; "I am a lover of indolence and of the belly. How shall I strenuously enforce on men the duties and habits to which I am a stranger?" At the age of 38 he found he had not adjusted his relation to his fellows on the planet, or to his own work.

One might argue from other pages that Emerson was at heart one of the roughs. He tells with chuckles how the old jail at Cambridge was back of Mrs. Kneeland's house. The jailbirds took delight in pestering her with foul names and profane language. Prof. Hedge took pains to get the nuisance removed; the jail was pulled down. "Someone congratulated Mrs. K. upon the happy deliverance, but found her quite sad at the loss of her stimulant. 'She kind o' missed 'em,' she said."

Emerson confessed to pleasure from "the stinging rhetoric of a rattling oath in the mouth of truckmen and teamsters. How laconic and brisk it is by the side of a page of the North American Review. . . . This profane swearing and bar-room wit has salt and fire in it."

Again: "What a pity that we cannot curse and swear in good society! Cannot the stinging dialect of the sailors be domesticated? It is the best rhetoric, and for a hundred occasions those forbidden words are the only good ones. My page about 'consistency' would be better written thus: 'Damn Consistency!' Did he never feel like swearing at Alcott. He had no illusions about him. 'The dishabille' of men and women with unrestrained attitudes and manners seen in Prince, Charter and Ann streets were more interesting to him than the 'clean-shaved and silk-robed procession' in Washington and Tremont. To him society was made up of 'pale, withered people with gold-filled teeth, ghastly, and with minds in the same dilapidated condition, drugged with books for want of wisdom.' Read the glowing eulogy of Rabelais on page 187, more enthusiastic even than that pronounced by Coleridge.

As early as 1831 Emerson declared: "The religion that is afraid of science dishonors God and commits suicide." Physicians are materialists—did not Sir Thomas Browne at the beginning of his "Religio Medici" say: "For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all—as the general scandal of my profession?" When Emerson asks: "What is there of the divine in a load of bricks? What is there of the divine in a barber's shop? Much. All," he gave a text for many sermons preached 20 years later by Walt Whitman.

There was no blind obedience to the law. Note this entry in 1851: "This filthy enactment (the Fugitive Slave Law) was made in the 19th century by people who could read and write. I will not obey it, by God." What would he have said of the Volstead act?

He was bitter against Webster and Everett for their position with regard to the fugitive slave law. In 1863 he wrote: "You cannot refine Mr. Lincoln's taste, extend his horizon or clear his judgment." Nor did he spare his friends; he loved Thoreau, but deplored the lack of ambition in his mixture. "Faulty of this, instead of being the head of Ameri-

can engineers, he is captain of huckleberry party"; he mentioned a meeting of the Atlantic Club. "When the copies of the new number of the Atlantic being brought in, every one rose eagerly to get a copy, and then each sat down and read his own article."

How generous, how fervent he could be in praise: witness his page about John Murray Forbes; his appreciation of Carlyle and Thoreau. He called himself cold; he wished that he had been superficially generous and noble as well as internally so toward his brothers and his first wife, Ellen; it was the death of his little son Waldo that shook his philosophic soul; that wrung his heart; that moved him to pathetic eloquence in these journals of wit and wisdom.

As the World Wags:

A distinguished acquaintance of mine informs me that the song containing the celebrated lines: "The Waiter roared it through the hall: 'We don't give bread with one fishball,'" is based on an incident in the life of a former professor in Harvard College. Can't you take two or three days off and try to confirm this?

Boston.

GEORGE SMITH.

[Your acquaintance spoke the truth.—Ed.]

In novels a precious jewel, ring, bracelet or necklace with a tragic past brings bad luck to the chain of innocent possessors. Sometimes the worker of the evil spell is a portrait found in the back room of an Italian shop, the portrait of a high born dame with a face sinister in its voluptuousness; of a cavalier with a plumed hat, with eyes that follow one around the room in a disconcerting manner and glare even at night. Or there is a grotesque, squat, horrid little idol torn from its Eastern shrine; a strange scarab from a desecrated tomb; an imported mummy not treated with due respect, as in Algernon Blackwood's hair-raising story, "A Psychical Invasion." (There are also his tales of Chinese and Egyptian sorceries.) Some Afreet, still imprisoned in a jar with cover sealed with the seal of King Solomon may work havoc in an English household. These stories of demoniacal power exerted for evil through the centuries furnish pleasant reading when the sun is shining and the pipe is in the mouth. But in the month of June, 1927, we read in the London Times the advertisement of one who wishes to rid himself of "a small Egyptian idol which has brought him bad luck." Does he think that any one thus forewarned will buy this idol or take it as a gift? What is the poor man to do? If he should throw the idol away it would surely come back to him; it always does in a novel. If he should toss it into the fire, it would grin at him derisively and defy burning.

Of course there is a moral: in Egypt or in any "antiquities shop" look at oriental idols, but do not purchase, do not accept one as a gift. "Leave them lay."

Mrs. Matilda Voorhees, 104 years old on July 6, has been awarded \$50 as "the world's oldest tea drinker." The Associated Press gave her address as "Key-pot, N. J." Surely this was a misprint for "Teapot."

Speaking of misprints: M. S. writes to us, "In the free verse 'You and I' V. M. E. speaks of 'rare Chung lace.' What in the world is 'Chung' lace?"

It is known only to the linotype and the proofreader. V. M. "E." (that is to say, V. M. C.) wrote "rare Cluny lace," which is not the same, not the same.

As the World Wags:

I know an author who wanted always—always wanted—quiet and solitude. He went to the second night's performance of his new play. He found almost solitude—and it was quiet, very quiet. THE PLOW BOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

As the World Wags:

The following was a semi-popular song back in the early eighties, throughout the middle West. I committed it to memory more than 30 years ago. Since the Black Hills have come back on the map so prominently within the last few weeks I have recalled it and am passing it along:

"Come listen to me and I'll tell you why I went to the hills my good fortune to try, I left off my trade selling Ayer's patent pills

To go and seek gold in those dreary Black Hills.

I went to the hills, no gold could I find; I thought of my sweetheart I left far behind.

Rain, sleet and ice, cold, all frozen to gills,

They call me the orphan of the dreary Black Hills.

Don't go, I pray. Stay if you can Far from that city that is known as Cheyenne.

For old Wallope or Coman the Bill Will take off your scalp if you go to the hills." R. JEFFERY.

As the World Wags:

They were discussing, insomnia. It was suggested that a glass of Scotch whiskey every half-hour was an excellent remedy.

"Will that cure it?" said the victim.

"No," replied the other, "but it makes it a pleasure to stay awake."

LOOKER-ON.

OLD AND NEW STYLITES

As the World Wags:

The man, perched on a pole and finally haled into court for impeding traffic, was "wise in his generation." Doubtless he has qualified himself for the vaudeville stage by his few days' endurance as well as if he had completed the fortnight he set as his term. But he scarcely would have started to "establish a record" if he first had consulted the encyclopaedias. There he would have found much about St. Simon the Pillar, who spent half the sixth century perched on a pillar just as long (or high) as the pole now used. St. Simon's example was followed for a thousand years in the eastern churches, and may be yet on the natural pillars on the Thessalian plain formed by erosion like the mesas of our own Southwest.

The foolish part, in the little drama recently enacted above the roof of the playhouse, seems to have been taken by the police in arresting the "pillar hermit" for impeding traffic. He remained on private property and the impeding was done by those on the street who watched him. In London, I understand, any shopkeeper, for instance, causing a blockade on the sidewalk by inducing onlookers to congregate before his window can be fined; but here I guess there is no ordinance forbidding the use of dancing mice or any other device to attract passersby. The offender must be the direct cause of the nuisance, not what is technically called the causa causandi. As a judge neatly put it centuries ago: "It were infinite to seek the causes of causes and the impulsions of things, one of another."

Boston. CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

St. Simeon Stylites, chief of the Pillar Saints, was a shepherd in Cilicia, when, about 13 years old, he entered a monastery in Syria. He afterwards withdrew to a mountain 30 or 40 miles east of Antioch. In the year 432 he made his dwelling place on the top of a pillar, at first nine feet high. This was successively raised to 60 feet. There was a railing around the space on top—the diameter of the top was three feet—so the good man could lean against the railing. He was clothed in skins of beasts, and around his neck he wore an iron collar. He was once seen to make 1240 reverential bendings of his head to

his feet, and this without resting. He lived on this pillar for more than 30 years, and there he died. Twice a day he preached to the people below. No policeman ordered him to come down for stopping caravans. A Simeon the Younger dwelt 60 years on a pillar, and without interference. When Simeon was in the monastery of S. Timotheus water was drawn from a well by a rough rope. He wound this around his naked body from the loins to the shoulder blades, and then reported he could draw no water for the bucket rope was gone. This rope soon fretted Simeon to the bone. (See "Acta Sanctorum," Tom. 1, p. 269.) Ibn Batuta saw in the city of Sanjarur a yogi who had made a cell on an obelisk, where he stood for 25 days without food or drink. "People say that they mix certain seeds, one of which is destined for a certain number of days or months, and that they stand in need of no other support during all this time." There are 'Demons of the Pillar,' as

"The people—ah, the people, They that dwell up in the steeple, All alone,

They are neither man nor woman, They are neither brute nor human, They are Ghouls."

As the Afreet, imprisoned by King Solomon, seen and wondered at by those making their way to the City of Brass.—Ed.

To the great majority of Americans the name Prosper Merimee means only "Carmen"; the opera with Bizet's music; the libretto that departs in many ways from Merimee's story. Operas have been based on other tales by him, "Colomba," "La Carrosse du Saint Sacrement," but who has heard them in this country? Years ago there was some excitement over Merimee's "Letters to an Unknown." Who was she? Were not the letters one of his mystifications, one of his literary hoaxes, as his "Theatre de Clara Gazul" and his "La Guzla"? There was also a vague report that he had written the life of Caesar attributed to Napoleon III.

Now comes Mr. G. H. Johnstone with his "Prosper Merimee: A Mask and a Face," to do this Frenchman tardy justice, for in his lifetime he was not fully appreciated; even Sainte-Beuve wrote in one of his poisonous notes: "Merimee is too much of a society man to be wholly an artist."

From Mr. Johnstone's "Merimee," written in the manner of biographers now in fashion, a typographically attractive book published by E. P. Dutton & Co., one knows not only the man who, as he himself said, had an inexhaustible curiosity concerning all the varieties of the human species; the writer who was master of emphasis in understatement, of eloquence in reticence or apparent indifference; the historian and archaeologist; the libertine in the old and later meaning of the word; the man who, shockingly loose in conversation, wrote year after year letters to Jenny Daquin, so that after his death she could say: "I keep the most delicious memory of him; time has never put a blemish on that unrivalled intimacy. It is so rare that human ties endure without some taint of bitterness that I am grateful to have seen this one fade without a single regret or afterthought." For her he dropped the mask; she was probably the only one that knew he had a heart.

Though he was English in his dress, though, trying to free himself from prejudice, to be a citizen of the world before being a Frenchman, after Sedan he threw off these "philosophical draperies"; he wept for the France he loved. Faithful to the Empress, who as a little girl had been taught by him, he begged Thiers to say the word that would maintain the dynasty on the throne. To glory France he had undergone the drudgery of his office as Inspector General of Historical Monuments. It was due to him that Viollet-le-Duc was enabled to accomplish his task of restoration. Indeed, Pierre Trehard goes so far as to say that without Merimee there would not have been a Viollet-le-Duc.

Prosper grew up in an artistic atmosphere, for his father was secretary of the Ecole des Beaux Arts for thirty years. This father and his wife were children of the Encyclopaedist days, religion to them was superstition. Years afterwards Merimee wrote to Mme de la Rochejacquelein who tried to convert him: "I am too much of a matter-of-fact man. I have tried to believe, but I haven't the talent. I could not find that the religion coming out of the Gospels bore any resemblance to that of Jesus Christ."

am a sceptic in spite of myself. God seems to me very probable; as for the other world, it is difficult for me not to see in it an invention of human vanity."

As a boy Prosper was singularly proficient in the English language; he was dressed with "an English smartness"; he wrote the elongated English hand then becoming fashionable. Hazlitt had visited the family. Merimee saw him later in England. One would have liked to hear them talk by themselves, unobscured themselves. Through his life Merimee was drawn towards England, seeing its political and social life without illusions, often cynically.

Mr. Johnstone, a biographer of the ultra modern school, fond of his epigram, not averse to ironical treatment, portrays the associates of Merimee; describes the spirit of the succeeding decades; goes with Merimee on his travels; criticises at length his tales and graver works in a way to reveal the character of the man as well as that of the writer. Even in "Carmen" one finds the indifference peculiar to Merimee; he does not end the story with Jose's account of his killing Carmen; but, perhaps in a spirit of reaction, has much to say of the gypsies in Europe and as an archaeologist unearths the site of the battle of Munda. Note the ending of his "Tamango," the black. Merimee has no intention of letting us wallow in our pity. "The conclusion is almost casual: 'They gave him his liberty; that is to say, they made him work for the government; but he had threepence a day and his food. He was a fine looking man. The colonel of the 75th noticed him and took him to be cymbal player in his regimental band. He learned a little English; but he spoke very little. On the other hand, he drank more rum and tafia than was good for him. He died in hospital of an inflammation of the chest.' So might an entomologist describe a bug under a microscope. Or take that relentless tale 'Mateo Falcone.' Merimee stands by, sees the father shoot his son and feels no pity.

Was his indifference engrained? As a candidate for the Academy, obliged to call on the Immortals, he wrote that he was obliged to say at each house: "Sir, I consider myself one of the 40 wittiest men in France. I am perfectly fit to be a colleague of yours." At the meetings he made lifelike sketches of his neighbors. When the grand cross of the Legion of Honor was awarded him, he exclaimed: "What use is it to me, since I can but pin it on to my dressing-gown?" There was no complaint when the Emperor calmly took over the material collected by Merimee, who purposed to write a life of Caesar. As a provider of imperial amusement at Compiègne he jokingly called himself "the Emperor's fool"; nor did he outwardly heed the savage attack made on him as a courtier by Victor Hugo.

Was Merimee liked in his own circle? Stendhal, another amorist, did not hesitate to criticise him. Musset noted that Merimee "may wear tight gloves and have his suits made in England, but the back of his head is that of a peasant." His faculty of observation was disconcerting. If he noticed that in London women were "white as swans, soft as satin, age, as a rule, 17," he also found the pineapples better than in Paris or at Malaga, and reported that for six months no one had seen William the Fourth laugh.

Interested in political movements, intrigues, plottings, he was able to write in 1867, "to all the projects one makes, it is necessary to add—if M. de Bismarck allows it." Before that he described Lord Russell as treading on everyone's corns, and Palmerston having only a fierce set of false teeth to maintain an appearance of cheerful vitality.

About 70 pages of the 282 are devoted to Merimee's letters to "the unknown." What would he have said if he could have known that the publication would reveal his gentler, nobler side? Maxime du Camp wrote: "To conceal one's life with great care, and to be handed over naked and defenseless, is a cruel punishment, and I do not know what Merimee had done to deserve it," but the publication was to Merimee's advantage. His nakedness is preferable to his carefully donned dress.

This fascinating biography should have been provided with an index.

"SINGING VIKINGS" GIVE ENJOYABLE CONCERT

National Chorus of Sweden Heard in Symphony Hall

"The Singing Vikings" the national chorus of Sweden, consisting of 50 male voices, delighted a large audience at Symphony hall last evening with a splendid program of Swedish music.

Emil Carelius is the conductor of the chorus and he was warmly ap-

plauded for his skillful handling of the voices. The chorus, which is on its annual tour of this country, is travelling under the patronage of Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden. The chorus will sing in Providence this evening and is expected to serenade Gov. Fuller at the State House today.

Joh Frberg was the tenor soloist last evening and Joel Berglund was the baritone soloist. The following Swedish folk songs were especially well received: "Dalvisa," arranged by Otto Olsson; "Jag gar i tusen tankar," arranged by Herman Berens; "Spinn, spinn," "Ack, Varmeland du skona," arranged by Gottfr. Kallstenius; "Domaredansen," arranged by Otto Olsson. Other pleasing numbers were "Morgon," by Einar Eklof; the hymn "O Gud, som styrer," by Gunnar Wennerberg; "Sten Sture" by Aug. Korling, and "Irmelin" by Wilh. Peterson-Berger.

ESTHER RALSTON AT METROPOLITAN

Esther Ralston in "Ten Modern Commandments," a screen comedy written by Jack Lait, directed by Dorothy Azner and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Kittens O'Day	Esther Ralston
Tod Gilbert	Neil Hamilton
Speeding Shapiro	El Brendel
Sharon Lee	Jocelyn Lee
Mr. Disbrow	Arthur Hoyt

This is Esther Ralston's second starring picture and the second picture to be directed by Dorothy Azner. They have again contributed something distinctly original for which Jack Lait may be indirectly responsible but Dorothy Azner has shown moments of directorial genius which are entirely satisfying.

She does not swing through the several reels without a few awkward pauses but she is contributing a fresh view, an ingenious something that is making motion picture ennui look for other places to park.

The film starts off merrily enough at a theatrical boarding house, with Esther Ralston a little tall to be Kittens O'Day, the niece of the landlady. The comedy revels in the things vaudeville people of this type would do in their leisure moments until Tod Gilbert (Neil Hamilton) comes into their midst as an embryo song writer. Kittens immediately adopts him and even takes his song to a musical comedy manager who is about to stage a revue.

There is one thing about Kittens, when she starts to do a thing she usually sees it through and when she is refused admission at the door of the manager's office on her plea that she is his daughter and has to see him immediately, she goes down stairs and waits for him in his car.

Perhaps Mr. Disbrow (Arthur Hoyt) is a bit too retiring for the accepted version of the theatrical manager but he is amusing and a highly individualized person. Dorothy Azner shades all of her characters and makes of them human beings. On this phase of Disbrow's character she builds her plot because Disbrow has been pursued by most women and persecuted by his leading lady (Jocelyn Lee). When he meets the independent Kittens, he not only promises to put on the song but put her with it in the revue if she will act as sort of a guard against the absorbing star.

The many small paths that lead to the climax are all well lined with humor. There are a few that are well trodden, but for the most part they are novel and different.

The stage production this week is "Kid Days," staged by Paul Osgood, and Peggy English appears with Gene Rodevich and his Met Merry Makers in front of a curtain that looks like an advance poster of "Metropolis." C. M. D.

JACK LEE HEADS BLIL AT KEITHS

The light summer bill at Keith's this week is chiefly distinguished by the bashful drolleries of Jack Lee, ventriloquist of western drawl and cowboy regalia, and the lingering blues and spirited soft-shoe dancing of Small and Mays, a negro team. Lee imitates radio jazz bands, phonographs and distant sideshow ballyhoo in a realistic manner without mechanical assistance, and with his genial manner brings applause from a generally apathetic house.

Arthur and Morton Havel appear with their company in a one-act variation of "Charlie's Aunt" theme, interspersed with song, and Frank J. Sidney opens the bill with a display of acrobatic prowess. Dora Maughan appears with

Jack Harlan at the piano in an act of sophisticated song and impersonation called "The Barrymores and Me," and Ed Lord and Si Wills gag their way through a "nut act" with quantities of slapstick properties.

Maryon Vadie and Ota Gygl, toe dancer and violinist, are featured, and give a program of solo dances, violin selections and ballet ensembles with six girls assisting. Reck and Rector close the bill with tuxedo acrobatics, and the usual newsreel and other film features are shown. H. F. M.

NAUGHTY BUT NICE AT TWO OLYMPIAS

Colleen Moore's Film Heads Both Programs

Lon Chaney in "The Unknown," a film drama written and directed by Tod Browning and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Alonzo	Lon Chaney
Malabar	Norman Kerry
Estrellita	Joan Crawford
Zanzi	Nick de Ruiz
Colo	John George

A gruesome tale that is told with beautiful photography, clever acting and direction has some of its poison eliminated. This photoplay has its plot based on fact according to Tod Browning, who has demonstrated his love for horrors in the past, but in "The Unknown" he wallows in one after another until one is saturated.

Not having drama enough in a circus, Mr. Browning goes to old Madrid and then adds the punch of a gypsy circus for good measure. The star of the show is Lon Chaney, of course, and next to "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Mr. Chaney has succeeded in a role that will make permanent waves in straight hair.

Mr. Chaney plays the part of Alonzo, the armless wonder, and if one gives due consideration to the fact that feet are not pretty things, Mr. Chaney does some remarkable stunts and does them exceedingly well. Colo, the dwarf who accompanies the armless Alonzo on all occasions, also deserves credit.

"THE BRUTE" SHOWN AT MODERN, BEACON

"Backstage" Also Displayed at Twin Theatres

Again returning to its regular policy of two first-run photoplays, the program at the Modern and Beacon Theatres is topped by a picturing of W Douglas Newton's story of the vigorous west, "The Brute," starring Monte Blue with a cast including Lella Hyams and Clyde Cook. The associate picture is "Backstage," a drama of Broadway's rialto, the cast including William Collier, Jr., Barbara Bedford, Alberta Vaughn and Eileen Percy. An exceptionally pleasing Vitaphone program included presentations by Elsie Janis displaying her inimitable skill in song and imitation; Giovanni Martinelli, leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera company, in an aria from "I Pagliacci" and "Celeste Aida," and Roger Wolfe Kahn with his famous jazz band.

Marion Davies Stars in Story Based on Comic Strip

That familiar heroine of the comic strip, "Tillie the Toller," is brought to life with hilarious effect by Marion Davies who is starred in a film of that title at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week.

As the frivolous stenographer in Mr. Simpkin's office, Miss Davies is given ample opportunity to display her ability as a screen comedienne. She handles her part exceedingly well with the result that "Tillie the Toller" is amusing throughout.

Matt Moore plays Mac, the office drudge and Tillie's best friend during business hours. George K. Arthur is seen as Mr. Whipple, Gertrude Short is Bubbles, the stenographer in the office next door, and Clare McDowell makes a wonderful Ma Jones.

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Mr. A. M. Wagner of Buffalo, N. Y., writing to the N. Y. Sun about cigar store Indians, says that a handsome figure of Pocahontas, cast in metal, a figure eight feet high, stood by the door of his shop for 30 years and is now in the Buffalo Historical Building.

"If the younger generation will recall the story about Sir Walter Raleigh and the Indians they will understand why the figure was used as a tobacco sign and a very appropriate one at that."

Now we all know that Sir Walter was the first, or one of the first, to smoke a pipe of tobacco in England. Thomas Hariot, "servant to Sir Walter" and a member of the Virginia Colony, wrote a glowing description of the "herb which is sowed apart by it self and is called by the inhabitants, Uppowoc . . . the Spaniards generally call it Tobacco . . . it purgeth superfluous fleame and other grosse humors, and openeth all the pores and passages of the body . . . whereby their (the Indians) are notably preserved in health and know not many grievous diseases, wherewithall we in England are often times afflicted."

But what had Sir Walter to do with Pocahontas? As school children we were told that she saved the life of Capt. John Smith, married an Englishman, went to England and died there. We remember a picture in an old geography: A big Indian standing over Smith, ready to bash him with an upraised club, other Indians approving, Pocahontas with arms stretched in entreaty. She richly deserved a statue, but not for Sir Walter's sake.

These and other works of art, as iron dogs and deer for the lawn, are now not easily obtained, we hear. Are there any wooden Indians as tobaccoists' signs in Boston? We cannot think of Pocahontas offering the passerby a box of cigarettes. Cigars for heroic women; or at least a pipe. We read that Spain will pay homage to the memory of the first European who smoked cigars, Rodrigo de Jerez, an Andalusian, who, accompanying Columbus on his first trip, returned with him and brought back "tobacco cigars of the kind that were smoked in Central America, a practice totally unknown in Europe at the end of the 15th century." The inquisition punished him, so the story goes, but he persisted in smoking, finally triumphed, and died, famous, at Ayamonte, his native town, where a plaque will be placed in the house in which he lived.

What has become of all these Indian chiefs and maidens who urged you to enter a tobacco shop? There must have been hundreds of them. But where are the lawn animals, the private zoological gardens of those made rich by the civil war, especially those who dealt in shoddy; where are the lawn animals of yesterday?

The children that used to cling about me, and drink in every word, had been at a boarding school! There they had unlearned all religion, and even seriousness; and had learned pride, vanity, affectation, and whatever could guard them against the knowledge and love of God! Methodist parents, who would send your girls headlong to hell, send them to a fashionable boarding school! —John Wesley's Journal, April 6, 1772.

A RAILROAD CROSSING (For As the World Wags)

Lonely winding road weaving snake-like through the woods,
Crossing a railroad track, where neither gates nor bells announce a train;
Beside a lilac bush, a small white house commands attention
To show petunias of galest colors tucked in painted butter tubs
Like watchmen at the door:
A whistle brings an old man smiling from within
Who stands with sign in hand to bid you "Stop!"
So after waiting for the train to pass He waves and you move on.
Seasons now have changed; the house looks deserted;
The tubs of flowers are overturned and empty.
Alas! no more a greeting from the faithful guard;
For Life's inevitable sign to "Stop" Replaced his rusty one. V. W. C.

As the World Wags:
The modern drug store keeps about everything now-a-days, but that doesn't mean that one may buy at random—not by a long shot. A fellow went into one of them just before the Fourth and said: "I wanna coupla pounds of ate" and "Jean . . .

cheese, a package of fire crackers, and one sky rocket." "All right," says the clerk, "but you'll have to get a prescription from your doctor first for that." ORACLE.

[His little daughter used to say of Mr. Golightly returning in affectionate mood from the Porphyry half an hour late for dinner: "Oh, papa; what makes your breath smell of fire crackers?"—Ed.]

TRULY A DAINTY "HANKY"

As the World Wags:

"And when she had to wipe her little brother's nose it was invariably with a smile."—Saturday Evening Post, July 2, page 19. LXXXIV. Arlington

A WRONG DATE

As the World Wags:

The Herald of July 4 reproduced from the works of Artemus Ward an oration which is there stated to have been delivered by him at Wethersfield, Ct., on July 4, 1859. It seems to me, however, that there are two passages in that oration which do not cohere with July 4, 1859, as the correct date of the delivery of the oration. The first of those two passages is as follows: "I luv the Union—it is a Big thing—and it makes my hart bleed to see a lot of ornery people a-moving heaven—no, not heaven, but the other place—and earth to bust it up." It was after July 4, 1859, that the Union was subjected to the attempt "to bust it up," was it not? The second of the two passages in that oration which militate against July 4, 1859, as the correct date of the delivery of the oration, is as follows: "I tell you, fellers-sitterzens, it would have bin ten dollars in Jeff Davis's pocket if he'd never bin born." It was not till Jeff Davis had been chosen President of the Southern Confederacy—which was not till 1861—that there was anything in his career which would or could cause any one to say of him that "it would have bin ten dollars in his pocket if he'd never bin born." OBSERVER.

Our correspondent is undoubtedly right. It is our impression that this oration was first published in Vanity Fair, either in 1861 or 1862. We are not able at present to consult our file of that brilliant weekly, which, killed by the civil war, has had no worthy successor.—Ed.

Man and cat, unlike man and dog, live in a state of armed neutrality, eased by some vastly interesting passages of diplomacy. The gentleman's agreement between them is quite a fair one. The cat for his part will display about the household his astonishingly beautiful person, and will give the man by a thousand poses, gestures, crouchings, leapings, ambushings; and pouncings per day sudden entrancing glimpses in the drawing room or the garden of the habits of the wild. And the man for his part will feed the cat. But that the cat should be expected to subscribe, except under duress, to any of man's ethical standards is quite outside the contract.—Manchester Guardian.

Mr. Charles P. Taft and his wife have given \$1,000,000 as an endowment for the maintenance of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra.

Boston is justly proud of its Symphony orchestra which, now led by Mr. Koussevitzky, is again world famous. There are many men and women in Greater Boston who, alive, or by last will and testament, give thousands and ten thousands of dollars to charitable and religious institutions of all descriptions. Yet the Boston Symphony orchestra is allowed to publish a deficit at the end of each season; a deficit, it is true, not so large as that of some other orchestras. Boston seems to be without a Taft or two; without citizens who have the civic pride shown by many Philadelphians who joined in the endowment of their orchestra.

It is a pleasure to add that no seats are to be had for the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts of our orchestra next season.

BRAVO! BIS! BIS!

This advertisement was published in all seriousness in the New York Herald of Feb. 2, 1848: "Wanted immediately a few young gentlemen with red moustaches, and also some old boys, with deep-dyed moustaches, who can officiate as claqueurs at the Italian Opera. They must furnish their own gloves."

Why both red and black? Nero's claque of 5000 robust young fellows were remarkable for their fine heads of hair, and, as Suetonius tells us, were extremely well dressed, with rings upon their left hands. Is there not a claque at the Metropolitan today? When Boston had its own opera company the

tenor, Constantino, had his well drilled heelers, that is, clappers. On coming on the stage he at once looked up to the gallery to see if his friends were there.

R. H. L., PARISIAN GUIDE

As the World Wags:

But here we are in front of the fashionable Ritz Hotel. Let us elbow our way through the crowded ranks of aristocrats of all lands—kings, queens, princesses, photographers, United States senators, congressmen, oil millionaires, cigarette millionaires, heiresses, counts, dukes, tourists, and what not, until we come to the American divorce colony, which is firmly entrenched in the bar-room on the Rue Cambon side of the hotel. Americans that are most famous are standing all about, and others whom you have not heard of for years are here in front of the bar of the Ritz. Then it must be true that when good (or at least dry) Americans die they go to Paris! But no, no! You must not order anything from the bartender, Clarence. We brought you in here only that you may brag about it when you get back home. Put that cocktail right down! Naughty! Naughty! Mustn't touch! Remember, please, that in your own country a cocktail is a crime. Do you wish to be a criminal? Now, children, walk right out into the Place Vendome again, and as you seem to be slipping you must once more lift up your sweet young voices and sing—

Cold water, cold water,
Yes, that is our song;
We'll sing of cold water
All the day long.

R. H. L.

ADD "SOCIETY NOTES"

(Kossuth County, Iowa, Advance)
A couple of newlyweds are now located on a farm southeast of Whittemore where Conrad Knecht farmed last year. They are George Balgeman, son of Supervisor and Mrs. F. J. Balgeman, and his wife, daughter of Hans Kettleman, all of the West Bend neighborhood. George has 34 pigs this year so far from the first five sows, and five more sows to farrow soon. The young folks were married last January.

NOBODY KNOWS

As the World Wags:

In a recent issue of The Herald a reader asked for the enclosed poem. This is from "Great Poems of the World War," edited by W. D. Eaton and published by T. S. Denison & Co., Chicago. It is a fine collection and well worth having in one's library.

ELLIOTT K. HALE.

Lisbon Falls, Me.

Absolute knowledge, I have none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son,

Heard a policeman on his beat,
Say to a laborer on the street,
That he had a letter just last week,
Written in the finest Greek,
From a Chinese Coolie in Timbuctoo,
Who said the niggers in Cuba knew,
Of a colored man in a Texas town,
Who got it straight from a circus clown,
That a man in Klondyke heard the news,

From a gang of South American Jews,
About somebody in Borneo,
Who heard a man who claimed to know,
Of a swell society female rake,
Whose mother-in-law will undertake,
To prove that her seventh husband's sister's niece,

Has stated in a printed piece,
That she has a son who has a friend,
Who knows when the war is going to end.

There are variants. In the poem sent by Mrs. H. A. Gilman of Whitman the policeman says:

That he had a letter just last week
A letter that he did not seek
From a Chinese merchant in Timbuctoo
Who said that his brother in Cuba knew
Of an Indian chief in a Texas town
Who got the dope from a circus clown
That a man in Klondyke had it straight
From a guy in a South American state
That a wild man over in Borneo
Was told by a woman who claimed to know
Of a well-known swell society rake, etc.

In another version sent to us "her husband's sister's niece" is without the particularization "Seventh." The headings also differ: "Nobody Knows," "Reliable Information," The Source of News.—Ed.

LETTER OF A WESTERN HEALTH OFFICER

"Morbidity reports do not come into this office by the week, and can't be sent out by the week. Whenever the spirit moves the undertaker, I hear from him, and transmit to you the result. Don't look for March 5-19, and you won't be disappointed. I am mailing you notice of every one that kicks the bucket. They are not dying very fast now here now; only 49-10 per 1000 annually. You are getting all of them. uit frettin'."

We have known Mr. Marcellus Graves

for 47 summers and hard winters. Some of his contributions to this column have excited attention. A man of moderate means, he bought some years ago a modest house in the country where he might spend the summer months in peace, not being able to pay the exorbitant prices at hotels, not enjoying family rows heard on the other side of a thin partition, not rejoicing at the sight of little children stamping along the veranda, whooping as they stamped.

In his country cottage Mr. Graves thought he could work undisturbed on his "History of Comic and Satirical Journalism Through the Ages," a much-needed work.

Has Mr. Graves found peace and quietness? He was in town yesterday and told us a sad story.

It seems that in this village, spoiled by the invasion of the arrogantly rich, there are some persons genially disposed, gregarious by nature, afraid of being alone, who visit him in the morning hours that are precious for after tea and toast, his mind is clear, his wits are nimble. These untimely visitors—"I thought I'd just drop in to see how you are getting along" Mr. Graves calls "piazzabirds." "Why, the other day," Mr. Graves said, "while I was at work on an interesting chapter describing the bitter but often amusing editorial and special articles published in the newspapers of Carthage about Hannibal's performances in Italy—you know politics ran high in Carthage—a motor car came up to the door. Four acquaintances got out and greeted me enthusiastically. I don't know them well, but you would have thought them men and women of my own family. It was half an hour before dinner—I eat at one o'clock—dine is too noble a word for my simple meal. They evidently expected to be invited to the table—for they talked about the expense of stopping at a hotel and said they had eaten nothing since early in the morning.

"What was I to do? We live a mile from any meat market, grocery or fruit shop. We, my wife and children, were to be served with a canned soup, potatoes, spinach—I loathe it—cucumbers, bread and butter, and an apricot whip. Meagre fare to set before hungry visitors. They sat and sat, expectant. I thought they never would go, but they did go finally, in hardly civil mood. They will always think me inhospitable or stingy. City folks do not realize what a nuisance it is for a housewife to be surprised by the sudden appearance of friends from a distance. To take pot-luck is all very well, but there was nothing in our pot."

Mr. Graves left the office to take a train. Last night we happened to pick up a volume of the Rev. James Woodforde's diary. We opened it at the following passage:

"We gave the company for dinner some fish and oyster sauce, a nice piece of boiled beef, a fine neck of pork roasted and apple sauce, some hashed turkey, mutton stakes, salled, etc., a wild duck roasted, fried rabbits, a plumb pudding and some tartlets, dessert, some olives, nuts, almonds, and raisins and apples. The whole company were pleased with their dinner, etc. Considering we had not above 3 hours notice of their coming and did very well in that short time. All of us were rather hurried on the occasion."

What would Mr. Graves say of this "pot-luck" meal? Parson Woodforde lived in the English village of Weston. Did he have all this food stuff in the parsonage? Did he cry "Help! Help!" to the neighbors?

The ideal summer cottage for a man of small salary or income has no guest room. In these days when motor cars bring out city people in swarms like devouring locusts or the dreaded armies of African ants, a prudent man persuades the local health office to put his cottage in quarantine, either by warning flag or printed board at the entrance to the driveway.

MUSICAL IMPUDENCE

We read that a committee will see to it that Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony will not remain unfinished; some gifted composer will add a Scherzo and Finale. Thus "at last" the symphony will be complete.

But a good many years ago August Ludwig, who studied at the Cologne and Munich Conservatories had the impudence to add the two needed movements. To his Scherzo, he gave the title "Philosophers"; his Finale was a "March of Fate." The symphony, thus completed, was performed. The composer—he wrote other musical compositions, articles about music and edited the Berlin Musik Zeitung—was savagely attacked for his presumption.

A committee should now be formed to award prizes for continuations of Coleridge's "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan" also Keats's "Hyperion."

This meeting of Messrs. Sharkey and Dempsey promises to be the most prominent social event of the summer season. "Leading ladies of society" are in a flutter of excitement. At the Madison Square Garden there will be

"Store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize
Of wit or arms."

At the Garden last Tuesday the fair ones were bitterly disappointed when Mr. Johnny Buckley cautioned Mr. Sharkey against knocking out Mr. Johnny Urban: "Do not do it. Remember there are ladies present." Toujours galant, this Mr. Buckley. Was his courtesy appreciated? Not a bit of it. Fair ones exclaimed: "Oh, why didn't he let go? We wanted to see if Sharkey really could sock."

If there were vestal virgins at the gladiatorial shows at Rome, there will be virgins, demi-vierges, and matrons when Mr. Sharkey will drink delight of battle with his peer.

There is only one thing which prevents a mug from being a wise man, and that is the fact that he is a mug—St. John Ervine.

A CHIFFON HANDKERCHIEF

(For as the world wags)

White paneled, flower scented room, with fire burning,
Black velvet as she wore it made one think her gay

To his approaching footsteps bidding her good bye:

Only the lilies, striped like tigers, standing in the corner
Seemed to know what treachery any distance meant.

He left—her chiffon handkerchief he took—

Perfumed of other nights.

Her yellow hair, undone, alone embraced a throat still sobbing. V. W. C.

THE NEW MYTHOLOGY

As the World Wags:

Once a political candidate told the public that he did not believe in shaking hands and kissing babies promiscuously during a campaign, and the sentiment pleased the public so greatly that they elected him by an overwhelming majority. GEORGE THE REDMAN.

Grave English reviewers of books are enthusiastic over Walter de la Mare's double limericks; over the "virtuosity" displayed; now in mirth rippling so quietly that "one must read them again to see how good they are"—true, O learned Theban, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again;" now in verses "promptly compelling laughter"—what might be called hair-trigger lines. Well, here is a sample:

"There was an old man with a gun,
Who espied an old lady named Pheasant;

She sat on a seat in the sun,
And he stared, and he stared—most unpleasant:

But at last, drawing near,
He made it quite clear
That he had no intention so rude to appear,

But was merely confused, being out with his gun,
At espying a lady named Pheasant."

One reviewer is especially pleased with MOONSHINE.

"There was a young lady of Rheims.
There was an old poet of Gizeh;
He rhymed on the deepest and sweetest of themes,

She scorned all his efforts to please her;

And he sighed, 'Ah, I see,
She and sense won't agree,'

So he scribbled her moonshine, mere moonshine, and she,

With jubilant screams, packed her trunk up in Rheims,

Cried aloud, 'I am coming, O bard of my dreams!'

And was clasped to his bosom in Gizeh."

The reviewer finds Mr. de la Mare "nostalgic for the poet's country he is trying, so unsuccessfully, to forget"

"Rheims," "themes," "dreams"? Some one told us when the cathedral was chosen as a target by the furious Huns that "Rheims" rhymed with "pants"

Of making limericks there is no end. The great majority in the published anthology are labored and dull; no do we except those by Edward Lear. We have in mind an anthology which could

Mme. Galli-Curci, it has been stated in The Herald, has found comfort, support and inspiration, by reading the works of Swedenborg, some 20 odd volumes. Famous singers have lent their names to advertisements of face powders, tooth pastes, cigarettes, articles of dress, but we do not remember any one extolling the merits of a novelist, much less a writer on religious subjects, or even Dr. Elliot's justly celebrated Five Foot Book Shelf.

That many singers are superstitious has been known ever since there was an opera house. The stars have in certain instances condescended to assure Mme. Squallini and Signora Portamento, a brilliant future. Jenny Lind was supposed to be a rather sane woman for a singer who was the idol of her day, yet she was in correspondence with a man of dark and occult power.

We are indebted to Mrs. Elise Fellows White of Portland, Me.; for a copy of a letter written by Jenny Lind to Dr. C. W. Roback and published by him in his advertising circular:

"Dr. Roback, No. 6 White St., has received during the last three years several letters from Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, now Madame Otto Goldschmidt—but as they were confidential communications, he was not permitted to publish them until the seal of secrecy was removed by the following letter from Liverpool.

"Liverpool, June 12th, 1852.

To Dr. C. W. Roback,

Dear Sir:

"I have considered on my voyage considering your request to publish extracts from my letters to you." What you said would come to pass has been so remarkably verified with regard to me that I cannot refuse that you should make it known to the respected public of the United States. You therefore have my permission to publish any part of the correspondence, and as a countrywoman and friend I sincerely wish you may be as successful as your extraordinary skill deserves.

"Yours, etc.,

"JENNY LIND."

"Dr. Roback claims to foretell the future; tell the winning numbers in any lottery" etc, by the POWER OF CONJURATION."

Mrs. White says that Dr. Roback's address in Boston at that time was 7 High street.

Does any reader of The Herald remember the good Dr. Roback? Mrs. White says that he drew Jenny Lind's horoscope.

The show boat on the Mississippi has been made familiar by a novelist; Mr. Koussevitzky used to go up and down the Volga with an orchestra giving concerts. A few weeks ago The New Pickwick, an 18 ton sailing yacht with auxiliary motor, carrying a theatrical company, left Stockholm to give performances in a number of towns along the Swedish coast.

Boston has shown for some seasons lively interest in mystery plays, thrillers. Dennis Neilson Terry, who has been acting in "The Terror" in London, recently inquired into the secret of "the illusive thrill" imparted by the successful play of this nature.

Mr. Terry does not believe that the villain must be hidden until the end; he thinks the mystery does not suffer when the identity of the villain is apparent in the first act. "To my mind, closely packed action, and debate as to what the characters will do under given circumstances, should prove sufficient to maintain an eager suspense in the minds of an audience. All subterfuge, such as the silent opening of doors without apparent reason or the purposeless appearance of long-nailed fingers from the insides of cupboards, are brazen attempts to work further upon already highly-strung feelings. No, the real secret of the successful mystery play is skill on the part of the dramatist and performers in persuading the audience to manufacture its own thrills. For not until an audience works itself up to the pitch of holding conversations with the actors—as frequently happens—do they later know that they have roused a ready tense excitement."

And so when in a play, "a claw-like hand crept noiselessly through a curtain to seize the unsuspecting heroine," Mr. Terry was delighted, hearing a muffled whisper which floated down from the gallery: "Oh, 'Eaven 'elp us, 'e goin' 'ome!"

I cannot myself see why anyone should fill himself with food and drink during the performance of a play, except, perhaps, in the way of compensation for having to sit through the performance. If there is one person whom I detest more than another it is the chocolate muncher in a theatre. This female generally chooses the most interesting moment of the play in which to rattle her damnable chocolates about, and she crinkles silver paper and packing for the entire evening after the "chocs" have been given to her. (That kind of woman always refers to chocolates as "chocs" just as she probably calls a gentleman a "gent.")—St. John Ervine.

The phonograph, its children and allies, gramophones, piano-players, and what not are marvelous; but it has not added to comfort or our culture. It is altogether a good thing that people in villages and towns should listen to "tinny-music" instead of making music of their own? The piano-player no doubt has, in its progress, removed the peril of practising in many homes, but has it not also made cheap music too common and good music too easy?—The London Observer.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Answering your query as to whether any of your readers have ever heard Charles Edward Dunbar—I had that—well—privilege. And I heard him sing, somewhat after the style of our own Tony Pastor—(A long way after), "Wait 'Till the Moonlight," etc. I append the words of the refrain, and the air still lingers in my memory and I can see him, strutting to and fro on the front of the stage:

"Wait 'till the moonlight shines on the water,—

Then take your sweetheart out for a walk;

Mind what you say, boys, that's how to court her;

Tell her [that you'll marry her when the days grow short."

This was in the revival of "Humpty Dumpty," at Booth's Theatre, New York city—when I was the stage manager of the Union Square Theatre—1875. It was during this engagement that dear old George L. Fox, the original Humpty Dumpty, broke down, during the third week of the run, and made his last appearance on the stage Nov. 27, 1875. He died in March, 1877.

"Humpty Dumpty" originally produced at the Olympic Theatre, Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets, in 1867, was given for 488 consecutive representations. With numerous revivals for two or three succeeding seasons, it was played, altogether, at the Olympic, 943 times. It was played in New York city, with George L. Fox, altogether 1268 times.

Referring to the song, "Champagne Charley," I have a copy of the song, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., 1867, of which the title page reads: "Sung by Billy Morris, of Morris Bros. Minstrels." I have a copy of "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," published by Lee & Walker, 722 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, 1867—with a colored picture of the captain on the title page, and this caption, "Written and Sung by T. MacLaghan."

I saw W. Horace Lingard on the occasion of his first appearance in New York city at Lina Edwin's Theatre on Broadway, East side, just below 8th street. This, originally was Hope Chapel, and became Kelly & Leon's Opera House, and in 1870 was leased by Lina Edwin. W. Horace Lingard and his wife, Alice Dunning, appeared there on March 6, 1871—she in a comedieta called "A Silent Protector"; Mr. Lingard in his sketches, and the entertainment terminating with the play, "David Garrick," with George C. Boniface in the title role. I was then at Booth's Theatre (23d street and 6th avenue) and saw Lingard in all of his songs and sketches, copies of which I have, printed at that time, with Lingard in full costume for each. In later years I knew him, his wife—the beautiful Alice Dunning—and his sister(?) the fascinating Dickie Lingard. About 15 years ago, or longer, I had a letter from Mr. Lingard—in England—desiring an engagement in this country. (I was then general stage director for Charles Frohman) and Lingard wrote "I think sixty or seventy dollars a week would be an acceptable salary." He was a fine actor and an accomplished gentleman.

South Duxbury.

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

Charles Edward Dunbar! We saw him in New Haven, Ct., in the 70's. He was then singing in a little hall with a strolling and miserable variety company. We shall never forget this greasy, insinuating "serio-comic vocalist" with a stentorian voice. Did he shout "Tell her that you'll marry her" or "Tell her that you'll wed her?" In either case his intentions were apparently dishonorable.

Is the "serio-comic vocalist" extinct? He, or she, was once prominent on every variety theatre. These singers were often comic when the song was serious and pathetic when it was humorous; but they were rapturously applauded.

Was Dickie Lingard, as Mr. Seymour asks, a Lingard, or was she like Fawdon Vokes, who was not a Vokes at all. Would that we could see the Vokes Family again, also the Majiltons, not to mention Lydia Thompson's first troupe of British Blondes. Alas, the fleeting years! P. H.

contain limericks geographical, ethnological, anthropological, sociological; limericks describing the manners and customs, some of them surprising, of dwellers, male and female, over the surface of the earth, from Alaska to Bombay, from Siam to Siberia. Perhaps Mr. Herkimer Johnson will quote some of these limericks as footnotes in his colossal work.

BALLADE OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPERS

When is it that Advent begins?
What is meant by a pyrotechnician?
Whose work was "The Heavenly Twins"?
And when was the Great Coalition?
Do vitamins help in nutrition?
And how does one make mayonnaise?
May I add my own modest petition?
Who started this terrible craze?

Crosswords had a vogue (for our sins),
Very strong the acoustic tradition,
But I think this development wins
As a plague for the pleb or patrician.
It continues without intermission;
And I hold in the deepest dispraise
The man of perverted ambition
Who started this terrible craze.

Has a porpoise got flappers or fins?
Who was called the Beloved Physician?
And why is a mouse when it spins?
And what is a hydrostatician?
Give the dates of the French Inquisition,
And say who invented X-rays.
Oh, gosh! Have you any suspicion
Who invented this terrible craze?

ENVOY

Prince, had I your power and position,
Without any further delays
I'd exile (or hang) the magician
Who started this terrible craze!
—Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.

We can no longer rely on the girl as a good influence on the boy.—Dr. E. S. Griffith.

A FEW DAYS IN CHICAGO

As the World Wags:
A timid little man from Keokuk went to Chicago. The first day somebody lifted his watch and chain. "By golly!" exclaimed the man from Keokuk. The next day a guy with a gun stepped out from an alley and took his jack. "By golly!" ejaculated the little man from Keokuk. That night a second story man crawled through the window and swiped his pants. "Well, BY GOLLY!" cried the timid little man from Keokuk, "I better get outta this town." But as the timid man from Keokuk was nervously making his way to the depot a taxicab hit him. He woke up in the hospital. "Hello," said the nurse, cheerfully, "they almost gotcha that

time, didn't they?" "Uh-huh," murmured the little man from Keokuk, "if that taxicab hadn't a hit me I'd a been outa luck." ORACLE.

Mr. George Smith inquired some days ago about the old song of the waiter and the one fish ball. A correspondent writes that Mr. Smith may be able to obtain a copy of the original "sheet music" of the song at the University Bookstore in Cambridge. "Some 40 years ago there was a bundle of the songs in the basement; they are probably there now."

As the World Wags:

The editors who charge that Henry tried to boost the sale of flivvers is all wrong. Whenever a Jewish-American picks me up I get a ride in a Rolls-Royce. OLD SOAK.

CROOK AND GERONIMO

As the World Wags:

Having read Mr. Samuel Smith's inquiry in The Herald with regard to who captured Geronimo, I refer you to my father's book, "On the Border with Crook," published some years ago by Scribners, and obtainable in most public and university libraries. My father was Capt. John G. Bourke, aide to Gen. Crook and a member of his staff for 14 years.

I have heard several army officers who survived both my father and Gen. Crook tell the story of Geronimo's surrender to Crook. The photograph of this surrender was taken on the spot and can be seen in bas-relief reproduction on Gen. Crook's monument at Arlington cemetery, near Washington, D. C.

Geronimo escaped, mysteriously and it is thought by treachery too low to mention, from Crook's camp by night and was corralled and caught a few days later, this time by Gen. Miles. This escape from Crook's camp and subsequent capture by Miles brought on one of the bitterest quarrels the United States army has ever had within its own lines.

If you are interested to know any more details than my father's book can give you, I suggest that you write to Maj. Daly, care of the American Legion Magazine Co., Indianapolis, Ind., as he is writing a series of southwestern Indian reminiscences for that paper at present. He was with my father and with Gen. Crook for some time in the old days. MRS. L. R. JAMES.

When a novelist is favorably known by one or two romances written when he has reached his full stature, is it a kindness for a publisher to reprint an earlier novel, showing the change of a trade? No one would blame for a moment that the Balzac of "Argon le Pirate" and "Jean-Louis" could have

developed into the author of the "Comedie Humaine." Not long ago, to speak of lesser things, Leonard Merrick's first novel was reprinted, although he had not included it among his "complete works." The book is interesting in itself, as far as the story goes; there is skill in the portrayal of certain characters, but there are irrelevant digressions, tirades, writing of a sort that Mr. Merrick, the author of "Conrad in Quest of his Youth" and "The Quaint Companions," had learned to eschew.

Mrs. Sheila Kaye-Smith is widely known and honored as the author of "Joanna Godden" and "The George and the Crown." Her publishers in this country, E. P. Dutton & Co., have sent forth her "Spell-Land." They say it is for the American public practically a new book. When it was published in 1910 only a few copies were imported from England. "Although it is not the author's earliest work, it is the first in which the trend and form of her genius became definitely obvious." We have not read the earlier novels, but it is easy to find in "Spell-Land" the qualities which, peculiar to her, now give her an enviable reputation.

"Spell-Land" is the story of a Sussex farm, and Mrs. Kaye-Smith is happiest when she is at home with the farm-land, the marshes and the men and women, desirable companions or not, of her native county. It would perhaps be too much to say that she has done for Sussex what Thomas Hardy has done for his "Wessex." American readers are not prepared to say whether a scene or a character of one English county is faithfully reproduced, but they are willing to accept Mrs. Kaye-Smith's portrayal; to see with her the farm where James and Patrick Shepherd, with their half-brother, Claude, endured, or rejoiced in, life, and Nineveh, where Claude and that strange pathetic Emily made a mess of it.

For this author dwell for many years at St. Leonards, and married the curate of that town. If she has been associated with her husband in the work of the Anglo-Catholic movement—and her devotional spirit is shown not only in her novels but also in the volume of poems and plays, "Saints in Sussex" (also published lately by the Duttons)—she feels the influence of Sussex's downs, gorseland and marshes on the people of that county.

On the one hand in "Spell-Land" we have the three religious men, James Shepherd, sturdy supporter of the Church of England, devoted church warden, a man who knew that Providence was directly concerned with all that went on in the neighborhood, whether brother Patrick got drunk, or little Claude misbehaved himself; there is Claude's uncle the Reverend Charley, good natured, careless, always in debt; there is Mr. Gilmour, who, brought up by parents who believing in the six days of Creation and Balaam's ass, turned him adrift with his Darwin, nebular hypothesis and Chaldean allegories, so that he wandered in darkness until he became a Swedenborgian, and returning to Sussex from Baltimore, no longer a preacher, took an interest in Claude, after he found the boy trying to invoke Satan by saying the Lord's Prayer backwards, for Claude, having read the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost" knew there was a personal Devil and would not have been surprised to find Apollyon straddling across his path. When Mr. Gilmour asked Claude what he would do when he was a man, the boy knowing only the farm life except the doings and might of Satan, replied: "I'll wear riding breeches, and spit, and sleep alone, and send some one out at nights for my beer."

Claude growing up was influenced by the girl Emily, by a playmate Oliver, by Gilmour and by the farm itself. As a youngster he falls in love with Emily, who is left alone, is poor, and is unable as she grows up to keep even a humble position. The two quarrel, for Claude is jealous of Oliver. Emily it turns out, loves Claude, but she weds Oliver, who is unfaithful to her. Returning to the Spell-Land region, she is consoled by Claude, only to her undoing. He, in disgrace at home, because, drunk, he injured a valuable horse that died of lockjaw, is sent away to work a farm, Little Nineveh. Emily joins him. There they live a wretched life, scorned, boycotted by the neighbors. Oliver appears and orders Emily to choose between him and her lover. Finding that she will not return to him, he goes out and shoots himself. Claude, seeing him slowly preparing

for the deed, could call out, perhaps prevent him. He does not. Is he therefore guilty of murder?

The two lovers are punished. Emily dies; Claude is asked back to the impoverished brothers. "It's the Lord's doin'," says James, "and maybe we deserve it. I reckon it wouldn't have come upon us like this if I hadn't taken advantage of Hobbs losin' his hop-harvest to cut him out with that there stallion. It's been on my conscience a bit, and I see the Lord's providence through it all. We sinned through hops, and we've been punished through hops. It's the Lord's marvelous doin'."

Claude going to his bedroom looks at Emily's sunshade and blouse, "a gruesome check," which he had brought in his box; he prays to James's God; the memory of her was a purifying emotion; "all the contradictory elements that had weakened the arms she had stretched out to save him lay dead in the grave where her body lay; her womanly frailty and illogicalness, her childish ignorance and lack of judgment, her wild thing's elusiveness and mystery—all were laid aside like a garment outworn."

In "Spell-land" as in the better known novels of this author, one finds the same ease, sobriety and beauty in description, the power to acquaint one with the inner workings as well as the outward appearances of the characters and their natural, logical development in the drama played by them. The novel well-deserved republication.

"Saints in Sussex" contains "The Calendar," ten poems from "St. Andrew" to "Lady Day in Harvest," "The Child Born at the Plough," a nativity play, and "The Shepherd of Lattenden," a passion play. Of the daring and realistic modernization that characterizes these plays, we shall speak later.

SARGENT AND THE FARMER

The Herald published anecdotes about John Sargent taken from the biography of the painter by Evan Charteris K. C. A singular one was not included in The Herald's list.

Sargent was hunting in Gloucestershire at Christmas time in 1891. He had a dispute with a farmer over whose fields he had been trespassing "in all innocence and ignorance." The farmer abused him roundly, though Sargent dismounted, explained, apologized. This distressed him so he could neither sleep nor paint, he was so incensed. Days after the event, he called at the farmer's house and asked him out to fight. The challenge was accepted. Sargent thrashed him and walked home appeased.

"Metropolis," the ambitious German film production adapted from the novel of Thea von Harbou, directed by Fritz Lang, edited and titled for the American screen by Channing Pollock, is presented at the Metropolitan Theatre this week with the following cast:

John Masterman.....	Alfred Abel
Eric, his son.....	Gustav Froelich
Rotwang, the inventor.....	Rudolf Klein-Rogge
Joseph.....	Theodor Loos
No. 7.....	Heinrich George
Mary.....	Brigitte Helm

If one hesitates a moment in the present age and deals in futures, the mechanical aspect is awe inspiring. The dramatic play, "R. U. R.," gave us a taste of what this might be, Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein" gave us still other aspects and now we have a film play that shows us towering buildings, spiral roadways that seem headed for the clouds and airplanes flying as surely and independently as birds.

This film play is symbolical to a great extent. The narrative is based on a novel by the director's wife, Thea von Harbou, who also supplied the manuscript for the delightful "Siegfried." The basic theme concerns a city built by the hands of many and inspired by the brains of one selfish master-man. The workmen move with mechanical rhythm. Their homes are in the subterranean regions of the great city and sunlight and happiness are only enjoyed by the rich and powerful.

Masterman has one son who flits about on a top of a skyscraper with companions who don't look to be the kind that a wise father would select for his only and adored son. Then the heroine, Mary, gets off at the wrong floor when she is occupied with taking the workmen's children for a breath of fresh air and the two fall in love. Masterman's son starts investigating the inner regions of the city.

While the boy is donning overalls and doing his bit at the machines and Mary is occupied with trying to bring comfort to the workmen by reviving the teachings of the bible, Masterman and his inventor, Rotwang, have created a mechanical being that is perfect so far as mechanical manipulations of the human body are concerned. This they give the personality of Mary but they cannot give it her soul and in the end this creature turns against her masters and incites the workers to rebellion and destruction.

It isn't the story that puts "Metropolis" in the class of photoplays that make screen history but the remarkable production, the wealth of fantasy and genius that have been used unstintingly on this film. The play reaches heights that are not even approached by the average screen play and then sinks disappointingly into mediocrity. Nevertheless, it succeeds in making a vivid impression, one that will last for years.

Many ultra-modern appliances are used in this film, as, for instance, television is shown in operation. Before the final fade-out Capital and Labor are grasping hands confidently with a promise of united endeavor. C. M. D.

"The Callahans and the Murphys."

screen comedy written by Kathlee Norris, directed by George Hill and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Mrs. Callahan.....	Marie Dressler
Mrs. Murphy.....	Polly Moran
Ellen Callahan.....	Sally O'N
Dan Murphy.....	Lawrence Gr
Jim Callahan.....	Eddie Gribb

Comedy teams composed of men have been very successful, perhaps on the theory that if one funny man is worth a hundred laughs, two funny men are worth twice that amount. It remained for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to team two comediennes and "The Callahans and the Murphys" is the result of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran getting together inspired by an Irish story by Kathleen Norris.

The comedy is sometimes broad, sometimes human and at times vulgar, but while your nicer sensibilities are being shocked your heart is being warmed by the whole-hearted, whole-souled Mrs. Callahan (Marie Dressler) whose hospitable door is open to two or three more—bless their hearts.

The story concerns two generations of Callahans and Murphys. The elders fight and make-up and enjoy both phases, the young ones fight and make-up and life is not monotonous at best.

When Dan Murphy makes money bootlegging, Ellen Callahan will not speak to him, but he turns over a righteous leaf and all is well. The love story is whimsical and brave. One is forced to forgive some of the crude

comedy because of it and other funny stretches are really comical.

The musical theme that runs riot through this photoplay is none other than "My Wild Irish Rose."

Phil Spitalny and his band are still offering varied entertainment. The latest our gang comedy is a masterpiece of its kind and an additional attraction this week is Nora Hoffman, soprano.

WILLIAM HARRIGAN HEADS KEITH'S BILL

Keith's is presenting an unusually well balanced and entertaining program this week. Two unassuming youths, not named on the program, who call themselves "The Thrillers," do some of the fastest and neatest work on roller skates seen in many a day.

Ordinarily an act of this kind on a warm evening would cause fans to be waved more vigorously, but these gentlemen worked so easily that their most difficult stunts seemed to be effortless. They were rewarded by enthusiastic applause. Next in line came Hope Vernon, billed as "International musical comedy prima donna." She makes a pretty picture on her entrance, large flowered hat in hand with a Russian wolfhound at her side, singing her opening number. Her act had a continental touch that made it a bit different. Stutz and Bingham, who followed her, kept the folks laughing with their "wise-cracking" dialogue, and pleased them with the rendition of several popular numbers.

The star of the bill was next in line, William Harrigan, popular Broadway juvenile, and the son of Ed Harrigan, of Harrigan & Hart fame. Al Lewis is presenting this act which is excellently staged by Sidney Phillips. A bar-room serves as background to introduce William Harrigan, who is first refused a drink until it is made known that he is the son of no other than the famous Ed. Then come the old songs, "Paddy Duffy's Cart," "Maggie Murphy's Home," "McNally Row of Flats," "Poverty's Misfortune" and the famous "Mulligan's Guards." The bar tender and two or three customers joined in the chor and a grand time was had by all. The audience gave them a great reception. Claudia Coleman was the next to step before the curtain and present her well known "Feminine Types." A manicurist, a flapper, a saleslady at a cold

cream counter, are a few of her best ones. Miss Coleman is an artist.

Ina Alcova, a Boston girl, and her company of singers and dancers, are seen in an entertaining act called "Rhythmic Feet." Adagio work, buck and wing, songs of the "hot" variety were features. Eddie Cole and George Snyder, next to closing, present their familiar comedy, "Our Director" in which one of them directs part of an old Charlie Chaplin film which is shown on the screen. The comedy is well timed to the picture and the audience roars.

For the closing act on the bill, Bob Emery, popular "Big Brother" of Station WEEI presents his Twelve Jockyspreaders who have become so well known to young and old alike through the Big Brother Club on the radio. The act this year is more pretentious than his offerings of former seasons. The Jockyspreaders, a band composed of local high school boys, are well trained and their choice of tunes is excellent. The solo numbers were all well done and Big Brother and his talented company come in for a big share of applause.

CONTINUING

COLONIAL—"Twinkle Twinkle,"

Louis Werba's musical production starring Joe E. Brown and featuring Nancy Welford and Flo Lewis. Seventh week.

TREMONT—"The King of Kings,"

Cecil de Mille's film production dealing with the last two years in the life of Christ. Last week.

'MASKED WOMAN' AT WASH. OLYMPIA

Anna Q. Nilsson Has Leading Role in New Photoplay

"The Masked Woman" is the feature film at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre this week. The cast is one of the best seen in Holbrook and includes Anna Q. Nilsson, Holbrook Blinn, Charlie Murray, Ruth Roland, Einar Hansen, Gertrude Short and many others. Balboni, the young Italian director, who is fast gaining prominence in the film world has created settings and scenes worthy of DeMille. The story is laid in Paris and Monte Carlo, and there are scenes of life on the continent, a Roman banquet, intimate back stage scenes of a sophisticated French revue and other thrills of color and action.

Anna Q. Nilsson plays the wife of Dr. Rene Delatour (Einar Hansen). Holbrook Blinn is the suave and polished villain. Charlie Murray as the comic butler, takes care of the comedy situations ably assisted by Ruth Roland. Gertrude Short plays a chorus girl and the rest of the cast lends brilliant support. The wife of a young surgeon is faced with the problem of either risking her reputation or losing all chances to finance her husband's dream, an orphanage for cripples. She chooses to be venturesome but still virtuous, but finds it a difficult task, for the baron whose advances she repulses strikes back from the grave by naming her his heiress.

Headlining the vaudeville are Harry Cardiff and Mary Wales in "Travesties on Famous Plays." The scenes take place in a motion picture studio and the silent screen speaks. The Four Casting Stars, featured in the picture, "Variety," do some sensational feats. Teddy Joyce is a comedian, a singer, an eccentric dancer and violinist. Earle and Matthews sing and dance and make merry in the skit "All Mixed Up." Vanlane and Veronica and singing artists making pictures in sand. Short subjects and news specials round out the program in a cool and comfortable temperature of 70 degrees.

'CAPT. SALVATION'

The screen attraction at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week is "Captain Salvation," an adventurous romance of the sea, adapted from the novel by Frederick William Wallace. This vivid tale of men who go down to the sea in ships is portrayed by an exceptionally brilliant cast, including such well-known players as Lars Hanson, Marce-line Day, Pauline Starke, Ernest Torrence, George Fawcett, Sam de Grasse and others of note.

"Captain Salvation" is packed with spectacular and highly exciting scenes.

"The Climbers" Shares Bill with Many Other Attractions

A pretty balance in entertainment characterizes the bill of two new photoplays with the three Vitaphone artists' presentation at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. The topliner picture is Clyde Fitch's comedy drama, "The Climbers," the cast comprising Irene Rich, Clyde Cook, Forrest Stanley and Flobelle Fairbanks. The associate picture is the William Fox production, "Hills of Peril," starring Buck Jones. The Vitaphone program includes George Jessel in a comedy skit, the six Brown Brothers, saxophonists extraodinaire; and Blossom Seeley, star singer of syncopated melodies.

Intrigue in Spain's court circles motivates the plot of Mr. Fitch's play. An ambitious duchess is compromised by an uninvited boudoir visit of an indiscreet noble, and both are banished to New Spain. There the woman lives and grows rich, an embittered man-hater, and the man becomes a bandit of quality. Around this frame weaves a very pleasing drama that keeps interest lively until the last fadeout. The direction and acting are splendid.

Mr. Jones again has the role of a rollicking cowboy prone to trouble until the reforming influence of a girl affects him. Suspense, excitement, romance and exuberant comedy mark the film's unrolling.

July 26, 1927

When Sir Francis Younghusband was in Boston early in 1914, those who had the pleasure of meeting him found him a singularly modest man. This modesty, which does not prevent him from freeing his mind about government officials and brother officers whom he has known in his long and brilliant career, is shown in his "Light of Experience" published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

After nearly 30 years in the East he found the energy of American life invigorating, the boundless hospitality refreshing. In New York, Washington, Chicago, Boston he met men of prominence; he visited Colorado, Arizona, California. He was in this country only two months, but he realized the difficulty of understanding the true relationship of England with the United States. He felt more at home here than in India; he appreciated "the marvelous cordiality" of our hospitality; but we are under a different flag, and of our own choice; we are "foreigners, and diplomatically can be treated as nothing else but foreigners." Socially we (the English) cannot make too much of what is common between us. They are foreigners in politics. In society they are cousins."

Sir Francis recounts in a summary manner his career from 1885 when he was in India and England was on the brink of war with Russia. There was a concentration of 20,000 troops. Sir Francis reveled in delivering orders in a peremptory tone, for as a boy he had heard the Duke of Cambridge using "the most dreadful language" on a parade at Portsmouth; civilians, especially writers for the press, were held in contempt; among them was Rudyard Kipling, then unknown to fame, gleaned information for the Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore.

To the majority of Americans Sir Francis is best known by his Tibet expedition. Those who wish to read about this gallant accomplishment and details of his military adventures in other lands will be obliged to consult earlier books by him, as "The Heart of a Continent," "Wonders of the Himalaya," "The Heart of Nature," to which he refers, often in a tantalizing manner in the present volume; as in the chapter "Pekin to India"—"What difficulties did arise and how I met them, and what I saw on this journey. I have described in 'The Heart of a Continent,' published 30 years ago." But in the present volume the writer's characterizations of famous men, his opinions on national and frontier policy: above all the chapters on his religious experiences are of great interest.

Young in the service, he found Chinese soldiers very hardy, more intelligent than the men of European armies, but without esprit-de-corps, without a sense of duty to their country. The Chinese were a great people in many ways, but "suffering from overweening pride," and this accounted for much of the trouble they brought upon themselves. They felt contempt for all non-Chinese, a feeling engrained in

them. It was at a dinner of diplomats in Peking that the Ministers, except the English one, told risqué stories. Here the Frenchman held the field for the whole evening. Crossing the breadth of the Himalaya inspired Sir Francis to genuine eloquence in description. At the capital of Chinese Turkestan the Russian consul general said he was given to lying on principle; the English were fools not to lie. Yet Russia and Great Britain should be friends, not enemies in India. "The soul of Russia is a great soul; it will spring forth again," though at present "the great obstacle in the way of the world adopting their theories of social and political government is the British empire. So their aim is to destroy it." England has not now to fear territorial expansion, so much as the expansion of ideas. "In the conduct of frontier affairs it pays to run risks; with their willingness there should be a readiness to seize opportunities."

The soldier is shown in Sir Francis's cool account of a fight with Tibetans, who had the advantage of long range fire and were numerically greater.

"But Macdonald was of course prepared and on the lookout for any eventuality, and in a few minutes about 300 of them were killed, while we lost only two wounded. It was a curious result."

Going to South Africa to report on the mines for the London Times, Sir Francis saw much of Cecil Rhodes, "a great gentleman at heart," but cultivating a pose of rough pioneer manners. "He surrounded himself with a little court of very inferior men, and a lot of his talk was dreadful rubbish. He was a very poor judge both of men and of political situations." He believed the British were the fittest to rule. "He was not sure whether there was a God or not, but, assuming that there was, this was evidently the lines on which God worked, and he (Rhodes) must act in accordance with God's principles." His dream was not an ignoble one. Yet later in the book Sir Francis says that Rhodes was full of religious sentiment; at bottom a profoundly religious man; going alone to the mountains or the Veldt he would ruminate on the great mysteries of existence. All that Kruger cared for was freedom for the Boers, to sit on their farms and smoke their pipes in peace. The two were freakish; the crowning folly was Jameson's raid made in spite of Rhodes's efforts to stop him.

At Johannesburg Sir Francis was offered champagne at 10 A. M. at the Rand Club. Drinks were ordered at the slightest excuse. "It was a nuisance." This was the only resemblance the town bore, contrary to Sir Francis's expectation, to a glorified mining camp of the Bret Harte novel type.

The characterization of Sir Robert Hart, Curzon, the Maharaja, Prata Singh, a great gentleman, but not an able administrator—he changed his white cotton clothes five times a day as a part of his religion—Sir Hart Singh, Kitchener, Roberts are vivid. Sir Francis goes back to Warren Hastings who sent agents to Tibet nearly a century and a half ago, with good result; a great administrator "yet when the danger was over (the reference is to the French in India) and our position in India was assured, Burke and Sheridan had the unspeakable meanness to spew out venom on this great Englishman; and Macaulay in mere craze for literary effect was to connive in the blackening of his name.

Perhaps the two men idolized by Sir Francis were Major "Roddy" Ower who, if he had not died of cholera during the advance to Omdurman, would have been in the Great War in the very first rank of national heroes; the other, Admiral Nelson, "a supreme example of English genius for leadership and of those qualities which are most necessary in national life. . . Wellington is admired; Nelson is loved."

We should like to speak of Holkar the Indore Chief, a humorist of the first water, for not liking bankers. He one day harnessed the Indore bankers into the State coach, and getting on the box, drove them round the city.

To us the most remarkable and engrossing portion of the book is that entitled "The Flowering of England" in which Sir Francis describes at length his studies of various religions, his intercourse with leading philosophers of England and India, and the conclusion in his mind of the whole matter.

July 26, 1927

Although in many places the strawberry season is waning or is over, it may interest those to whom the berry is poison, bringing a rash to the skin, that the inducing acid may easily be corrected; that is, if the following tale is true.

A Bostonian, moving to New York, was engaged by a theatrical company for a southern and southwestern tour.

He tells us that stopping at Williamsburg, Va., he boarded at a house famed for its hospitality. Delicious strawberries were served. Our friend, to the amazement of one of the stately old landladies, passed them by. Questioned, he said that strawberries poisoned him. "Put sugar and cream on them, and then plenty of black pepper on top. You won't taste the pepper and you'll not have any rash." Following her advice, he enjoyed the berries without any distressing result. He learned this lesson a good many years ago; he taught it to dwellers in a famous strawberry region of Arkansas. And now when the berries are in season, he peppers them, and, mashed or whole, gaily eats them. "I suppose the pepper in some way or other counteracts the acid." He could not say whether red pepper, paprika or Worcestershire sauce (prepared from the recipe of an English nobleman) would have the same effect.

ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

We read in the London Observer that Europe has become "cocktailized." There is, unfortunately, no form of alcohol more dangerous and at the same time more adapted to the feminine palate. Can anything be more tempting, more seductive, and though she probably does not realize it, more intensely demoralizing to the woman of today, with her arduous and multifarious duties? You are tired after a long day, a couple of cocktails help you to shine at dinner; they also make a dull lunch bearable; they also . . . but why enumerate?"

BUT, continuing to drink cocktails, you cannot break the habit. You are miserable, depressed, and in spite of your resolutions you give in. Try—yes it's an advertisement, not a leading editorial—try the Turvey—not Turveydrop—Treatment. It necessitates neither nursing homes, doctor, nor injections.

The choir will now sing "To A Contemporary Cocktail," a quatrain published in the Chicago Daily News:

"Tinkle, tinkle little drink.
Cool and plausible and pink.
How I tremble to begin you!
How I wonder what is in you!"

This reminds us that the Keeley Institute advertises "1926 was our Biggest Year since 1917." Old Soak writes: "Don't you think us old graduates should present a purse to Andrew Volstead for what he has done for our alma mater?"

As the World Wags:

The other day I was listening to a conversation between a father and his son. This is what I heard:
"Why don't you get out and find a job? When I was your age I was working for \$3 a week in a store, and at the end of five years I owned the store." His son answered: "You can't do that nowadays. They have cash registers." IMA LEMON.

FROM THE ANANIAS CLUB

As the World Wags:

This I saw with my own eyes: Nine huge billboards in a row, and not one of the nine was a cigaret advertisement. RAPIDS TAM.

DOES SHE? GOOD GIRL!

(Columbia University Summer Bulletin)
"P. E. 167s. Individual Gymnastics—Miss Josephine Petts.
"P. E. 168s. Individual Gymnastics. Advanced—Miss Josephine Petts. Practice to be arranged."

GIVE YOU TWO GUESSES

(Adv. in the Denver Post)
SMALL yellow male dog, female, license on collar; reward. 3947 Alcott.

WHERE'S JOSHUA NOW?

(Adv. in a Covington, La., Paper)
THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS
This hideous monster will be dragged from his lair into the noonday sun Sunday night at the Baptist Church.

As the World Wags:

Last night I went into a drug store for a cherry phosphate. A man came in leading a young child by the hand. (The fact that he had a child by the hand is of no importance, it only proves that this tale is not fiction.) "Give me a pint of ice cream," he said.

"What flavor?" demanded the druggist as the man turned to the magazine counter to look at the latest bathing beauties on the covers. "Vanilla? Chocolate? Strawberry?"

"Yes" said the man.

KENAWSTON.

Less than fifty years ago, a celebrity's portrait, wriggled into recognizability with a Spencerian pen, could always be counted upon to collect an admiring crowd. And when an American sewing machine was perfected to the point of reproducing the Sistine Madonna in iron-fingered stitchery, the entire nation knelt in worship.—The Editor of Antiques.

A GERMAN FILM

"Secrets of the Soul" is an extraordinary picture, and has a certain lucidity in spite of its nature, but it is the lucidity with which a lunatic explains to you how he became King of Iceland.—Sydney W. Carroll.

AND LIQUOR EVERYWHERE

We are indebted to Mr. Goodspeed for this excerpt from "Cyder, a Poem in Two Books" by John Philips. Book II page 62:

"But, if Thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious Drinks would'st
besides the Orchat, ev'ry Hedge, and
Bush
Affords Assistance; ev'n afflictive Birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle Youth, distills
A limpid Current from her wounded
Bark,
Profuse of nursing Sap. When Solar
Beams
Parch thirsty human Veins, the dam-
ask't Meads,
Unforc'd display ten thousand painted
Flowers
Useful in Potables. Thy little Sons
Permit to range the Pastures; gladly
they
Will mow the Cowslip-Posies, faintly
sweet,
From whence thou artificial Wines shalt
draw
Of icy Taste, that, in mid Fervors, best
Slack craving thrift, and mitigate the
Day."

WESTERN HOUSEKEEPING

(Racine Journal-News)

NEWLYWEDS, LOOK!

"Five rooms complete household furniture. This furniture almost new; selling at real sacrifice; also 16 gauge shotgun and Lueger pistol. Inquire at 1645."

R. H. L. asks: "How are the sash-weights?" for he thinks guns and pistols are out of date.

July 22, 1927

Mrs. Eugene Gollightly, who has honored us with her friendship for many years, came back from Italy last week. She had much to say about the law and order now maintained; about the cookery and how difficult it was to obtain the real Chianti; she had seen Mussolini, also Vesuvius. When we spoke of the picture galleries, she replied (and we wondered at her stooping to the language of the street): "Oh, I was soon fed up on pictures. I learned to dodge them. I grew so tired of Saints and Madonnas." Then she said: "If you would like to read a delightful book about Italy, a book without gush and tiresome descriptions, get E. R. P. Vincent's 'The Italy of the Italians.' I bought it in England."

Although we do not always trust Mrs. Gollightly's literary taste, and when any one says enthusiastically of a book: "What? You haven't read it? You must, everybody is talking about it," we resolve never to look even at the cover, we purchased a copy of "The Italy of the Italians," published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Company, read it, and wrote a letter of grateful acknowledgment to our fair friend.

For this book is not, like many others, an anthology of rhapsodic comments on famous pictures, statues, cathedrals, landscapes with running remarks on inconveniences of travel, and superficial reflections on economic, political and religious questions. Mr. Vincent did not visit Italy for the first time, but he went to Italy. For there is an Italy, which is more or less of an English tradition, the Italy evolved from accounts of returning travelers, so that the country has long seemed an English heritage, inhabited, alas, by foreigners who claim absolute ownership and call the land Italia. The two countries are not the same. As for the Italians, "we approach them full of tolerant good fellowship, full of Giotto, Raphael and Michelangelo, full of pergolas and Browning, architecture and Ruskin, and (caro Lei!) we are up against a hard, cynical, rapier play of contradiction." "Sunny" Italy. Italia has seasons of cold, drought, dust and malignant winds. Italy is "familiar, limited and defunct." Italia is "a strange, hard land, pulsating and living."

So in this book no one need expect pages from Vasari's lives of the painters, from Browning or Ruskin. Mr. Vincent speaks for himself, and is worth hearing. He is human, observant.

with a delicate sense of humor. He left his guide book under a seat in the train between Paris and the Alps.

Take the matter of pictures. What is the real attitude of an uninitiated traveler toward painted pictures? "Does he really dislike them, does he enjoy them all, are his preferences genuine, or conventional and snobbish?" Should he accept the judgment of others, and look at only the pictures starred in the guide books? "I must admit in shame that to me a picture is chiefly a picture, a representation of familiar things or a symbol of a literary idea. Our moods largely determine our attitudes toward particular pictures."

Cremona. Mr. Vincent went into the lute-makers' workshop, because he became acquainted with the son of the last lute-maker while the two were in swimming. They drank zabaglione—a beverage of hot whipped egg and Marsala wine—and shared that "exquisite and transitory friendship of men who, as they have nothing in common, have nothing about which to disagree." On a pillar of a church was hung a notice:

"Women must keep their heads covered—respect demands it."

"Leave dogs outside—good manners impose it."

"Don't spit on the floor—hygiene commands it."

It was at Bergaino that a Neapolitan lawyer with a simian face waxed eloquent over Italy's contributions to the world. At the end he almost shouted: "That infamous treaty of Versailles, do you find in that any gratitude for the part Italy played in your war and in your civilization?" A girl of oval face and dark, languid eyes, passive, mysterious, asked him if he took sugar in his coffee. He did, for "the preference was a hall mark of good breeding."

Going across the Euganean Hills, lodging with a peasant grocer, whose son had "withdrawn his thinking faculties into his stomach," our traveler asked how any foreigner could understand any fellow-creature who lives mainly on maize-cake, chestnuts, oil, wine and macaroni. Yet it is the peasants' "immense capacity for patient labor and endurance, their inherent optimism and tranquil good sense that is the strong bedrock of Italian character." Thus moralizing, Mr. Vincent visited Petrarch's house at Arquà, as afterwards the homes of Leopardi and Carducci.

There is a long chapter about the "glorious Venice of the past, the Venice of today ripe, over-ripe. How pleasant it is to ponder on the beauty of this declining curve. . . . Is there a new Venice springing up from her lovely death-bed?" The mosaic-encrusted ceiling of St. Mark's might at any moment

have cracked and come down on the head of "a Doge passing in the pride of ceremonial glory, or on Jacobo Casanova, or even (whisper it low!) on Mr. Ruskin."

A silk mill not far from Milan was visited; there was an excursion boat ride on Lake Como; Verona suggested Shakespeare's debt to Italia; at Bologna where restaurant tables were covered with rich slippery macaroni, haunches of meat, peaches and melons twice the usual size; olives, sausages, swollen flasks of wine, there was an improving talk with a fat priest about miracles, "which will happen in the best regulated families," the priest assured him. Mr. Vincent was ready to accept the miracle of Saint Januarius at Naples, as a fact beyond natural laws now known to us.

There is an amusing description of a railway journey on a hot day; at Florence the question came up, are modern democratic ideals of government fatal to the artistic impulse. There is much about Siena and its Palio, which is vividly described at length; at Rome one is spared rhapsodies about St. Peter's and the Vatican. There is a pathetic chapter, "A Memory of the Risorgimento," connected with the old lady the "Garibaldina," who in her youth was the "friend" of Garibaldi. Bixio, Mazzini, Cavour. If one collects postage stamps and loves liberty he should live in the little republic of San Marino, with its army of 60 men, four generals and a brass band.

Urbino. Not only was there the remembrance of the famous Court at which there was "good talk" perpetuated in Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier," the palace represented here in one of Innes Meo's 12 charming colored illustrations, but Mr. Vincent was amused by a professional stealer of lump sugar at a cafe, by the scene at a wayside garage, as at Foggia by the horse race and the Count in tweed suit, patent leather shoes, peaked cap and a monocle—very English. And at last Mr. Vincent, homeward bound, feels that an Englishman must understand Italia, if he can, before he unconditionally rejects the principles of the Italian facismo.

When the Maharaja of Raplam and his suite disembarked from the Minnetonka at New York the gaping crowd became aware that these orientals with yellow turbans and huge diamond earrings were redolent with pungent perfumes: scents, gums,

"Strewn by swart Kings
When they wax amorous."

But the Maharaja is not here in search of the ideal woman, not here to gaze in rapture on any prize beauty of an American state; he has come to play polo.

We are not told the nature of these perfumes; whether they contain the 60 possible ingredients.

Even in Sunday school the "sweet odors" with which Esther was treated for six months that she might find favor in the eyes of Ahasuerus who reigned from India even unto Ethiopia, over a hundred and seven and twenty provinces, were not described, even named, by our sallow-faced teacher with the glittering, jangling bracelets.

Mock not the Maharaja of Raplam because he is heavily perfumed. Napoleon ran up large bills for Eau de Cologne and scented soap. English statesmen, Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Canning were fond of perfumes. George IV owed his perfumer in a truly royal manner £500 17s. 11d.

It might be asked whether a woman or a man can find at any shop the one perfume that is in precise harmony with personality, for today we all go in for "personality"—on the stage, in politics, in the concert hall, in the pulpit.

Napoleon and the world famous water of Cologne! The Emperor Vespasian, reforming his army, turned away his head in disgust when a young man much perfumed came to return thanks for having appointed him commander of a squadron of cavalry. Vespasian sharply said: "I had rather you had smelt of garlic" and revoked his commission.

Yet in spite of Vespasian and the poets Martial, Ben Jonson, Herrick, one sniffs gratefully sweet odors; one likes to think of Dalila's entrance in Milton's tragedy:

"Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus bound for the isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courtied by all the winds that hold
them play
An amber scent of odorous perfume."

Even wives and daughters of New England's puritanical worshippers perfumed themselves for the service of the church in our village of the Sixties. We still see the little vials with white kid around the glass stoppers.

Did not the hands of Mr. Jagers, the criminal lawyer in "Great Expectations," always smell of scented soap? Artemus Ward's Uncle Wilym's forte was glorious commerce. "He sold soap. It smelt pretty." And Harrigan's Mr. Mulligan when he rose to a height of prosperity indulged himself in scented soap.

As the World Wags:

Probably in the near future flagpole sitters will be seen in every city, town and village. Will not some one of official authority tell us whether a flagpole sitter should be lowered to half mast when a great man dies?

Chicago.

W. A. F.

Bill Souze writes: "What do you think of the woman in St. Paul, Minn., who asked for an increase in alimony because her second husband wanted a more expensive car?"

As the World Wags:

A friend in San Francisco writes that in California they're all excited, the entire population dashes madly up and down the beach tearing its hair; everybody seems to be going nutty—some guy has announced that he was going to Honolulu on a boat.

HERBLOCK.

APPROPOS OF CABELL'S "JURGEN"

(Saturday Review of Literature)

Every night I kneel by my little bed and offer up a prayer for more censorship—not less, not less, O Lord, but more! There must be other good books that deserve their boost, other writers of a like excellence that we haven't discovered as yet. O Lord, bring us all a nice good Clean Book Bill and see a flock of new stars arise in the spacious firmament!

R. H. L. IN PARIS

As the World Wags:

Just what Camille Desmoulins said to the revelers that night of July 12, 1789, that turned them into shrieking maniacs and lighted the torch of the revolution nobody knows. Carlyle has written a speech for him, and so have

One might think that Jeffrey Pulver's "Biographical Dictionary of Old English Music," a large octavo volume of 537 pages, double columns, published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co., would interest only musicians and students of musical history. But musicians are human beings, men of infirmities and passions, nor does pronounced talent or genius prevent them from sometimes furnishing amusement, even amazement to the outsider through the successive centuries. These old musicians often led adventurous lives.

Take that singer and lutenist, famous in the late 17th century, John Abell. What were the "secret services" for which he was paid by his king? When Abell came back from Italy John Evelyn, hearing this "treble" sing, wrote in his diary: "I never heard a more excellent voice; one would have sworn it had been a woman's, it was so high, and so well and skilfully managed." This Abell would go from town to town on the Continent, now in his own equipage, now tramping it with his lute on his back; he would play and sing in noblemen's halls, or occupy a fixed position at a court. When he would not, for some reason or other, sing to the King of Poland, bears were let loose; Abell then lifted up his voice, as he himself said, never so well in his life. At Hanover he sang and begged; he also "diverted" the princesses. He was called "the Harmonious Vagabond." The great Mr. Congreve wrote that Abell was whimsical; "so that when he will sing or not upon the stage are things very disputable, but he certainly sings beyond all creatures upon earth."

One likes to think of Henry Aldrich, writing a catch in which the four male singers are allowed to puff their pipes during the rests provided for this purpose. An undergraduate at Oxford wagered he would find Aldrich smoking by 10 A. M. He lost; Aldrich was filling, not smoking, his pipe.

Thomas Baltzar was so fine a fiddler that his company was greatly desired, and company, wrote that old gossip, Anthony Wood, "especially musical company, delighting in drinking, made him drink more than ordinary, which brought him to his grave." The wonder excited by his running his fingers to the end of the finger board and back again, shows that the best players of that day in England seldom, if ever, climbed higher than the third position.

When John Banister gave public concerts in London, there was "a large raised box for the musicians, whose modesty required curtains." The admission charge was a shilling a head, "call for what you pleas." As there were tables in the hall, it is fair to suppose that there was eating and drinking during the "very good musick."

There was Thomas Brewer, a violist. His nose was "very rich and rubicund," says L'Estrange. A friend reproved him for his over-indulgence in strong waters and sack, "as very pernicious to that distemper and inflammation of his nose. Nay, faith, says he, if it will not endure sack, it's no nose for me."

Thomas Britton, the small coal man of London, who founded concerts that became fashionable, was told by a jocose ventriloquist in a feigned voice that unless he knelt down at once and recited the Lord's Prayer he would not live many hours. Britton, much affected, complied, but his mind was not at ease and he died within a few days.

Why did the great John Bull exile himself from England? Mr. Pulver speaks of the mystery: "Charges were made against him that no member of the Chapel could face unless he had a complete defence." The English ambassador to the Low Countries reported that Bull "did steal out of England through the guilt of a corrupt conscience, to escape the punishment which notoriously he had deserved and was designed to have inflicted on him by the hand of justice." The ambassador named sins of the flesh but the archduke kept Bull organist at Brussels. Later he was the organist of the Cathedral at Antwerp, where he died.

John Dowland, composer and lutenist, was of sterner stuff. Honored by continental dukes and princes, he wished to visit Rome, having pleased the Duke of Florence. There he was promised by English recusants a large Papal pension, if he would serve Rome. He wept because he could not study at Rome with Marenzio, but he would not become a servant of "the greatest enemy of my prince, country, wife, children and friends." He did not suffer in the end. The King of Denmark gave him the very large salary in those days of \$500 a year, additional gifts; gave him his royal portrait, decorated him; when Dowland later had an appointment at the English court his salary was 1s. 8d a day, plus the allowance of 16 2s. 6d for livery.

Solomon Eccles, becoming a Quaker, sold his music and instruments brought them back, thinking he had put the soul of the purchaser in danger then burnt them all. During the plague in London he went about the streets, with a dish of burning sulphur on his head, warning the people to leave their evil ways lest they incur the punishment of Sodom and Gomorrah. He was whipped, often imprisoned; "a very zealous man." Truly a different character from Henry Eveseed (also Oveseed), a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. The sub-dean and gentlemen of the Chapel petitioned the dean to remove him, charging that he was "drunke many daies together so that he was awaies fighting with his fellowes"; that he rose from his bed naked and ran through a glass window; that he spoiled a dish of potage "which Mr. Harrison and others were eating of"; that on St. Peter's day last, did violently and sodenly without cause runne uppon Mr. Gibbons, took him up and threw him downe uppon a standard whereby he received such hurt that he is not yett recovered of the same, and with all he tore his band from his neck to his prejudice and disgrace."

The wretched Eveseed was also guilty of saying that the subdean "sat in chapter as the Knave of Clubbs."

Tobias Hume, soldier, serving as a mercenary in Sweden, was a gambler and a composer of music that would now be called "programmatic." He wrote in a dedication to one of his works:

"My profession beeings, as my education hath beene Armes, the onely effeminate part of mee, hath beene Musicke; which in me hath beene alwaies Generous because never mercenarie." He died insane, having issued a bombastic petition offering to do naval and military wonders, yet it has been said of him by Peter Warlock in "The English Ayre," which was published last year, that Hume's song, "Fain would I change that note," has made him immortal; "one of the most perfect melodies ever penned by an Englishman."

And so Henry Lawes, the Lawes of Milton, suffering financial loss, could write: "I am not so low to bow for a subsistence to the Folles of his Age."

We catch a glimpse of Thomas Mace playing on his lute while his wife is intent on her needle-work, very still and quiet, listening to all he played. Evelyn wondered at that "stupendous violin" (sic) Signor Nicholas who "had a stroke so sweet, and made it speak like the voice of a man." We regret to learn that one Mudd, an organist, had a sad reputation for drunkenness; that Michael Wise is said to have gone into the street, boiling with rage, having quarreled with his wife; a tempest was raging; a night watchman felled him with his weapon for failing to give an account of himself.

But Mr. Pulver is not only pleasingly anecdotal; his book is a vast storehouse of information and criticism; and not only of the great Tallis, Tye, Byrd, Gibbons, Purcell, but of lesser lights, some of them long extinguished but shining in their day. There are lists of works, lists of first publications and reprints. There is also a remarkably full index with all manner of cross references. In his preface Mr. Pulver finds two causes for the arrest of characteristically English music at the death of Purcell: The fondness of Charles the Second for French music and the arrival of Handel. The book should be in the library of everyone interested in the glorious English music of the past, or in the condition of musicians wandering, or in fixed and honorable positions.

P. H.

numerous historians. They all agree on one thing, "aux armes," which means "to arms." We can write Camille's speech for him as well as anybody else, and we think he said that the farmer cannot make a living anymore; the King of England is a big stiff; we must get out the vote; we stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord; give us light wines and beer; write to your congressman today; around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon; call me Cam; get out the vote; save the people from the Demon Rum; political purity and civic righteousness; get out the vote; let the people rule; no third term for King Louie.

R. H. L.

WAITING ON THE QUAY (For As the World Wags)

Known you before? Yes, aeons we have known
Each other, worshipped, wept, laughed,
—If we could
Recall th' events. Maybe with masks of wood
We played in Attic city; or in stone
We watched an obelisk take form; or prone
We stammered prayers to Buddha for our good;
Or at the Crucifixion met and stood
And suffered, wild hearts withering
without moan.

Last night we met, you pale and silent;
I
Calm, waiting for th' ascending tide;
and mine
To know and yours to know, as eye held
eye,
The world's eternal beauty by a sign
Obscure but sure. Against the ancient
sky
Glanced modern lights in geometric
line.

EVA HAMMOND CHURCHILL

The Institute of Industrial Psychology says a good milker must possess perseverance, patience, punctuality, determination, steadiness, love of work, a conversational gift, concentration, general intelligence. It was a city man who, having bought a farm, thought he would gain experience in milking by beginning with a calf. Should one vary one's conversation for a Jersey, a Guernsey, a Holstein?

As the World Wags:

In his forthcoming work on "The American Language, If Any," Mr. William (Bill) Schnaltz has caused to be inserted the following definitions, compiled after serious study of constabulary methods and practices:

Riot—Any assemblage of persons holding the police to be dunderheads, buffoons, clowns, morons or oafs; any intelligent group of citizens meeting in a public place.

Inciting to Riot—Any speech reflecting on the intelligence of the police; any funny business.

Riot Call—Invitation to skull-crashing party. Issued promptly on the "jostling" of an officer, or the sound of a horse-laugh.

Public Servant—A skull-crasher; a police sergeant issuing riot call.

Funny Business—Something that will make a most unfavorable impression on a public servant. Anything he can't understand. Any word of more than one syllable.

VOX CLAMANTIS.

The life of that extraordinary woman, Marie-Anne de la Tremoille, "The Princess des Ursins," has been written by Maud Cruttwell, written, not taken, for Miss (perhaps Mrs.) Cruttwell, unlike certain contemporaneous biographers, is not an assassin. The book, illustrated with six portraits, is published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

We doubt if even the name of the Princess is now familiar to many, yet this woman played for many years an important part in the history of Europe, played a heroine's part in keeping the miserable Philippe the Fifth on the throne of Spain, where he had been seated by his grandfather, Louis the Fourteenth, who had hoped thus to become master of that country; kept Philippe King, stiffened his backbone, prevented Austria from obtaining possession. The Princess was 60 years old when she waged her war against principalities and powers, against open foes and cunning traitors, against intrigues within and without; with Philippe and Louis ungrateful, and at the end crushed in their persecution of her. A Princess, who had been twice married; who had had cardinals and princes for lovers; who had aroused the jealousy of Mme. Maintenon, who, noted for her amorous adventures, was first of all ambitious for power. If she dreamed of being Queen of France, for Louis, when she was near him, was enchanted by her physical spell and her lively wit, when Mme. Maintenon was so disobliging as to persist in living, she demanded a kingdom of her own, and at the last in Rome ruled the little court of James Stuart, known as the Old Pretender, who in the eyes of the Pope Clement the Eleventh was the legitimate King of England.

The story of the War of Spanish Succession is told vividly and with not too much detail. How kings, cardinals, mighty men in politics and war did lie! What examples of contemptible meanness in the intrigues!

But this book abounds in the portraits of characters, and in descriptions of the manners and life in Spain. The author necessarily quotes freely from journals and letters of the time, especially from the memoirs of Saint-Simon, though she calls him a snob, a sycophant, a man possessed of all the "ignominious virtues," malicious. Saint-Simon, himself, in his youth, 33 years younger than the princess, was one of her most ardent admirers, and wrote in later years minute and at times eloquent descriptions of her, a woman, "galante" at 60 and even at 70.

When Philippe d'Anjou, put on the throne of Spain against his will, a sickly youth, ill-made, almost hump-backed, amazingly sensual, went to his country, the Spaniards showed their joys by bull fights and autos-da-fé in the towns along the road. He offended his subjects, for he was sickened by the sight of blood and smell and crackle of burn flesh. When his first wife, Marie of Savoy, married at thirteen, educated by her father the duke, to play on Philippe's sensuality, to further his (the Duke's) political schemes, the ship magnificent as it was that bore her with attendants clad in silk and silver cloth, was infested with bedbugs. Spain was then in a state of complete decadence; no commerce, no industry, no money. There was not a sou to buy napkins at the Court. The palace servants were in rags. The grandees wrote Saint-Simon, were contemptuous and contemptible. "They have nothing except pride, poverty, laziness and the syphilis." When a nurse was required for the Queen's first child it was not easy to find one not born with the hereditary taint. The Court was sombre, rigidly Oriental. Windows had wooden screens; coach windows were heavily curtained. The sexes were separated at the theatre. The palaces swarmed with dwarfs, arrogant, deformed bodily and mentally. No chairs in the palace except for the King and the Queen. Men stood; the women sat on cushions on the floor. No "hygienic accommodation" of any sort. The women cultivated leanness, and rouged even their shoulders, as the cheeks and shoulders of the palace statues were rouged.

The Princess, sent by Louis as Camarera Mayor, waged war against the tontillo, a long heavy train, short at the back but long in front and at the sides to hide the women's feet, which were very small, the most attractive part of their bodies, but Spanish husbands did not wish them to be seen. "It is a crime here," wrote Blecourt, "to show the feet and there are husbands extravagant enough to say that they would rather see their wives dead than that their legs should be seen." Was there not an old saying: "The Queen of Spain has no legs"? The Queen forbade the tontillo in her presence because it embarrassed service and raised clouds of dust which were bad for her lungs.

The Queen, brave, wise, admirable woman, even if she had a temper, died of tuberculosis when she was 25. The doctors said the only way of saving her was human milk. (The nourishment given to the dying.)

(When the measles was raging in Paris in 1712 Mme. de Maintenon wrote that the Dauphine, sick with an inflammation of the jaw, found a little relief by taking four doses of opium and chewing and smoking tobacco.)

Traveling in Spain was then like moving house. There were no inns, no sort of accommodation on the roads. Even the beds had to be carried with the traveler. The Queen, moving to Burgos when the Austrians entered Madrid, was without a bed for the first days. She had only two eggs for supper.

The second wife of the miserable king of Spain was Elisabeth Farnese, Princess of Parma, once beautiful, but terribly disfigured by the smallpox, masculine, violent, suspicious, ignorant, having a delightful voice, eating for two, drinking like a trooper, a good shot, ready to hear and tell the coarsest jokes. Dominating, she ministered to the satyrical of the king. The story of the last days of the half-mad Philippe, the fifth in which he passed his days, not leaving his bed for six months, without shaving, cutting his nails or changing his linen; now gloomily silent, now shrieking and biting his arms, poisoned with aphrodisiacs has been well characterized as "Dantesque."

And in the picture gallery as described by this author are portraits of schemers, hypocrites, liars—Louis the Fourteenth among them—perverts, men and women of incredible baseness. Those whom the Princess had befriended, advanced to high station, betrayed her. The Duc d'Orleans is not the only sinister figure. There is the great general, the Duc de Vendome, whose lack of cleanliness and decency were famous, whose health—and nose—had suffered from his monstrous debaucheries, who ate enormously and voraciously, preferring fish, and stinking fish better than fresh; the great general, who died at Vinaros, abandoned by every one, crying out to the last valets when they dragged away his mattress and counterpane, not to let him die naked on the straw.

And of all these men and women only the Princess, Marie of Savoy, Mme. Maintenon, in spite of her jealousy, that faithful friend of the princess, the Duchess de Noailles, and a few men, unstable in friendship, stand out in pleasing contrast.

Truly an engrossing book, this "Princess des Ursins," valuable as a history, interesting as a picture of character and manners.

July 26, 1927

When the Pequod left Nantucket with Capt. Ahab in the cabin plotting against his enemy Moby Dick, the great white whale, Bildad was looking over the bows for the approaching anchor, and at intervals singing what seemed a dismal stave of psalmody, to cheer the hands at the windlass, who roared forth some sort of a chorus about the girls in Boobie Alley, with hearty good will. Yet Bildad had told them no profane songs would be allowed on board the Pequod particularly in getting under weigh, and Charity his sister, had put a small choice copy of Watts in each seaman's berth. Yes, Bildad himself sang before the ship gained the offing:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green.
So to the Jews old Canaan stood.
While Jordan rolled between."

Is the chorus about the girls in Boobie Alley sung anywhere today, as a capstan, pumping or halliard shanty? We write "shanty" for so it is in Miss C. Fox Smith's "Book of Shanties," a handsome volume in the words and music of 31 of these sea songs, published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Is it "chanty" or "shanty"? The Oxford dictionary is for the former spelling; the Standard has the spelling "chantey."

Miss Smith in her long and entertaining preface discusses the question. John Masefield, the late J. E. Patterson and the late F. T. Bullen, seamen all, favor "Chanty" or "Chantey." Miss Smith says that among sailors the word has generally been spelt as pronounced—"Shanty." Is "Chanty" derived from the French verb "Chanter," to sing? "Shanty," she says, is in negro parlance, a hut; in the West Indies when a man changed his residence he moved his house with him, with one man sitting on the roof and singing a song, while those harnessed to the ropes and pulling were a friendly chorus. She does not say that, according to some, "Shanty" is derived from the Irish "sean," old, and "pig" house, or that rough or rickety wooden huts or cabins in the United States are shanties. She examines both theories and sensibly rejects both of them. "It may be that the word 'Shanty'—like the thing it signifies—simply 'grewed.'" Nor does she believe that the great bulk of these songs are of negroid origin. It has always been the habit of seafaring men to sing when they were at work. It is not likely that the English sailor was mute until a West Indian negro taught him to lift up his voice. As for the tunes, she reminds us that many ships of the British royal navy and nearly all the ships of the East India Company in the first half of the 19th century carried a ship's fiddler, to play tunes when the anchor was being hove and on other occasions. One was attached to a British brig as late as the 1890's. Is it not probable that sailors, in the absence of a fiddler, knowing the tunes, made up verses to fit, as English marching regiments have their tunes when the band is silent: as that of the Loyal North Lancashire's:

"I feel no pain, dear mother, now,
But oh, I am so dry!
Oh, take me to a brewery
And leave me there to die."

Shantying was at its best between 1850 and 1875, she says, and then no one thought of noticing the words or music. Shanties and old countryside songs were alike thought vulgar by the average Victorians, often "unprintable songs sung by distinctly undesirable people, socially considered." It is true that the words are often exceedingly coarse, these songs are not in Miss Smith's collection. Perhaps she will some day publish them in a limited edition, as Bishop Percy compiled an extra volume to go with his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."

Some of the shanties in the present volume have a piano accompaniment, but they are best unaccompanied, or by a fiddle, concertina or mouth organ. They should not be sung in a music hall with an absurd stage setting. "Strong men have wept to see such things done." The outstanding thing about most of the shanties is their melancholy; they should never be sung as fast as a horn-pipe.

Miss Smith has annotated copiously these songs. If "Rio Grande" is sung, say "Ry—o" not Rce—o" and rhyme "Grande" with "sand." Who was Sally Brown?

"Sally Brown she's a bright mulatto—
Way—ay, roll and go!
She drinks rum and chews tobacco—
Spend my money on Sally Brown."

The tune of "The Banks of Sacramento" is that of the negro minstrel song, "Campton Races." The two songs were probably written about the time of the rush to California in 1849.

"Blow, Boys, Blow," is said to have referred originally to the slave trade; later the words applied to the hard-driven swift ships from "Down East." Sometimes Semmes of the Alabama figured as skipper; generally Bully Hayes, a famous blackbird of the South Seas, who "seems to have been in what may literally be described as civil life, one of the mildest-mannered men that ever slit a throat; not long ago I had a letter from a lady who spent her youth in Australia, and cherished the fearful recollection of having as a child sat on that celebrated ruffian's knee!" Shanghai Brown was the infamous San Francisco crimp.

"They call me hanging Johnnie—
Away-ay-i-oh!
Because I hang for money—
Oh hang, boys, hang!
"At first I hanged my mother—
And then I hanged my brother—
"A rope, a beam, a ladder,
I'll hang you all together."

This shanty fascinated John Masefield. Was Hanging Johnnie Jack Ketch, the famous executioner? The question is asked, but the date of the shanty cannot thus be determined for hangmen in England were popularly known as Jack Ketch for a century or a half.

And who was "poor old Reuben Rantzo," the hero of 24 verses? He certainly was not the Danish Daniel Rantzo of the 16th century. Miss Smith thinks he may have been a Russian or Polish Jew named Rantzo. She gives amusing reasons for this belief. Who was that good old man "Stormey," the best of skippers, whose shroud was of softest silk, whose grave was dug with a silver spade? "I wish I was old Stormey's son, I'd build a ship a thousand ton, I'd load her deep with wine and rum, And all my shellbacks should have some, Ay, ay, ay, Mister Stormalong!"

Commend us to the Maid of Amsterdam. "I put my arm around her waist. Says she, 'Young man, you're in great haste.'"

"I took that girl upon my knee, She said, 'Young man, you're rather free.'"

"But when I'd blowed my twelve months' pay

Mark well what I do say! But when I'd blowed my twelve months' pay

That girl she vanished clean away—

And I'll go no more a-roving

With you, fair maid!

A-roving, a-roving, since roving's been

my ru-u-in,

I'll go no more a-roving

With you, fair maid!"

This book should be added to Miss

Smith's "Sailor Town Days," "Sea Songs

and Ballads," "Full Sail."

"A LA CARTE"

TREMONT—"A La Carte," Rosali Stewart's new revue, has its metropolitan premiere. York and King, Hootor and Holbrook, Charles Irwin, Bobb Arnst, Powers and Wallace, the Giersdorf sisters, Helen Lowell, Jay Velle and others, head a large cast.

This is Miss Stewart's first venture in the revue field. "The Show Off," "Craig's Wife" and "The Torchbearers," all George Kelly plays, have been in Boston productions to date. She has gone to the vaudeville field, with which she is well acquainted, for most of her "A La Carte" talent, and has a group of new faces to entertain the wearied audience of the typical revue. The performance last evening ran unusually late, so these remarks will simply touch on the high spots of the production. Of course changes must be made, things must be cut here and there. This is taken for granted in the presentation of a revue filled to overflowing with talent. But it has the makings of first-rate entertainment. It is not necessarily of the sophisticated variety, but has enjoyable summer fare all the way through.

The dancing takes the honors of the evening. One specialty dancer after another steps out in a bewildering series of taps, acrobatics and adagio work. Harriet Hootor and William Holbrook, recruited from vaudeville; Bradford and Hamilton, Karavaeff and Little Billy were some whose performances stood out. The ballet of the evening, "The Fairy Doll," had a decided Chauve Sours flavor. The costumes and sets were most agreeable. Practically the whole cast participated in this and caught the spirit of the pantomime with unusual feeling.

The music, consistently tuneful at all times, came from a number of pens. "Baby's Blue" and "The Calinda," both by Herman Hupfield, seemed to have the best possibilities. Jay Velle and Bobbe Arnst, the young lady with personality galore, did the first one, and Powers and Wallace introduced "The Calinda" which is a new twist on the southern blues and the occasion for the creation of a new dance of the name.

The sketches are a little disappointing. The Hattons, Frederic and Fanny, furnished one, "Taxi Talk," which had its amusing moments but was a little too long-drawn out for revue pace. Mr. Kelly's contributions, at least the two that were seen, did not seem to set just right last evening. Re-writing and judicious cutting will unquestionably adjust everything.

Charles Irwin, a personable gentleman, easy of manner, made an excellent master of ceremonies and helped considerably to keep the pace of the performance at the correct speed. Yorke and King, vaudeville favorites, "stopped the show" with their clowning and antics in tin-type get-ups. The Giersdorf sisters, also familiar to vaudeville audiences as instrumentalists, did some vocal harmony a la Brox sisters, but fared much better when they produced their instruments. The audience was extremely friendly and applauded enthusiastically throughout.

James Cruze's Great Picture Is Revived

"The Covered Wagon," a film drama made several years ago by James Cruze from the novel by Emerson Hough, photographed by Karl Brown, revived by Paramount and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Molly Wingate	Lois Wilson
Will Banton	Warren Kerrigan
Jackson	Ernest Torrence
Jesse Wingate	James Ogle
Mrs. Wingate	Ethel Wales
Sam Woodhull	Alton Hale
Bridges	Tully Marshall
Jed Wingate	John Fox

"The Covered Wagon" was one of the first epic pictures and its great success established a motion picture habit. The few years that have passed since "The Covered Wagon" was made have been fruitful ones for the film industry but even now "The Covered Wagon" is a great picture today.

This, as you probably know, is a screen version of the pioneer's trek toward the west in 1848. Its dramatic possibilities are limitless and James Cruze, always sensitive to primitive courage, has made the dust rise from the prairies and fill our smug noses today.

The present picture has been cut down from its longer predecessor but memory fails to nudge at which places. The photography is the noteworthy thing about this picture that has lasted. It is a brave sight to see the white robed wagons rolling along together, to see horses and wagons fighting to cross unbridged rivers. At night when the camp fires make bright smudges and prowling Indians are brought into the background it is found that the camera more than holds its own with time.

The acting is old-fashioned which is one way of saying there is too much of it. The villain is so mean it is surprising the celluloid unwinds gracefully under him and there is a plentiful sprinkling of dolly and little girl episodes. A young and charming Lois Wilson is on these reels and it was here that Ernest Torrence was discovered. John Fox as Wingate is perfect, past and present with his "chaw" and his strains of "Oh! Susanna."

The revue this week is composed of young ladies gathered together from various cities in an opportunity contest by the management of the Publix Theatres and sent the rounds to show where the talent grows and how it grows. Everyone concerned should be complimented. There is a remarkable amount of stage presence in this group, some clever dancing, singing and even a comedienne. Miss Boston is represented by Victoria Herbert of Roxbury and from the midst of flying heels and black-bottoms, Miss Boston steps to the front and sings "Kiss Me Again" reminiscently of Fritzi Scheff, without the final note, however. Jane Johnson adds a professional elegance to "Young America." C. M. D.

KEITH'S BILL LED BY LEO CARRILLO

Leo Carrillo, an infrequent visitor to Boston's legitimate stage, is summing in vaudeville and heads the bill at Keith's this week. Mr. Carrillo recently closed in New York in a revival of his famous stage success "Lombardi Ltd." Most legitimate stars coming into the "two a day" think it necessary to provide themselves with any sort of mediocre sketch just so that vaudeville audiences may have an opportunity to gaze on them. Mr. Carrillo has evidently seen the fallacy of this arrangement and does something entirely different for his audience. He steps before the curtain and in a delightfully refreshing and timely monologue keeps everybody highly entertained, introducing several of his Italian dialect stories for which he is famous. He knows the art of playing to a vaudeville audience and was rewarded yesterday by enthusiastic applause.

Richard Kean presented a series of characterizations including: Shylock, Cardinal Wolsey, Uriah Heep, and Peter, the miser. The old school Shakespearean actor who does things in the grand manner. His quick changes and make-up were excellent. Jesse Block and Eve Sully in "Two Show-offs," an act written for them by George H. Burns, were unusually good. These two youngsters, however, have a lot to learn about timing their material and more precision in dance routines would not hurt either. The boy has an especially engaging manner and a smart style of delivery.

Five Bay State girls in "Glorified Harmony" is a rather conventionally routinized singing act. The young

women make a nice appearance and have pleasing voices. They were given a cordial reception. The Templeton brothers, Mercer and James, have a dancing act with an original flavor here and there. The boys are rather of the acrobatic type of dancer but do not allow difficult stunts to interfere with the grace of all their movements. Adeline Bendon, a talented young dancer, and Charles Embler, pianist, are included in their company. There are other entertaining turns to complete the bill. A. F.

John Gilbert Plays Hero in Bootlegging Story

"Twelve Miles Out," a film drama concerned with bootleggers and ladies, is presented at the State Theatre this week with the following cast:

Jerry Fay	John Gilbert
Red McCue	Ernest Torrence
Jane	Joan Crawford
Maizie	Eileen Percy
Trini	Paulette Goddard
Chiquita	Dorothy Sebastian

FATTY ARBUCKLE AT THE ORPHEUM

Screen Comedian Is Greeted Cordially by Audience.

TWO NEW PICTURES AT MODERN, BEACON

Zane Grey Novel Shown as "Drums of the Desert"

Two first-run photoplays and three Vitaphone artists' presentations combine to furnish entertainment at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. The topline photoplay is a Paramount picturing of Zane Grey's popular western romance, "Desert Bound," under the title "Drums of the Desert," the cast comprising Warner Baxter, Ford Sterling and Marietta Miller. The associate picture presents Monty Banks in a picture, "Horse Shoes," with Jean Arthur as leading lady. The Vitaphone program includes a characteristic skit by

"DANCE MAGIC" SEEN AT WASH. OLYMPIA

Ben Lyon and Pauline Starke Star in New Film

"Dance Magic," the Robert Kane production for First National which is now playing at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre, is one of the most colorful representations yet made of Manhattan's mad pursuit of the Great God Jazz. The cast is headed by Ben Lyon and Pauline Starke, with the supporting cast all stars from the legitimate stage, including Louis John Bartels, Mabel Swor, Isabel Elson, Francis Weldon and Helen Chandler. The picture is from Clarence Buddington Kelland's story of the same name which ran serially in the Ladies Home Journal last winter.

It tells of the struggles of a girl to free herself from the prejudices of her New England home against dancing. She runs away to New York and becomes a star in a musical comedy. Involved in a sensational murder, she finds refuge in the narrowness of her home and in the love of the boy she had turned down for a career. Several elaborate settings feature the production, notably the hunt club scene and two beautiful numbers from a Broadway revue.

July 27, 1927

When Georg Ebers wrote his novels of old Egyptian life, his brethren in the trade said he was a good Egyptologist; the searchers into old Egyptian manners and customs, wise about the pyramids, Isis, Osiris, Amon and other deities, confidential friends of the Sphinx, said Herr Ebers was an interesting novelist. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, poet and painter, was praised in a similar manner. To the best of our knowledge D.

Merezhkovsky has escaped the fate of the Gods," remember that D. killed the sacred bull in Crete, was tensed to the stake; saved by Isis, who, in love with her, substituted herself as a victim. She was borne to Egypt by Tutankhamon, envoy of Cretans from Akhnaton, King of Egypt. It was a strange, wild story, with underlying idea that Christ was concealed in paganism; that Osiris, Tamuz, Adonis, Attis, Dionysos all contained Christ, were the shadows of Him.

"Akhnaton," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., is a continuation of "The Birth of the Gods." Dio is in Egypt Akhnaton, "The Joy of the Sun," is the hero, the greatest of Egypt's Kings "perhaps no lesser a prophet than Moses." Mary, the mother, with the divine babe, had rested at the foot of the Sphinx: "Christ was all that Egypt had been waiting for, and all thoughts were of him." The chief villain of the story is Tutankhamon, becoming King of Egypt, worshipping Amon instead of Aton and changed name, which had been Tutankhat. The novelist remembers a saying the prophet Hosea: "I . . . call my son out of Egypt."

The novelist has not allowed knowledge of Egyptian antiquities, Egypt's feasts and burials; of royal wars and punishments; of slaves, mercenaries, plotting Jews, priests, dancing girls—to choke the dramatic, exciting flow of his story. Nor does one stop to question how good King Akhnaton was able to quote freely from the Old Testament and Babylonian scriptures. Merezhkovsky's characters stand out: they are alive, from Khnumhotep, a his wife to Merira, high priest, who killed himself for having wanted to kill Akhnaton, a righteous man; the Isissachar, the Jew who cried at the end, "Behold He Cometh!" Here we have a mystical king, knowing ambition, hatred, jealousy, almost a jectly ready to pardon; the son-in-law plotting to overthrow him, under color of religious difference; Dio, lover Akhnaton and dying with him, "in fiery storm of love" as the palm burned like a candle; gorgeous descriptions of the court with its triumphs and processions, the religious rites, pitiable poverty and suffering of the oppressed.

This is a time when youngsters accomplish surprising deeds, from Honolulu where four-year-old Dorothy Johnson is a prodigious pianist, to Paris where children conduct orchestras and are applauded as violinists and pianists. Little girls write poetry of such merit that men of established literary reputation are accused of thus concealing themselves. These little children "lisp in numbers."

Now comes Peggy Temple, the year-old daughter of an English journalist. Her novel, "The Admiral and Others," written for the enjoyment of her family, now published by E. P. Dutton & Co., is amusingly illustrated by Eliza Pyke, and supplied with preface by Sir John Adcock. Will children enjoy it as much as their elders will laugh at the admiral's report to "proper authorities" that "Tim has caught the chicken pox? Will little Arabella and bright-eyed Tommy in the story of the admiral in hiding fancy? Children are now so painfully sophisticated. A little girl told us recently that "Alice in Wonderland" was a "silly book." At any rate "The Admiral and Others" will amuse the fathers and mothers of these critical youngsters who may be reading Freud on the sly, for all their parents know.

There is nothing phenomenal in the fact that a youngster should write poetry or even a novel. Charlotte Bronte and her sisters, as Mr. Adcock points out, were writing tales and whole magazines when they were 13 and under. Mollie Painter-Downe was not much over 12 when she wrote her first novel; there is Daisy Ashford—we believe her and scout the idea that Barrow donned a mask—with her imitator, "The Young Visitors." Our reader should welcome Miss Temple's admiral with his explosive opinions, raging when he received a letter from his nephew "unstamped so he had to pay on it knowing that young George would be a Socialist—groaning as he said: 'A! I see you wear a red tie'; they shot me Uncle Walaby, 'being a fussy old man with a pair of huge whiskers and a passion for horticultural (sic) shows they will know Mrs. Paperie Arnold, being inelegantly on her bed' in a scar dressing gown. 'Now the secret of me of Mrs. Paperie Arnold's rather faded beauty was that she wore an expensive wig.' When the admiral entered the room by mistake, his wife saw him coming out. 'Well I don't like it, you know my dear,' said his usually meek wife, 'it's not what I hoped of you, Henry.' There is the business of

alist, the sarcastic doctor wonder-whether Tim had the smallpox; and us not forget Mr. Waterbury, the eltor, or Tony, who said to his uncle, admiral: "One day you'll be glad to black my boots." By the way, admiral hated hash and milk pud- and smoked extra special cigars. As book and its pictures are non- "we hear Mr. Gradgrind say. No (bt, but good nonsense, and only an erving and nimble witted child could e given life to these droll characters.

For an exciting detective story read "The Clock," by Harry Stephen ler, also published by the Dutton's. a "detective mystery of newspaper " We are under the impression that was first published as a serial story e years ago. That it is incredible in y respects; that Dr. Flandrau talks lily in a preposterously stiff and ous manner and the chief owner the Call talks with the managing r as no newspaper men ever talked not prevent the reader from swal- ing the book at one sitting. Why hunt after an old alarm clock? t is the meaning of the strange ge to John Chinaman penciled on dkerchief? Why was this China- Napoleon Foy, killed at night? was Rita Thorne, the girl with as pools of purple velvet, with lips id vivid splashes of crimson, this girl had a Gubbio dish worth at least on a table in her room? Did J." really die? To be sure he was d. Why did the great reporter- tive, Marvin Feldoch of San Fran- come to Chicago and hate his gue, Jeff Darrell of the Call? Who back of Dr. Flandrau's strange e? Why was the "Blonde Beast Bremen," who had been brutal to ican prisoners in the great war, Chicago? Was the clock found? We only asking questions. We would be so mean as to spoil a reader's yment and check his curiosity.

is said that Mr. James Joyce, the or of "Ulysses," "has tumbled no an 13 languages into a smoldering able and we are witnessing the birth a new literary idiom." Why 13 uages? He has proved that he can singularly indecent in one.

28-7-27
e have never seen a fox hunt, ther the fox were the genuine article an lise-seed bag pursued by hounds a men in scarlet coats and riding ches galloping over land that is not rs and thus exciting the anger of est and dishonest farmers. We never rd any one shout "Yoicks!" We er joined in the song,

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky. Proclaimeth a hunting morning.
e never complimented Miss Diana wn on her receiving the brush of the r beast, nor are we lost in admira- of the celebrated Thomas Assheton th of Tedworth, in Hampshire, Eng., ously rich, a man of herculean ght, the beau-ideal of the British hunter and country gentleman, who, master of hounds, had cut off no less n 1500 brushes from as many foxes.

nd books in which the hunting of es, hares, badgers leads the authors what are called vivid descriptions are for us, pacifists in our attitude ards animals. Now and then a er is eloquent or amusing in show- how a poor beast or bird outwitted pursuers, its enemies, four-legged or-legged, as the old author of "Rey- d the Fox," as Mr. Henry William- in "The Old Stag," a collection of ure stories by a man who had al- dy shown by his "Sun Brothers," one Swallows" and other books that is a sympathetic, poetic naturalist, o writes delightfully, unconvention- , humorously.

n "The Old Stag" he is on the side the fox. Read how the big boar- lger, Bill Brock, saved the life of g-over-lip, the poor fox who came him in his tunnel, came to him in er dejection, panting, with two eyes, e green and bleared with breath. h mud-balled brush dragging on the, crumbled earth, the badger let pass into his kitchen, "although he d not very much the smell of his s and his breath." He not only him; he took on 35 hounds and ox-terrier and vanquished them, so they went home to their kennels as h on crutches. "But only the ks know why the mighty boar went o fight the enemies of Fang-over- hom he found on his return, slum- ing in a kitchen beside a heap of iron gins—two of which old Tom rlegg declares, the fox had, years e, dug up when one night he had Bill helplessly trapped by fore

and hind paws.

Nor did Stumberleaf, the old stag, lose his cunning when the hounds had nearly tired him. He swam at last, and gallantly, in the swollen river which spread a muddy stain in the sea at its mouth, and beyond the stain was Stum-berleaf. The pack that had chased him never ate again in the kennel yard. "When the carcasses of these hounds were eventually washed by the tides into Cardiff harbor, fish had eaten them."

One reads of Old Nog, the heron, who fished for eels, as he had fished for over 20 years, to be robbed of his food when he went back to the heronry by the noisy nestlings after he had baffled the piratical falcon. One reads of the buz-zard Newliboy; of the bob-tailed fox who behaved as though the hunt existed only for him and attended the meets, even the one at Hanging Woman Spinney. What bird bore aloft the pale pink pyjamas of Maj. Cavan, V. C., D. S. O., M. C.? Then there is the terrible story of T'chackamma, dreaded by the Kaffirs, of the baboons that raided Intaba Kraal; of Chakchek's raid on London, with the advantage of the peregrine falcon, Wizzle, son of the One-Eyed. An English king had once conferred an earldom on one of his ancestors. "The Yellow Boots" is far from being a humorous story, this tale of an ex-soldier and escaped convict, "an animal, not wild and pure, but with rot in its mind, that had done with life, but with which life had not yet done." In "A Day with the Jelly-Dogs" there is a bit of a love story interwoven with the adventure of young cockney, Bert, and the hare, and his dramatically false account of the hunt. If you turn to "The Five Lives of the Isle-of-Wight Parson" don't expect to find the account of a clergyman's follies or char-itable deeds; don't be shocked by read- ing at the beginning of the tale that this parson had a piece of iron stuck in his throat, or that he was tarred and feathered while tied to the corpse of his brother. There is a rector in the story, but this particular parson was a bird, the phalacrocorax.

It is worth while to read this story, if only for Bill Crang, "a bulky man, with fixed ideas, a hearty muncher of big mouthfuls, a hearty believer in a jealous Gawd ever ready to 'ur-rl the sinner into the fiery furnace of 'ell heverlasting furavurr' an'-evurr, brother," whose chest was a hair shirt; whose "fry" for tea was pork chops, potatoes—"tettes"—kidneys, mushrooms, eggs, and black pudding (chopped chit-terlings of the pig mixed with groats and barley, the whole savored by the blood caught when the pig is stabbed.) It's a good book, this "Old Stag," a capital book for those who hunt; for those who are hunted by Black Care.

A novel of English country life, also published by E. P. Dutton & Co. is also to be commended: "Saltacres," by Les-lie Reid, whose novel, "The Rector of Mallseat," is pleasantly remembered. "Saltacres" is of sterner stuff; it is without the element of mystery that provoked curiosity about the rector and his room; it is the story of a woman and her ways with men. Ethleen sought happiness: she found it in loving a simple farmhand, and then stumbled on his wife. The meeting of the two wom- en is one of the finest episodes in the book; fine by the intensity of reserve. Ethleen marries a high born gentleman, rich, generous, a man of culture, but insanely jealous.

And here tragedy enters, say rather melodrama, which leads to another tragedy. At the end Ethleen, well-to-do as far as this world's goods can bring wealth, is happy only in her brother and sister. The novel is an entertain- ing mixture of pastoral life and the theatre. Mrs. Molton, the housekeeper at the castle, might have figured in a New York Ledger story; Mr. Bartlett the lawyer, unscrupulous for Ethleen's good, might have been the deus ex machina in a Drury Lane play; but Ethleen, her father, Robin, are very much alive. We are not so sure of the gay Mr. Conyers, the painter, who ran off with Nancy and was courteous in sending a telegram: "Nancy safe with me. Useless to follow. Conyers." Truer to life is the father with the words: "An excellent and practicable scheme," always in his mouth. As in "The Rector of Mallseat," the descrip- tions of natural scenery are artistically simple and necessary settings for the drama. The drama is not subordinate to them. Mr. Reid writes well, in dia-logue as in description; well, not too well, not too consciously.

As the World Wags:

"Auto Insurance" is an advertisement in a Staniford street undertaker's win- dow. They insure the auto and get the killed—what? I noted the other day that Mr. Waltz is an undertaker in Everett. Danse macabre. L. A. F.

You will find it almost as difficult to discover the average man as the perfect man.—Robert Lynde,

July 29 1927
Experts of the British Broadcasting Corporation's advisory committee—among them Robert Bridges, poet laureate, George Bernard Shaw and Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson—require these pronunciations: "Housewifery," "huzzifry"; amateur, "ammater"; ate, "et"; cautehou, "cowchick"; automo- bile, "automobeel"; sheik, "shake"; nephew, "neveu."

A sheik is still a sheik, whether you pronounce it with the "e" long as in "mete" or as "a" in "mate." Why "huzzifry"? Is it because "housewife" is derived from the middle English "hus(e)"? A man "ate" a square meal. Let him say, if you are so inclined, "I et a quick lunch." "Neveu" has been the approved English pronunciation for many years. We would not enter on our list of friends any one who said that he was an "amator" or "amachoor" in "literatour" or "literachure."

"Cowchick"? Is not this a misprint for the approved pronunciation "kowl-shook"? "Huzzifry"! This would lead one to infer that a supposedly excellent and amiable housewife was really a hussy.

IN SKOWHEGAN LIES THE SCENE
As the World Wags:

When I wrote you from Zamora, Spain, in May, that I did not suppose that Zamora was any more the theatri- cal centre of Spain than Skowhegan, Me., was the theatrical centre of that state, I apparently did not know what I was talking about.

In the environments of this place, with its distinctive name, is one of the most up-to-date theatres in New Eng- land, and there, throughout the entire summer, a new play is produced each week. In the last two or three seasons, most of the plays produced are real first performances, and the producers and actors all top-notchers. Last year three of the most popular Broadway plays saw their first performance in the little the- atre, seating 850 people, at Lakewood, in Skowhegan; this year the record will be even longer. Just now they are playing the new version of Tarkington's, "The Man from Home," which has been re- written by him and is now known as the "Hoosiers Abroad."

There is something of an ideal behind this apparently financially successful project. The lake, a beautiful sheet of water, used to be known as Hayden's pond; it now bears its Indian title, Lake Wesserunett. Some 25 years ago one of Skowhegan's wealthy men built the trolley line to the lake. Like most ven- tures of that kind, it succeeded for a time and then lagged. Upon his death, the venture was taken over by Mr. Sweet, who brought to the nearly mori- bund adventure an enthusiasm, an ideal, and a capacity for hard work which has resulted in a really artistic setting for clean and high-class summer pleasures. Mr. Sweet, who, as I have said, is some- what of an idealist, has seemingly de- fied the fates by adopting as a standard of the amusements at Lakewood, Shy- lock's admonition, "Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter my house," so that the theatre does not house any plays of the jazz order. All that is re- legated to the Casino at the golf links hard by.

There is a comfortable inn, and there are many individual cottages as a part of the accommodation furnished by the inn. The actors and actresses have their own cottages. Arthur Byron heads the list of the company this year. It is not quite true to say, heads the list, for one week he will play a very minor part; the next week the lead. The same is true of Blanche Yurka, Catherine Will- ard, Robert Hudson, Walter Connolly, Harold Vermilyea, and others. Don Marquis was here last year and actually played the lead in his "Old Soak." In fact, Lakewood is one of the theatrical centres during June, July, and a part of August each year.

I think Mr. Patten, the editor of the Independent Reporter, is responsible for the slogan: "There are 11 Bostons, many Londons, but only one Skowhegan."

It is, in fact, a good town and has sent forth a good many distinguished people—I was born there.

METCALF RUSSELL.

(Yes, Skowhegan was described as the "garden spot of America" by a na- tive when several were boasting about the state in which they were born. And

this man born in Skowhegan ended by saying: "Can I sell you a razor strop?" —Ed.)

MOTHERS' DAY

(Christopher Morley: From the Chinese)

But how the American barbarians Must neglect their filial duty That they have to appoint, by ballyhoo, A day for honoring their Mothers.

A CURIOUS RESEMBLANCE

As the World Wags:

Look at Lotta with her legs— Able legs.

What a world of merriment is in those taper pegs.

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, In their mix of might and mite, While the spangles that o'ersprinkle All her stockings seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight, Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme, To the tintinnabulation that's as light as though on eggs.

Oh, the legs, legs, legs;

The tinkling and the twinkling Of the legs.

Or words to that effect. It went the rounds of the newspapers 45 years ago, in the heyday of Lotta's career, and the first verse is here quoted from memory.

Query, had Nathan Haskell Dole ever read it? Did it suggest his worthy but surprising production in The Herald? H. J.

ADD "JOYS FOR EVER"

As the World Wags:

How many men of clear eyesight share the view-point of your pessimistic correspondents who expatiate on the ugliness of women's legs as everywhere exhibited to the enraptured gaze of some of us? Do they so express them- selves with their tongues in their cheeks, and to keep themselves right with their spouses, while they secretly delight in the bright disclosures of the present-day female of the species, or are they actually crabbed misogynists, bilious and soured, like the Bostonians of a former day who pounced upon Mac- monnies's Bacchante, and drove the gay creature out of town? I think that, next to a horse, the legs of a properly proportioned girl are the most beautiful things in nature, and I must say that a walk down Tremont street on a sunny afternoon gives me a delectable eyeful. There may be ugly legs, and they say there are spots on the sun, but I am so dazzled by the loveliness of the one—as I am by the effulgence of the other—that I have no eyesight left for dwelling upon the imperfections of either. We used to have to go to the country to enjoy nature, but nowadays a man al- most shrinks from taking a vacation in the deep woods or on the sea, when he reflects upon all the joyous sights he leaves behind in the city. W. E. K.

Everybody is somebody's bore.—Edith Sitwell.

Sooner or later we shall exercise some control over the weather.—Sir Oliver Lodge. (Hear! Hear!)

14 July 30 1927
Thirty years ago we heard a minister in Salem preach a sermon in which he gave a hair-raising description of the horrors of Voltaire's death-bed. Although this minister was liked, although the church was full whenever he preached, he was not professionally sensational. He was a man of reading and reflection. He was not narrow in his beliefs, nor was he constitutionally bilious, morose, delighting in a gloomy view of this earth and the prospect of a future lake of fire and brimstone. What he said of Voltaire's shrieking and gibbering fare- well to earth had been said years before he was ordained. He had not taken the trouble to examine the evidence and learn the falsity of the story.

These are years of rehabilitation. Tiberius, Richard III, Lucrezia Borgia, Thomas Paine are only a few who have escaped from the slanders of gossips and enemies. Machiavelli is no longer "Old Nick," but an enlightened states- man dreaming of a united Italy. (Even in the 18th century Thomas Gray re- joiced when he saw Machiavelli "de- fended or illustrated, who to me appears one of the wisest men that any nation in any age has produced.") Within a few months there has been a revival of interest in Voltaire and his writings; not only because, as Lecky put it, "the spirit of intolerance sank blasted be- neath his genius." Mr. Clarence Chase has written about the young Voltaire; Charles Whibley wrote an introduction to a republication of Voltaire's letters concerning the English nation; enter- taining pages from his "Melanges" have been translated into English.

To the great majority of English-speaking people Voltaire, the writer, is best known by "Candide," which was popular from the day of its publication. At least 43 editions were issued between 1759 and 1789. Some of the lines have passed into our familiar speech: "We must cultivate our garden"; "In England it is a good thing to kill an admiral from time to time to encourage the other." We have the word "pococurantism" derived from the noble Venetian, Lord Pococurante, bored by everything, indifferent to everything.

And now a new translation of "Candide" and a few other romances—"Babouc's Vision," "Così - Sancta," "Memnon," "Jeannot and Colin," etc., translated by Richard Aldington, who has supplied an introduction and notes, has been added to that excellent series, "Broadway Translations," published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. (Mr. Aldington's life of Voltaire, which appeared some time ago, is an admirable work.)

It has often been said that Voltaire, writing "Candide," was indebted to predecessors. Well, every author is indebted to those who went before him, is influenced by them. It is possible that Voltaire was acquainted with the character of Candide in the play of Dekker's that provoked the enthusiasm of Charles Lamb; that Voltaire had read "Simplicissimus," "Cosmopolite"; that Swift influenced him greatly, but Mr. Aldington in a letter addressed to a reviewer of his translation says that Swift's influence is comparatively irrelevant. "Gulliver's Travels" is a bitter satire on mankind, expressing Swift's abstract hatred of the human race. "Candide" is not a satire on human infelicity, but a satire on a philosophical system. Voltaire always asserted that he 'loved the human race' and pitied its misfortunes; and I really think he was sincere. In temperament and in the purpose of their satire, Voltaire and Swift are, I think, fundamentally difficult.

Many enjoy "Candide" as a burlesque novel of adventure, without thought of its intention to ridicule the optimism of Leibnitz, and others, the dictum of Pope: "Whatever is, is right," nor are they anxious to have a "key" to the book; to know that Dr. Pangloss is a compound portrait of Leibnitz and Wolff "and possibly Rousseau"; that the Bulgarians are the Prussians; the Abares, the French, and their war is Seven Years' War; the King, "a great genius," Frederick the Great, who also stands for Cunegonde's brother, the German baron. The six ex-kings, who went to see the carnival at Venice, really existed; the English admiral, shot to encourage the others, was Admiral Byng. Mr. Aldington thinks that in describing Signor Pococurante, Voltaire was half-poking fun at himself.

The discussion of the philosophical origins of this lively and amusing satire is an important feature of the introduction. The earthquake at Lisbon, in which about 15,000 people perished, led Voltaire to write in a letter shortly after the event (November 1755): "Here is a terrible argument against optimism." In the next year he wrote a poem in refutation of the theory, "The Disaster at Lisbon," with a preface and notes. Mr. Aldington states the arguments of Leibnitz, Shaftesbury and Pope in support of their theory that "All is for the best in the best of possible worlds." Their deity is "anthropomorphic, their universe is anthropocentric. If their deity is all powerful and all good and perfectly free, how do they explain the presence of moral and physical evil?" Mr. Aldington then reproduces in prose much of Voltaire's poem. "Indeed, 'Candide' can be fully understood only when read in conjunction with this fine poem," a protest against a "facile optimism and a dull orthodoxy."

Rousseau, believing in beneficence of nature, and that men, born "good," should live in accordance with nature, and not be corrupted by civilization, attacked Voltaire's views, and defended his own in a long letter. Passages from it are included in this introduction. Voltaire replied with a "brief and evasive letter," not wishing to commit himself to a proposition he had rejected or to one he did not dare to assert, "and perhaps dared not entertain." But in 1753 he returned to the problem, "to

treat it in a concrete, not an abstract, form by relating the adventures of a candid soul who had been taught to believe that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds." Mr. Aldington does not accept blindly Rousseau's statement in his "Confessions" that "Candide" was the direct answer to his letter. It should be remembered that Voltaire had not always been a pessimist. He had thought, "If all is not well, it is at least tolerable," a conclusion arrived at in his "Babouc."

To him all countries and races had their feuds, intolerances and absurdities; the worst of them due to religious fanaticism; persecution is the greatest enemy of human happiness.

It is hardly necessary to praise Mr. Aldington's skill in translation. This skill has long been applauded. He is not prudish, squeamish, so it is rather of a surprise to find him omitting a chapter of "Lord Chesterfield's Ears" on the ground that it is too "cloacal." Voltaire could treat scatological subjects, as Rabelais and Swift did before him. But why shy at this particular chapter?

The list of titles in Everyman's Library was brought to a total of 800 when 20 volumes were recently published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., in London and by E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York. These new titles are Forster's Life of Dickens, Binn's Life of Lincoln, Vasari's Lives of the Painters, Sculptors and Architects (4 volumes), Trench's Study of Words, an anthology of British poets in defense of their art, Smollett's "Roderick Random," Poe's Poems and Essays, Blake's Poems and Prophecies, Chas. Kingsley's Poems, Specimens of Anglo-Saxon Poetry; Milton's "Aeropagitica" and other prose works; Sterne's Sentimental Journey, Journal to Eliza and Letters to Eliza, Mayne Reid's "Boy Slaves"; a translation of Barbusse's novel "Under Fire," Robert Owen's "New View of Society" and other writings and Hollinshead's "Chronicle" as used in Shakespeare's plays.

When the late J. M. Dent first entertained the idea of publishing a "democratic, largely popular series of books" he looked forward to a series of 1000 volumes. The Great War prevented him from seeing the accomplishment during his lifetime. It was his intention to put the volumes within the reach of those to whom the cost of books was often prohibitive: the series should comprise not only the classic authors but reprints of "the Victorians with the Elizabethans, comparatively new authors with the old famous ones, and books for pure pleasure as well as for wisdom and knowledge." Nor did Mr. Dent shrink from the publication of works in many volumes; as Grote's "History of Greece," Hakluyt's "Voyages," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Mommsen's "History of Rome."

The titles of the additional volumes show the catholic taste of the editor. Carlyle called the day on which he first read "Roderick Random" "one of the sunniest of his life." Truly, a vivid story of adventure, with a hero who is a good deal of a blackguard; a story told by a man who often delighted in detailing "the coarsest incidents in the coarsest language"; but what would we do without the hot tempered Welsh Dr. Morgan, Tom Bowling, or the Sailor Jack Rattlin? Nor from what we know of the English navy in the 18th century is Captain Oakum a wholly imaginary character.

Sterne's "Journal to Eliza" will be new to many. Mr. Saintsbury has written an entertaining introduction in which he discusses this singular work in connection with the "Sentimental Journey," "its author's best work of art, and a singularly successful and complete work of art in itself," despite the fact that when the fille de chambre came in that alley between the bedsteads at the inn "and interrupted equally unknowable sequels, she interrupted the story once for all." In future editions the remarkable essay on Sterne published in the Literary Supplement of the London Times should be included. "The 19th century conception of Sterne as a ribald prelate has quite blinded us to the truth that he was in reality a writer with a purpose, a moral preceptor, a subtle intelligence that masked beneath his humor and licentiousness the kindly philanthropy of his age—the age of Shaftesbury and Hutcheson. . . . The paradox of a moral Sterne will be found more acceptable when the world begins to read that neglected half of Sterne's genius—his Sermons." In this essay there is a disquisition on the word "sensitivity" as it was understood in the

Winnie Ward was at the Coliseum, London, early this month. . . . courteous reviewers reminded their readers that she went on the stage in 1880, and, has been on the stage, with intervals, ever since. It is not 100 percent to mention her age. When she was last here she boasted of it. No for her to sing "I'm not as young as I used be." One London critic wrote, "It is true of Miss Ward that she has in a marvelous way kept her girlish appearance—seemingly without any effort, for efforts always tell."

She is introduced in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." You may remember, as seen in a restaurant, and "as she is quite a cute little girl, she must be an American." And sure enough, she called the head waiter with quite an American accent and said: "I have been coming to this hotel for 35 years and this is the first time I have been kept waiting." So I recognized her voice because it really was Fanny Ward.

"Mama knew her 45 years ago when they went to school together. I mean—Fanny is almost historical, because when a girl is cute for 50 years it really begins to get historical."

In London it is thought that Miss Ward's age is an asset, not a handicap, for her appearance has remained unchanged. How does she do it? Has she ever disclosed the secret in good advice to her sisters of the stage? "I eat simply, never between meals, and I do not know the taste of tobacco, wine or strong liquor?"

Miss Ward has been, and is, called "cute." To how many actresses has one heard this supposedly complimentary adjective applied? Within our recollection Lotta, Miss Adams, Billie Burke. The flapper in the audience has never been discriminating. No doubt, at some time in this country, Sarah Bernhardt was called "cute" by some gushing spectator; "cute" with the American meaning, "attractive," "bright and entertaining"; while a "cute" actress in England would be a clever, shrewd, ingenious person.

Napoleon has figured on the stage many, many times. It was reserved for Franz Molnar to put him in a farce "If Napoleon . . ." Two men at a bar discuss accidents and fate. One asks what would have happened to Napoleon and the world if as an officer he had been obliged to leave the army. In the play, Lt. Bonaparte, wounded in the arm, is obliged to resign. Pensioned, he is assigned to an insignificant position in a small town. There he shows his military genius by developing the efficiency of the local fire department; but being of an overbearing nature, he gets into all sorts of difficulties. Thus Molnar tries to prove that Napoleon's rise from a humble officer to the throne of France was an accident, one of Fate's little jokes.

The Editor of the Herald:

I noted the query in Willie Seymour's interesting article in The Sunday Herald regarding the relationship of Dickie Lingard to William Horace Lingard, and the request for information that followed.

Dickie Lingard was no relation whatever to him, and her name was neither Dickie nor Lingard, but was Harriet Dunning, a sister of Alice Dunning, the wife of William Horace Lingard. She is still living in London and is the wife of Sir Davison Dalziel, a former M. P. and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, also chairman of the Pullman Company of England, and the first man to introduce taxicabs into London.

The name Dickie Lingard was merely assumed for stage purposes.

South Poland, Me.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

Anatole France was quoted recently as having said that the worst novel, intending to be realistic, the most foolish impressionistic painting, is incomparably superior to the best film play. Jean Jacques Brousson now comes out and says he does not think that France ever expressed dislike of the cinema, at least not in these drastic words. (It may here be said that Brousson himself has been accused of misrepresenting France's opinion, of attributing to him unworthy sayings and deeds.) Brousson insists that France in his last years delighted in paradoxical contradictory opinions, in talking restlessly, "only in fun" as the boys say, but Brousson remembers France often speaking in praise of film plays. The two used to go to see them. France would regret that he was not sitting in the back of the theatre with the crowd and in the dark, for as he delighted in saying: "The cinema gives courage to the timid." He refused a little before his journey to Buenos Aires a request to make a film play out of his book "Jeanne d'Arc." He was pressed to choose another subject—Napoleon? The Revolution? Masson had chosen the former subject; Lavedan, the latter.

"Good. I see that the wings and the second joints have been distributed. Can one choose from ancient history?" "Certainly." "From mythology?" "Why not?" "What would you say to Ulysses according to Homer?" "Fine."

Brousson says that France and he went to work on the "Odyssey." This amused France, who said: "On the stage, heretofore, there has been nothing more deplorable than apotheoses, metamorphoses, apparitions. The ghost in 'Hamlet' is grotesque because one realizes that there is a man who eats four times a day. The descent of Jupiter in 'Amphitryon' is the 'descente de la Courtille.' One hears the pulleys, not the thunder, and the cardboard cloud is full of holes. With the phantasmagoria of lighting one can give truthful resemblance to that which is inherently false, and catch fairies and Olympian deities."

"The time will come when certain scenes of Shakespeare will be projected with the aid of cinematography. The two arts are not enemies. One completes the other."

Working on the "Odyssey" they made a huge scenario, so that it was necessary to reduce it to the Circe episode. When it was ready, and they took it to the company that had ordered it, they found this company had failed.

Jazbo writes: "I read today where out in California doctors have found a woman who is dead mentally but alive physically. When I was in Hollywood I met quite a few people who answer to that description. What the fuss?"

The regimental band needed recruits. When the sergeant-major asked all who were fond of music to take two paces forward, half the company obliged him. "Right," he said triumphantly. "You first six fall out and carry the piano upstairs to the officers' mess."—The Looker On.

J. F. B. writes to us: "I have a program of the Boston Museum, July 12 1875. 'Humpty Dumpty in Every Clime.' The cast was as follows: Humpty Dumpty (the original and only)," G. L. Fox; Old One-Two, Robert Fraser

...y Tucker, C. W. Ravel; Little Goody Two Shoes, Mrs. L. Bosher; Monkey, Geo. Topack." When we saw "Humpty, Dumpty" at New Haven in the fall of 1872, Geo. L. Fox was the clown; his brother, C. K. Fox, was Pantaloon; F. Lacy was Harlequin and Fanny Bean (Beano?) was the Columbine. Alas, poor Columbine! A few years ago Fanny was brought into a police court in New York, old and wretchedly poor. In 1872, Fox, as Humpty Dumpty was awakening homeric laughter by his exhibition of a trick elephant.

Miss Fay Compton agrees with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in saying that the plays of today are not written for fineness or for beauty of language, "but I think her remark that it is hard for a girl to be passionate on the stage in modern clothes is simply nonsensical."

Miss Madge Titherage is wise in her day and generation. "We must move with the times. If we appeared today in the 'hired tea-gowns' and uttered our lines with the 'passionate diction' that Mrs. Campbell says is gone, we should play to empty theatres. We give to the public what it demands . . . We have to adapt our voices to our lines. There is no demand for romance in the theatre now."

Sir Charles Wyndham almost invariably plays the same part and the strongest criticism of Irving was for being always himself! The wide range of parts they had played in youth did not give them versatility. It did not enable them to 'get into the skin' of different characters, as so many of the present-day actors can. They traded upon their personal idiosyncrasies. The best actors now really act; ready to present studies of personality other than their own.—London Daily Chronicle.

P. H.

18th century.

Vasari, who wrote at entertaining length, critical and anecdotal, concerning artists, being a man of the 16th century, might well have been included in this series long before this, for other editions have not been within the reach of many. Robert Owen is probably not so well known in this country as Robert Dale Owen, and what he wrote is not familiar. He married a daughter of David Dale, one of the fathers of cotton manufacture in England. Owen was zealous in promoting education among the people. Arguing with his father-in-law about the most advantageous method, he would encounter the latter's dismissal of the subject: "thou needst to be very right, for thou art very positive." Owen's mind ran on a single track; he was fanatical, but he influenced modern thought in many ways. G. D. H. Cole, the biographer of Owen, contributes a valuable introduction to "A New View of Society."

Mayne Reid. Do boys revel today in his books, or is he voted old fashioned, only worthy of Bret Harte's amusing parody? Even when he was most popular, we do not remember reading "The Boy Slaves," a story of African adventure. Is it to be ranked with the others, the one about the bear-hunt, the story of the youthful adventurer in the hold of a ship, "The Cliff Climbers" and the rest of them? Will one at this late day thus renew his youth?

As is eminently proper G. K. Chesterton writes the introduction to Forster's life of Dickens, and Andrew Lang's essay on Poe finds its place.

The modern French writers are represented by the grim story of Barbusse. As some have professed to explain William Blake's prophetic books and find in them infinite wisdom, there will now be opportunity for those who have known and valued Blake only by his "Songs of Innocence," and "Songs of Experience" to search out this wisdom for themselves. It is a pleasure to read the noble prose of Milton in a book of convenient size and realize again how vituperative wranglers over theological subjects could be. Students of Shakespeare will be glad to trace the indebtedness of the dramatist to an old chronicler, to note what he took for his use, ennobled or distorted, and what in his knowledge of stage effects he rejected. Those who know Charles Kingsley only by his "Sands of Dee," "Three Fishers" and "Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorraine" may take time to acquaint themselves with his other poems, though they may find a higher poetic flight in some of the pages of the novel, "Westward Ho!" And those who are lovers of poetry will find support in the defense and praise of the art by England's poets themselves.

It's a remarkable collection, this Everyman's Library, which has been selected with great care and as we have said, in a most liberal spirit. The least satisfactory volumes are those of Everyman's Encyclopedia, useful as it often is, for some of the articles are inadequate or inaccurate and stand in need of revision.

PASS THE PEPPER

As the World Wags:

I was greatly interested in the item in your column regarding the use of black pepper on strawberries, and for the reason that I always eat that delectable fruit in that way, though omitting the cream. I first adopted the habit a number of years ago through hearing of its being done by a gentleman with whom I was slightly acquainted, and have found the "dish" so prepared most palatable. Cover the berries with sugar when first sitting down at the table, and sprinkle liberally with black pepper just before eating. I also sprinkle ice cream plentifully with black pepper, and have never eaten it any other way. To me it is tasteless unless so prepared.

Attleboro, Mass. E. L. F.

MARION HARRIS AT KEITH'S THEATRE

Meistersingers Give Program of Old Favorites

Marion Harris, with her yellow mop of hair, her characteristic mannerisms and her fascinating drawing tones, has regiments of admirers in Boston and most of them seemed to be at Keith's last night to welcome her. She seemed happy to be there, too, and sang with much effect such pieces as "Sometimes," "He's Mine, All Mine," the "Russian Lullaby" and the ever-popular "Nuthin'" with many, many encores.

Speaking of singing "The Meistersingers," with their wonderful triple quartette give an exceptionally good program of concerted and solo work. Old favorites too, most of them, among which Franklin Field's rendering of the "Gypsy Love Song," A. Cameron Steele's "Me and My Shadow," Harold Tripp's "Roses of Picardy" and the magnificent chorus from the "Tales of Hoffman" drew unstinted applause.

It is a good hot weather bill that is presented this week, with lots of singing, dancing and clowning. Crell's "weight control" stunt baffled an exceptionally muscular test committee. Libby and Sparrow made a hit with their tango burlesque. Rodgers and Maley in "Ask Me Something" produced a novelty in the "nut comedy" line. Foley and Leture entertained with a side-splitting "Vaudeville Entree," and Dewey Barto and George Mann (four feet, minus, and six feet, plus) were a scream.

Al, Emma and Marjorie danced and performed upon the slack wire with notable skill. The motion picture comedy and Pathe News, as usual, supplied a big share of the interest.

'TWELVE MILES OUT' AT THE ORPHEUM

John Gilbert Heads Cast in Rum-Running Melodrama

PAINTING THE TOWN AT LOEW'S STATE

Sissle and Blake Lead Program on Stage

TWO NEW PICTURES AT MODERN, BEACON

Vitaphone Program Includes Sissle and Blake

RAYMOND GRIFFITH AT METROPOLITAN

Appears in New Film Farce, "Time to Love"

Raymond Griffith makes his high hat and clever gift of pantomime go a long way for him in his latest comedy, "Time to Love," now showing at the Metropolitan.

They have given the affable Mr. Griffith the thinnest of material which he endeavors to stretch over the required feature comedy length of celluloid. He is cast as a Parisian man about town who falls in love with his best friend's fiancée. When he becomes acquainted with this embarrassing fact, he not only gives up the girl but fights the duels to which his friend has been challenged. Griffith's best work was done in the amusing travesty on duelling, where his sly clowning is excellent foil for William Powell, the best friend.

The climax of the foolery in this film is reached when Griffith and the beautiful heroine (who meantime has given up her fiancée for Griffith's charms) find themselves in a French army balloon, the target for the manoeuvres of soldiers on the ground below. Vera Voronina, Russian actress, is sufficiently feminine and helpless and lends a rather lovely blonde frailty to the leading feminine role.

"Prince of Head Waiters" Is Story of Father Love

"The Prince of Headwaiters," with Lewis Stone, Priscilla Bonner, Lilyan Tashman, Anna Rork and Robert Agnew heading the cast is the feature photoplay at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre this week. The picture is a Jane Murfin adaptation of the story of the same name which ran serially in Liberty.

The story is unusual in its dramatic angles and brings a little used theme, father love, to the screen. The outstanding character is Pierre, the headwaiter of the Ritz in New York. As an art student in Paris, he marries Faith Cable, of an old New England family against the wishes of her father who forces her to leave her husband soon after their marriage. The wife dies after the birth of a son, unknown to Pierre. Years later as headwaiter of the Ritz he meets three college girls and their party girls. One of the boys is being preyed upon by a notorious woman. Pierre learns that the boy is his son. How Pierre with the boy's fiancée saves him from disgrace makes a thrilling climax to this dramatic tale.

FOLLIES OPENS AT COLONIAL

COLONIAL THEATRE—The Ziegfeld Follies, 21st edition, produced by Florenz Ziegfeld; score and lyrics by Irving Berlin; with Eddie Cantor, Claire Luce, Franklyn Bauer, Andrew Tombes, Irene Delroy, Frances Upton, Peggy Chamberlain, Desha, the Albertina Rasch girls, the Brox Sisters, Phil H. Ryley, William H. Power and Ruth Etting; Frank Tours conducting; first performance on any stage.

It was a gala night. The house was sold out long before turlington time, which incidentally was 18 minutes later than the specified time. Mr. Ziegfeld was there, and so was Mr. Berlin. Eddie Cantor, draped in an abbreviated bathrobe, almost as red and shiny as his nose, came out after a while of a first act and splashed them out. He coaxed Mr. Ziegfeld, who had discarded blatant colors and showed white shirt and collar, as far as the orchestra rail, but no farther. With Mr. Berlin he was more

forcibly persuasive, luring him to stage, where, in a wisp of a voice, tireless little writer of songs the Bal-bits of this nation sings, he crooned "Blue Skies" to an enraptured audience. This was all by way of interlude, a sort of settling back to relax after that first act. For one hour and 45 minutes there had passed before astounded eyes a series of stage pictures, marked by beauty of coloring and design, the master genius of Joseph Urban at its best. With every on-sweeping battalion of girls came costumes rich and novel. Ponies, show girls, ballet girls, each piled color on color until the eye became confused at so much glitter and glamor. It was like a dream, like a mid-summer first-night dream, which with a waxing moon should reach nearly to perfection.

MANY CHANGES LIKELY

Much that appeared in the printed program failed to become substance of the show; much that was seen and heard, mostly heard, perhaps will pass with that premier performance. A sketch or two will scarcely be missed, notably the aviation skit in which 10 precious minutes are wasted in order to shout one gag across the footlights. The scene on New York's City Hall steps, with Cantor as Mayor "Jimmy," son-of-an-immigrant Walker, distributing golden keys to Gertrude Ederle, Helen Wills, Bobby Jones, Queen Marie, Lindbergh and his brother aviators, doubtless will touch the humors of "Follies" audiences two weeks hence; intrinsically the scene evoked in many of those present last night certain comic flashes in our own recent encounter between our own civic head and Col. Lindbergh at the Arena demonstration.

The scene in the animal fancier's shop, with Mr. Cantor in his most impish mood, was greeted with laughter more tolerant than spontaneous. When Mr. Cantor plays the satyr he leaves no chance to misread his meaning. All in all, though, he wags hard, is truly comic when he holds to decent restraint. It seemed last night as though he was so overjoyed at regaining the speaking stage that he let go all he had, hopeful that he might please continually.

What were the high-lights? Many indeed: the 24 shopgirls, tired of selling ribbons and scolding at bargain pests, who wanted to be glorified as only Mr. Ziegfeld can glorify; the 16 showgirls, regal, gorgeous and insolent, tired of teas and polo, with like desire; and the 16 unshaven, sweated tough young men, from chauffeurs to cops, from bootleggers to gunmen, with similar plaint; this number starting the show, was capital. The "Blue" number, "I got a shake, you got a shake, all God's chillun got a shake," with 32 ponies pattering as one to a torrid melody.

The Ingenues, a 20-piece jazz band, all girls, strumming first on banjos and setting the pace in the first-act finale, with 12 other girls banging out some more blues on 12 pianos, ranged on the edges of a vast stairway reaching almost to the wings, and down which troop scores of girls in white bodices and yellow plumes and yellow wings, and the climax when the orchestra played "Stars and Stripes Forever" against the same "blue" theme piped

on nearly 100 brass kazoos. That caught the house with a vengeance.

JUNGLE SCENE

For the second act, less can be said. The Jungle scene, with a group of girls plumed as ostriches, and Claire Luce making a halting entry on a real ostrich, hooded, was enticing, with its silver hut on silver stilts, its theme of "Jungle Jingles." You could hear the tom-toms in imagination at least. Next best seemed the burlesque Tiller girls dance, by the male chorus, who, like Beatrice Lillie, proclaimed lustily that "There's life in the old girl yet." Franklyn Baur, one of a world-famous quartet, carried the burden of song, with the Brox sisters, aiding with their thin, cajoling harmonies.

The Rasch girls were wonderfully agile and adept in various dancing numbers. Desha, first in a bubble dance, and later in a number with a male partner, was graceful and daring. Miss

Delroy, Miss Upton and Miss Chamberlain were pleasing in their minor ways. Mr. Tombes, grown portly, danced and played the foil to Mr. Cantor's whimsies. But it was the beauty of scene, costumes and youthful femininity and the "hoofing" of the ponies which will hold the memory long after the round of labored sketches has been forgotten.

W. E. G.

August 7, 1927

Brown, Jones and Robinson go to the theatre to be amused, easily amused. Yet Max Beerbohm once said: "There is something rather dreary in the notion of going anywhere for the specific purpose of being amused. I prefer that laughter should take me unawares. Only so can it master and dissolve me."

Let us hear from Mr. E. V. Lucas about laughter in the theatre.

"The more plays I see—and especially those that come under the odd description of musical comedy (for comedy is a very fine word)—the more I am perplexed by public taste and the happy uncritical acceptivity of audiences. I mean when they laugh. When they sit still, drinking it all in with mouths slightly opened, one is not surprised, because that means that the spell of the theatre is at work; and under the spell of the theatre we all like to fall. That indeed is the theatre's true purpose: if not actually to drug, at any rate to beguile. 'Let us be drunk,' said Henley in one of his poems, 'and for a while forget.' Substitute for being drunk, going to the theatre, and the situation is the same. Aristotle and his refining theories apart, it is to take us out of our own lives that the stage primarily exists, even though many plays (such is the limited range of human experience, and so alike are we all) can bring home to us our own problems with additional force.

"Not, however, musical comedy. Musical comedy is the carefully concocted anodyne for a figure known in America as the T. B. M. or, in long-hand, the tired business man, half of the ingredients being designed to soothe or mildly excite his eye and ear and half to evoke his laughter. And so long as the easy satisfaction of eye and ear is being thus provided for, I have very little to complain of, although it would not break my heart if every male chorus were instantly disbanded. To see bunches of pretty girls singing, capering and posing, no matter how foolishly, arouses, oddly enough, no black thoughts, or, at any rate, no absolute despair, although one wonders what the serious social enthusiasts must think of it all. One does not want the young girls that one knows thus to behave—40 dolls simpering as one—but in some strange way one has become used to it in the others. As has been said, the stage is an excellent medium for other people's daughters; while out of all female children born, a certain proportion, we have come to think, is destined thus to make its living. Considering the constant supply, apparently exactly fitting the demand, how can we think otherwise? A new musical comedy or revue is produced, adding one more to the already congested list—and there the pretty girls are, punctually on the spot, all just the same, with their undefeatable limbs and their brave smiles and their compliant and faithful energy.

"Where, one asks, do they all come from? How are they made so loyal?—for I guess their salaries to be as low, rather than as high, as possible. Anyway, there they are, a curious feature of modern conditions, toiling entirely on the luxurious, non-productive side of life and all in danger shortly of having votes. They were perhaps far better doing something else; yet what could they be doing? Meanwhile, let them continue to wear charming frocks, move their carefully-selected legs and arms in rhythm and warble catching choruses. But when their male correlatives do the same, I personally wince and even shudder. If most of the people with whom I have compared notes are sincere, they wince and shudder too; but none the less, the male chorus goes on; the triumphant painted faces still assail the stalls, whether beneath ill-fitting hats of straw or silk, or their own marcelled hair; the knees are still crooked as seats for the languishing fair, and so, I suppose, it will continue. It is part of the drug. Even while wincing and shuddering one can accept it, because it belongs to the passive half of the show. No contract has been broken.

"But when we are promised laughter and it cometh not, what then? Are we not entitled to our money back? Of course. And should we ever get it? No. I can imagine the dialogue in the box-office between disappointed playgoers on the one hand and the outraged official on the other. 'The fault is in yourselves,' would be the burden of the managerial argument, and, I suppose, since the majority of an audience always laughs, he would be right. But how lonely the non-laughter can be! I know, because I am too frequently (I say it in sorrow and not with boasting) in that position. The late H. G. Pellissier, who knew all that was to be known upon this subject, used to sing a song with the refrain, 'You're sure to get a laugh for that.' But, unhappily or happily, one can grow out of such servility to the funny man, and I must confess to being more fastidious than I was. Again and again I find myself as stone where everyone else is in paroxysms of delight. There are many moments when poor humanity cannot exactly shine in the eyes of its Maker, and I should guess that He can seldom think less of us than when He watches us laugh in theatres or music halls; but none the less, I would far rather be laughing than not. I go to the theatre chiefly in the hope of laughing.

"To give examples of my luckless limitations, I may say that I was recently at two musical comedies, at one of which the principal recurring joke (interrupting some very good singing) was the discomfort caused by riding on a donkey; and at the other, we had to watch, for fully 10 minutes, the contortions of the leading comedian (otherwise a very humorous actor with droll ways and ideas) with a pair of skis. Never have I at once heard so much laughter and been myself so unamused and mute. I tried a third musical comedy to which the public is thronging, and there sat in silent dejection throughout, for nothing touched the springs of risibility at all. It was a case of a popular comedian who, with the rest of the audience, could do nothing wrong, but (as I was not under his glamour) could, for me, do nothing right. I am not pretending to any finer sense of humor than the others; I am merely remarking that when a comedian is not droll, he is a deadly bore, and that no one is so out of it in a laughing theatre as the man who does not find things funny."

lyrics, music by Albert Von Tilzer; lyrics from the pen of Neville Flesson; and the book directed by Edgar MacGregor. The cast:

Flossie Phillips	Bernice Speer
Charles Phillips	John Meehan, Jr.
Mrs. Noah Z. Shrivell	Fritzi Scheff
Sanford Alden	Pacie Ripple
Ted Williams	Arthur Hartley
Corothy	Dorothy Humphreys
Alene	Alice Wood
Geraldine	Geraldine Fitzgerald
Betty	Betty McMillan

'BYE BYE BONNIE'

WILBUR—"Bye, Bye, Bonnie," L. Lawrence Weber's musical comedy featuring Frances White and Fritz Scheff.

Conito Quintan	Frances White
Noah Z. Shrivell	Louis Simon
Bill Briggins	Charles Henderson
Alice	Sue Saunders
Stephen Collins	William Meader
Butch Hogan	William Frawley
Warden	Pacie Ripple
Keeper	Charles Henderson
"Mursie"	Jerry Cavanaugh
Simpson	Charles Wheeler

Mr. Weber brought Frances White and Fritz here to strengthen the cast for Boston audiences. Neither of them appeared during the six months' New York engagement. "Bye, Bye, Bonnie" seems to have all the ingredients that go to make up a successful musical comedy. Louis Simon, principal comedian, wrote the book with Bide Dudley of the New York Evening World. A gentleman with political ambitions who intends to run for Congress on a dry ticket, is caught buying liquor at a night club and forced to spend 30 days in prison. There is plenty of opportunity for comedy in that situation and the authors have made an entertaining job of it.

Fritzi Scheff, whose last appearances here have been in vaudeville, is one of the featured players. Everybody is familiar with her continental vivacity and style, so let it be merely reported that she looks younger than ever, and has lost none of her enthusiasm for putting over songs. She does not try to do too much with her voice and her big number, "That September Night," was ideally suited to her. She knows how to dress and in this production wears some extremely smart creations with a "Mlle. Modiste" air.

Frances White, best known for her character songs in vaudeville, plays the title role. Her moment comes when, in the second act, she steps out and does two songs in the best White manner. She makes the part of Bonnie pert and breezy, and brings nothing to it of the conventional and sweet ingenue. Louis Simon, co-author of the production, carries much of the comedy burden on his shoulders as the bewildered Mr. Shrivell who must go to jail.

William Frawley does a hard-boiled criminal, "Butch" Hogan, and makes of him the comedy hit of the piece. He stopped the show last evening with his singing of "Just Across the River from Queens," in which he tantalizes the audience with a John McCormack style note at the end of each encore. Then there was Bernice Speer, charming and finished dancer, who had several specialties. The second act, especially the prison scene, contains the best material. The music is reasonably tuneful, the lyrics unusually good. The "Tam-pico Tap," another of those Charleston-Black-Bottom evolutions, gives "Bye, Bye, Bonnie" a lively and fast-moving finale. Milton Schwarzwald, musical director, worked hard and deserves credit for the pace at which he kept the whole production. The audience filled the theatre.

SOLLY WARD & CO. LEAD KEITH'S BILL

Solly Ward & Co. in a timely playlet, "Off to Maine," share honors with Sylvia Clark, peppy comedienne, on the current bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre.

Mr. Ward, formerly with "The Music Box Revue," scored heavily with the audience last night. His line is of the Milt Gross order, and the playlet depicts the vexations of Mr. and Mrs. Schultzeimer as they prepare for their summer holidays.

Miss Clark is at her best in mimicry, and does an especially good turn as the salesgirl who finds it "hard to be a lady in the hardware." She is assisted by Bobbie Kuhn as musical director and soloist, but she requires a minimum of assistance to put her act over.

The Meistersingers, well-known Boston vocalists, are playing their second week and still going strong, and there are the usual number of other offerings.

Spectacular Picture Based on Rider Haggard Story

"Moon of Israel" at the Metropolitan this week is the most spectacular picture to be shown in Boston for many a day. Made in Egypt by Michael Curtiz, the Austrian director, it is a loose adaptation of Sir H. Rider Haggard's fantastic romance, a picturization which deftly handles some of the most remarkable scenes ever put on celluloid.

Maria Corda, portraying the slave girl who captivates the Pharaoh's son, walks away with histrionic laurels. Arlette Marchal, now becoming familiar to American eyes, is cast as the villainous Princess and though her performance is adequate, she has little chance to build the role into one of primary significance. For the male lead, Prince Seti, a young Viennese by the name of Adelqui Millar, was selected. He does a competent piece of work all the way through.

To return to the story. Basically it boasts a better foundation than "The Ten Commandments"—to which it has been compared because of the big climax—the crossing of

the Red Sea. Curtiz's direction is always convincing, his actors superbly cast. What flaws there are exist in the titles alone and their significance is completely nullified by the vivid screen craft and the exotic beauty of this spectacle-studded love story.

But if the screen entertainment is exceptional, so is the stage offering. Foremost in the diversified program is the appearance of eight celebrated recording artists. The Victor disc men are headed by none other than Henry Burr and Billy Murray, who have been warbling for 10 these many years. With three pianos on the stage, a xylophone solo and some remarkable harmony by the popular Peerless quartet, a half-hour program of rare melody is enjoyed.

Gene Rodemich and his band glorify jazz in a Paul O'Scand presentation, assisted by a goodly amount of dancing talent. The Cardell twins, late of Le-Maire's Affairs, the Marshall sisters and others perform to the delight of all concerned.

'COLLEEN' OPENS AT BEACON, MODERN

Irish Romance Has Madge Bellamy as Star

That Ireland of enduring romance, bubbling humor and wholesome drama, known and beloved by all, furnishes the scenes of the topline photoplay at the Modern and Beacon theatres, William Fox's production, "Colleen," with a cast including Madge Bellamy, Charles Morton and J. Farrell Macdonald. The associate picture is "Matinee Ladies," a drama of New York's idle pleasure set, with a cast comprising May McAvoy, Hedda Hopper, Malcolm Macgregor and Cissy Fitzgerald. The Vitaphone artists' presentations include John Charles Thomas and Vivienne Segal in the Sweetheart song from "Maytime"; Leo Carillo, the famous star of comedy, in a humorous monologue, and "The Four Aristocrats," vaudeville stars, in instrumental and vocal numbers.

Miss Bellamy is seen as the daughter of a wealthy landholder and owner of a pedigreed race horse. She is in love with a young Irish noble, the last of an impecunious family and owner of the glorious racer that gives title to the drama. This romance weaves into the dramatic action that finds a climax in the grand race when happiness looms for the pair and a pleasing end is given to a story well balanced with laughs and thrills.

The other picture presents the jazz atmosphere wherein a cigarette girl falls in love with a young man earning his way through college by acting as professional dance partner to a woman of the idle rich. It is a drama of a seamy side of metropolitan life.

"Firemen, Save My Child," Shown at Five Theatres in Greater Boston

"Fireman, Save My Child" brings together once more the popular Paramount comedy team of Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. This entertaining film is being shown at five houses. They are: Washington Street and Scollay Square Olympias, the Fenway, the Capitol in Allston, and the Central Square in Cambridge.

Comedy in the movie sense of the world means farce with a vengeance, slap-stick antics and a good measure of burlesque tactics thrown in. Some of the scenes are exceedingly funny and the audience roars with appreciation at the efforts of Mr. Beery and Mr. Hatton, as the two fire fighters. Early scenes in the film show these two gentlemen as schoolboys. Beery is the class dunce and disports himself on the time honored stool, cap and a Hatton is dressed in little Lord Fauntleroy style and acts accordingly. Hug Tom Kennedy, who has been seen in so many rough and ready roles, plays another of these school urchins up to the mischievous tricks expected of him.

AUDIENCE ENJOYS FILM

School days over, the three of themselves in the city's fire department. Kennedy is the captain and Beery and Hatton are the two recruits. How follows one hilarious incident after another. The fun is ordinary and vulgar, but the audience seems to enjoy every minute of it. To Beery and Hatton nonchalantly drive a fire and ladder through the streets of the city, with a delightful indifference to whether they are bawling out the most amusing scenes in the film.

Edward Sutherland directed it and is be congratulated for turning out a piece of work so consistently entertaining. "Firemen, Save My Child" doesn't pretend to be anything but a laugh-ter and it succeeds in accomplishing its with movie audiences. The titles are for the most part good. Some of them savor of familiar vaudeville "gags," and others fell down a little when they came forced, but on the whole they served their purpose well.

Interesting vaudeville acts and short green subjects fill out the program at five houses where "Firemen, Save My Child" is being shown. A. F.

Lecture Based on Stage Success Stars Jean Hersholt

"Alias the Deacon," the Universal production, opened its engagement of a week at the State Theatre last night.

Jean Hersholt, in the leading role, gives an excellent performance. He plays himself as one of the finest on the screen has ever seen.

The cast which plays in support of character is no less capable. June Lowe and Ralph Graves are ideal as girl and boy for whom the amiable deacon sacrifices so much.

Little Stedman, Ned Sparks, Lincoln Mermer, Tom Kennedy, Maurice Why, George West and others play principal roles in the supporting cast.

Ma Earl Plays Part of Sadie Thompson

"Rain," the notable stage success which served Miss Jeanne Eagels for several seasons, is now playing a limited engagement at the Gayety Theatre with special company.

Lewis Talbot in presenting this production was fortunate in obtaining the services of San Forrest, the man who made the original production of "Rain" in New York. The result is the company now playing at the Gayety is giving an excellent performance of this celebrated South sea island drama.

Ma Earl has the Jeanne Eagels part, that of the colorful Sadie Thompson. Miss Earl does not find it necessary to imitate Miss Eagels but brings her own individual interpretation to the part. She is excellent, both in the hard, defiant moods of the early action and later as the beaten, subdued creature, the result of the Rev. Gordon's exhortations for her welfare.

Herold Rice is cast as the Rev. Gordon and gives an artistic performance. Excellent, too, was the work of Mam Bettis, as Joe Horn; George Kear as the Sergeant; Walter Kerr, as Dr. McPhail; and the others. The sets were atmospheric and the whole production stands out for its general excellence.

Law Cody and Renee Adoree in French Farce

Law Cody and Renee Adoree play principal roles in "On Ze Boulevard," an entertaining French farce coming for the first time in Boston at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week.

The new story has a strictly Parisian flavor, with Cody in the role of a waiter who inherits a fortune, gets tied with a blonde actress (played by Dorothy Sebastian), and runs into much trouble that it appears doubtful for a while, if he will ever emerge from his humorous predicaments.

Adoree plays the restaurant owner who loves him and uses a woman's wit to pull him out of his troubles. Roy D'Arcy appears as a French count who conspires to rob the wealthy waiter.

"On Ze Boulevard" abounds in comic situations and there is also a pretty romance helping to make it all intensely human.

An elaborate dance act, "Variety Dancers Revue," heads the vaudeville portion of the program. A group of well-trained and classical dancers, led by Mme. Nina and Mons. Vladimir, are included in the company. The act was generously applauded by the audience.

MURRAY HILL

The Copley Theatre opened its season last night with a three-act farce, "Murray Hill," by Leslie Howard, presented for the first time, with the following

cast:

Vane	David Clyde
Mrs. Cass	Elspeth Dudgeon
May Tweedie	May Ediss
Elizabeth Tweedie	Gaby Fay
George Appleway	Ralph Roberts
Amelia Tweedie	Genevieve Tobin
Worthington Smythe	Rupert Lucas
Wrigley	Leslie Howard

This, the first full-length play of the slender and facile actor most recently seen in Boston as the Napier of "The Green Hat," is an amusing farce of the type in which a theatrical bombshell is dropped into an utterly respectable household and it takes three acts for all the fragments to come to earth. Starting with the polite breakfast chatter of spinsters in the rigorous die-hard section of Murray Hill, we end with harum-scarum midnight escapades and the triumphant victory of love at first sight.

The two spinster sisters, their seemingly superfluous duenna, Mrs. Cass, and their charming but inhibited niece, Amelia, are about to attend a memorial service for a deceased and cremated great-aunt. Nephew Worthington Smythe, a beneficiary of her will, is expected from Chicago. It seems he is a wild fellow who was once seen riding a white horse on Michigan avenue at midnight, and has made the tabloids by many similar escapades. He arrives via the kitchen with dishevelled even-clothes and a stagger, to attend the memorial services, but the old family lawyer sends him away. A dapper youth who proclaims himself an assistant mortician steps perfunctorily into the picture, and Lawyer Appleway in desperation, substitutes him for the unpresentable nephew. But when the fair Amelia sees him, she faints. He is the man she saw and fell in love with at Fifth avenue and 38th street, three weeks before. Coached by the boisterous Smythe, who later joins the party, he takes the part and becomes an inmate of the household so that he may win Amelia, whose love he reciprocated at the same fatal corner. There questions from his aunts about relatives and mutual friends, and other comedy of wrong identity which greatly amused the audience.

Another surprise is furnished by Aunt Amelia, who suddenly shuns ways that are straight-laced, drinks cocktails and gets muddled with the real Nephew Smythe, and disappears with him to learn the black-bottom at a roadhouse somewhere in Connecticut. The mortician, Wrigley, who seems to be the fairy prince in disguise, runs off with Amelia to get married. Next morning, general incriminations, shocked questions, humorous hangovers and settling of identities. And "Wrigley" does turn out to be the prince in disguise after all.

Despite a certain obviousness of plot, "Murray Hill" is good comedy. It is saved from banality by the author's deft characterization and by certain laugh lines which bowl over the house by their spontaneity and originality. But there are flaws. The jests about undertakers in the first act seem fairly dragged in by the heels, and in the last five minutes of the play one observes that nothing else can possibly happen, and keeps wishing they would clinch and have it over with.

The play is staged and acted deftly and admirably. Each role is acted to the hilt, with no possible subtlety omitted. Miss Tobin's coy feminine artistry is delightful, and all other parts are above par. H. F. M.

"The Way of All Flesh" Is Displayed at the Metropolitan

METROPOLITAN—"The Way of All Flesh." Emil Jannings in his first American film. Directed by Victor Fleming. Phyllis Haver and Belle Bennett in principal roles.

In most cases, when the American films gain a foreign star, it is customary to place him or her in a typical exaggerated story of social life to "register" emotions in the same set way of the characteristic movie star. Mr. Jannings, however, has evidently educated the movie people to his way of doing business and the result is that we have in "The Way of All Flesh" one of the outstanding films of the year, with Mr. Jannings at his best.

The remarkable thing about "The Way of All Flesh" is the simplicity of its story. Mr. Fleming, the director, had a nice appreciation of this and where another director might have jumped at the chance for a "big scene," Mr. Fleming gained the same effect

The appearance of Mme. Oleszewska as Carmen in London led Mr. Ernest Newman to discuss the "weaknesses" of the opera itself as they seem to him, and the portrayal of the heroine. It has been the fashion of late in Paris to disparage, not only "Carmen," but the musical ability of Bizet. Of the adverse criticisms, M. Gauthier-Villars's life of Bizet is a shining example.

Mr. Newman began his feuilleton in the Sunday Times of London by questioning the future development of the operatic art, stating that of all forms of music opera shows its age sooner and more grievously.

"But we may probably take it for granted that in the future, as in the past, the successful opera, whatever the form of it, will be largely a matter of luck, as it is in the case of 'Carmen.' The paradoxical thesis might be maintained that the composer of this, one of the most enduringly successful of operas, was only in a relatively minor degree a musical dramatist by nature. In none of his earlier operas had he shown any particular sense of what made a good stage story, or any particular faculty for seeing his music in terms of stage; he had written a quantity of beautiful or charming or expressive music without managing to make a good opera out of it all. It was apparently just a piece of luck for him that the story of 'Carmen,' even diluted by Melliand and Halevy, happens to go well on the stage. No one, of course, can say how Bizet might have developed in another 10 years or so, but certain it is that we find here and there even in this masterpiece of his the old weakness of dramatic vision, the old tendency to see the story just as an excuse for lovely musical 'moments'; the difference is made—and it is a vital difference—by the fact that 'Carmen' is more of a stage story than 'The Fair Maid of Perth' or 'The Pearl Fishers' or 'Djamileh,' and so makes a better cement for the 'numbers,' and by the further fact that the writer of the 'Carmen' numbers was a much better composer than the writer of the earlier works.

"But at various points the old non-dramatic weaknesses peep out. The one thing that we should have expected a composer of his genius to do well—to invent a striking motif for Carmen herself—is the one thing that Bizet does least well: the Carmen motif is never a very strong one, while in some of its metamorphoses it becomes quite feeble. How much of the old undramatic Bizet remained in the composer of 'Carmen' may be seen from his curious insertion, before the sombre and fateful third act, of an intermezzo that was originally written for 'L'Arlesienne': it is lovely stuff, but what is it doing in that gallery we ask ourselves all the while we are enjoying the sweet savour of it.

"In the fourth act we again have the Bizet, who, while he can put himself at once inside the skin of a character or, so to speak, of a situation, does not always see the situation in terms of the stage. He can paint to perfection, in the intermezzo that precedes the fourth act and in the early part of the act itself, the life and color of the scene about the bullring, and he can write a moving duet between Carmen and Escamillo on the latter's entry; but how to make the transition from the one to the other—and, as Wagner said apropos of 'Tristan,' the art of opera composition is the art of transition—he does not know; the sudden plunge into the duet in D major after the long-continued tonality of A major, the bridge being merely four reiterated notes of the one note A in the orchestra, is, to me, one of the oddest things in opera; it is the work of a man who, in his study, sees each of his scenes and characters clearly in terms of itself, but does not see them clearly in relation to each other in terms of the theatre. And yet, when all is said, 'Carmen' remains not only a musical masterpiece but a thoroughly successful theatre piece. It is the old paradox of opera once more: one work somehow falls in spite of its virtues, another somehow succeeds in spite of its defects.

"Mme. Oleszewska, last Monday, paid the penalty for doing an original thing. Had she played Carmen as we have grown used to seeing it played, with the usual facile parade of the standardized trash-tricks of 'female fascination,' she would have pleased most of her hearers better: as it was, we heard everywhere during the intervals that it wasn't Carmen. Whether it was or was not I have not space to argue here, but for my part I have found it immensely interesting. It was psychologically much the subtlest Carmen I have ever seen, and, in spite of a weak three or four notes in her voice and a tendency to 'scoop' on high notes, the music was sung with a variety of intonation that one rarely gets in opera. It is not often that the refinement of Lieder singing can be successfully transported to the stage; but it certainly was on this occasion.

"Mme. Reinhardt, too, gave us an unconventional Micaela—not the simpering blonde noodle of an ingenue that Micaela usually becomes, but a young woman with a personality of her own.

"For one thing I find it difficult to forgive the conductor, Mr. Bellezza—for the omission of the splendid Frasquita-Mercedes-Carmen-Escamillo episode at the end of the Toreador's song."

Mr. Newman called attention to Escamillo usually ignoring Bizet's indication in the Toreador song:

"One or two correspondents have gently chided me during the last few days for saying that I have never yet heard a perfect performance of any opera; they assure me that this or that performance of this or that work that they have heard here or there was quite perfect. Well, it all depends on your standard; and perhaps it is wise not to be too exacting, and above all not to know too much about the opera you are listening to. I sometimes wonder, for instance, whether any of us has seen the Escamillo that Bizet had in his mind. Bizet's direction in the French score (they are not in any English edition with which I am acquainted) is that the refrain of the Toreador's song (Toreador, en garde!) is to be sung avec fatuite; the direction occurs in both stanzas.

"Is it possible that, for Bizet, Escamillo is not the hero he thinks he is, and that we are asked to believe he is, but a bit of a silly ass, whose bull-fighter's vanity should be made obvious to us and his swagger ridiculous? If that is so, then certainly none of us has even seen Bizet's Escamillo. Bizet's directions are always as definite as they are original: when Carmen, for example, begins the castanet song she has to say 'Sit you there, Don Jose: I begin!' 'avec une solennite comique'; Le Dancaire has to say 'La guerre, c'est la guerre' 'avec philosophie'; Carmen's card song has to be sung 'simplement et tres elegant'; Zuniga, when he finds resistance to the smugglers useless, has to pretend to be amused ('Prenant son part gailment'). the snake-like hissing of the trilled strings alone giving us a hint of the venom beneath his honey as he says politely, 'Mals gare a vous plus tard!'

a superb point that hardly any conductor brings out as he should. The direction 'avec fatuité' occurs also in the Duke's song in 'The Fair Maid of Perth.' We are forced to the conclusion that when Bizet gave this direction in the Toreador's song he really meant it; but which of us, in that case, has ever heard the Toreador's song as the composer meant us to hear it?"

Well, the only Escamillo that paid attention to the indication—and we have heard many baritones in this role, French, Dutch, German, Italian, since the time of Del Puente—was Mr. Baklanoff, beyond all doubt and peradventure the most musically dramatic portrayal of the character.

The revival of "Carmen" in London brought with it articles discussing the Carmens of the past. Galli-Marie, the original one "showed the cruel, sensual 'devergonde' to life." The same writer, Mr. Erroll Sherson, thought Mme. Calve's Carmen too charming: "We all fell in love with her and forgot our hatred of the woman's ways under the spell of her personal charm." When Mr. Sherson spoke in high praise of Selma Dolaro, he mentioned incidentally that she was born of the lower classes. For this he was roundly abused; he was reminded that Selma, well remembered in the United States, belonged to a highly respected Portuguese Jewish family. Mr. John W. Klein wrote that Bizet's Carmen, "proud and fearless, capable occasionally of deep feeling," has little in common with the "contemptible though perfectly delineated, vagabond" of Merimee.

The amazing feature of this discussion was the bracketing of Pauline Lucca with—Zelie de Lussan, Minnie Hauk, Trebelli, Marie Roze, Maria Gay—there's a long list. Marie Tempest, whose pretty voice was not suited to the music, acted the part with a surprising subtlety, also intensity.

in many cases by its omission.

Emil Jannings is seen as August Schiller, hard-working middle-class citizen of Milwaukee. The scene is laid about 18 years ago. Schiller, after 20 long years, has risen to the position of cashier in the local bank. He loves his wife and five children and is what you might call a "home man." The turning point in his career comes when one day the bank authorities entrust him with the commission to transact some important business in Chicago for them. On the train he meets the woman in the case. Phyllis Haver has this role and she is excellent.

His downfall is sudden. Flattered by her attentions, he is soon eating, drinking and making merry. The next morning he finds he has been robbed of all his bonds. In effort to regain them he becomes involved in a fight in which his attacker is killed. Rather than return to his family a disgrace, he lets them believe him dead. They honor his memory as one who died a hero protecting the interests of his bank when robbed.

Years later we see him as an old man, his occupation that of a street cleaner. Again as a street vender. One of his children who bears his name is now a celebrated violinist. He follows him to his old home after one of his concerts Christmas Eve, and watches through a window the festivities going on inside. The policeman tells the old man to move on. It is brought to the attention of those inside. His son goes out to invite the old man in for a bite to eat. He refuses and the final scene shows him trudging along in the snow with slow, halting step.

These last scenes are perhaps a bit draggy and are sentimentally inclined in several places. Schiller's sudden fall might be questioned. It is hard for the movies at times to bring out the character of the man. His weakness is slightly emphasized in two places before the fall. Once when he refuses to punish his son for a misdemeanor and again when he bows and scrapes to those in authority above him at the bank. The very fact that this can be questioned, however, proves how sound a picture it is. Mr. Jannings's performance is consistent and well thought out. It would be difficult to say just where the high lights were. His make-up is a work of art, especially in the final scenes. It is Jannings's film from beginning to end, although Miss Bennett and Miss Haver contribute excellent work. It is hard to believe that it was made in Hollywood. Those who have been complaining of choddy pictures will welcome this one.

The stage program is unusually good. Gene Dodemich and his Merrymarkers, Retter, billed in vaudeville as "The Man who Wrestles With Himself," Earl and Bell, formerly with Ed Wynn, and Dorothy Neville, soprano, are some of the features. There are other entertaining turns and short screen subjects to make up the remainder of the program.

A. F.

between the present date and Jan. 1, 1928, shall best uphold "faith in life" to the youth of the United States. The competition is open to students of all American colleges, universities, or dramatic schools.

Formal announcement of the opening of the prize contest was made yesterday. The judges' committee will consist of Winthrop Ames and David Belasco, producers; Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, president of the federal council of churches of Christ in America; Dr. John H. Finley, editor of the New York Times, and Mrs. Frances Jewett, representative of the Repertory Theatre trustees.

WINNER TO GET SCHOLARSHIP

The Repertory Theatre, the trustees announce, will give the winning playwright a scholarship in its dramatic school, the Repertory Workshop.

Plays submitted in the competition must be in three acts or of equivalent length, providing a full evening's entertainment. Manuscripts should be anonymous, the author's name and address being mailed with the play in a sealed envelope addressed to the prize play committee, Repertory Theatre, Boston, Mass.

The winning play will be announced soon after Jan. 1, 1928, and it will be produced at the Repertory theatre early in the year. Subsequently it will be shown at as many cities of the United States as possible.

In making public the conditions of the contest, the Repertory theatre trustees made the following statement:

TO SHOW JOY OF LIFE

"The stage is a great power either for good or evil," the trustees' statement said. "More persons go to our theatres every day than go to our churches on Sunday. It is the hope of the donor of this prize that through the medium of the stage there may be awakened among the young people of the nation a new appreciation of the value of life and the joy of living.

We confidently expect that the offering of such an award for a play dealing with a theme of such general interest, one which kindles the imagination to sound the depths of human emotions in seeking the heights of human aspirations, will attract many of the best students of the drama to join in the competition, with the result that an American play of distinction may be written."

The Repertory theatre of Boston is the only civic repertory theatre in America, exempt from city, state and federal taxation as an educational institution not conducted for private profit, although it is entirely professional in its scope.

POEMS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET"

(Revised by a Sanitarian)

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained,
The malarious farm, the wet fungus-grown wildwood,
The chills then contracted that since have remained,
The scum-covered duck pond, the pigsty close by it,
The ditch where the sour-smelling house drainage fell;
The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barnyard nigh it—

But worse than all else was that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mold-crusted bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted

The water I drank in the days called to mind;

Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted

In the waters of wells by analysis find;
The rotting wood fibre, the oxide of iron,
The algae, the frog of unusual size,
The water impure as the verses of Byron.

Are the things I remember with tears in my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth, though I shudder to tell it,

I considered that water uncommonly clear,

And often at noon, when I went there to drink it,

I enjoyed it as much as I now do near-beer.

How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy!

And quickly to the (mud covered) bottom it fell!

Then reeking with nitrates and nitrites and slimy

With organic matter, it rose from the well.

Oh, had I but realized in time to avoid them—

The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draft—

I'd have tested for organic germs and destroyed them

With potassium permanganate ere I had quaffed.

Or, perchance I'd have boiled it and afterward strained it

Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined;

Or, after distilling, condensed and re-gained it

In portable form with its filth left behind.

For little I knew of the dread typhoid fever

Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink;

But since I became a devoted believer

In the teachings of science, I shudder to think.

And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing,

The story of warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to my imbibing

And a gag at the thought of that horrible well

And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown bucket—

In fact, the slop bucket—that hung in the well.

J. C. BAYLES.

(President, New York Board of Health)

Izabo thinks that the suppressed desires of most fellows find expression in the hatbands and the fancy socks they select.

Aug 16 1927

HOLLIS—"The Baby Cyclone," new farce in three acts, by George Cohan.

Staged by Sam Forrest under Mr. Cohan's direction. The cast:

Joseph Hollis	Joseph Hollis
Evans	Agnes Gilda
Grandal	Nan Sunderland
Jessie Hurley	Grant Mitchell
Joseph Meadows	John T. Doyle
Dr. Hearn	Spencer Tracy
Gene Webster	Natalie Moorehead
Lydia Webster	Charles F. McCarthy
Cassidy	Joseph Allen
Kellogg	William Morris
Robert Webster	Georgia Caine
Mrs. Robert Webster	Oliver Putnam
Maid	Doris Freeman
McCracken	Barlowe Borland

George Cohan has it in for silly women who waste their maternal affection on toy dogs and treats of this situation in a satirical vein in his latest farce, "The Baby Cyclone," which opened the new season at the Hollis last evening. "The Baby Cyclone" is a tiny Pekingese. He interferes to such an alarming degree in the peace and quietness of the Hurley household that Mr. Hurley, sorely tried, reaches the breaking point and rushes from his home with the offending dog.

He is in his arms, only to sell him to the first passerby. She, fortunately for the plot, happens to be the fiancée of a man who had taken sides in one of the recent Hurley dog outbursts. The fiancée becomes deeply attached to the Pekingese before it is returned to its original owner. The remainder of the comedy is the struggle of both these feminine creatures for possession of the dog, the two men to rid themselves of the animal, and all four as to whether or not home sweet home can be ideal minus one of these pets.

Mr. Cohan has unquestionably fashioned a sure-fire laughing farce this time, and he has chosen just the right people to carry out the Cohan treatment of this type of comedy. Grant Mitchell, in the featured role, that of the man who interfered in the domestic wrangle that started all this dog business, brings to the part his likeable, straightforward manner of reading lines.

Spencer Tracy, a pupil, is cast as away with the cr occasions. And

But worse than all else was that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mold-crusted bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind;

Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted
In the waters of wells by analysis find;

The rotting wood fibre, the oxide of iron,
The algae, the frog of unusual size,
The water impure as the verses of Byron.

Are the things I remember with tears in my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth, though I shudder to tell it,

I considered that water uncommonly clear,

And often at noon, when I went there to drink it,

I enjoyed it as much as I now do near-beer.

Boston actor, as the "New York" who refused to be kidded," has it pretty much his own way in that second act.

The play starts out rather slowly but soon the laughs are coming thick and fast. The audience rears in appreciation and is actually taking sides before the piece is well under way. Nan Sunderland gives a perfect exhibition of a wife who can conveniently work up a case of hysteria. A scream, worthy of the better type of melodrama, is an art with her. Natalie Moorehead, Georgia Caine, William Morris and John T. Doyle were others who helped complete an all-round excellent cast.

It preaches a great lesson for the poor, downtrodden married man—does "The Baby Cyclone." Mr. Cohan gives the women plenty of opportunity to scream and make wordy speeches, but not for long does this situation last. The men rise nobly under the expert direction of an older married man, and womankind is put in her proper place in

the well ordered home before the final curtain descends.

The opening was a gala one. The house was crowded and the audience enthusiastic. Calls for "Mr. Cohan" were to no avail. Mr. Mitchell made a short, well spoken curtain speech explaining that the author was not then in the house, although he was seen about before the performance. Donald Brian and his wife, Virginia O'Brien (who has been featured in Cohan musical comedies), were in the audience. "The Baby Cyclone" may hurt the Peanese business, but it makes up for it by furnishing Boston with a first-rate farce with which to begin its dramatic season.

A. F.

JACKIE COOGAN AT LOEW'S STATE

Appears in "The Bugle Call,"
a Film of Western Life

"HALF A WIDOW"

"Half a Widow," a melodramatic operetta of doughboys in France, presented by Wally Gluck, was given its initial metropolitan showing at the Shubert Theatre last night. All the bizarre mixture of races and uniforms, the slapstick buffoonery, shavetail heroics and crackling machine guns of the real A. E. F. have been utilized and generously elaborated on in this gracious attempt to show the present younger generation what their daddies and big brothers did to win the great war.

All in all, last night's war was a huge success. The audience ate it up and yelled for more. The beautiful French peasant girls and golden-haired ladies of the Red Cross won all hearts, and many an ex-buck on the safe side of the footlights shed silent tears when he discovered what he had missed. First honors go to the ladies and gentlemen of the ensemble who often saw fit to blend their voices in stirring military strains, and to the man who achieved these choral effects, Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara. Then there is a Mr. Ackerman who designed the settings. He did good work, and memory tries in vain to recall a better stage trench scene than his. Messrs. Harry B. Smith and Frank Dupree, creators of the book and lyrics, did not soldier on the job. "Let's Laugh and Be Merry," "Longing for You," and "It's Great to Be a Doughboy" were especially well received, although the one about France's indebtedness to America, or whatever it was, seemed a trifle editorial in intention.

The play follows in general the dramatic structure of "The Big Parade," and has a comic trio of non-descript privates reminiscent of "What Price Glory," although it is unaccompanied by the familiar volcanic ebullitions of the latter play. It starts and finishes in a rest billet in the courtyard of a French inn flanked by a Red Cross canteen—a courtyard large enough and decorative enough to accommodate motley ensembles, and in the second act we have a front line trench, spurring machine guns, booming 77s, and the glinting bayonets of soldiers going up and over. An interlude in a communication trench gives an opportunity for the old war songs and a better ship quartet.

There are no stars in this play, but Gertrude Lang as the French girl, and Halfred Young as her lover, Everett, ably fill the lead roles. Capt. Bob, who expects to be knocked off in the drive, marries Babet, that

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OFFERS \$1000 FOR NEW PLAY

Moved by a desire to counteract the false and pessimistic philosophy which has led so many college students to commit suicide in recent months, an anonymous patron of the Boston Repertory Theatre, acting through the theatre trustees, is offering a prize of \$1000 for the American play which, written

will have his fortune, and then the
tes sound assembly. He is thought
have been killed in the drive, but
believes he will return, hence the
of the piece. Milton Wallace plays
leading comedy role of the K. P.
Nan Traveline does an exceptional
as his Nita. Costumes are well
aded. The men seem like real
ghboys instead of dressed-up chorus
n, and the pleasingly pretty members
the various feminine contingents ear
tunes quite agreeable to the eye.
fact, if the government would pr mise
run all future wars like the o e in
half a Widow", pacifism would become
lost art. H. F.M.

"Lost at the Front," a film comedy
starring George Sidney and Charlie
Murray, directed by Del Lord and pre
sented at the Scollay Square Olympia,
the Washington Street Olympia and the
enway theatres by First National, with
the following cast:

George Sidney George Sidney
Charlie Murray Charlie Murray
Natalie Kingston Natalie Kingston
Two Russian Girls

Nita Martin and Nina Romano
When comedy works so hard that it
rears in every joint it ceases to be
comedy and is almost tragedy. Del Lord
has been self-conscious in this, his first
feature length film. He is a graduate
of the Mack Sennett school of direc
tors, is used to turning out two-reelers
without aid of script and established
talent, so one should be tolerant and re
member the few moments that he gives
us of effortless fun in "Lost at the
Front."

Perhaps all the faults should not be
aid at the director's door. It would
be difficult to squeeze fresh humor out
of the war. We have been surfeited
with war comedies and even war dramas
earning heavily on comedy situations to
lighten their loads. This film has put
the best of its efforts into No Man's
Land and claims originality by dress
ing Charlie Murray and George Sidney
in Russian women's costumes and bor
rowing the Turkish bath theme for a
few scenes. The humor is the bludgeon
arlety that beats its way and the audi
ence seemed to like it.

Charlie Murray is as good as Charlie
Murray always is in his particular style
of comedy. George Sidney loses none
of his stupid goodness that made him
famous as Abe Potash of "Potash and
Perlmutter." Natalie Kingston is lovely
to look on and if she can act as well as
the looks when opportunity gives her
a fair part there will be another star in
the cinema heavens. C. M. D.

PAINTING THE TOWN AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

Glenn Tryon Stars in New
Comedy Picture

"Painting the Town," an exceedingly
amusing farce comedy with Patsy Ruth
Miller and Glenn Tryon in the lead
ing roles, is the principal screen at
traction at Loew's Orpheum Theatre
this week.

Credit for most of this fun goes to
Glenn Tryon, a young comedian hith
erto little known. In the role of a
small town smart-aleck he contributes
a continuous stream of comedy. He is
a newcomer among the field of screen
comedians but judging from his work
in this picture, he is due for stardom
in the near future.

Co-featured with Tryon is Patsy Ruth
Miller, the heroine of many screen
plays and an actress who can always
be depended upon to add to the ap
peal of a picture by her beauty and
ability. In "Painting the Town" she
plays the role of a Follies beauty and
is an admirable foil for the small town
hero.

REVUE SATIRICON HEADS KEITH BILL

Heading a well-balanced program at
Keith's Theatre this week, Countess
Sonia and her Revue Satiricon furnished
an entertainment of picturesque songs
and dance numbers that proved highly
acceptable to yesterday's audiences.
There were seven numbers to the revue,
each in an attractive stage setting, and
the concluding number with the entire
company making merry in a blazing
inferno proved a striking climax.

Acceptable to yesterday's audiences.
William Kent and company in the
ughable sketch "Shivers" also provided
one of the stellar hits on the program,
made none the less entertaining by its
anti-tragic finale.

Carr Brothers and Betty opened the
program with a number called "Dem
onstrating," in which B
emonstrating" in excel
ent outfit, and was joine

brothers in dance and balancing fea
tures of interest and unusual skill.

Chris Richards, billed as an "eccen
tric comedian," made good on the title
and proved amusing with his patter and
his hat-balancing feats.

Frank Marine and Tony Martin,
Italian character comedians, gave the
audience a few hilarious moments in
a sketch entitled, "The Letter from
Peersa-Burgh"; Jean Boydell, billed as
"The Unique Peppologist," sang and
danced herself so far into the hearts
of the audience that a recall was in
sisted upon; and Marlon Sunshine and
Peter Larkin, with Peter Larkin at the
piano, in "A Broadway Bouquet," had
a song and dance number that brought
much applause.

Herb Larimer and Marion Hudson, in
a highly creditable trick bicycling act,
had the concluding number.

As usual, the program is opened by
the latest Aesop's Fables and Topics
of the Day, and is closed with the
Pathe News specials.

CREATORE'S BAND IS AT NORUMBEGA

"Svengali of the Baton" De
lights Audiences

Creatore, "Svengali of the Baton,"
who has opened an eight-day engage
ment at Norumbega Park, was enthusi
astically received last night by a large
audience in the open-air theatre. Con
certs will be given afternoons and even
ings until and including next Sunday.

Creatore's concert yesterday afternoon
was devoted to Scotch music. Last night
he presented "Tannhauser" by Wagner,
and created a furor with his unaca
demie but sensational leadership.

He introduced the young soprano,
Pauline Talma. In addition, he pre
sented a saxophone octette for one of
the encores. The orchestrations of the
pieces which the octette presented were
made by Creatore. Tomorrow night will
be Verdi night and on Friday night
Creatore will present for the first time,
his own arrangement of "The Damna
tion of Faust."

This engagement at Norumbega Park
will be the only one in New England
this season and concludes Sunday eve
ning.

CONTINUING PLAYS

WILBUR—"Bye, Bye, Bonnte,"
musical comedy by Louis Simon
and Bide Dudley. Francis White
and Fritz Scheff featured. Sec
ond week.

COPLEY—"Murray Hill," farce
by Leslie Howard. Mr. Howard
and Genevieve Tobin in principal
roles.

GAYETY—"Rain," Lewis Tal
bot presents famous South Sea
drama. Second week.

THE MISSING LINK AT MODERN, BEACON

Syd Chaplin's Film Opens Two
Weeks' Engagement

Syd Chaplin presents in "The Missing
Link," the chief photoplay at the Mod
ern and Beacon theatres, a burlesque
extravagant in resort to win laughs, but
withal a screaming farce that sets the
audience in riots of mirth. As added
attraction there is presented the Will
iam Fox production, "Good as Gold."

The Vitaphone artists' presentation in
cludes Rosa Palsi and Giacomo Rimini
in a duet from "Il Trovatore," "Senator"
Ford in a humorous monologue, and The
Revelers, popular artists in song.

Mr. Chaplin is seen as an African
big game hunter involuntarily projected
into fame by being forced to pose as
a killer of reptiles. Upon arrival in
Africa he must display his supposed
prowess to an admiring gallery. This
display brings a flowing series of situa
tions, one treading on the other's heels
and increasing in ludicrousness.

SERVICE FOR LADIES

"Service for Ladies," a screen comedy
by Ernest Vajda, directed by Harry
d'Arrast and presented at the Metro
Theatre with the following cast:

Adolphe Menjou
Kathryn Harper
Charles Lane
Lawrence Grant

The Oxford University press has published M. D. Calvoressi's "Musical
Taste and How to Form It," "On Memorizing," by Tobias Matthay, the
celebrated piano teacher in London; "The English Ayre," by Peter Warlock
(Philip Hesiltine), and "The Borderland of Music and Psychology," by Frank
Howes.

All these books are of importance to professional musicians and students
of music: "The English Ayre," a study of early English songs and the use of
the lute, with biographical sketches of Dowland, Danyel, Jones, Hume, Ferra
bosco the Younger, Campion, Rassester and others is a valuable complement to
Pulver's "Biographical Dictionary of Old English Music," which has been
reviewed in The Herald. This study of old airs by an accomplished composer
and the pamphlet by Mr. Matthay, the teacher of Myra Hess, should interest
respectively students of musical history and teachers of the piano with their
pupils. The books by Mr. Calvoressi and Howes might be read with profit—
one is tempted to add "and should be read" by all lovers of music.

For two or three seasons there has been no applause in Symphony Hall
between the movements of a symphony performed under Mr. Koussevitzky's
direction. It is said that this reticence on the part of the audience is due to
the expressed wish of the conductor, who believes—and he is not alone in this
belief—that applause destroys the continuity of the composer's musical
thought, distracts the attention of the hearers, and impairs the impression
made by the symphony as a whole.

Mr. Howes in "The Borderland of Music and Psychology," has much to
say about applause, and not only in the chapter "Gregariousness in Audiences
and Performers;" One of the seven chapters is entitled "Applause."

First of all, the herd instinct must be considered. There is in the concert
hall a common object of mental activity, viz. a common love of music or ad
miration for composers or executant." It is true that community of feeling
can be marred by, for example, a dispute over the relative predominance of
the so-called classics and the moderns. Suppose a captivating folk-song is
sung by a famous singer. There is immediate and thunderous applause; for
when the song makes a universal appeal, and the singer is supposedly free
from distracting mannerisness and is an admirable artist, there is complete
homogeneity of feeling. Each one's emotional experience is multiplied by a
factor equal to the number of persons in the audience. But the ordinary
concert with a mixed program produces "cross-currents of feeling." There
will not be universal acceptance of all the songs, or of the performance.

At symphony and chamber concerts there is a tendency to prevent an
audience applauding between the movements of the works, "when it is quite
plain that the general feeling of the audience, independently of the distressing
habits of the applause-fiend, is to applaud. It may be affectation; it cannot
really be justified on musical grounds; for psychological reasons it is in
defensible." (It should be remembered that Mr. Howes, an Englishman, is
speaking of concert halls in England).

All impressions received through the senses react on the mind: "They
produce an emotional effect which tends to express itself in action," while the
symphony is playing this tendency is held in check; the emotion is banked up
behind the obstruction, that is the continuation of the sound. If the dis
charge of emotion is repressed when the sound ceases, there is a slight
mental pain; the audience is denied the chance of doing something together.

"No one feels that the applause at the end of an emotionally exacting act
in the theatre breaks the thread of the plot or destroys the unity of the piece
(curtain raising and the bowing of acknowledgements are different and are
very objectionable)." To present a symphony as a unity so simple as to evoke
only one emotional response is a mistaken idea. "It overlooks the most
elementary law of attention, which operates rhythmically, as the composer
very well knows and shows that he knows in the disposition of his climaxes."

The pain of being unable to act after listening to music is experienced
whenever applause is inappropriate, as in sacred music or in sacred buildings.
"The authorities in these cases generally do their best for the audience
by giving them an opportunity of singing a hymn or putting money in the
plate or giving some such small occasion for the discharge of the conative
impulse. Repression of spontaneous human activity should always be reduced
to a minimum, and when it is entirely unnecessary as in a concert-room, it
should not be dragged in gratuitously by demands for complete silence be
tween the movements of a work."

After listening to music, a lecture, a sermon, no matter how engrossing
it may be, there comes a point when there is an urgent impulse to move.
Applause is the most appropriate physical outlet. Then there is the element
of gregariousness. Mr. Howes thinks that the present of about a dozen per
sons is the lower limit for the beginnings of applause; generally about 50 are
needed for "whole-hearted hand-clapping." (The size of the room and the
physical closeness of those in the audience influence gregarious feeling).

Operatic audiences, "especially Gilbert and Sullivan audiences," will not
give the drama a chance to produce its own more integrated pleasure. A
clamor goes up for a repetition of this or that lyrical moment; but this is
unfair to the drama, and "like everything else in life the same thing can
never happen twice; by destroying the dramatic context you cannot give rise
to the same emotional commentary.

"This operatic encoring by people who really know better, who are quite
capable of appreciating dramatic art, is something of a mystery similar to
mob violence committed by respectable citizens, and must find its explanation
in the same direction."

Gustave le Bon thus names the characteristics of a crowd; descent of
several rungs in the ladder of civilization, general intellectual inferiority as
compared with the isolated individual, loss of moral responsibility, im
pulsiveness, credulity, exaggeration, intolerance, blind obedience to the leader

of the crowd, a mystical emotionalism. The Gilbert and Sullivan audience is a crowd, with a single object of attention, a single feeling of enthusiasm, a single purpose; to encore the song just finished.

Mystic emotionalism is shown at symphony concerts in the fanatical devotion inspired by a craze for any particular label; "this clique's devotion to anything modern; that set's objection to anything by Brahms, the old brigade's obsession for the name of Beethoven;" while a crowd dominated by crowd emotion through its subconscious mind returns to its infancy, "and like the chubby infant clapping his tiny hands and shouting 'gain, 'gain,' enjoys the present sensation, regardless of joys to come, insistent on the immediate gratification of the moment and blindly following the lead of the most leathery-handed or brazen-throated enthusiasts."

There is that tiresome phenomenon, the applause fiend, shouting "Bravo" (irrespective of the sex of singer), before the music has stopped; who calls for encores on the slightest pretext. Some casual concert goers become temporary applause fiends from ignorance "and an anxiety not to be remiss in performing a proper social gesture." The more habitual is the concert-goer, the less he tends to applause. "A musical critic can generally be detected by his ungregarious behavior after the music has finished. * * * Your true applause-fiend is he who aspires to be the complete-hundred-percent. herd-man. * * * He exhibits two of the most marked characteristics of a crowd, its hero-worship and its self-importance." He gets for himself "the glorious feeling of superiority which belongs to the dispenser of patronage."

There is applause arising through the sporting spirit: When a singer or player is indisposed, old, or is substituted at short notice.

"A kin to this is the politeness which tolerates incompetence, and which drives those who are at once more brutal and more sensitive to accuse the concert going public of being Philistines and fools."

There is the chivalry shown by an undergraduate audience to an attractive woman fiddler.

Mr. Howes has many pages on other subjects: What is the nature of the pleasure derived from hearing music? How far is music emotional? Is not all music in a sense program music? There is an interesting chapter on rhythm; an inquiry into "Inspiration and the sub-conscious;" and finally a discussion of "Taste." One should not lose in the exquisiteness of one's taste the equally important quality of catholicity, "and make the mistake of condemning as bad art something in a style which the critic dislikes."

There are many passages from modern psychologists, among them Dr. Morton Prince, who is quoted at considerable length in the chapter on inspiration and the sub-conscious; but Mr. Howes, who was philosophically trained at Oxford and has had practical experience as a musician, has a voice of his own and commendable clearness and frankness in statement.

A thoroughly delightful comedy that pictures the suave Mr. Menjou as a princely maitre d'hotel is to be seen on the screen of the Metropolitan Theatre this week. In fact, so agreeable is this entertainment that it may be compared with the brilliant "Grand Duchess and the Waiter."

Menjou in the role of the most famous headwaiter in Europe is attacked by French sunshine and reacts to its siren song by falling desperately in love. The idol of his dreams is a blond American heiress and so completely has he succumbed to her charms that he follows her to a Swiss resort where a tumble off a bob-sled together erases the necessity of a more formal introduction.

Two weeks slip by pleasantly. The famous headwaiter is received by kings and munches at the hand of popularity until the object of his affections misinterprets his elegant gesture of bidding her good-bye because of the social gulf between them. He has taken care to keep his real identity from her, and she has come to believe that he is a member of the nobility and as such must keep his heart in bounds. The later discovery of his real position and the natural and satisfactory end of this pleasant comedy is in accord with the good taste and cleverness of the entire picture.

Brilliant direction, story and acting deserve equal credit. The Hungarian playwright, Ernest Vajda, has more than satisfied the critical on the score of originality. This is Harry d'Arrast's first production and may there be many, many more with the same grace, breeding and finesse.

Adolphe Menjou is at his very best in this picture which is no mean place in the realm of screen craft and Kathryn Carver, a newcomer to the screen, is entirely satisfactory.

The Metropolitan band has grown in size and ability. The music no longer depends upon the punch of personality to smooth it. "Banjomania" is well staged and has a plentiful sprinkling of clever artists, including the Byron Sisters, Margaret Ball, Morgan and Stone, White and Manning and the Thompson Sisters.

A short subject titled "The Elegy" deserves mention for its dramatic quality and the acting of a small boy.

C. M. D.

JACKIE COOGAN

Jackie Coogan's new picture, "The Bugle Call," at Loew's Orpheum this week, shows him in a role new to his followers. Jackie enacts a "near-grown-up" part, portraying a bugle boy in a

CONTINUING

HOLLIS—"The Baby Cyclone," George Cohan's new farce. Grant Mitchell, Spencer Tracy, Georgia Caine, Joseph Allen and others are in the cast. Second week.

SHUBERT—"Half a Widow," musical production dealing with the world war. Halfred Young and Gertrude Lang in principal roles. Second week.

WILBUR—"Bye, Bye, Bonnie," musical comedy with Frances White and Fritz Scheff. Third week.

COPLEY—"Murray Hill," Leslie Howard's new farce with Mr. Howard and Genevieve Tobin in featured roles. Last week.

GAYETY—"Rain," Leona Earl in the Jeanne Eagels role. Last week.

BILL AT KEITH'S

Jack Benny, who can be funnier without exerting himself than almost any three hard-working comedians, not only delivers himself of an extraordinarily good act at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, but also peps up the whole bill by acting as master of ceremonies.

Mr. Benny is one of those admirable comedians who never strains after a laugh—and never has to. He has his violin with him (or is it really the orchestra leader's?) and also an unannounced "young lady from Lowell." And incidentally this surprise partner is worthy of the act. Seldom is a comedian blessed with a better foil.

Sharing headline honors with Mr. Benny are the Allan K. Foster Variety Girls, starring Dorothy Casey. This is an exceptionally well-trained group of dancers, all very easy to look at.

Herman Hyde and Sally Burrill offer a pleasant little comedy musical act, and there are the usual number of other offerings.

"Hard Boiled Haggerty" Is Story of Wartime Flying

Milton Sills in "Hard Boiled Haggerty," is the screen feature at the Washington street and Scollay square Olympias this week. This is a war drama of a new type, taken from the life and loves of an American aviator behind the lines in the world war.

Sills has a role that fits him perfectly as Haggerty, the tough ace who is indifferent to rules and regulations. After downing two German planes in one day, Haggerty and his mechanic start for Paris and a good time. Escaping from the M. P.'s after 10 days A. W. O. L. he hides in the room of Germaine, a French girl. From this meeting a romance starts and Haggerty decides to reform. At an officer's ball he introduces Germaine to his major. The major tells him that the girl is a notorious cafe dancer. A fight ensues and the major and Haggerty are arrested. It seems that Germaine has a sister who cuts up a bit, unknown to her mother and to shield her Germaine lies at the court martial. Haggerty is released and the two part company.

Meeting after the armistice, Germaine manages to explain everything very nicely and she and her hard boiled aviator are reunited. Molly O'Day handles the role of Germaine very capably, she is a sister of Sally O'Neill. Yola D'Avril as the sister is convincing, while Sills has a real part after a series of pictures for which he was not fitted and he gives an outstanding performance.

"The Black Magician,"

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Ramsey Wallace in "Secret Service Smith," adapted for the stage by Lincoln Osborne from the story, "The Black Magician," by Maj. R. T. Scott. Presented by Mr. Wallace with the following cast: Bernice Asterley, Smith's secretary; Norma Phillips, Smith's Hindu servant; Charles Gibney, Smith's assistant; Jimmy Fallon, Smith's "Secret Service" agent; Ramsey Wallace, Smith's "Secret Service" agent; David Monroe, of the New York Secret Service; J. H. Scanton, a wealthy importer; Charles Horn, a crook; John F. Dick, a chemist; Richard Grayson, a chemist; Joe, a chauffeur; Jerome Cardan, known as "The Black Magician"; Cardan's servant; Nanda Singh, Cardan's servant; Emanuel Schroder, Cardan's servant; John R. Hamilton, Cardan's servant; Prince Ahmed Kahn, masquerading as a Hindu.

Ram Dak, a little priest; Mary Katherine M.; Mrs. J. H. Scanton; Harriett Rose; Randore Hamarada, known as the White Mahatma; Clarence Bell; Isabel Grayson; Anita Fikaz; Nahmed Said, an Indian jagoit; Lester Paul; Mrs. Watkins, a spirit medium; Augusta; Chang, a Chinese cook; Ralph Culman; The dwarf; Jerry Austin; East Indian thugs played by William Hitch; W. Wana Singh, Andrew Fernando, William Cooras, Peter Kelet and Syd Stary.

Another play of groans, shrieks, secret passages, weird idols, abducted blondes, strange lights and slamming doors has come to town for a brief stay. "Secret Service Smith" opened at the Plymouth last night after three performances at Mameroneck and Stamford, and is being whipped into shape for a Broadway opening on Labor day.

Hindu mysticism is the power which Dr. Cardan, otherwise known as "The Black Magician," uses to commit his murders and robberies. Opposed to him is the great detective of familiar pattern, who himself is privy to many of the secrets of the orient, and has encountered the master of crime long ago in his native India. Cardan, slender, dark and hypnotic, wages subtle battle with the resourceful Smith in his own apartment, in a temple full of gods and trap doors on Fifty-sixth street, New York, and later in the sequestered country abode up the Hudson, where he has spirited the detective's pretty secretary.

Oriental yeggmen in turbans, police detectives of the stupid stage variety, and countless mechanical actors in the form of lights, idols, panels and apparitions, form the background for the struggle between the two master minds. In fact, the director of stage mechanics and the electrician are the two major actors of the piece. The strain under which they were laboring last night was easily apparent, and often with humorous results. Hair-trigger precision is necessary when a villain has only two or three seconds of darkness to make his escape through a wall, and last night things went wrong a bit too often.

In adapting the story for the stage, Mr. Osborne seems to have lost his blue pencil. Much of the material could be slashed with benefit, making a more coherent piece of dramatic work. The time has passed by several years when one could throw a lot of mystery hokum on the stage and pull in the customers. Mere pointless screaming and groaning have lost their effect since the advent of the burlesque mystery play, and some of the general laughter last night caused the actors' eyebrows to go up in surprise. If the play is slashed and pointed up, and the inappropriate love stuff cut out, there may yet be hope for it.

H. F. M.

CORNERSTONE OF NEW KEITH'S SET

Unusually impressive ceremonials yesterday marked the laying of the cornerstone of the new theatre on Washington street that is to stand as a lasting memorial to the late Benjamin Franklin Keith, the father of modern vaudeville, whose notable work began in this city and extended throughout the entire eastern part of this country.

Not alone did a great crowd of Bostonians gather to participate, but the persons of a number of the old-time favorites who have appeared under the stage itself was represented in the Keith banner in the past, as well as representatives of various theatrical interests and organizations.

SOME OF STARS PRESENT

Included in this galaxy of stars were Julia Arthur, George M. Cohan, Fred Stone, Mrs. Stone, Dorothy Stone, Maggie Cline, McIntyre & Heath, Raymond Hitchcock, Joe Weber, Lew Fields, James Thornton, Pat Rooney and Harry Ward.

Representing theatrical interests were Edward F. Albee, E. G. Lauder, Jr., Reed Albee, F. F. Proctor, Marcus Helman, B. S. Moss, J. Henry Walters, J. J. Maloney, L. E. Thompson and Mary A. Luescher. Also present were Henry Chestersfield, secretary of the National Vaudeville Association, who acted as master of ceremonies; Tom Wise, representing the Lambs' Club; William Seymour representing the Actors' Fund; J. N. Weber, representing the Musicians Union; William F. Canavan, representing the Stage Hands' Union, and Pat Casey, representing the Vaudeville Managers' Protective Association.

The day's activities began in reality at City Hall, where Mayor Nathan Phillips received Mr. Albee, Mr. Stone, Mr. Cohan, Mr. Proctor, who is manager of the

celth interests in New York city; Walter L. Collins, general counsel for the celth interests, and Earl L. Crabb, general manager of the Keith-Albee interests in Boston. Mayor Nichols then accompanied the party to the site of the new Keith's Memorial Theatre, where already a crowd of several hundred persons had gathered to await the opening of the exercises incident to the laying of the cornerstone.

MAYOR OPENS PROGRAM

The mayor opened the program by a word of welcome to the gathering and the distinguished visitors, and then introduced Secretary Henry Chesterfield of the National Vaudeville Association as master of ceremonies. The latter read a tribute to Benjamin Franklin Keith, which had been prepared by a representative committee of the entire theatrical industry. This scroll, which later was placed in the cornerstone by Mr. Cohan, contained the following:

Tribute To

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN KEITH
Boston, Massachusetts

August 5, 1927

"In loving tribute to the memory of which all members of the theatrical profession hold the man whose honor E. F. Albee, his lifelong friend, associate and successor, has caused this monumental structure to be reared and named, the living artists of the American stage now place this record in the cornerstone of

THE B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

Founder of vaudeville—friend of the artist—constructive citizen—practitioner and poet of our profession—builder of beautiful thoughts and deeds—pioneer of theatrical art; here in the city you loved and honored, in the street that was the scene of your youthful and mature triumphs, in the basic rock of this monument to your name and fame, the artists of our profession tender this lasting expression of their respect and affection.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH INCLUDED

A long biographical sketch of Mr. Keith, together with an account of his various activities as a showman, from the beginning in 1883 to the time of his death in 1914, also was placed in the cornerstone.

Various of the artists present were then introduced by Mr. Chesterfield and each responded with a tribute to the high ideals, unflinching courage, resolute character and consistently constructive work which had characterized the life of the man who was being memorialized. The dominant note struck by each speaker stressed the policy of decency and cleanliness upon which Mr. Keith always insisted and upon which he built up his great business, a policy which has been maintained and continued by his partner and associate, Mr. Albee.

George M. Cohan declared that he and the three other Cohans had been in and out of the Keith-Albee programs since their earliest days; Raymond Hitchcock declared that his work with Mr. Albee had made him what he is today; Julia Arthur spoke of her few excursions into vaudeville and declared that loyalty and friendships, which are demonstrated in the theatre, are the greatest attributes of human relations; J. Weber and Lew Fields, who were bled during the second week of Mr. Keith's and Mr. Albee's association with one another, 44 years ago, spoke of their early associations; James McInyre and Thomas Heath, Maggie Oline, James Thornton and Hap Ward each had their tribute to tender; and Fred and Dorothy Stone had prominent parts in the program, when the latter took from the hand of her father the silver trowel, which had been fashioned for the ceremony, and sealed the stone. A moment of silent prayer followed and the ceremony was closed by Theatersingers, who sang one verse of "Auld Lang Syne."

In his tribute to Mr. Keith, at the opening of the program, Mayor Nichols declared that Mr. Keith had great faith in Boston and no man ever accomplished more for the entertainment of women and children than he, and he bore the love and affection of the people of Greater Boston. "He had the heart and mind of true greatness," the mayor continued, "and his charity and benefactions will ever hold his name in Boston in the most loving remembrance." In closing he paid a sterling tribute to Mr. Albee as the devoted associate and counsellor of Mr. Keith and his successor, and wished him every happiness and good fortune.

The guests from New York at the exercises reached Boston Wednesday night, occupying a special car attached to the Merchants Limited. They returned to New York, following the exercises, their special car being attached to the 1 P. M. train.

"We're All Gamblers" Boasts Surprise Ending

"We're All Gamblers," starring Thomas Meighan, a James Cruze film production is presented at the Metropolitan Theatre. Cast:

Lucky Sam McCarver..... Thomas Meighan
Carletta Ascho..... Marietta Milner
George McCarver..... Cullen Landis
Monty Garside..... Philo McCullough
Mrs. McCarver..... Gertrude Claire
Spec..... Spec O'Donnell

Shades of "The Covered Wagon" and "Old Ironsides" wag their heads morosely at this typical moving picture story that Mr. Cruze has directed. Several times he raises his head from the whirlpool of picture stuff and nonsense and inserts a few minutes that bespeak his directorial genius but for the most part "We're All Gamblers" passes as fair entertainment but is not up to Mr. Cruze's great ability.

A little waif is rescued from a waterfront snowstorm and taken to kindly

Maggie 'McCarvers', a peppery old girl who takes in the young one and raises him as an older brother to her fair haired George. Grown to man's estate, the waif turns out to be Lucky Sam McCarver (Thomas Meighan), contender for the heavyweight championship.

A rich girl is introduced in time to wreck the plans and future of Lucky Sam as a prize fighter but he takes up the thread of his life, starts a successful night club, makes his old mother happy, probably rescues the young brother from the aimless life he was living and marries the girl. Happily there is a surprise in the plot that keeps one from knowing all of the turns before they are reached. Cullen Landis stands out immeasurably in a cast of average talent, excepting, of course, "Spec" and Mr. Meighan.

If the picture is average the revue "Tokio Blues" more than makes up for it. Staged by John Murray Anderson and using a wealth of color and talent, it is entirely agreeable and at times beautiful. Natsu Kuma has a delightful voice and sings "The Lullaby" charmingly so that its lilting phrases remain in one's memory. The dancers are splendid, Gene Rodemich's presentation of "The Dancing Tambourine" is interesting and Willie Solar takes care of the comedy in his own fashion. The rest of the program is up to this theatre's standard in every way.

C. M. D.

Aug 29 1927

"AGE"

Twilight has brought me her gifts,
Silver where once was gold.
For the song of youth is sung,
And the last tale is told.
And nothing of hope is left,
No dream to take home at the last,
For pain and pleasure are dead
And passion is past.
Over the whispering woods
The curve of the moon sails by,
Like a silver ship in the grey
Of a darkening sky.
No wind in the waiting trees,
No stir of a bird's swift flight,
But the lost sun over the hill
And the creeping night.

M. D. TURNER.

"TOO MUCH NOISE"

English men and English women, not finding any other waste-pipe for their intellect, have been writing letters to London journals, complaining bitterly of noise. They are vexed by church bells, horns of motor cars and trucks, gramophones, motor cycles (cyclists "who make night hideous with speed tests, open exhausts, and a continuous succession of unearthly shrieks and yells like the screams of hundreds of people dying in agony,") boisterous women in railway carriages, who "compete with the noise of the wheels, with their loud talk of domestic trivialities, of the 'bargains,' or entertainments they intend to make or visit."

H. H. B. writes: "We meet in the street, let us say. Some lady who, if she wishes to pass, does so with a sweet 'Thank you,' or 'Sorry,' or the like. The next time, in her car, she shrieks at you like some tiger, not your common or jungle tiger, but a tiger with a toothache."

JOHNSON FURENS

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes to us from Clamport: "This village is not what it was. It used to be quiet except for the pleasant singing of the birds at

The Caxton Institute, Inc., of New York has published a series of twenty attractive little volumes under the general head "Fundamentals of Musical Art." Dr. Edward Dickinson is the editor-in-chief. David Eric Berg is the author of the "Introduction to Music," "The Art of Listening," "Choral Music," "Music of the Church," "The Organ, Composers and Literature," "Beethoven and the Romantic Symphony." Conrad Walker has written about "Folk Song and Dance: Voice as Solo Instrument" and "Art Song and Its Composers." Gilbert Gabriel is the author of "Great Pianists and Composers," while Fullerton Waldo treats of "Early Italian and French Opera," "Modern French and Italian Opera," "German and Russian Opera."

The other volumes are "The Growth and Use of Harmony," "The Violin, 'Cello and String Quartet," "Who's Who in the Orchestra," "Modern Tendencies in Music," "Music as a Social Force in America" and "Glossary of Terms, and Index."

Mr. Berg in the first and introductory volume speaks of the "unprecedented enthusiasm for music" that has "swept America since the war." He mentions the number of symphony orchestras, the choral and other musical societies, the music courses in colleges and schools, the summer schools, women's club, the phonograph, the radio, mechanical pianos. At the same time there is a general lack of knowledge concerning the purposes, principles of the art. "The fact of the matter," as Mr. J. Lawrence Erb puts it, "is that nine-tenths or more, of the American people do not patronize high-grade concerts and recitals because they cannot get out of the performances anything to take with them." Lacking a background, they are "music-deaf," not necessarily "tone-deaf."

This series has been planned to aid listeners, to instruct and inform; to lay the foundations for a genuine musical taste; to emphasize the expressive side of music. The series is "self-explanatory," assuming no previous knowledge of music.

Vol. I—On page six we are told that everything in Nature "seems keyed to take its part in the cosmic symphony." This quotation is from John H. Edwards's "God and Music." Mr. Edwards also assures us that the composite keynote of external Nature is middle F, discovered by the Chinese 5000 years ago; that the downfall of Jericho's walls was possibly due to the trumpeters striking the keynote of at least some portion of the walls.

Was it the late Eugene Thayer who figured out the keynote of Niagara before that waterfall was harnessed for commercial uses?

In this first volume there are pages about the effect of sound—how music expresses man's psychic self and voices his attitude toward the Infinite. There are pages on the simple elements of music, pitch, timbre, the scale, the origin of melody, form, emotional content and reaction, etc.

In books of this nature, which are necessarily compact, disputable statements will inevitably be found; opinions which will not be accepted by this writer or that one. The series on the whole is commendably free from narrowness and propaganda. Some will find omissions, especially in lists. Surely among the collectors of folk songs in this country the names of Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway should be found; the catalogue of Canadian folk songs is inadequate. Nor was the proof-reading carefully attended to in the volume on "Folk Song"; "G. L. Kitteridge"; Frederick R. Barton"; Rosa Ponsella"; "Sophie Braslaw"—should be correctly spelled in a second edition. Henry F. Gilbert, whose contributions to the knowledge of Indian music are valuable, is ignored.

"The dramatic recitative of the Greek tragedies was artistic singing of rare excellence in which the greatest of the land sought honors." Here is a statement that admits of discussion. Nor can one, while admiring the voice of Mme. Eames and the purity of her song, add that she "thrilled" audiences by "realistic and dramatic interpretations." She was not always in her "costumes" realistic; witness her Sieglinde and her Santuzza. She was a lyric, not a dramatic singer.

Voi. 3—Mr. Walker finds it surprising that Loewe's ballads are "practically unknown in America." Several of them, the best, have been for years, and since Georg Herschel, in the repertory of native and visiting singers. When he says that Robert Franz is the least known and least appreciated of all the great contributors to the world of songs he states a lamentable truth.

"And Brahms's songs are perfect." What? Invariably in the matter of prosody? Mr. Ernest Newman has had much to say on this subject.

That there is an "entire absence of a national school" in the vocal music of England is a rash, erroneous statement. Is Mr. Walker unacquainted with the songs of Englishmen before Purcell? Are there no contemporary English composers whose songs are unmistakably English in spirit and expression? And how about their predecessors Arne, Dibden, and others?

There are interesting pages in Mr. Berg's "Art of Listening." One welcomes this saying of Theodore Thomas's: "Very few people have any idea how intelligent and discriminating listeners react upon the performers. A stupid audience kills the orchestra dead in five minutes, as water kills fire, whereas an intelligent and responsive audience will stimulate the musicians at once to their best efforts." Not only should the listener meet the performer and the composer half-way, he should be a "creative" listener.

"The childishness, the passiveness, and the frivolity of our amusements and recreations constitute a convincing indictment of our emotional immaturity and culture. Intellectually Americans are keen, broad-gauged and aggressive. Emotionally and culturally there is room for vast improvement."

Mr. Berg finds among the "fundamentals to be observed in practising the art of listening," a comfortable posture of the body, relaxation of the muscles, a stomach that is not overloaded, a care-free mind without thoughts of life's routine, duties and worries.

Vol. 6—Mr. Berg thinks that "Ehjan" is so dramatic, that with scenery, costumes, and action, it would make a powerful appeal as a sacred opera. The oratorio has been performed as an opera in this country and in Europe. It was found to be dramatically dull.

Was Bach's Mass in B minor performed as a whole at Bethlehem, Pa., for the first time in the United States?

Buelow's fling at Verdi's Requiem is quoted but not his later and abject recantation in a letter to the composer.

And what does Mr. Berg mean by saying that with the exception of Purcell and the naturalized Handel the Church of England cannot boast of such renowned composers as those who wrote musical services for the Catholic and Lutheran churches? Are the hymns, tunes of Dykes, Barnby, Sullivan and others "highly artistic and noble"? Are they not as a rule sentimental or in conventional part-song manner? Ravenscroft might have been mentioned in the section about early church music in New England. In the section devoted to the music of the Graeco-Russian church there is no mention of Rachmaninoff and other Russian composers now living.

Vol. 9—In Statham's specification for an organ of 50 stops, there should be a 16 ft bourdon in the choir organ. The modern organ is not necessarily "rhythmically rigid." It depends on the organist. Lefebvre-Wely's published organ works are no doubt superficially brilliant for the most part, but he was famous in Paris as a master of improvisation.

"Mendelssohn was a masterful organist." Old August Haupt, who heard him play, told us that he was only a mediocre performer. Nor are Saint-Saens's pieces for organ, "entirely worthy of his high gifts."

Vol. 15—Handel's operas "are in themselves of little consequence nowadays." Some of them have been performed within a few years in Germany and England and more than once. In the bibliography, Chorley's "Thirty Years of Opera," a most valuable work, should have been mentioned.

Vol. 16—For "I Pagliacci" read "Pagliacci," "The best of all Carmens was Emma Calve." This statement might easily be disputed. Lalo's "Roi d'Ys" is not characterized by "musical inadequacy." "Georges Monty" (Georges Marty), Frederick Converse's "Pipe of Desire" is mentioned, but not his more elaborate opera, "The Sacrifice." Page 110, for "Costa Diva," read "Casta Diva."

Vol. 17—Was Jean de Reszke the "finest tenor known to the stage after Mario and before Caruso"? Some of us remember Italo Campanini. To say "de Reszke surpassed Italian tenors as Radames, excelled French tenors as Don Jose and outshone German tenors as Siegfried is to say the least extravagant and without reason.

Mr. Gabriel's "Great Pianists and Composers" is a wholly admirable book; sanely critical, and interesting throughout.

dawn and in the day; the congress of crows on the marsh; the cry of the night-hawk at dusk; the sound of horse-hoofs from a distant bridge. Now motorists and motorcyclists make day and night hideous. In the bay, young men arrogantly rejoicing in motor boats rush without mufflers. Airplanes shock the air above.

"Clamport was once a quiet village where simple cottagers led simple lives. The cost of food was comparatively low. The inns were moderate in their charge. Within a few years stately, one might say, pompous, summer houses have been built, the owners exulting in the superabundance of bathrooms. The highway and the humble roads are no longer safe for one walking. The gaieties of the winter are continued: formal luncheons and dinners; bridge in the afternoon and at night; a display of blazing minerals known as precious stones; expensive costumes instead of the shirt-waists and modest frocks once thought suitable for country life. Landlords now ask from seven to ten dollars a day for a bed and food.

"Conversation is taboo as far as literature, art, scientific discoveries, world interests and the conduct of life are concerned. This little village now stinks of wealth. Is there even any hamlet in the New England of today where one can live simply and not be looked on as a leper; where one can talk seriously or entertainingly and not be regarded by fellow-cottagers as a bore? There have been many quests of the golden fleece, the Holy Grail, the golden girl; Mr. Merrick's Conrad went in quest of his youth; Mr. Oppenheim has written pleasantly of his pursuit of the sun along the northern coast of the Mediterranean. I am in quest of the desirable village, far from motor cars and staring billboards, though I should not mind seeing on the side of a tottering barn "Drake's Plantation Bitters, S. T. 1860," or the attention called in the same manner to the worth of the stallion Abdallah, or in a covered bridge the pictures of the bare-backed, intrepid Mlle. Anogoturini and the elephants of the last year's visiting circus."

We fear that our usually amiable correspondent has been mentally affected, depressed by the long spell of disagreeable weather. We have been in Clamport. What harm is there in cottagers splurging in the summer, when some of them possibly lead an enforced unostentatious life at home in the winter, without much opportunity of showing their costly minerals and startling

gowns and wraps? We like to see people enjoying themselves, and if on a fine summer day they prefer to sit in a room and scowl at a partner's misplay in bridge, theirs, not ours is the loss. Why should not Mrs. Gollightly in the country attire herself in full bravery of costume, though it is true that she would be as desirable, enchanting in calico from New England or the coast of Malabar. Let her bedeck herself with precious stones; "rich and rare were the gems she wore"; but you, Mr. Johnson, do not worry about the insurance, porch-climbers, or bandits on the road. Enjoy the gardens of the rich; admire them and the taste of mistress and gardener. It cost you nothing to design and plant; what to you are destroying bugs? When you hear Mrs. Luculla mentioning the 14 bathrooms in her cottage, do not remind her that in her happy village childhood she was scrubbed in the kitchen on Saturday nights, crying and squealing in a wash-tub near the stove; but you might reply in a jocose way: "So you have a bathroom for every day in the week and seven over for guests and servants." If you are invited to dine at 7:30 P. M. do not be churlish and say that you are accustomed to sup (emphasis on "sup") at 6:30 on crackers and milk and a little stewed fruit. And why should you wish to talk about books or triumphs of art and science? Be real chatty and join in the gossip about new neighbors; inquire anxiously about Mr. Bunker's golf; ask Mr. Speedwell how he likes his new and sumptuously equipped motor car. Don't turn your little cottage into the tub of Diogenes. You will be surprised to find that these flamboyant men and women are after all, human beings, by nature kindly. Don't scowl when old Mr. Squeezucks chuckles over a shrewd deal in the market. You may be a child of light, but others are wiser in their generation.

As for noise, where will you escape it? It has always been in the world. There were complaints of it in ancient Rome, in the time of Queen Anne, yes, long before Schopenhauer wrote his famous diatribe. The Old Testament urges us to make a joyful noise unto the Lord. We are told that the human face makes a sound when it is projected by means of television. This led a London humorist to write:

"Oh for the sound of an absent face,
And the noise of a nose that is dear."

DEFYING THE TOOTH OF TIME

As the World Wags:

Daylight saving has plunged this city into anarchy and all is confusion and defiance of law and order. The city government leads in nullifying the

Standard Time law passed by the Legislature, and goes so far as to be guilty of the ridiculous inconsistency of sounding the curfew at 8 o'clock, calling everybody to bed when it is hardly the dusk of the evening. As a law-abiding citizen, I keep my clock at standard, and sit up till after 9 every night, for that is the hour of the true curfew.
Portland, Me. G. A. E.

Aug 30 1927

Fifty years ago Wilhelm Tappert, teacher of music and critic in Berlin, published a little book, a "Wagner Dictionary" of all the rude, mocking, indecent writings against Richard Wagner and his operas. (This was before Tappert yielded to temptation and, as a critic, allowed money to sway his judgment in a printed article. The unfortunate man had the excuse of poverty.)

One might from David Alec Wilson's life of Thomas Carlyle, the fourth volume of which, "Carlyle at his Zenith (1848-1853)," has recently been published by E. P. Dutton and Company, compile a dictionary of rude speeches, sneering comments made by Mr. Wilson's hero.

Mr. Wilson's volumes are mighty interesting reading. His biographical method, that of telling Carlyle's life by stating what he said, what he was reported to say, what contemporaries thought of him, is in the Boswellian manner. In one way this biography is a huge mosaic. The industry and the patience shown in collecting the material are as remarkable as the skill displayed in assembling it and making the story a continuous one.

As men, and women, are inclined to relish disagreeable speeches made about others, let us hear Carlyle at his best (or his worst). If these sayings were reprinted in pamphlet form, they might be likened to Sainte-Beuve's published as "Mes Poisons," or the scandalous talk attributed to Anatole France by Brousson.

Anthony Trollope's novels are "alum"; Jane Austen's "dish-washings." Goldsmith was an "Irish blackguard." Keats was "a miserable creature," hungering after sweets which he could not get; Milne's "Life of Keats" was "a fricassee of dead dog." Carlyle went to the opera to hear Jenny Lind; the audience consisted of "some 3000 expensive-looking fools," and he said to Forster, "Depend upon it, the Devil is busy here tonight, wherever he may be idle." When some one at a dinner table was enthusiastic over what he thought was a magnificent meteor, Carlyle broke in: "Ay, some sulphuretted hydrogen, I suppose, or some rubbish of that kind."

Macaulay's "History": "Flat, without a ray of genius." John Stuart Blackie: "a windy disciple." (Soon after this Carlyle's wife described Samuel Rogers as a "devilish old man who ought to have been buried long ago.") Froude's "Nemesis of Faith": "Not, except for wretched people, strangling in white neckcloth and Semetic thrums, worth its paper and ink. What on earth is the use of a wretched mortal's vomiting up all his inferior crudities, dubitations, and spiritual agonizing belly-aches into the view of the public and howling tragically 'See!' Shelley: "An extremely weak creature; a poor, thin, spasmodic, hectic shrill and pallid being." Coleridge: "A poor, greedy, sensual creature, who could not keep from his laudanum bottle, though he knew it would destroy him." Charles Lamb: "Lamb had no practical sense in him, and in conversation was accustomed to turn into quips and jests whatever turned up—an idle example to younger men, who had to live their lives in a world which was altogether serious."

When Henry Reeves at a dinner gave his opinion on some subject, Carlyle remarked in an absent manner but audibly: "Eh, but you're a poor creature, a poor, wretched, meeserable creature."

The American minister to England Abbott Lawrence: "a broad, burly, energetically sagacious looking man of 60," who had "a frightful wife, tall and lean, sallow parchment complexion, chin like a powder horn." Prescott and the other Yankees at Lady Ashburton's ball "appeared negligible."

When Mrs. Gordon was discussing German literature with Carlyle, he lost his temper: "You're just a windbag, Lucy," whereupon her 8-year-old daughter exclaimed: "My papa says men should be civil to women."

Kossuth: "A bag of mutinous play-actor wind."

The German ambassador Bunsen showed Carlyle the plans for the completion of the Cologne cathedral: "It is

a very fine Pagoda. If ye could get any sort of a god to put in it."

Apropos of "Lectures on the Natural History of Man," by Alexander Kinmont of Cincinnati: "And from Cincinnati of all places on this earth! We had a right, perhaps, to expect some light from that quarter in regard to the Natural History of the hog; and I can't but think that if the well disposed Mr. Kinmont would set himself to study that unperturbed mystery he would employ his powers far more profitably to the world." This book had been given to Carlyle by Henry James, described by Mr. Wilson as "the American theologian—Sandemanian—Swedenborgian, and above all Henry Jamesian."

Carlyle declared to Neuberger as they smoked in the garden: "If Jesus Christ were to come today, people would not even crucify him. They would ask him to dinner, and hear what he had to say, and make fun of it." At another time—it was in the Christmas season—Carlyle said to Neuberger: "English people at Christmas eat themselves as full as they can hold from a feeling of religious duty, and lay it all to Christ." And Carlyle wrote to brother John that the English used the Saviour as a painted cobweb to hide eternity, saying, "Drink away, my jolly ones—no fear of being damned after all—Christ is there!"

It is well known that Emerson did all in his power to gain for Carlyle admirers in this country. Did Carlyle, in spite of certain protestations in letters, appreciate Emerson, man and writer? He told Duffy that Emerson in the first instance took his "System" out of "Sartor Resartus" and other books by him, but worked it out in his own way. "He has a sharp, perking little face, and he keeps bobbing it up and down with 'yissir, yissir (mimicking) in answer to objections." He went to Emerson's lectures in London and called them "moonshine," although Emerson himself was "the ideal of an American gentleman," and in 1849 Carlyle thanked him for a second barrel of "Indian corn."

In March, 1848, Emerson, being in London, wrote of Carlyle in his journal: "It is droll to hear this talker talking against talkers, and this writer writing against writing."

It is not easy to see why Mr. Wilson gives the title "Carlyle at His Zenith" for the Life of Sterling and "Latter Day Pamphlets" were the chief works. The chapters of his tour of Ireland are comparable with those of Thackeray's "Irish Sketch Book." The pages relating to his trip to Germany in search of material for his "Frederick the Great," about whose character he was long uncertain, are entertaining. In fact, the book is most readable throughout, as are the preceding volumes. Mr. Wilson cannot refrain from sneering at Americans. Apropos of Carlyle's abominable "The Nigger Question," he writes: "What heated his hatred for the political and judicial blundering and rascality, which caused the bloody row called the American civil war, was his wrath at the waste of life and all the pity of it."

NEGRO JAZZ IN WALDRON'S PLAY

If it's darky jazz, darky stepping, and darky blues that you like, you will find them all in generous quantities in Jimmie Cooper's Black and White Revue which is playing this week at Waldron's Casino. Interspersed in a high brown revue which runs the scenic gauntlet from New Orleans to Harlem are numbers which would stop any show.

Broomfield and Greeley appear in various costumes with haunting love songs and acrobatic dances, and Earl Tucker accomplishes amazing steps and rhythmic shimmies in a solo number. A negro jazz band, Eddie Heywood and his Kansas City Black Birds, featuring Herbert Cowens, eccentric trap drummer, bursts forth with syncopation, and Sonny and Eddie, silk-hat soft shoe dancers, are lithe and graceful in extraordinary but seemingly effortless numbers. Butterbeans and Susie, noted for their phonograph records, appear in a comedy of negro marital difficulties, and sing the "lingering bite" songs on the same theme for which they have become noted. A vivacious and indefatigable octocorn chorus make a lively background.

This burlesque show, as the name

...arranged for the time. Some studies of arrangement have been introduced by Mr. Cooper, as when he usually stops the show, fires chorus and makes comedy of the dumb-bells of others. A scene entitled "Madison Square Garden any time there is fight" appears to poke fun at Messrs. Rickard, Dempsey, and Sharkey. A girl who calls herself Rose Marie makes a quaint soubrette, and there are acrobats, low comedians, the "fattest family in the world," and other burlesque apourtenances. H. F. M.

B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Odetta Myrtill, charming French revue star, is heading the bill at B. F. Keith's this week. She sings songs in her inimitable French manner, plays the violin, and for a finale does a delightful pantomime entitled "The Music Master," in which she is assisted by Mitzl Kish and Jules Waldeck. Miss Myrtill has not the ordinary, rasping style of the typical French music hall star, but tempers her "blue" notes in a most pleasing manner. The audience gave her a warm welcome.

Big Brother Bob Emery and his Twelve Joy Spreaders are also on the bill, a return engagement for this popular organization. The act was entertaining enough before, but it is evident that they were not satisfied to repeat but have, instead, improved greatly on the routine of their former offering. Max Zides, well-known radio entertainer, and a new member of Mr. Emery's act, has an unusually pleasing stage personality and knows how to make his songs effective with banjo-uke accompaniment.

"Pisano," famous marksman, brought his act to a climactic finish by playing the pipe organ with rifle shots. Burns and Foran, dancers, introduce specially written songs into what otherwise might be just another dancing act. Marie and Ann Clark in "The Immigrant," won great favor. One of them does an immigrant just arriving in this country and the other as a customs official acts as her foil. There are other entertaining turns. A. F.

IRENE RICH IN FILM

Irene Rich in a drama of metropolitan night club life made from Carolyn Wells's story, "Dearie," is the topline attraction at the Modern and Beacon theatres. The cast includes William Collier, Jr., Edna Murphy, Douglas Gerard and Anders Randolph. The associate picture is the William Fox production starring Tom Mix with Tony, his wonder horse, and Natalie Joyce as leading woman, in "The Circus Ace." The Vitaphone artists' presentation, comprise Pauline Alpert, young American artist; Benjamin Gigli, the famous tenor, and the Admirals, singing entertainers.

Miss Rich is seen as the mother of a college student from whom she hides the truth that since his father's death and the loss of their family fortune she has employed her talents as entertainer in a fashionable New York night club. The sacrifices she makes to ensure his education and provide means to hold his own among wealthier mates inspires little gratitude in the self-centered son. The chief dramatic events that make its strong summons upon the emotions flow from the son's discovery of his mother's secret. Miss Rich has done nothing finer in restrained artistry than this role.

Mr. Mix is at his rollicking and intrepid best as the cow puncher who invades the precincts of a traveling circus and grapples with and takes a fall out of trouble, ultimately completing a pretty heart romance after many an exciting, hard-riding, quick shooting and otherwise daring adventure.

NORMA SHEARER ON ORPHEUM SCREEN

"After Midnight," Norma Shearer's latest for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, on the screen at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week, is a human interest drama of a life which begins in poverty and ends in poverty.

The star has the role of a cigarette girl in a New York night club. Lawrence Gray is seen as a thug who enters her life as a bandit and finally steals her heart. Gwen Lee, who has been winning fame in sophisticated roles, has a part this time that has an unusual twist. "After Midnight" is decidedly worth-while and entertaining throughout.

Continuing Plays

HOLLIS—"The Baby Cyclone," George Cohan's new farce enters its third week. Grant Mitchell, Spencer Tracy and others are included in the cast.

PLYMOUTH—"Secret Service Smith," Ramsay Wallace presents himself in new detective play. Last week.

SHUBERT—"Half A Widow," Wally Gluck's new musical production with Gertrude Lang, Halfred Young and others. Last week.

WILBUR—"Bye Bye, Bonnie," musical comedy with Frances White, Fritz Scheff, Louis Simon, William Frawley and others. Fourth week.

COPLEY—"Murray Hill," Leslie Howard's new comedy with Mr. Howard and Genevieve Tobin. Last week.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DO AT GAYETY THEATRE

Jean Bedini, Producer, Al Has Leading Part

"ADAM AND EVIL"

"Adam and Evil," a film comedy featuring Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle, is presented at the State Theatre this week by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Allan Trevelyan	Lew Cody
Adam Trevelyan	Lew Cody
Evelyn Trevelyan	Aileen Pringle
Gwen De Vere	Gwen Lee
Dora Dell	Gertrude Short
Eleanor Leigh	Hedda Hopper

There is enough comedy and tragedy in the average household to make this film comedy, based on the foibles of a domestic pair, amusing. The added comfort of a twin brother is the hinge on which this particular plot swings, if plot one wishes to call it.

Was it irony or experience that started the action of this picture at the breakfast table. Perhaps many a man will feel that he might as well have stayed home the first few reels but later the twin brother takes it out of the personal class. So few of us have twin brothers.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Trevelyan are not so unhappy as the title-writer would have one believe when Gwen Lee, ever fascinating and always clever, makes her appearance as a gold-digger from New York who had stopped over in Brazil, met the twin brother of Adam and naturally takes Adam for "Al." Hedda Hopper plays the part of the dear little friend who loves to have other people have "business" so she can mix in it.

Lew Cody and Gwen Lee would make any film of this kind. Aileen Pringle is unusual both in her portrayal of the role of the wife and in her clothes. Individuality should be encouraged.

"The Parisian Redheads," a jazz band made up entirely of girls, is also a feature. They are not different from the average band so far as jazz, stunts or material go, but one of the women has an extremely pleasant voice and when accompanied by a harp, violin and cello, a high spot in the performance is reached. C. M. D.

H. S. wishes to know, apropos of our comments on Mr. Herkimer Johnson's letter from Clamport published last Monday, what Schopenhauer wrote about noise. Schopenhauer's essay is of some length, but a quotation will give an idea of its nature.

"Intellectual persons, and all in general who have much esprit, cannot endure noise. Astounding, on the other hand, is the insensibility of ordinary people to noise. The quantity of noise which anyone can endure without annoyance is really related inversely to his mental endowments, and may be regarded as a pretty accurate measure of them."

Schopenhauer's particular annoyance was the cracking of whips by coachmen in Frankfort.

John Leech of Punch was driven to distraction, so that he could hardly draw his political cartoons and pictures of English social life, by hand organs in his street. Herbert Spencer's nerves were rased in the early morning when

he was in the country by the crowing of a cock. At last the owner, heeding the philosopher's complaint, put a bucket over the cock and did not remove it until the hour when even a philosopher should be wide awake and stirring. The late Joseph Pulitzer dreaded noise so that his rooms were padded, yet he was passionately fond of music. Marcel Proust lived for many years in a padded room, he was so susceptible to noises of household routine and the street.

Yet it pleases some to hear in the dawn of the day the call of the village cock; almost as pleasant as to hear in the distance the rumble of an express train with its sleeping cars of foul air and men and women grotesquely attired. What a joy to hear and then turn over in bed for an hour or more of sleep.

The French writer Rette before he left the ranks of the Symbolists to become a devout, one might say fanatical convert to Catholicism, and to put behind him his writings in prose and verse as inspired by Satan, wrote a fantastical account of the death and burial of Monsieur Noise.

Letters were addressed to the Spectator in Addison's time protesting against street noises. Ralph Crotchett wished to be appointed Comptroller of the London Cries, yet certain cries of that city and of Paris were most musical, unlike those disturbers in Boston of early rest, the milk men, with their rumbling carts, sounding as if great cannon were passing under the windows. There are many books about street cries. Kastner wrote a symphony and Charpentier his opera "Louise" with these Parisian themes. Old Boston had its street cries. The New England Magazine published an interesting article about them a good many years ago.

Most intolerable to those who would dine and talk quietly is music in a restaurant.

If you don't marry a lady it will not matter very much, but be sure the woman you marry is a gentleman. —Margot Asquith.

A distinguished diplomat told me that whilst travelling in France he went into a small wine shop where he found an American tourist buying some champagne and, incidentally, complaining most bitterly of the damage that had been done to his property by the recent Mississippi floods. When he had finished his tirade the wine merchant looked up and remarked solemnly, "C'est triste, Monsieur, mais, c'est vengeance de Bacchus!"—Sunday Times (London).

THE CHALLENGE

Sometimes, when hope and joy seem dead,
And cynic whispers mock at truth,
And all belief in life has fled,
There comes to me a youth.

Upon his face the morning burns.
Must all its promise prove a lie?
Nay! At his challenge, faith returns;
For, once, that youth was I.
GILBERT THOMAS.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day: the reason is that people can commend it without envy.—William Shenstone.

As the World Wags:

"Did you ever catch your husband flirting?" Inquired the too-inquisitive boarding-house acquaintance.
"Yes," was the reply, "but only once."
"And what did you do?"
"I married him."

THE LOOKER-ON.

CHILDREN OF JEHU

As the World Wags:
Spending a fortnight on Cape Cod where the roads invite touring automobilists, I noticed that wherever there were signs: "Go Slow! Children," or "Caution! Dangerous Turn," the drivers of the cars went with even more than ordinary speed; "stepped on the gas," which I understand, is a phrase in the jargon of motorists.

And I observed that the most reckless drivers, the most indifferent to the generally accepted rules of the road, were young girls. I wonder how many of them carried a license.

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

JOYS OF THE STREET

Some of our placards add much to the joys of our life in trolley-cars and subways, and the other day brought a number of strange sights. We had scarcely started up Fifth avenue when I noticed on the window of a rather bedizened shop the sign, Georgette's Beauty Parlor—Nil Desperandum, a slogan of hope and promise for even

the most jaded and faded. On the next street I came across this humanitarian piece of blue-birdism—Say It With Flowers—under which the progressive florist had added in smaller print, "We specialize in cactus plants." From Broadway the great signs told us in glaring letters of the film star Nazimova—Stronger Than Death, while down another street shone the sign, Constance Talmadge—Ladies Must Live.—"The Librarian" in the Commonweal.

Very nearly everything in history very nearly did not happen.—Phillip Guedella.

I have never heard the phrase: "Something must be done," on the lips of man or woman without knowing that that man or woman has not the slightest idea of what ought to be done.—Lord Birkenhead.

HOW DID JASPER DO IT?

"A loyal Dickensian" has just published "Dickens's Mystery of Edwin Drood." He believes that Jasper threw his nephew from the cathedral tower, who in falling clutched at the clock and pulled off its hands. Jasper went mad, stabbed Neville Landless and threw himself from the tower. The theory that Jasper strangled Edwin and threw the body into quicklime is perhaps more plausible, but we must read "Dickensian's" book if only to see what he has to say about the mysterious stranger who took a lively interest in Jasper's doings.

How should the novels of the ingenious E. Phillips Oppenheim be classified by those who insist on classification? Are they for the most part detective stories, or melodramatic (for some of them do not introduce successors to Messrs. Lupin, Lecocq, Cuff, Holmes and still later "sleuths"); or might these novels be called romantically political? Here, for example, is "Miss Brown of X. Y. O." published, of course, by Little, Brown & Co. England is again saved by Mr. Oppenheim through the vigilance of Col. Dessiter and the demure stenographer, Miss Brown. This extraordinarily cool-headed young woman sits on a doorstep when a London fog is thick, choking, enveloping, so that she hardly knows where she is. A servant opens the door, sees that she has a typewriter, begs her to enter. She takes from dictation a surprising story from a wounded man about to die. She takes the story accurately, coolly, without a tremor, though she has seen behind a screen "a man's leg, the shoe splashed with mud, the bottom of the trousers turned up." It is true she had looked away with a shudder, but that was before she began to play on the keys. And what adventures befell her afterwards! Desperate foreign villains, bolsheviks, English women in their pay, noble Russian refugees in menial occupations, disguises, bombs, an anarchistic musician—there are the old ingredients but they are mixed adroitly.

Mr. Oppenheim's latest novel shows that his invention is not weary; that a stenographer's note book can be the object of hair-raising plots and counterplots as well as a pearl necklace or a secret treaty. Do the Tories read his novels? Will the present government be warned in time, for Mr. Oppenheim tells of good, pure-minded men obsessed with ideas of a revolution. A more important question is whether Mr. Oppenheim sleeps in peace, having exposed so many plots. It is said that E. T. A. Hoffmann was so frightened by his own fantastical tales, that, writing them, he could not bear to sit alone.

Little, Brown and Company have recently published other novels that are worthy of attention. "Singing River" by Alice De Ford has already been reviewed in The Herald. The essential material is not new, but the story is pleasantly told in a new way. The hero is our old friend, the man that sacrificed his honor and wandered, an exile, to save his erring brother from disgrace, his father from sorrow; the hero that becomes the foreman of a farm, interests the mistress of a large estate—is it on Cape Cod?—so that she rejects a neighboring suitor. At last freed from suspicion our hero is worshipped by the desirable Miss Martin as her "brave, English knight, so chivalrous, so blind," for she has long loved him

and mourned his leaving her. A readable novel with amusing talk by the children who figure in it.

The incidents in "Singing River" might take place in England, France, Germany as far as voluntary disgrace, rehabilitation, the love of a wealthy land-owner for the mysterious, noble-minded, poverty-stricken servant are concerned. There is more of the New England soil in "Uplands" by Mary Ellen Chase; more of New England's character. The story, a simple, pathetic one, told in a compelling manner by a lover of nature, one who also knows and can describe the influence of a narrow and bleak environment, is an Atlantic Monthly Press publication issued by Little, Brown and Company.

Colin, a gentle youth, a lover of poetry and romance, studying for the Catholic priesthood, and Jarvis, impatient on the farm, fall in love with Martha, who worked in Miss Wickham's kitchen. Is not Miss Wickham now dwelling in this or that New England village? "At 16 I gave myself and all I had to my Lord and Master. I have never had cause to regret the step." Is it surprising that she should say to Martha: "It does seem to me that, with all you've had done for you, you might give yourself at least to the Lord!" No wonder that "the fear that Miss Wickham might be correct in asserting her own access to the presence of God had been quite sufficient to arouse in Martha the dogged determination never to seek admittance for herself." Martha at last knew the rapture of love. Then came the end of every man's desire; but she found happiness in her child and could say, remembering Jarvis: "We saw how other people were held in close, like as if there were chains around them, and at first we were afraid. We thought we'd get that way, too, after a while. But when we kept learning how beautiful things were, even here in these hills,

we—we just knew we'd beaten North Dorset. It didn't have a chance against our love."

Colin reading about the land of Faery to Martha; the scenes in the convent; Jarvis, a wooer; Miss Wickham in an exalted mood preparing for the prayer meeting; descriptions of country scenery in the changing seasons—all this is not easily forgotten by the reader. There is no baldness of statement; no undue emphasis; the men and women are alive; they talk as they should talk. We, too, see in Nature what they saw.

"Respectability" by Bohun Lynch is noteworthy, first of all, for a remarkable study of a woman called "good," a most irritating person, with her smug self-satisfaction, self-glorification, shouting her willingness to sacrifice herself; envious of others, coveting what they have, an abominable, pharisaical woman of the late Victorian period, though her type has been known throughout the centuries. Lord Orgrave is also exasperatingly respectable, a religious fanatic, who, not willing to forgive his brother for running off with Esther, the wife of a drunken brute, at last becomes erotically seulle and looks with lustful eyes on his own niece Esther, born out of wedlock, for the husband will not divorce the mother.

The story at the beginning is clumsily told by a shadowy person; a reader might easily be discouraged, but he will be richly repaid by the succeeding pages, in which the "Calvary" of Esther is relentlessly described, as are the adventures of the illegitimate child, brought up by her contemptible aunt. Other characters are deftly drawn, the kindly, hen-pecked, timid husband of Millicent; St. John Orgrave, the artist who fell into disgrace through one of his pictures; Nigel Romish, the author of essays that shocked the reviewers, especially Mr. Frust, "the guardian of the Plain Man's morals"; yet as one said: "Nigel's next book will be hidden under the sofa cushions of every parsonage in the United Kingdom"; nor should Miss Tony Spain be forgotten.

Mr. Lynch was already known by his books on pugilism, caricatures, old furniture, etc. He wrote "Knuckles and Gloves." In "Respectability" he fights against hypocritical morality and poker-backed conventionalism with bare fists and powerful blows.

Mr. Phelps Putnam has written sonnet "On Drink." It includes these lines:

"So heart and body, heroes newly made,
With monstrous laughter blaring in the night
Go swaggering, dear friends, and unafraid,
Down the outrageous highway of delight."

We prefer Walt Whitman's line about the procession of the "gay gang of blackguards" with "wild, flapping pennants" of joy—or is it "mirth"? (The public library in our little village is without a copy of "Leaves of Grass.")

DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

As the World Wags:

"Yes," said the recipient of a long-service award proudly, "I have been under the same boss for 20 years."
"I can beat that easily," retorted another. "Next week's my silver wedding."

LOOKER-ON

The modern university is one of the most ineffective institutions on the face of the earth.—Prof. Patrick Geddes.

BOOKSTALL ETIQUETTE

As the World Wags:

It is reasonable to assume that you all have, at one careless moment or another, found yourselves inside a book-store; or, as the enlightened say, a book-stall. Book-stall is the better term because at the rear is where the kicks are registered. Perhaps you only went in because it was raining, or you were thirsty, or something. Perhaps you really wanted the first folio Shakespeare, if you could get a fresh, clean copy cheaply. At any rate, you know what I mean by book-stall.

Now, if you ever go in again, and want to stall for time, the safest course of action is to pick out the busiest clerk in sight and ask him: "Have you a good book for a man?"

If you choose the right clerk, he will deftly parry: "Any man in particular?"

"Oh, no," you sweetly reply, "just a man; genus homo, collar 15, sleeves 36, trousers—"

"I think so," he will answer, "but I will make sure in a moment. We had one yesterday. Can you wait till I sell an Encyclopedia Britannica? This lady really came in first."

This will give you five minutes or so, while he is looking up a complete list of the books banned in Boston for a dear little old lady in chiffon stockings and pink knee-caps, to scan the pictures in most of the latest French comic magazines; and perhaps get through a chapter of "What Young Girls Should and Should Not be Told."

When the clerk suddenly peers over your shoulder and asks: "Would that do?" you can close the book slowly and brazenly assert: "No; today I want something for the young lady's father."

If you are in a hurry, on the other hand, the very best way to get somebody to pay attention to you is to tip over a pile of books or knock down a few advertising placards. On a rainy day, it is simpler and just as effectual to let the water from your hat-brim dribble on the counters. The fun from this is prolonged in winter, because the average brim-full of snow will slowly melt into enough water to ruin over a thousand feet of books. If you are fortunate enough to dribble your way to the rare book counter before your snow is gone, the amount of fun you can have is almost unbelievable.

But let us assume you are the average, homely, low-chested American husband, who goes into a book-stall to mossy round and memorize a few names to toss off at the Masonic banquet in the deep, desperate hope that the pretty blonde will nudge the pretty brunette and say: "I'd like to know that man."

By changing your location frequently and carefully, you can sneak about the nice, warm stall for many, many happy hours before getting button-holed and classified. Against this eventual possibility, however, it is well to prepare a few brilliant quips which can be used to cover your retreat; such as:

"Have you the Boston Transcript for April 19, 1975? I understand Paul Revere was taken for quite a ride the day before."

"Do you sell collar-buttons, or am I in the wrong store?"

"Thank you, but I don't see what I wanted. Now wait; I know what you're going to say. I'm absolutely sure you haven't."

"Have you the juvenile edition of 'Ulysses'?"

While the clerk, God bless his simple soul, is holding his temper with both hands and pining for the good old days of sword and buckler, you should blithely slip out. SATYROS.

Newton Centre.

A QUESTION OF PRONUNCIATION

As the World Wags:

In "Our Daily Lesson" in The Herald Ruth Brooks says that "coo-ee bono" is the proper pronunciation of the expression "cul bono." As Midshipman Easy would say, I should like to argue that. Miss Brooks states with what meaning the expression is "popularly used," so I assume that, when she says that the expression is properly pronounced "coo-ee bono," she means that the expression as "popularly used" is properly so pronounced. What authority can Miss Brooks give to substantiate that statement that "coo-ee bono" is the correct pronunciation of "cul bono"? Does any English dictionary give that as the correct pronunciation of the expression? The only pronunciation that I have ever heard of the expression is "ki bono," and that is the pronunciation of it which is given in Webster's dictionary, the Century dictionary, the Standard dictionary, Stormonth's dictionary, the Imperial dictionary, and the New England dictionary, though the Century dictionary also give "si bono" as an alternative pronunciation. If Miss Brooks knows of any English dictionary which gives "coo-ee bono" as the correct popular pronunciation of the expression, I wish that she would state what dictionaries they are.

Brookline.

ORTHEOPIST.

The common pronunciation of "cul" is "ki," and as our correspondent rightly says, this is the pronunciation approved by the leading dictionaries. Yet there are some men, who out of the schoolroom, in the street, say "coo-ee," as they would say "Kikero," thus naming the justly celebrated Roman orator who wrote savage denunciations of Cataline but, as it is said, did not deliver them in the presence of that unwholesome person. We are old-fashioned in the pronunciation of Latin. We still say "Staybat Mayer," "Ki" and "Sisero" as we were taught at Exeter and Yale.—Ed.

ADD SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS

A gladiator is a thing that gives out heat.

Horsepower is the distance a horse can carry an hour.

The opposite of practical is political. The Plimsoll mark is made by rubber shoes when it is wet.

Crematorium is the Latin form of dairy.

Apiary means monkey house.

Drake was playing bowls when he was told the invisible armada was in sight.

Sept 3 1927

Let us put aside our books; let us open the door to correspondents who have been impatiently knocking, so that after they have said their allotted say, others will knock them.

But let us first see how obituary notices are written by mourning friends in a village of New York for a county newspaper.

IN MEMORIAM

"From time immemorial history has lifted its warning voice saying in a general way: Beware! However, recent local history has repeatedly and specifically raised its warning voice to the 'pitch of yelling': Beware how you use and the uses to which you put gasoline!

"During the past two years two deaths (both males), resulted from the careless way in which gasoline was used. And the climax came last Saturday when a young lady, one in the very flower of beautiful womanhood, met a most tragic death in consequence of using gasoline in connection with washing her hair. It is alleged that someone had told this affectionate and devoted wife and mother that if she used gasoline on her hair it would make it less oily. Be this as it may be, an eminently faithful and useful feminine member of our community life used gasoline on her hair last Saturday afternoon and today her needed hands of usefulness rest upon a pulseless bosom and her erstwhile active little body has been laid away in a grave in Riverside cemetery upon the bank of the beautiful river in the valley of where she was born and where her charming girlhood was passed. Cut down in the heyday of life, just when the buds of promise had opened to fragrant fullness, all that is mortal of — has gone from our view, the memory of her gentle, sweet life remaining to cheer us on our way. Under the circumstances shouldn't we, the living, beware and be careful, recalling such old and

true sayings as 'a stitch in time saves nine' and 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure!'

The man in general medical practice, instead of being the confidential adviser of his patient, is becoming a medical shop-walker, directing the customer to the proper department.—Dr. Douglas of Maidstone.

As the World Wags:

I note in a local paper that on Wednesday next a prize of \$500 will be awarded at the annual field day of the Sullivan County Farm Bureau, for the best calves there exhibited. It seems to me that this offering should not be limited to local, intrastate competition, and this with no lack of civic patriotism as a citizen of New Hampshire.

What boots it to the truly judicial mind, that such a prize should be awarded to some local Miss, when to his certain knowledge gained in a recent trip to a shop on Boylston street in your fair city, there were other calves extant, not there exhibited in competition, but visible to the naked eye on that thoroughfare hors de concours, as the French say it. If New Hampshire calves are to win in intrastate competition, so be it, for the glory of the Granite state, but how little would it mean in the ultimate judgment that the contest be local?

I trust that this communication will not be published too late to enable the fair owners of those Bay State calves to which I refer to put at least a foot in the competition at Newport next Wednesday.

I noticed that the Boylston street calves were mostly in the fawn-colored Jersey tones. The black of the Holsteins was not frequent.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

AT VEVEY

The Herald last Sunday published pictures of the Fete des Vignerons at Vevey. This festival attracted attention in other countries than Switzerland. (Figaro of Paris published a long and illustrated account of the pageant).

Mr. Dale Warren has kindly sent to The Herald a letter from Mr. Lewis Stanton Palen, author and the collaborator and translator of books by Ossendowski. The letter is dated Aug. 11:

"If only you could have been with me day before yesterday and seen la Fete des Vignerons at Vevey, you would have felt rewarded for any amount of time and travel. Never in all my days of amateur love for pageants and folk-dancing have I seen anything comparable with it. It represented the highest degree of art in the excellence of its music and in the naturalness of setting which they were able to give to all their presentations.

"A goat-herd wandered out on the proscenium with a herd of a dozen of his charges following him. As he stopped and held the leash of the leader, to give an opportunity to sing his delightful little song, the other members of the flock scattered and tried to browse from some of the sheet music of the orchestra or sniffed the members of the chorus that flanked the two sides of the great open space at the south of the arena. When he had finished, he gathered his flock together and drove them off just as naturally as though he were on a mountain slope instead of under the eyes of 14,000 spectators.

"The whole presentation was divided up into four equal parts, one devoted to each of the seasons. In the costumes of the woodcutters, the herders, the mountaineers, the haymakers, the harvesters, the threshers, the workers in the vineyard, the wine-pressers and in every conceivable vocation connected with agriculture there was such consummate skill shown in the use of colors as I have never dreamed one man could possess. We went wild with enthusiasm over the way in which this supposedly stolid people represented the art in agriculture and painted it before the masses who have witnessed the spectacle during these last 10 days in a manner that should do much to keep some of the best of their people satisfied to be workers in the vineyards and fields.

"Unfortunately, we cannot offer you a reproduction of this next summer, as it comes only once every 20 years or more."

We learn from Figaro that the music was by Gustave Doret, who conducted an orchestra of 200 musicians.

HIGHWAY CLAMS

As the World Wags:

Galen needs feel no sympathy for the fryer of wayside clams. These clams are not fried during the summer solstice, as he supposes. True, a few clams are fried, but that is merely for incense purposes—just to give an aroma that will attract the Ford tourist. The great bulk of wayside clams are

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Of making many books about music there is no end; and much study of them is usually a weariness of the flesh. Occasionally one comes across a biography of a composer, a volume of essays, or even a treatise that is readable, instructive, free from aesthetic gush and what Artemus Ward called "pretty shop-keeping talk."

Here, for example, is Dr. Eaglefield Hull's "Music Classical, Romantic and Modern," a volume of nearly 500 large octavo pages, well-indexed, with 12 portraits and many musical excerpts, published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. The book is decidedly out of the common, in the arrangement of the subjects, the nature of the contents, even the head lines of the pages, as "Mozart's Diabolical Side," "Handel's Englishry," "The Bliss and Pain of Love" (with reference to the songs of Hugo Wolf). In the short preface Dr. Hull says: "This book I have made for my own pleasure; I have taken stones from my walls and tiles from my floors, wherever good material came to hand, without always troubling to acknowledge it when the lifting is as apparent as the use of the stones and columns from Hadrian's Wall by the Church-builders of Northumberland." Here is no compilation indebted to pedantic predecessors; this book is Dr. Hull's own. One may dispute some of his opinions; wonder at his belief that Elgar shares with Strauss the honor of being "the greatest musician of the first quarter of the 20th century"; stand amazed at Dr. Hull's wild eulogy of Scriabin, "the most remarkable spiritual phenomenon in all music," with "the element of eroticism" in his psychical constitution, "a desire to make the grandiose gesture"; not to mention "a subtle tinge of Satanism." Other opinions expressed may cause one to rub his eyes, as when the excellent Doctor says that Elgar in "Gerontius" solved the problem of "that perfect union of voices and instruments for which Beethoven and Bruckner, Mahler and Franck strove in vain." When did Bruckner "strive" after this union? Certainly not in his symphonies. In his "Mass"?

A fascinating book, more interesting than many of the "best sellers" in the fiction of the day; a book that tempts quotation on nearly every page; a book of shrewd and original sayings; a very help to all in this troublesome age of atonality, bi-tonality, polytonality. We could do without Appendix IV, a long list of gramophone records by composers mentioned in the book; also the Appendix with a list of British folk songs. There are appendices containing six pages of musical terms, and useful biographical notes, especially those about foreign composers now living of whom little is known. (Caplet is represented as still living; so is Koechlin).

The book, as we have hinted, is not planned in chronological order. Part I, Classical. Part II, Romantic. Part III, Modern. Under "Classical," we find sub-divisions: as pre-classical, the musical language of Bach, Gallant and Rococo. In Part II the great romanticists are portrayed, with a description of the romantic movement that swept for a time all Europe; Wagner, "the greatest of all romanticists"; Program Music, Realism, Nationality in music, etc. Part III, Modern, comprises ten chapters. "Wit and Satire" (Satie, Ravel). There is even a chapter on American music, necessarily a mere sketch. MacDowell is discussed under the head "The Later Romanticists."

But let us read some of Dr. Hull's opinions, taken at random. He sees that we are appropriating some of the subtler qualities of Oriental systems. "Music is soul-expression in a non-material medium" . . . historically, therefore, the latest of the arts." "The measure of a composer's greatness is the measure of his capacity to draw from this subjective oceanic source, and to interpret the harmonies of his spirit into sensuous sounds, that will evoke in the hearer a sympathetic response and recognition." Is it true that "the more spiritual the race becomes, the more musical it is certain to be"? We must not be impatient with innovations. "In the very manner in which sound is moulded for the mere joy of making, real art may occasionally arise."

The interpreter has to re-create. "The banal dance tune and the sentimental drawing room song are the only musical forms in which a composer can absolutely depend on the rendering being exactly as he conceived it, for he knows exactly what his hearers expect, and gives it to them . . . The higher and deeper the purpose of music is, the greater are the variations possible to both the performer and the hearer in its transmission. Hence arises the personality of the interpretative artist." Now for the listener, who also shares in the re-creation of music.

"One views with disquietude the careless, not to say casual habits engendered by the practice of regular 'listening in' to broadcast music."

For a perfect performance the building must be acoustically good: "A room as high as it is wide and exactly twice as long, and no galleries."

The average manner of arranging programs has neither sense nor order. "To put a classical work after a modern piece is an artistic misdemeanor." These quotations are from the Introduction comprising ten pages.

"Thin material, meagre ideas, well-worn tags and padding, provided they are put into what is imagined as 'Sonata' or 'Symphony' form, is passed off glibly as 'classical music.'"

Dr. Hull says that Pater first used the term "frozen music" for fine architecture. Was it not said by several writers before Pater?

Handel. "The promotion of colossal festivals and the perversion of his solos by uncultured singers, with their screaming top-notes, has almost degraded his cult to a byword." The "Messiah" was produced by Handel at Dublin with about a score of singers and a like number of players. "Why, then, the monstrosity of 3000 singers?" Apropos of Bach: His language after his death was not taken up again "until the coming of Scriabin." (Dr. Hull will never forsake his Scriabin.)

Reading about Mozart, "the supreme type," we like to be reminded that in Vienna as a boy he supplanted the attraction of Field-Marshal Daun, "a marvellous great man, who had a different coat for every day in the year."

It is not fair to say that laziness prevented Rossini from writing an opera after "William Tell," which is not his "masterpiece." ("The Barber of Seville" may justly be so called). There were other reasons for silence.

Mendelssohn. "In the very correct drawing rooms of the English Court, he was a visitor highly favored by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort."

A little music, not too disturbing, just a few tasteful 'songs without words'; there you have it—the music of careful deportment . . . the music of a demure young lady." Dr. Hull says that Mendelssohn "even strove hard for Realism in the 'Hebrides' overture." It seems to us he did

not here strive in vain.

"Stanford and Elgar are our English only two great Romanticists." (1) What does Dr. Hull mean by saying that Scriabin was "poisoned" at 42? Literally "poisoned"?

Has Schumann's influence as a composer for the piano been wider than Chopin's, "as he chose the more artificial way"? And how has Schumann's "Faust" the "same virtues and faults" as Byron's "Don Juan"? There is in John Field, "a certain superiority" to charm youthfulness vs. maturity.

George Sand's affair with Chopin was not a "vulgar liaison," but "a pure and helpful artistic comradeship." Good, kind, optimistic Dr. Hull.

"Brahms himself objected strongly to unimaginative rendering." We invite the attention of the Old Brigade in Symphony hall who prefer the "square-beat" conductors to the poetically dramatic Mr. Koussevitsky.

Dr. Hull says that "Eugene Onegin" is the only one of Tchaikovsky's operas that has held the stage. He is mistaken. "The Queen of Spades" and at least one other are still performed, though not frequently.

Does Dr. Hull really think that Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" is only the "feeble child" of Balakirev's "Thamar"?

Ravel's Pavane for a dead Infante, "Spanish funeral dance before the altar, for one of royal blood." Ravel has said that his "Infante" was any dead child.

Where did Dr. Hull learn that Heine's "Thou art like a flower" was addressed to a "nice little white pig"? It was said in Leipzig that the poem was written in mockery of an effeminate young man, a Willy-boy.

These questions have not been asked in a carping spirit. One gladly recognizes the worth of this book; its alluring showing of research; its catholicity of spirit; its ease in narration; its bravery in judgment.

P. H.

fried during the winter so as to be ready for next season's trade. Anyone who has eaten a wayside clam must recognize this fact as true, this cycle being a replica of that adopted by the Pilgrims, as described in Bill Nye's History of the United States. The Pilgrims, after landing, pulled clams in order to get enough strength to live through the winter so that in the spring they could plant corn, which would give them strength enough to live through the summer so that in the fall they would have strength enough to pull clams to get strength enough to live through the winter, etc., etc., etc. We need waste no sympathy, therefore, with the clam fryers; my suggestion is that we should establish a home for wayside or wayward clams.

DYER NEEDHAM.

CLARA BOW IN 'HULA'

"Hula" a film drama starring Clara Bow, directed by Victor Fleming and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Hula Calhoun	Clara Bow
Anthony Haldane	Clive Brook
Mrs. Bane	Arlette Marchal
Harry Dehan	Arnold Kent
Margaret Haldane	Maude Truax
Uncle Edwin	Agostine Borgato
"Old Bill" Calhoun	Albert Gran

If one is interested in seeing how the motion picture producers can make over an hour's entertainment with an idea and Clara Bow, here it is. Clara can never complain of not having enough close-ups in this picture, it is practically one.

As a wild young daughter of a few "gin-erations" of public spirited plantation owners in beautiful Hawaii, Clara Bow as Hula is distinctly a personal success. Whether it is in the natural state in the swimming hole or neatly attired in riding togs and cantering in the drawing room, she is equally at home and agreeable as a gentle piece of dynamite.

Her freedom in spirit is partly blamed on Uncle Edwin, a worthy and earnest old man who has been Hula's nurse. His tutoring has been so thorough that when she sees the man she loves, she tells him he is beautiful the first time she sees him, makes him save her dog at the risk of his life, which should endear her to any man's heart, the second time she sees him and then proposes to him on the spot.

It would all be perfectly simple if the man of her dreams (Clive Brook) did

not have a wife in England. Not a very good wife to be sure, but a selfish self-centered person, and so everyone is happy when Hula blows up a mountain and a few other little things like that, but gets her man, wife or no wife.

A director can't underline the things he wants to emphasize, and so we shouldn't take him particularly to task for thinking us stupid and making us know what an impossible person the first Mrs. Huldane really was—that is—any director but Victor Fleming. He also should have kept Clara Bow from dancing the hula, which she does very badly and especially after he had a native show that it is a "Hawaiian gesture of defiance to the corset manufacturers."

Arlette Marchal is beautiful and even a catty part cannot rob her of her distinctive personality. Clive Brook is as

usual, almost enough to make a girl act as Hula did. The rest of the cast are adequate and the Hawaiian atmosphere, although a little inebriated in spots, is genuine.

The rest of the program offered by this theatre is as good as usual. There is something for everyone. Sonia Rozanu and Pietro Borchl contribute good voices, Gene Rodemich and his band are woven into "Way Out West" with attractive girls "ridin' 'em cowboy" and clever artists making every moment pleasant. Arthur Martel's organ solo is included in the pleasant moments.

C. M. D.

Siam is known to some chiefly by a limerick that has had a wide circulation for many years and by the Siamese Twins, as Borneo was brought near to us by the fact that certain thrifty New Englanders disguised themselves and were exhibited as wild men of that far-off isle. There are some who are acquainted with the scenery, homes, temples, customs of the lower part of Siam through books and better by travelogues; they know that recent rulers have been highly civilized.

Northern Siam is not so familiar a region even to travelers in the Orient. Mr. Reginald le May, acting adviser to the Siamese government in the Ministry of Commerce and Communications, having traveled extensively in the north of Siam, having lived there, having seen and studied the lives of the people and gathered information about their history, customs and folk-lore, has written a volume of 274 octavo pages, with a great many interesting illustrations, including a frontispiece painted by the author's wife. This book, entitled "An Asian Arcady: The Land and Peoples of Northern Siam," is published by Houghton Mifflin Company. The dedication by permission is to His Royal Highness the Prince of Kambaeng Bejra.

The book is in three parts: Historical from the earliest times to the present day; topographical and ethnological; a description of travels. There is an epilogue, an appendix, a bibliography, a map, also a good index.

The author says that the first part, which sets forth for the first time in English the history of the land, will be found by some rather heavy reading. "The names and places, being new to most of my readers, are no doubt strange and difficult." He advises those wishing to be entertained to pass on to parts II and III. It might also be said that the early history of the Tai race is shrouded in mystery. Then there is the story of the Khmer empire. Was Ram Khamheng the first to write the Siamese language as he claimed in the 13th century? The Cambodians were for centuries highly civilized and cultured. The temple at Angkor is still one of the wonders of the world, but the city was sacked, and thousands carried off to slavery. While there are interesting notes in this first part, there is the reminder of gazetteers, of chapters in Numbers, of genealogical tables.

"For many years past Siamese officials have considered it in the light of

BROADWAY

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Broadway," a play in three acts by Philip Dunning and George Abbott. Presented by Jcd Harris.

Nick Verdie	Eugene Redding
Roy Lane	Walter Glass
Ed Rice	Helen Raymond
Katie	Jane Salisbury
Joe	Jane Jack Rico
Mazie Smith	Marguerite St. Clair
Ruby	Ramona Kogan
Pearl	Eleanor Dudley
Grace	Florence Marshall
Ann	Peter Masters
Billie Moore	Loretta Shea
Steve Crandall	Matt Briggs
Dolph	Ashley Cooper
Forke	Thompson
Scar	James S. Kearney
Dan McCorn	Julian Noa
Larry	Robert W. Craig
Mike	Lynn Root
	Leon H. Warlock

The playbill calls "Broadway" a comedy of the "Roaring Forties." This might persuade Uncle Amos when he comes to the Plymouth to see the show that the characters are all middle-aged, subject to the vicissitudes and experiences of that decade in human life. He might be puzzled by the relationship between this Broadway and those years. Is it possible that the authors had in mind the streets numbered in the Forties? Night clubs and bootleggers were certainly not known in New York from 1840 to 1850. The dramatists call their play a comedy; one might say, tragedy-comedy, for one of the characters is shot in the back; another killed as he faces a revengeful cabaret girl.

"Broadway" is eminently a play of the theatre, successful in arousing and maintaining interest, so that one does not stop to inquire into the probability of certain incidents, but accepts everything on the stage, the coolness, the cynicism of the chief villain, the extraordinary behavior of the policeman on the homicide squad, the unwillingness of good little "Billie" Moore to be a gold-digger. A machine play, admirably constructed for swelling box-office receipts; a play that is also "actor-tight." Even the humblest cabaret girl has at least two or three sure-fire lines. A play that deals with the underworld and is founded on two subjects that cannot fail in its attempt to interest an average audience: life behind the scenes in a night club, and the rivalry of bootlegging gangs ready to "bump off" any one infringing on another's self-appointed rights.

One sympathizes with the girls on the stage, by reason of their comely, alluring appearance, and their racy speech, also by the recognition of their psychological shrewdness, appraising men who frequent them at their true value. This confession must be made: the least interesting scenes of the play are those in which little gospel-eyed "Billie" repeatedly insists that she is "not that kind of a girl." Not that she makes the assertion in a clear, bell-like voice; not that she introduces the old melodramatic wheeze "Unhand me, villain," for "Billie" is inclined to like Mr. Crandall and would have accepted the expensive bracelet if Roy had not protested and the girls, her comrades, had not giggled.

The play is acted in a breezy, convincing manner. The pungency of the dialogue is not softened: oaths are ripped out in a manner that would have pleased Ralph Waldo Emerson (see his "Journal"); the talk of the girls is, to use Bret Harte's phrase, "painful and free," often amusing, frank but not sly. All the characters speak right out. The men and women of the company give a vivid performance. The change in Crandall's demeanor after he became suspicious of Dan McCorn's visits, questions and irritating smile was admirably revealed. Mr. Redding, having an important part, played with force and finesse, and did not yield to the easy temptation to make the part farcical. Mr. Glass was amusing as the vaudeville actor who, relying on his "personality," foresaw a brilliant future. When in changing his costume he removed his trousers, the women in the audience shrieked—not with apprehension, but in laughter.

The stage management was excellent. The large audience at the afternoon performance was unmistakably delighted.

COPLEY THEATRE—"On the Hiring Line," a three act farce by Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins, with the following cast:

Sherman Fessenden	Ralph Roberts
Dorothy, his daughter	May Ediss
Steve Mack	Richard Whorf
Rosalind Fessenden	Elsie Wagstaff
Donald Oliver	Rupert Lucas
Pansy Capron	Gaby Faye
Ritchie	David Clyde
Mrs. Ritchie	Elsbeth Dudgeon
William Capron	Norman Cannon

This theatrical concoction of mistakes and misunderstandings involving the servant problem, compromising let-

ters and bungling detectives, was presented by the Copley players for a week last year and is now being given again at the Stuart street playhouse with a few changes in the cast. The entire action of the play takes place in the living room of the Fessendens' country home. Mrs. Fessenden, formerly an actress, finds the quiet country life not to her liking, especially in view of the fact that servants will not stay. The brusque, business-like husband has an inspiration and sends to a detective agency for two of their people to impersonate a cook and a butler. Since they are detailed by the agency for what is supposed to be a case they cannot leave, but since they are detectives they feel they must look for trouble. In their blundering attempts to ferret out whatever detectives are supposed to ferret out they involve the whole household in difficulties, set husbands and wives at swords' points and arrest for a crook a senator's son masquerading as a chauffeur who is about to elope with daughter Dorothy.

Although the play is rather thin provender it is enlivened by the antics of the comic detective and his wife, who admit in one highly amusing line that they are often on cases for months without knowing what they are supposed to do, and who bring laughter with their desperately serious Hemlock Jones antics at keyholes and under tables.

The company were hardly at their best last night. They were lacking in the snap, the touch and go, so necessary to light farce, and several lines which were written to go big failed to click through lack of preliminary building up. But it was only two days ago that Mr. Clive returned from abroad.

H. F. M.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Loose Ankles," a farce comedy in three acts by Sam Janney. First time in Boston. The cast:

Gil Barry	J. Glynn McFarlane
Andy Barton	Day Manson
Terry Francis	John Winthrop
Betty Brent	Flora Maude Gade
Ann Harper	Ruth King
Ames	Sydney Landrew
Aunt Sarah	Mary Hill
Mal. Ainsworth Elling	Malcolm Arthur
J. Emmetton Stotes	Charles Schofield
Aunt Katherine	Edith Snare
Linton Hawkins	Frank Charlton

Four new faces appeared in the cast of the Keith-Albee players at the opening of the St. James Theatre last night and the occasion was very much of a personal introduction of the actors to a friendly and highly appreciative Boston audience. J. Glynn McFarlane made his bow as leading man of the organization and Ruth King did likewise as leading woman.

Both made an exceptionally favorable impression by their competent work and good appearance and will doubtless be high favorites during the coming season. With them appeared Malcolm Arthur and Flora Maude Gade and they also achieved instant popularity. They greatly strengthen the company.

As for "Loose Ankles," it is a typical New York "success," with a wildly impossible plot, comedy of the broadest description, full of slang and cynicism and lines that are generally described as "hot stuff." It moves at full speed throughout and excited any amount of laughter and applause.

The heroine is an independent New York girl who, bequeathed a fortune on condition that she marries with the approval of several disagreeable aunts and uncles, conceives the idea of advertising for a young man "without principal" who will "compromise" her, for a price. With this as a lever she hopes to make the disagreeable relatives see reason.

The ad is answered by the hero, a young archaeologist out of luck, who is associated with a bunch of blades who make a living by dancing with fat and elderly females, who pay them for the privilege. The plot succeeds only too well, as the couple fall in love in earnest. Complications, as is to be expected, follow, but the revelation of the fact that the two aristocratic maiden aunts are "Polly" and "Kitty" masquerading at the dances aforesaid gains their forced consent, under threat of publicity, to the match.

Mr. McFarlane, who is big and personable, soon overcame a slight initial nervousness, and played his part with assurance and talent. Miss King handled her role in a manner that brought out all its possibilities and really "led" the performance. Messrs. Schofield and Winthrop filled familiar parts with practiced skill, and Mr. Schofield, as a comic and incredible newspaper reporter, won a succession of laughs. The play went as smoothly as if it had been running a month.

J. E. P.

'BEAU GESTE' AT 5 BOSTON THEATRES

At Olympia, Scollay Sq., Central Sq., Capitol and Allston

Five Boston theatres this week are offering one of the best programs that film-fans may expect to see this season. They are the Washington St. Olympia, Scollay Sq., Central Sq., Cambridge, Capitol and Allston, and the attraction is "Beau Geste," the story of the French Foreign Legion. Starring in the picture is Ronald Colman, and the rest of the cast includes, Noah Beery, Neil Hamilton, Alice Joyce, Mary Brian, Ralph Forbes, William Powell, Victor McLaglen, and others. The picture was produced from the story of the same name with Herbert Brenon directing. The action hinges on the wonderful devotion of three brothers each of whom decamps from home in order that the blame for the theft of a famous sapphire may fall on him although he believes one of his brothers guilty. By common impulse, all enlist in the Foreign Legion and their adventures there under the brutal Sergt. Lejeune make for one of the most thrilling photoplays ever produced. Acting honors go to Ronald Colman, with Noah Beery close behind with his portrayal of Sergt. Lejeune. The rest of the cast, all especially picked for the roles they portray, give wonderful characterizations.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First metropolitan performance of "My Golden Girl," an operetta in three acts, based on a play by Edward A. Sheldon and Dorothy Donnelly. Adaptation and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly. Music by Sigismund Romberg. Staged by Sam Forest. Dances and ensembles staged by Dave Bennett. Assisting were the Albertina Rasch dancers. Victor Baravalle conducted. The cast:

Faxon	Leo Stark
Mrs. Johnson	Debrah Bondi
Darwin P. Johnson	Donald Meek
Augustus Tonks	Robert Woolsey
Minnie Johnson (Mimos)	Hope Hampton
Maud Satterlee	Evelyn Darville
Polly Carter	Miriam Wootton
Giuseppe Ciccolini (Chick)	Leonard Celey
Mrs. Kruger Ten Eyck	Audrey Maple
Lord Farchester	Vernon Kelso
Peter Loomis	Frank Parker
Mitchell	Granyule Bates
The Ambassador	Leslie Alberti
Palch	James Moore
Mamma Pompilia	Phyllis Newark
Richetto	James Emerson Haynes

Very pleasing it is to record such an overwhelming success for the opening of a theatrical season—let us hope a pleasing augury of what is to come. Was it the sound musical substance of Mr. Romberg's score? Was it the enchanting orchestration of Mr. Gerstenberger? Was it the musicianly reading of Mr. Baravalle, who conducted, and his colleagues of the orchestra? Was it the extraordinary performance of Miss Hampton and Mr. Celey? Let us say that all had their share in the success of this performance. Let the book take its place after all this has been noted.

Mr. Romberg's score never descends to the commonplace of our routine musical comedy stage. His demands are large and there is an ample orchestra. This is especially noticeable in the string choir. Woodwind, too, employed constantly by reason of Mr. Gerstenberger's orchestration, has its full complement. Thus the score's real musical values are brought out in all their subtleties. Mr. Romberg's phrasing is constantly arresting, his musical variety is seemingly inexhaustible and he has the trick of contrast at his command. Witness the rampus, the riot, the color of the block party on Cherry street, (shades of Edward Harrigan and Dave Brahm!) and the unethical procession of the Madonna, within the blink of an eyelash.

Of Mr. Sheldon's and Miss Donnelly's book, much keeps it in the stratum of operetta and much again leads it into the ways of farce. Some of its "business" takes on venerable ways of the theatre, much of it is spontaneous and just as free of artifice. To relate the story of the prodigality of this girl of the West in New York and her relations with Chick, the "wop," with hand-organ, the monk "an' everything," would involve more space than is at our command. Yet, again, there are so many twists and turns, such impediments, that it is well to see this show unfettered.

Miss Hampton's performance was a pleasure at all times. For it in turn called for intelligence in acting. From the pampered pet of the family to the descent to the squalor of Cherry street called for a varying range of emotions and all of these she met convincingly. Musically, too, she was far from being the "pretty" singer of the musical comedy stage, and she maintained a good tone in the upper register. Mr. Celey's Chick was a voluble and voluble "wop," and he is one of the few leading men who can meet the exactions of lead tones without turning his neck into a corkscrew. His duet, "Mimos" with Miss Hampton, is an impression of praise fall all along the line, not to get the Albertina Rasch girls, dancing with the precision of a metronome, with the grace and fleetness of youth and a

ARK. Do not forget the expanse of the matinee setting, with the wedding party descending the grand staircase, and beyond the flowered trellis and for background robin's egg blue. So let the season proceed apace encouraged by this most auspicious beginning. T. A. R.

COLONIAL—"The Merry Malones," musical comedy by George Cohan. First time on any stage. Staged by Edward Royce. Dances by Jack Mason. Book directed by Sam Forrest. Entire production under the personal supervision of Mr. Cohan. The cast:

Announcers	Jane Manners
Martin	Leo Hennings
Carlyle	David London
Mrs. Van Buren	Ina Hayward
Anabelle	Marjorie Lane
Mr. Westcott	Robert Newbold
Gloria Westcott	Mary Jane
Joe Thompson	Alan Edwards
Joe Westcott	Alan Edwards
Wally Malone	Polly Walker
My Howard	Frank Otto
Kennedy	Frank Masters
Captain of police	Mercer Templeton
Captain of police	James Templeton
Bella Malone	Dorothy Whitmore
John Malone	George Cohan
John Malone	Sarah Edwards
John Malone	Patsy Ball
John Malone	Charles Pinard
John Malone	Richard Barry
John Malone	Harry Rose
John Malone	Nat Jerome
John Malone	Angela Jacobs

The tradition of the theatre that "the show must go on" was magnificently demonstrated last evening at the Colonial when Mr. Cohan, himself, stepped in and played the role which was to have originally been played by Mr. Arthur Deagon who dropped dead during rehearsals last Sunday evening. The cast outdied itself from the rise to the very late fall of the curtain, a touching tribute in itself to their beloved associate. Mr. Cohan was accorded a welcome that made the Colonial auditorium ring as it never has before.

Having presented for our approval the Kelleys, the O'Reillys, and again the O'Briens, he this time introduced us to the largest family of them all, the Malones, who live in the Bronx.

And he approaches in this production what has the elements of the great American comic opera. Mr. Cohan has always given us a suggestion of Gilbert & Sullivan in his musical comedies of recent years, but "The Merry Malones" rings out in true comic opera form in many of the scenes. The plot? The author, himself, "kiss" his audience in such a gentle satirical manner about the whys and wherefore of plots, that the action of the piece can be dismissed briefly by simply stating it concerns a poor, but beautiful Irish-American lass, Molly Malone, who loves a wealthy Park avenue lad, named Joseph Wescott.

"What, my son in love with the name of a song?" cries the irate parent, in one of the scenes.

There are objections to the marriage, the plot moves smoothly on for a scene or two, when suddenly the principal characters question each other in well spoken lyrics just how they can go about it to fool the author and do away with the original plot. And that's the general tone and spirit of the whole production.

The lyrics are noteworthy, and the diction of the entire cast, especially the chorus is excellent. Robinson Newbold, in fact, has been given lyrics that would do justice to any Gilbert and Sullivan Lord Chancellor and when you consider that Mr. Newbold represented "a good, old Yankee father," the tricky, brat-taking wording of his passages, impress deeply. The tunes, and they are tunes, are pretty and whistable as all good Chaneque tunes should be.

The late fall of the curtain prevents the enumeration of all the excellent points. The cast, for instance, Polly Walker was a delightful heroine. She sang sweetly and did not try to overdo ingenious musical comedy tricks. The Templeton brothers danced to perfection. So did Mary Jane and Leo Hennings. So did everybody. Their are original touches throughout the entire production. It is running a little long now but cutting by Mr. Cohan's master hand will remedy that, and the "Merry Malones" is most assuredly going to be voted the most charming and entertaining family of them all.

George Cohan's number in the last act which he sings himself, "God's Good to the Irish" literally stopped the show. It was a gala opening, indeed.

A. F.

Continuing Attractions

HOLLIS—"The Baby Cyclone," George Cohan's new farce with Grant Mitchell, Spencer Tracy, Georgia Caine and others. Last week.

WILBUR—"Bye, Bye, Bonnie," musical comedy with Frances White and Fritz Scheff. Last two weeks.

MAJESTIC—"Half A Widow," Wally Gluck's operetta. Last week.

"HALF A WIDOW" NOW PLAYING AT MAJESTIC

Wally Gluck's colorful operetta, "Half A Widow," with a war background, moved from the Shubert to the Majestic last evening to complete the final week of its Boston stay. The engagement, originally booked for three weeks, was extended one week more in order to satisfy the demands of the theatre-goers.

There are several new principals in the cast. Julia Kelety and Benny Rubin are an excellent comedy team and supplied many laughs last evening. Gertrude Lang and Halfred Young continue their finished work in the leading roles. Paul Doucet, Jules Epplay and Frances Halliday are other new members of the cast.

AT KEITH'S THEATRE

Eddie Foy's family came in for a big share of the holiday applause when they opened at Keith's yesterday. The new bill, given first judgment by an audience which had enjoyed the week-end in good things, fared well, and every artist having place on the program learned that Boston knows good vaudeville and can appreciate it, particularly on a holiday night.

Frankie Heath is back again with some new songs and stories, and she puts them over in her own popular style. Keith audiences always find delight in her Boston engagements and she gives the bill a nice balance.

The Foy's, descendants of the famous funmaker, and schooled under him and with him, have more than made their way alone, and the entertainment they offer is of Foy calibre as well as standard, so that Keith patrons know pretty much what to expect.

The Three Reddingtons in "Bounce Inn" have plenty of exciting fun to add to the gaiety of a generally enlivened program, while Elizabeth Brice with Frank Kessler and his music weavers offer a bit of novelty which gives the bill a catchy swing.

All the other acts are doubles, completing a rather unusual sized bill.

Jim Baggert and Rose Sheldon enjoy themselves by giving everyone else enjoyment in their own skit, "Enjoying Themselves." James Bard and Paula Avan, offering gems of songland, contribute notably to the musical side of the bill and Lloyd and Brice relieve it with some of the less serious minded nonsense of a pair of extra funny comedians. Eddie Allen and Doris Canfield, always well liked, have plenty of "Things and Stuff" and put it over in a manner that pleases the audience and wins them credit and applause. The Small Town Sheriff is hilarious fun in the fables and the news reel.

Prof. Aveling of the University of London, a deep thinker, says that only the "superior" or discontented man really laughs; that laughter, made up of grimaces and contortions, is ugly; "the mask of a hard or selfish mind"; it is commonplace, "an idiosyncrasy of human kind alone."

The eminent psychologist says: "No animal, except the hyena, laughs." There, professor, you are wrong. Hear that amusing bird, the laughing jackass, the giant kingfisher of Australia and the Papuan Islands. To be sure this laugh is described as that of an insane person. A sour-visaged observer might remark that laughing jackasses often encourage a clowning comedian in musical comedies.

"It was enough to make a dog laugh." We have seen dogs that eyed derisively their foolish masters. Victor Hugo made Ursus describe the dog as a comic beast, whose sweat is on his tongue, whose laugh is in his tail. The Cheshire cat does not venture beyond a grin.

Our London psychologist is not the first to despise laughter. Worthies in the Old Testament spoke of the crackling of thorns under a pot. Baudelaire wrote savagely against laughter; Bergson, Sully and others have considered it philosophically. But laughter does not always come from a feeling of superiority; as when you stand erect, gedlike, on an icy pavement and see Jones falling; or Robinson chasing his rolling hat in a crowded street and at the risk of his life while yours is firmly on your honorable head. When you laugh at a story told by Ferguson, it is not because you think you could tell a better one. To some, any accident befalling another is humorous: "Don't make me laugh, I've a cracked lip," was the "reaction" to the news of a casualty in Mike's family.

Lord Chesterfield once said that true wit or sense never yet made anyone

laugh. This reminds us of what the Burlington Hawkeye (or was it the Danbury News?) said years ago: "Surprise is the chief element of wit. That's what makes a man laugh so when he sits down on a bent pin."

Whether a man should laugh at his own joke is a disputed question. He certainly should not be the first nor the only one, and he certainly should not laugh while he is cracking his joke, though they said in the office of Vanity Fair that Artemus Ward used to laugh out loud and slap his leg while he was writing a humorous article. When he died, it was asked in the famous poem published in the Spectator if he had gone to a land of no laughter. Did not Charles Lamb wonder whether a ghost could laugh and shake his sides? One cannot imagine John Milton telling limericks to his friends, yet he welcomed "quips and cranks . . . and Laughter holding both his sides."

Mr. Charles St. C. Wade of Taunton writes: "A friend, who is a physician in a Hospital for Mental Diseases in Vermont, has sent to me the following poem written by a patient in the institution. It seems to me worthy of a larger audience."

THE HOUSE OF LAUGHTER WITH TEARS

With its restful setting of old English lawn,
Its garden that brightens and cheers,
Stands a long gray building, the home
Of the lost,
The house of laughter with tears.

The lofty elms with their arching boughs
Seem to wait as one disappears,
As with bended heads in stately prayer
For the house of laughter with tears.

The blinds are spiked to that long gray wall
To soften the window that peers,
As if hiding dark thoughts of what goes on
In that house of laughter with tears.

The front belies the barrack-like back.
That court of jesting and jeers;
No false blinds to soften the bars
On the house of laughter with tears.

Few that enter those long gray walls
Depart from that place of fears
To that world without, he has known,
about

The house of laughter with tears.
Few that sorrow when one passes on.
Beyond where the soul lives with peers.
It is better by far a quick release,
In that house of laughter with tears.

The other day I read of a poor woman who attempted suicide because a publisher wouldn't take her novel. . . . Perhaps the better plan would be to attempt suicide before sending the book, as in that case the publisher might see his way to a telling advertisement. A. N. M., in the Manchester Guardian.

Which Spanish prince is the more fortunate, the heir to the throne, Alfonso Pio Cristino Eduardo Francisco Guillermo Carlos Enrique Eugenio Fernando Antonio Vernancio, or his brother Jaime Luitpold Isabelino Enrique Alejandro Alberto Alfonso Victor Acacio Pedro Pablo Maria? The latter was born deaf and dumb, but can the heir recite his own name correctly and glibly?

"I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN"

As the World Wags:
I read with much sympathy Mr. Marcellus Graves' reflections on summer visitors. It recalled an episode Cicero relates in one of his letters: do you recall how his friend Caesar dropped in on him with a thousand men-at-arms for a casual overnight stop? I recollect—somewhat hazily—that he remarked a pleasant time was enjoyed, but he would think twice before he invited that particular gentleman to call when "passing by." I suppose bedding the army wasn't so difficult, but feeding 'em must have taxed the gentleman's larder.

I wonder if you read the following account in a Plymouth county paper (Brockton); I always knew the society referred to was a conservative one.

"The triennial congress of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants will be held here the first part of September, opening with the usual sunset service on Burial Hill. A large number of people from all parts of the cemetery are expected to be present."

There are also wonders of nature in our parts, as the Lyme correspondent of our local paper reports that Mrs. has a largeuchsia with 60 blossoms and twice as many birds.

PATIENCE PEACOCK

As the World Wags:
Speaking of rotation of crops, consider the fortune which I might have reaped if I had changed this year to rice and watercress. For flowers, I

might have had waterlilies, and perhaps a few edelweiss and some of those lupins which I have seen growing in Alaska alongside of a glacier. FORREST F. HARBOUR.

Mr. Ralph Fitch, merchant of London, journeying in the East in the years 1583-1591 found in Cambala an Animal Rescue League. In the town he they have hospitals to keep lame dogs and cats, and for birds. They will give meat to the Ants."

"Soft Cushion" Proves Refreshing Novelty

"Soft Cushions," starring Douglas MacLean, a film comedy written by George Randolph Chester, directed by Eddie Cline and presented by Paramount at the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre with the following cast:

The young thief	Douglas MacLean
The girl	Sue Carol
The fat thief	Russell Powell
The thin thief	Frank Leach
The Wazir	Albert Price
The Sultan	Albert Grain

The author of this comedy will be remembered as the creator of "Get Rich-Quick Wallingford" and "Blackie Daw" and in this screen story he has used the refreshing novelty of an Arabian Night setting with plenty of American humor. He has even made the old Sultan's eyes gleam and twinkle with the nerve of the young thief (Douglas MacLean), who makes Bagdad turn hand-springs to keep up with him.

If this is a sample of the new kind of comedies they are making in Hollywood, the best we can say is that we hope the weather stays bright so that they will have no handicaps on that score. There is plot—think of it—comedy, lots of it and it is admittedly the work of one man, the author. The subtitles are long and profuse, not a camera angle is present and it is still good entertainment.

The young thief, the fat thief and thin thief are the picturesque trio, who, strolling in the streets of Bagdad, do a successful forward pass with a merchant's purse, stage a game of cricket with a strolling farmer and enjoy themselves thoroughly until love shows its face. The young thief spies the suave girl Joy-el and because it was before the times when all men were honest he steals from his partners in order to purchase her. So the good company was disorganized and the young thief, knows as the fox, follows the dictates of his wits to the Sultan's throne where he finally talks himself into favor and grants himself the pleasure of marrying Joy-el.

The rest of the program is made up of vaudeville, a film comedy, Pathe news and short subjects. C. M. D.

'PASSION' REVIVED AT TWIN THEATRES

Stars Emil Jannings and Pola Negri

Emil Jannings, in his greatest character role as the doltish Louis of France, and Pola Negri as the royal courtesan, Du Barry, in the Ernst Lubitsch revival of the spectacle, "Passion," is proving a welcome topline of the program at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. The companion picture is the drama of the rails, "The Black Diamond Express," with Monte Blue starred and a cast comprising Edna Murphy, Myrtle Stedman, William Demarest and Claire McDowell. The Vitaphone artists' presentations include the New York Philharmonic orchestra in the overture from "Tannhauser"; Margaret McKee, whistling soloist, and "The Rollickers," musical entertainers.

Mr. George Moore has written a letter to the London Times protesting against the misuse of French, thrown into English higgledy-piggledy. "It seems to me that the time is not very far distant when a language will be evolved written in French words without the aid of French grammar."

For "resume," Mr. Moore would write "summary"; for "penchant," "inclination"; for "flair," "instinct" or "intuition"; instead of "demarche," "taking steps."

"But of late years any French word, however feeble and ridiculous, supplants the English equivalent: 'Menu,' a word without design or sonority, is used instead of the pretty

phrase, "bill of fare," and no man or woman speaks or writes of a "bodice," but of a "corsage."

Mr. Moore objects strenuously and justly to the abominable use of "intrigue" as a verb. "Nobody can resist the charm of this French construction; it has become a sort of fetish, a sacred ape, worshipped for itself alone. 'Puzzled' or 'inveigled' would supply the same meaning; but an interviewer coming to inquire from a writer what new book he is about to give to the public begins, 'Your writings, sir, have always intrigued me,' and the conversation does not last three minutes before he again comes out with the accursed verb. He includes it in his article, and the novelist includes it in his book, and the playwright, no doubt, includes it in his dialogue. In fact, everybody who can write at all seems to flourish 'intrigue' as if it were a flag."

The abhorred verb was even in a leading article of the Times Literary Supplement. Mr. Moore, having in mind the example of Mussolini who puts a tax on foreign words to preserve the Italian language, suggests to the editor of the Literary Supplement that when he sends checks to the contributors he should deduct half-a-crown for every French word, and not less than 10 shillings for "intrigue" used as a verb.

"By doing this you would do more to preserve our language than Eton and Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge have ever done—I will go farther than the schools, you will raise yourself to the level of the peasant, who still continues to speak good English."

It should be remembered that when George Moore, a young man, was obliged to leave Paris, abandon painting and turn in London to literary work, he was strongly influenced, as he himself has said, not only by French poets and novelists, but by the syntax of the French language itself. Little by little, he became the acknowledged master of the English language that he now is, witness "The Lake," "The Brook Kerith" and the later volumes of romances and essays.

THE AUDIT

If I were younger I would weep
That you so young have died,
But I have seen the abrupt, blind hand
Of Sleep
Close darkly round so many a hope untried—

Have seen, so often, Youth depart
Before his sun could climb the skies—
Till Time has numbed all feeling in my heart
And wiped all tears forever from my eyes.

I know that, short or long the way,
Our loss and gain the years adjust;
Dead as the first of days is yesterday,
And Youth and Age are one when both are dust.

ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

Very often the advocate of some dietetic fad is fit in spite and not because of his cranky diet.—Sir Thomas Horder.

HEATED BRIDGE FIENDS

(Society note in the Buffalo Express.)
Miss Margaret Meyer will entertain at a bridge party and bathroom shower on Wednesday, in honor of Miss Laura Warner.

The work of Henry James has always seemed divisible by a simple dynastic arrangement in the three reigns: James I, James II and the Old Pretender.—Philip Guedalla.

Announcing the re-appearance of Miss Connie Ediss in London, the Sunday Times of that city said: "Miss Ediss has been in retirement on a farm in Massachusetts, looking after chickens and ducks and busying herself with the production of maple syrup, honey and the like."

Will someone tell us where this farm is?

DISAPPOINTED TOURIST

(From the New York Sun.)

I
Europe is awful
And Asia is worse;
To corned beef and cabbage
The chefs are averse.

II
England's abhorrent
And France is a blot;
They have no "dog wagons"
And sell no "all hot."

III
Madrid's a bust and
I hate Europeans,
They all look so dumb when
I ask for baked beans.

P. L. J.

FOR MOTORISTS

The French novelist Jean Giraudoux.

doux, passing through Marseilles, stopped at a garage where he happened to hear this conversation:

"I want my car, I want my car," shouted a man evidently in a hurry. "Have you fixed it? I must get away at once."

"Take it," said the boss of the garage. "It's ready."

"Well, then I'll come round for it this afternoon."

"Fine, sir, then we'll have time to do what's necessary to it."

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED

As the World Wags:

At the risk of sustaining a compound fracture of the front porch I venture to refer you to M. Guizot's History of France vol. III, at page 386. The language credited to Rosny, who, quoting the author, was "one of the most eminent, and with Philip du Plessis-Mornay, the most sterling of his servants" was enunciated in an interview, to which he had been summoned, with King Henry of Navarre. The latter, seeking counsel as to the best means to employ in order to best effectuate undivided recognition, as Henry IV, to the French kingship is adjured as follows:

"As it seems to me, sir, all these goings, comings, writings, letters, journeys, interventions, parleys and conferences cannot be better compared than to that swarming of attorneys at the courts, who take a thousand turns and walks about the great hall, under pretence of settling cases, and all the while it is they who give them birth, and would be very sorry for a single one to die off. In the next place, not a single one of them troubles himself about right or wrong, provided that the crowns are forthcoming, and that, by dint of lustily shouting, they are reputed eloquent, learned, and well stocked with inventions and subtleties."

The which, as those old writers used to say, reminds me that what I started to say was, anyhow why should Jack Dempsey get it all.

WILLIAM C. DROUET

Arlington Heights.

Sept 8 1927

The Sunday journals of London publish many letters of inquiry concerning all things knowable and other things: Is there a key to Swift's Lilliputian language? Who was the first to use a fountain pen? Did Dickens in "Nicholas Nickleby" caricature the theatrical company of which he was for a short time a member? In what English towns and villages is the curfew still rung? There is even revived discussion of "Junius" and his letters. The page devoted to correspondents by the Sunday Times is especially interesting.

Some of our contributors have been asking about the origin of the phrase "to get one's goat." Is the answer wholly beyond conjecture? There is no dearth of answers, some plausible, ingenious, but some of the writers, we regret to say, do not take the question seriously. No doubt the early Egyptians used a phrase of like nature, though the animal may not have been a goat. The goat, by the way, has not had fair play through the centuries; witness the scape-goat in the wilderness, the association with Satan at the midnight revels of witches, the ridicule of its appetite for posters and tomatoes. Does anyone recall Alden's humorous editorial, "The Rotary Goat," in the New York Times years ago? But to our correspondents:

GOATS, BY TUNKET

As the World Wags:

Recalling Durer's print of "The Knight, Death and the Devil" the coupling of the goat and the usages of tunket is not so far fetched as may at first appear.

"Getting his goat" is a term that was much paraded in the days and sport columns that ushered in the Jeffries-Johnson melee. Its origin may be traced to this much maligned animal's efficacy in attracting to itself disease that would otherwise go to the more numerous and valuable parts of a flock or herd. For this reason and to this day herdsmen avail themselves of the goat's presence in their stock though not so frequently as in earlier or less scientific times. The inference in the saying is that if the goat becomes detached the main part is open for attack—so if an opponent can be enticed by one means or another to be off his guard, or discard precaution, his adversary has a walk over—having "got his goat."

Faith in this animal's magnetism goes so far in some quarters as to include the human herd. The writer knows an instance wherein a small boy stricken with fever asked for his pet goat. To humor the child the kid was brought to the bed and fondled by the boy. The boy recovered and the goat died. A mere coincidence, but the villagers

where it occurred know not of coincidence. Many claim that the humble onion in the sickroom has similar attractive power though it is hoped it is of a kind that is mild and of respiring tendencies.

There has occasionally been attributed to Marco Polo (erroneously it is feared) the striking example from the Russian Steppes where for pronounced reasons a peck of onions had failed to register the looked for signs of relief in the malady a venerable patriarch was then enduring. Resource was taken in the goat and although the patriarch recovered the goat did not die. Much interest in transmissional phenomena was aroused from the patriarch's whiskers taking on an additional 18 inches and there is something little short of the satirical in the fact that from then on the goat's chin rocco diminished with his friskiness—a la Samson.

RAINBOW GOODYEAR.

"No, this is not from Marco. Like the incident of the hare in "Aiken Drum" given by Dr. Brown, it may be a tid-bit of folk lore cropping out at various times and places. In Indian stories the Russian's goat is replaced with a moose, that animal having in its "bell" the equivalent of the goat's whiskers.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondents who are trying to find the origin of the phrase "getting his goat" might find a clue in Layamon, who wrote about 1190 A. D., Arthur's defiance of the Danish Colgrim:

"For yesterday was Colgrim of men Keenest, but now it is to him as to the goat, where he guards the hill; high upon the hill he fighteth with horns, when the wild wolf approacheth toward him."

"So will I now today Colgrim destroy; I am the wolf and he is the goat, the man shall die."

I think Layamon has Arthur get Colgrim's goat.

Dorchester. JOHN S. McNARY.

We advise our correspondents to read the chapter entitled, after Tennyson's phrase, "The beard-blown goat" in Phil Robinson's entertaining book "The Poets' Beasts." The goat is as independent as the cat. Go back to the Book of Proverbs in Holy Writ: "There be three things which go well, yea, four are comely in going. A lion, which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away from any. A greyhound, an he-goat also; and a king, against whom there is no rising up." Indras took the form of the warrior he-goat; Thor yoked goats for his Thunder Car. And if one reproaches the goat for its smell, remember that in England, as in other countries, the goat is considered a healthy animal, and its fragrance beneficial to cattle, horses and sheep. "For this reason a single goat is still often kept in our farmyards." (1885) Ed.

Gravestones are no earthly good.—Judge Herbert Smith.

Henry Arthur Morgan, Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, dictated to his daughter Iris during his last long illness his memoirs. Here are some of his sayings:

No undergraduate ought to have a mother.

The secret of long life is to be a widow.

There is only one thing worse than having poor relations, and that is rich ones. They always expect you to do everything in the same lavish way as themselves.

No one but a deaf man realizes the joy of mimicking. It gives one company when none is forthcoming.

BARBARA ANN

Barbara Ann is scarcely a modern, Rather remarkably quiet and prim: Shocked, I should say, at her brother's wild manners;

Quite disapprovingly looking on him.

Barbara Ann is a maiden exemplary,

Always obedient, sweet and polite;

Breaking no toys and requiring no discipline,

Never requesting to stay up at night.

Barbara Ann never throws things from windows,

Climbs on the table or shouts for dessert;

Runs in the park where the motors are whizzing,

Plays, garbed in white, in the clanging dirt.

Barbara Ann is a model of rectitude,

Always attentive when any one speaks;

Listening solemnly as one might think she would.

Barbara Ann being aged four weeks!

THE SOLICITOR.

FOOLISH AMERICANS

Figaro gives a reason why Americans are welcome in restaurants of Paris. "One of our friends who dined near two of them saw them give a tip of 1000 francs when the bill was 175 francs. The landlord, thinking it a mistake, brought back the bank note, but the two said they meant to give that amount."

Readers of the first volume of "Costume and Fashion" by Herbert Norris will find the second volume, "Benac to Bosworth (1066-1485)," which has recently been published in this country by E. P. Dutton and Company, even more interesting. There are 24 illustrations in color and half-tone; there are 382 in black and white. Mr. Norris says he has followed the general plan used in the preceding volume, but with certain modifications and considerable additions.

It's an extraordinary book; not only for its treatment of the subjects that give the title. There is a wealth of information, historical, biographical; references to folklore; daily manners and customs in English classes; a chapter on heraldry; tables of contemporaneous European rulers with records of noteworthy events. A glance at the two indexes, one general, the other of individuals and places, will show the uncommon scope of the work. Turn to any page at random; you will find something of interest; for example, page 124: There is a list of names of colors in use during the middle ages followed by a section of an article on fairs; on the opposite page is an account of the merchandise at the fair held at Stourbridge, a fair of European reputation, where booths were set up in various streets according to the kinds and types of merchandise and the countries; from the Lowlands to Palestine, from Spain to Thibet. This fair dwindled in size until in 1925 only three booths were set up. We are told that John Bunyan found here the model for his Vanity Fair in "Pilgrim's Progress." Crulshank's picture of it—to which Mr. Norris does not allude—shows the Italian booth given to opera, whereas the goods were wines, lemons, oranges, citrons and grapes; the French booth to the ballet.

In his introduction Mr. Norris states as a fact that a certain type of face seems to be associated with each definitely marked period of history; that heads of a given period acquired a general character to which individuals succeeded in adapting their own appearance. He then discusses items of general interest before beginning the chapter on the Norman Dynasty: how children were dressed; women's riding dress; night attire, but why say "the question of night attire in the Middle Ages is a delicate one"? There were no night gowns, certainly no pyjamas. Even in the 16th century, Mr. Norris, Richard Edwards began his poem "Aman-tium Irae": "In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept." During the Middle Ages women's arms were, never bare, although there were low necks and extremely bare shoulders. In the 13th century the fashionable hour for dining was 11 A. M. (It has been said that Louis XII died from changing his dinner hour from 9:30 A. M. to 11 A. M. out of compliment to his young English wife, but others believe that at his age he should not have married a young woman. De Quincey in his "Casultry of Roman Meals" discusses this important question and has much to say about the dinner hour in England.

We often read that table forks were introduced into England by Coryate from Italy at the beginning of the 17th century. Not a bit of it. Queen Eleanor (wife of Henry III) used forks of silver with ebony and ivory handles.

How Mr. Norris enjoyed sketching the life of the astonishing Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife in turn of Louis VII and Henry II! When she went with Louis as a crusader, she took coffers of gorgeous raiment, rich furniture, and table plate; she and her amazons donned haubek, haum and chausses. In her amours she did not even spare a Saracen Emir, 13 years old. But she did not give the Fair Rosamund the choice of a dagger or a poisoned cup, for Rosamund de Clifford died a natural death at 40 years, leaving two sons. There is a minute description of this Eleanor's gown, which is also pictured.

The belief that the English were unclean in the Middle Ages is unfounded. There were even bath salts, aromatic baths; there were portable washstands with pitcher, basin, waste-pipe slop-

all complete.
Because Count Fulk of Anjou suffered from corns and bunions, his shoes were of unusual length, sharp at the end and elongated. The fashion became common "and wonderfully pleases light-minded persons and lovers of novelty." There are interesting pages about the history of the Cross and the symbolic crosses. As candles were of pagan origin, they were not used in Christian worship until after the middle of the third century. There are pages about the various guilds; the history of weaving in England; heraldic flags; notes on tapestry, architecture, sculpture. Memorial brasses in the reign of Richard III showed the men full-faced, but to show the elaborate head-dresses of the women, their faces were represented "three-quarters." As Aligette's motto was a motto of the founder of Queen's College, Oxford, the bursar even today, gives needles to the students each New Year's Eve, saying "Take this and be thrifty." It would not be easy to say whether the pages on jewelry or the dressing of women's hair are the more readable. Signet rings were usually worn on the thumb. Noblemen began to wear chains of gold or silver around the neck during the reign of Richard II. There was a demand for false hair in the 12th century, as the plaits were of a great length. In the 14th century hair of a bright gold color was especially admired. Paint and ointments were in use, but not usually among respectable women of the middle ages. Many of the ways in which women dressed their hair would be beautiful today. When Charles VI of France is incidentally mentioned, Mr. Norris adds a footnote from the ledger of the Royal Treasury of France to the effect that Jacquemin Grignonneur, painter, received 56 sols for three gilt and colored packs of cards for the amusement of the king. The common amusements were hunting, hawking, archery, ballplay, a primitive golf, bat and ball, quintain, chess, dice, hoodman-blind, bowls, nine pins, skittles, Mystery and miracle plays, pageants were popular. There was a prejudice against a second marriage, hence the Order of Vowesses for widows. In the reign of Henry III pocket slits were cut in the nobleman's loose robe that fell to his feet, so he could reach the pouch attached to the belt underneath. There were pocket-slits in the skirt of a citizen's wife, who wore a stand-up collar. Head-gear is carefully considered. Countrymen wore straw hats. (It may here be said that Mr. Norris has as much to say about the costumes of the middle class and the countrymen as about the court, the nobility, orders of knighthood and the origin of early titles.) Truly a sumptuous, fascinating volume that redounds to the credit of author, illustrators and publishers. One might wish information about the sources from which the illustrations and many of the statements are derived.

We have received a letter to be forwarded to Mr. Herkimer Johnson. The writer does not sign her (or his) name, nor is any address given except that the village is "only 12 miles from Northampton, 1400 feet above sea level" and the name begins with "C." Should Mr. Johnson address "A Reader of the Column," Cummingsington?

"We have now what Mr. Johnson used to have birds at dawn; crows in the orchard; not only the cry of the night-hawk, but that of the whip-poor-will, the owl; the little foxes at play; often at eve you may see a gentle doe standing in the road.

"Once in a season an airplane wings its way toward the sunset,—a great adventure. One family has—electricity, but they make it in their cellar." (Hard cider in a whiskey barrel?) "That will keep Mr. Johnson from being homesick for the chug-chug heard once a week, sounds like the motor boat of which he complains." (Is the strong drink so raging?)

"We have no al-fresco luncheons except our own of blueberries, bread, milk and cheese on the side porch or under the maples. Our dinners are our own—movable feasts, shared by friends if they drop in.

"As for conversation! We talk about what pleases us, from farm products to the latest books and pictures. We read the good magazines and if hard pressed on rainy days the mediocre ones. Our standard literature is Sears & Roebuck's Mail Order Catalogue. From it we plan to buy all the things we have ever wanted or expect to want. It's a fascinating way to shop and first

cousin to 'window shopping' where you look and never buy

"From June to November you can pick your fruits on your own land, wild strawberries for jam; blueberries from July 15 to September 15; August brings blackberries, astrachan apples, plums, early peaches; September late apples and pears; October late peaches, Hubbardston none such apples and tame and wild grapes.

"Our only inn has been closed for lack of boarders. We have been told that it rented last year for \$35 a month—14 or 15 rooms, spacious porch, garage and all. But who wants an inn? You can buy a farmhouse, furnished and seven acres for \$2000." (Aha! Is this letter from some wily 'realtor'?) You do not even have to plant your hedge; nature does it; you help a little. On our land nature has put chokecherries, black cherries, maples, ash, dogwood, viburnum, blueberries, black alder, golden rod, tiger lilies and elderberry; we have added pine, fir, spruce, birch, laurel, hemlock, juniper and poison hemlock.

"We are three-quarters of a mile from the state road, where autos flourish and one and a half mile from the village, where the wealthy live. Only a few of them have bathrooms and—tell it not in Geth—have none at all; we still use wash tubs or their substitutes—but there is a swimming hole in the meadows. Within a radius of half a mile we are seven houses and a boarded-up school house.

"Yes, this must be the hamlet sought by our friend, where you not only can, but do live simply. Come, Mr. Johnson, and settle among us for the summers. We will welcome you, if not with open arms, at least with open homes. We will play bridge—if you want it, but we prefer old-fashioned checkers and croquet, even chess if you will teach us. Some of us are English and have patience."

"Dost like the picture," Mr. Johnson, as Claude Melnotte asks Pauline, after his description of his palace on Lake Como? The invitation is no doubt hearty and sincere, but something in our heart tells us that wild horses could not drag Mr. Johnson from Clamport; that his complaint about the giddy life there is largely an exercise in rhetoric; yet "electricity in the cellar" might tempt him for a week-end.

The real wine-lover obtains from cocktails, not from connoisseurship, but because they are an unpardonable misuse of liquid. The only use for gin is to take the curse off ginger beer, or to add to a cup, the only civilized variety of mixed drinks—R. Ellis Roberts.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING (For As the World Wags)

I am weary, aren't you weary
Of the photographic grin?
It would seem a bit more cheery
If one sitter scowled like sin.

What gets into all the bodies
When they come before a "cam"?
One would think they'd taken toddies
And didn't care a damn.

Can it be the same "look pleasant"
Could beget this idiot work
And, degenerate at present,
Sire a fatuous, grinning smirk?
ROSLYN DALE.

IN THE SAME COLUMN

I will not be responsible for any debts except contracted by myself. Paul Shalke, Eggert road, Buffalo.

My husband was never responsible for any of my debts as I have worked every day, and ever since I married him. Clara Shalke, Eggert road, Buffalo.

THE WEAKER SEX (Batavia, N. Y., News)

BORN
BOWEN. At St. Jerome's Hospital, on July 6, 1927, to Maude and Anna Deal Bowen of Oakfield, a son.

As the World Wags:

I was inexpressibly horrified today to pass through, on the C. & E. I. railroad, a town called "Goodwine." Where is the Anti-Saloon League that it has not long since started its legislative juggernaut to change this most heinous and degrading name? That the inhabitants might not approve would, of course, make no difference since they are now part of a "free" and "reformed" country. Perhaps your own Mr. Deleware King might be induced to offer a reward for a suitable name, and in order to be in line for the five hundred I respectfully suggest "Buttermilk" or "Pap" as being euphonious and reasonably safe.

St. Louis, Mo. A. C. F.

"How do you like your new 'poppa'?" asked the American girl, meeting a school chum in London.
"Oh, I think he's sweet," replied her friend.

Mme. Emma Eames has written her reminiscences. The book, entitled "Some Memories and Reflections," is published by D. Appleton and Company. There are over twenty illustrations, chiefly portraying the singer in private life and in operatic costumes. There is also, mirabile dictu! An index.

Singers in the past have written their memoirs: Michael Kelly (but Theodore Hook was the author), Blangini, Duprez, Roger, Marie Sisse, Santley, Clara Louise Kellogg, Santley, Blispham, Mme. Melba, Mme. Calve, Mme. Jeritza—we name at random, for there is a rather long list. It is not surprising that Mme. Eames could wish to tell her story, for she herself won fame and was associated with the most celebrated singers during her honorable career. The story is one of marked interest; she tells it well, for she is a woman of keen observation, sane judgment (though probably and naturally not wholly free from prejudice), and she has a sense of humor.

Mr. William Lyon Phelps in a short preface says that when he heard Mme. Eames at the Paris Grand Opera House in 1890, he was sure that she had "the finest soprano voice" he had ever heard. The question comes up: "How many operatic or concert singers had Mr. Phelps heard in 1890?"

It is true that her voice was one of uncommon beauty, that she sung with the ease of the well-trained, with vocal and musical intelligence; that she was beautiful, a radiant apparition on and off the stage. It is also true that she was a woman of indomitable will and energy, gifted with the power of application, rising above discouragement, ambitious, unwilling to fall below her own high artistic standard for the sake of cheap applause.

She was a lyric, not a dramatic soprano, and it was in lyric parts that she shone: Juliet, the Countess, rather than Santuzza and Tosca. She was a charming Elsa and Desdemona; she was fair to the eye as Hero in Mancinelli's mediocre opera. She was not a powerfully dramatic actress, but first of all a singer of uncommon beauty; to be remembered gratefully in certain roles for her voice, grace, face and figure. She was a girlish Juliet, not easily to be forgotten; in the "Nozze di Figaro," a vision of loveliness.

To Bostonians the first forty pages are of special interest for it was in this city she began to study seriously her art; it was due to Bostonians that she was able to pursue her studies in Paris; it was here that she made warm friends who are still loyal.

She prefaces her narration with these words: "Great fixity of purpose, absolute absorption in the task in hand, and a complete obsession concerning the duty to be accomplished, have been the fundamental laws governing my career and life." Thus does she justly define her character. Here is no idle boast.

New to even some of her friends will be the entertaining pages about her life as a child in Shanghai; her childish joys and emotions, for she says that as a little girl she was intensely emotional. It was only in later years that she saw the necessity of "emotional self-preservation." She tells of her early years in Maine, of her life there with her grandmother, who, with a "warped emotional nature" had married "an icicle and a problem in Euclid," a hard man of "the black, dour Scotch type." Yet Emma, the girl, was not unhappy; she was tremendously energetic; boys came to blows trying to settle which one was to be her partner at dancing school, though "I had remarkably little personal vanity." Some years later "Fighting Bob" Evans told Mrs. Eames that Emma was "peaches and cream."

It was in 1882 that Emma came to Boston where she was safe in the house of "two maiden ladies" who might have stepped out of Cranford, so severe and conventional were they. There are memories of B. J. Lang, J. K. Paine, Annie Payson Call, with her Delsarte system, "one of the greatest teachers that America has ever had in that line." It is easy to name the pianist, who, wishing to give Emma piano lessons, fell madly in love with her, and, having seen her twice, insisted she should marry him at once. She tells of her church and concert life, of her hearing Patti and Nilsson, of Gericke's interest, of her teacher the late Clara Munger, who said she had rarely seen an instance where a woman "kept her integrity of character" when she became an opera singer. "Whereupon I vowed that if I had to buy my career at the expense of my character, I would have no career." Henry L. Higginson furnished funds for her study in Europe. "When I paid my indebtedness to him the first year I sang in America he told me that up to that time I was the only one among the aspiring young musicians and singers he had helped who had ever returned the money loaned them."

Teachers and pupils will be interested in Mme. Eames's account of Mme. Marchesi's method of instruction. (It should here be remarked that Mme. Eames owed much to the supervision of her mother in the hours of practice in the pension.) Is Mme. Eames wholly fair to Mme. Marchesi? She "fortunately did not attempt to change my natural singing method. She did it no harm, but neither did she give me that absolute vocal security which I was to gain for myself later." There was later a misunderstanding between teacher and pupil, owing, as Mme. Eames says, to the misrepresentations and intrigues of a rival who blocked her from appearing at the Monnaie, Brussels. Mme. Eames does not name this rival, but it is easy to see that she has Mme. Melba in mind, a singer who, she admits, had "a naturally placed, liquid, perfect and divinely beautiful voice." (When we were living in Paris in 1885 Mme. Marchesi's pupils of whom she had the greatest hopes were Melba, then Ionora as Mrs. Armstrong, Emma Eames, and Rose Stewart of Boston).

Then comes the story of Mme. Eames's triumphant debut in Paris, coached by Gounod; of Massenet, "wily old fox" keeping her before this from the Opera Comique on account of Sybil Sanderson, "one of the kindest and most generous of people, incapable of meanness," not knowing Massenet's tricks.

There are many anecdotes of the early life in Paris and the operatic adventures, anecdote of Alboni, the great contralto, Dumas the younger, Henry James, Julian Storer and the romantic story of his marriage to Emma, the Prince of Wales, later Edward, VII, who saw to it that she had a career in London—"I was very beautiful then, I can say it now at sixty"—De Blowitz. The morals and the conversation of the London "smart set" shocked Mme. Eames, who knipes them in a delightful manner.

The pages about her operatic career in this county are full of lively and shrewd comments on people and American life and manners; from her experiences in New York to the great earthquake and fire in San Francisco,

ich are graphically described. To her Grau was the greatest of managers. He believed she could not do herself justice under the rule of Gatti-Casazza and Toscanini and so left the stage. "To continue at the Metropolitan under the Italian regime would have been impossible to one of my artistic ideals. . . . My leaving the stage was not an easy thing." She had resolved early in life not to sing in opera after she was forty. "I knew that my voice and my whole temperament were suited to the interpretation of romantic, lyre, poetic, young heroines and therefore when I was forty-three and a half years old, I retired."

What memories she has of her glorious years, when she was associated with Mmes. Sembrich, Nordica, Calve, the de Reszke Brothers, Plancon, Maurel, Lassalle (not Lasalles, as the index has it), de Marchi, Campanari, and others; when even the singers of the second rank under Grau's management would excite applause today in leading roles. And under Conried's rule, the conditions at the Metropolitan gained the approbation of Mme. Eames.

She has written a most readable book; characterization of famous men and women she has met; not a book of shop-worn anecdotes, gossip and irritating self-praise: This book of a thoughtful, observing, independent woman should benefit young singers and give pleasure to the general reader.

P. H.

"I guessed you'd like him," said the other; "I did when we had him last year."

LOOKER ON.

RECITAL

(From the New Yorker)

Maybe, I said, this fellow
Whose voice is so mellow,
Whose bosom's as large
As a barge,
Who brings tears to the eyeballs
As liquid as highballs,
Who sings
For the things
He gets at his supper and dinner,
Was once a discouraged beginner
Who scowled
And howled
In a bedlam of amateur labors
To the great distress of his neighbors.

P. G. W.

That the ancient Egyptians were masters of brewing and were passionately addicted to beer was mentioned years ago by Chancellor Waiworth of New York state in a famous opinion handed down with a brave show of learning and unassailable authority. English travelers in the 16th century said nothing about the Egyptian brew. Mr. Laurence Aldersey visited Alexandria and Cairo in 1886. He was offered "Muskadine" also "The water of Nilus" to drink. He wrote that Joseph's house was still standing in Cairo, "which is a sumptuous thing, having a place to walk in of 56 mighty pillars, all gilt with gold, but I saw it not being then lame."

From "The Literature of the Ancient Egyptians: Poems, Narratives and Manuals of Instruction, from the Third and Second Millennia, B. C.," by Adolf Erman, translated from the German by Aylward M. Blackman, and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., we learn that even in those early years even if beer was a gift to one that met the King's favor, there were some who warned young and old against that pleasing drink. Thus in the story of "King Kheops and the Magicians," the good builder of the great pyramid ordered 1000 loaves of bread, 100 jars of beer, one ox and two measures of incense to be given to King Nebka, while the chief scribe or secretary, Ubaoner, received for an example of his learning only one jug of beer, with a cake, a large piece of flesh and one measure of incense.

In a favorite school book of about 1300 B. C. the boy is thus instructed: "Be content with thy diet: if three loaves satisfy thee and thou drinkest two pots of beer, and the belly is not yet contented, fight against it." The beer was no doubt intoxicating, for we find this warning to school boys: "I am told, thou forsakest writing, thou givest thyself up to pleasures; thou goest from street to street, where it smelleth of beer, to destruction. Beer it scareth men from thee, it sendeth thy soul to perdition. . . . Thou drummest on thy paunch. Thou dost reel and then faltest upon thy belly and art besmirched with dirt." And so we find in "The Wisdom of Anli": "Take not upon thyself to drink a jug of beer. Thou speakest, and an unintelligible utterance issueth from thy mouth. If thou faltest down and thy limbs break, there is none to hold out a hand to thee. Thy companions in drink stand up and say: 'Away with this sot!' If there cometh one to seek thee in order to question thee, thou art found lying on the ground, and thou art like a little child."

After a short outline of Egyptian history (3000—945 B. C.) come pages about the development of the literature, the learned scribes, singers and story-tellers, the forms of the poetry, writing and books, and the possibility of understanding Egyptian texts, for the system of writing was ambiguous, and the scribes often careless or ignorant. The pages on the writing, which began as "picture-writing," their ink, brush-pens, papyrus paper are especially interesting. The professional singers were male and female; they are pictured in the series of tomb scenes, but not the story-teller, for he recited only to the common people in the streets, and street-life is not portrayed in the tombs.

The succeeding pages, a little over 300 in number, copiously annotated, give examples from the older poetry, as the "Pyramid texts" (about 2600 B. C., or earlier), expressing the wish of the royal dead to dwell in the sky like the gods; morning hymns, narratives, instructions in wisdom, religious poems, letters as models for schoolboys, exhortations to them, love and other songs, poems to the kings. Among the religious poems are hymns and prayers to Amun, Thoth and Re.

The guide to worldly prosperity is not unlike the books of wisdom in the Old Testament and the Apochrypha.

"Be not arrogant because of thy knowledge, and have no confidence in that thou art a learned man. Take council with the ignorant as with the wise, for the limits of art cannot be reached and no artist fully possesseth his skill. A good discourse is more hidden than the precious green stone and yet is found with slave girls over the millstones.

"If thou art a humble person and art in the train of a man of repute, one that standeth well with the god (i. e. the King) know thou nothing of his former insignificance. Raise not up thine heart against him on account of what thou knowest about him aforetime. Reverence him in accordance with what hath happened unto him, for wealth cometh not of itself.

"Make a friend of the herald (the official) of thy quarter, and let him not become enraged with thee. Give him dainties when there are any in thine house and pass him not by at his prayers. Say to him: 'Praise to thee.'"

Discretion in speech is recommended; one should avoid crowds, so as not to be blamed in court if there is a tumult.

And women? If there are charming love poems, there are also the sayings of women-haters: "If thou wouldst prolong friendship in a house to which thou has admittance, as master, or as brother, or as a friend, into whatsoever place thou enterest, beware of approaching the women. The place where they are is not good. Men are made fools by their gleaming limbs, and lo! they become heret-foes. A trifle, a little, the likeness of a dream, and death cometh as the end."

Yet the Egyptian is ordered not to "act the official" over his wife in her home, if he knows she is excellent. "Say not unto her: 'Where is it? Bring it us,' if she hath put in the right place. Let thine eye observe and be silent, that so thou mayest know her good deeds."

The love songs in which the lovers call themselves "brother and sister" recall passages in the Song of Songs. The maiden speaks: "It is pleasant to go to the pond in order to bathe me in thy presence, that I may let thee see my beauty in my tunic of finest royal linen when it is wet. . . Come and look at me."

The youth speaks: "Ah, would I were her negress that is her handmaid, then would I behold the color of all her limbs. Ah, would I were the signet ring which is on her finger."

A maiden: "Mine arms are full of branches of the persea and my hair is weighed down with unguent. I am like a princess of the lord of the Two Lands when I am in thine arms."

There are pessimistic poems, complaints of life and fear of death. One song extols the good fortune of the dead.

"The duration of that which is done upon earth is as a dream. 'Welcome, safe and sound,' is said to him that hath reached the West."

One of the exhortations to schoolboys is not to be a soldier. The hardships of his life are named. Let us go back to the beginning. In one of the many curious and entertaining narratives from the older period, Dedi, the magician, is extolled. "He is a townsman of 110 years, and he cateth 500 loaves of bread, a haunch of beef in the way of meat, and drinketh 100 jugs of beer unto this very day." And so Dedi was hale and hearty.

Carthage with the thought of Dido and the prig Aeneas, Salammbô, and that terrible old man, M. Podcius Cato, with his cry "Delenda est Carthago"—Timagad, a name that evokes romance, as the word Mesopotamia soothed the old lady in the meeting house as she munched caraway seeds behind her thick mourning veil—Algeria and the pirates, Djemila, Touggourt, Dougga and Quairowan—these and other glories of old days are "The Vanished Cities of Northern Africa," a book by Mrs. Steuart Erskine, with eight color and 32 black-and-white illustrations by Maj. Benton Fletcher, a beautiful book, a large octavo of 284 pages, published by Houghton Mifflin Company. We regret to say there is no index.

These cities have not wholly vanished. The ruins of some are still standing; archaeologists are bringing others to the light. Mrs. Erskine has, perhaps necessarily, appealed to history, "Thou reverend chronicler of the grave," to quote an Irish orator given to fine bursts of rhetoric. The story of the Punic wars is retold; Mrs. Erskine is somewhat surprised at finding Dido, whose real name was Eliza, or something like it, "accepted as a historical personage by modern writers. Virgil gives no picture of Carthage that helps us to 'visualise' the place. (It was left for Turner to paint the picture of Dido building Carthage.)

Did Flaubert slip up on his descriptions as Sainte-Beuve and others insisted? We have the story of Sophonisba, heroine in opera and drama as in life. We are reminded of the old incredible story that the crusading saint Louis IX, dying among the ruins of Byrsa, was converted to Mohammedanism and buried in the mosque at Sid Bou Said, so that he is in the Moslem Calendar in company with Moses and Christ. Carthage, as seen by Mrs. Erskine, is not in the ruins brought to light. The garden (surrounding the monastery and the Cathedral of the White Fathers of the Desert) is "glossy with evergreen oaks and gray with olives and pale green with the young shoots of chestnut trees; among the privet hedges and the pepper-trees, the cactus and the palms, lie broken columns suggestive of the past. Down there beneath the turquoise sea grows milky-white near the shore, and is chased by changing lights over its rippling surface, while beyond it the mountains are violet and sapphire and pale blue as the clouds chase each other across the sky. This is the real Carthage."

William Black, whose novels were once eagerly sought by publishers, used to bore some of his readers by long-winded descriptions of scenery; the story halted while the teller expatriated on the landscape. Mrs. Erskine is not thus bore-some. She sees in the bay of Tunis "the bold, bad pirates, their red beards aflame in the sunshine, standing on the deck of a galley manned by Christian slaves chained to the oar, followed by other ships towing in the booty." She tells of the devout Salsa, a girl of 14, who, entering a pagan temple, seized the gilded head of the worshipped dragon of brass, hurled it into the sea and later disposed in like manner of the idol's body. We read of the library built at Timagad of 400,000 sesterces by M. Julius Quintilianus Flavius Rogatianus of senatorial rank. O mouth-filling, superb resounding name! This library held about 23,000 volumes. "What sort of books were popular with the

readers? They must have been Latin and Greek books chiefly. . . . That the readers were not all serious people we may assume, because the remarks that they scribbled on the columns were not at all crude, having more connection with love than learning. Perhaps they enjoyed reading Apuleius's 'Golden Ass' as much as a treaty on divination." And the story of Apuleius tried for witchcraft because he had married a young and good-looking widow is pleasantly told. Charged with too much time spent on personal adornment he answered: "It is true that I have not been negligent of my person. I have used a mirror; I have combed my hair, and I have actually been guilty of cleaning my teeth." All this because Mrs. Erskine thinks that Apuleius visited Djemida.

Ships from Tharshish brought to King Solomon once in three years gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks. Phoenician galleys brought in the days of Punic supremacy "sacks of powdered gold, ostriches' eggs and feathers, lion and tiger skins, ebony and ivory, blue and yellow chalcidones, elephants' tusks, stuffs dyed twice in Tyrian purple, rhinoceros horns, bracelets, collars, pearls, colored glass vases, jewels, chased silver, embroidery worked by the clever hands of Tyrian slaves."

What was the fate of the powerful Abou Yezid Makhled, who captured and lost Susa? Al Mansour, his conqueror, did not kill him; he kept him in a cage till he died; then he had the body skinned and stuffed with straw to be carried through the streets of Qairowan. "Some say that he afterwards gave it as a plaything to two monkeys."

There is a great theatre at Dougga, with much of the decoration and machinery of the stage still in place. In a museum at Susa the poet Virgil is portrayed on a mosaic pavement, severe of countenance, with the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy standing by his chair. Fakirs still swallow glass, cactus and snakes at Qairowan.

There is a chapter on Arabic music, with references to writers on the subject, with quotations from them. There is a chapter on the Sahara, but Mrs. Erskine did not hear the faint music of the desert which is usually fatal to the listener. There is much about the Russian Isabelle Eberhardt who lived among the tribes of the Djerid district, adopted the faith of Islam, dressed as a male Arab, a journalist who died young. Her charming "Fantasia" is here translated.

Stories are told of successive conquests; of strife between early Christian sects; of the glorious pirate Dragut who was allowed by an insulted Sultan to have a beacon at the prow of his galley and was granted a pension. Emile Masqueray's description of a dancing girl of the Oulad Vail in her own country is translated. Mrs. Erskine says that the danse du Ventre as seen at Biskra has been vulgarized by western curiosity.

Temples, baths, tombs, theatres, palaces. Deeds of Berbers, Romans, Moslem dynasties. The amphitheatre at Thysdrus surpassed in richness of decoration the Roman Colosseum. The enchanting Sufetula, shielding her face with a fan of peacocks' feathers, dressed sumptuously, rode to battle with her father. Did she wed Az Zohri, who slew him, or, given to an Arab, who sang as they journeyed:

"Daughter of Djoredjin, you shall go on foot in your time,
In the Hijaz your mistress waits for you;
You shall carry water in a pitcher at Caba!"

did she, learning the meaning of the song, throw herself from her camel and break her neck?

The illustrations, of rare beauty, enhance the value of this fascinating and valuable book.

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"The Merry Malones," George Cohan's new musical comedy. Last two weeks.

PLYMOUTH—"Broadway," Jed Harris's play of night club life. Second week.

SHUBERT—"My Princess," formerly "My Golden Girl," Alfred Aaron's operetta with Hope Hampton. Second week.

WILBUR—"Bye, Bye, Bonnie," last week of the Louis Simon-Bide Dudley musical comedy. Fritz Scheff and Frances White have featured roles.

'THE BARKER'

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Barker," a play in three acts and five scenes by Kenyon Nicholson. Presented by Charles L. Wagner in association with Edgar Selwyn. Produced in New York at the Biltmore Theatre on Jan. 18, 1927.

Nifty Miller.....	Walter Huston
Hap Spissel.....	Al Roberts
T. Bone.....	John Cambridge
Pop Morgan.....	William Ellis
A. Hick.....	Joseph O'Donnell
Carrie.....	Eleanor Winslow Williams
Col. Gowdy.....	George W. Barber
Lou.....	Claudette Colbert
Sailor West.....	John Irwin
Chris Miller.....	Norman Foster
Maw Benson.....	Jessie Graham
Doc Rice.....	Raymond Bramley
Cleo.....	Mae Hopkins
Fannie.....	Gertrude Wixal
Hawaiian Trio.....	

This is a play of humble strollers, of tent life, of Colonel Gowdy's Big Show. The "barker" is the hero, a shabby hero, but alternately proud of his calling and disgusted with it.

(Let no one think that "barker" is American slang. The word has been in

English literature for about 200 years. It was first applied in London to those who stood in front of shops calling attention to the wares for sale within).

"Nifty" Miller, like many who have had no education and have had a rough life, dreamed of a brilliant future for his boy. College—a lawyer's office—at last a leader of the bar. No stroller's hardships for his Chris.

But Chris, having a vacation, leaves grandfather and the old farm, wishing to see something of life, a lovable youth, innocent, but curious. To his father's amazement and consternation he arrives at Shelbyville and insists on joining the show, "Nifty" tries to dissuade him. He fears the boy will be contaminated, for the tent people are what Walt Whitman described of "Nature's darlings." Carrie has been living with him, and there has been no purchase of a wedding ring. Lou has been the great Col. Gowdy's girl. The men, good-hearted rough necks, do not talk as college professors or staid members of the legal profession. What has Chris to do in that galaxy? Pleased to have his boy with him for a time, "Nifty" consents but does not forget his dream for future.

If "Nifty" had not "done Carrie wrong" telling her 'twas all off, simply because he wished to be decent while the boy was with him! The resentful Carrie, justly enraged, for she loved the barker, thrown aside simply because she had offered Chris a cup of White Mule, persuades to set her cap for Chris. Lou's natural inclination to play Mrs. Potiphar is strengthened by the promise of \$100. She falls in love with the boy, genuinely and passionately in love, and marries him. Fancy the surprise of Carrie and the blow to "Nifty's" hope and pride. There is a stormy scene. The young lovers are thrown out of their tented Paradise, Carrie is nearly choked to death by "Nifty" when he learns of her trickery. The barker talks of leaving the show to see again the farm of his boyhood. But he stays with the colonel, Carrie is forgiven; the father's heart is cheered by learning that good little Lou is profitably engaged at a night club in Chicago and Chris is in a lawyer's office.

This play is without padding, for the humorous business which might seem to some incidental, reveals the tent life and shows why "Nifty" was opposed to the longing of Chris to be a stroller. Nor is the comic business introduced in vaudevillian spirit; it is a part of the dramatic continuity. The action, although it moves necessarily at a leisurely pace, does not drag. The drama is a play of manners, low manners some might say, but it is without vulgarity, without false sentiment. It is an honest play that holds the attention throughout.

And the play is well acted. The characters live, sordid as their lives may seem, sordid but relieved by generous thoughts and deeds. It is easy to sympathize with Lou, Carrie, Maw Benson, and the boy. The barker himself is to be pitied only for his paternal love. It is to Mr. Huston's credit that he did not make this love seem mawkish. There was a fine reserve except when the dramatist turned him into a bully and a would-be stranger. The other characters were finely differentiated. Miss Colbert gave a fascinating portrayal of Lou, reckless, dissolute until she knew without intention, even against her will, what real love was. The scene of temptation was for once neither silly nor sensual. But all contributed in large measure to the excellence of the performance and the evident enjoyment of the large audience. One of the most effective scenes in the play was the one in which Maw Benson reasons and pleads with "Nifty," while Carrie stands by hoping for reconciliation with the man about to leave the show.

TREMONT—"Honeymoon Lane," Eddie Dowling's musical comedy comes here after a year's record-breaking engagement at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York. Mr. Dowling is in the principal role. The cast:

Mary Brown.....	Bobbie Perkins
Ruth Adams.....	Martha Morton
Harry Yuke.....	Harry Robinson
Tim Murphy.....	Eddie Dowling
John Brown.....	George Pauncefort
Ethel Jackson.....	Adeline Spamon
Ted Kleins.....	Al Sexton
Matty Pathe.....	Gordon Dooley
Mile. Florentine Gosnova.....	

Mazie Buck.....	Ether Muir
Dream Man.....	Worthe Faulkner
Station Master.....	Jerre McLaughlin
Conductor.....	Thomas Weldon
Tim Little.....	Kate Smith
Porter.....	Dick Weston
A Passenger.....	Alice Johnstone
Mrs. Neilligan.....	Josie Intropidi
Addie.....	Adeline Seamon
Mazie Buck.....	Ether Muir
Jessie.....	Jean Casewell
Leo Scamp.....	Ivy Palmer
The Boss.....	Leo Beers
Patrick Kelly.....	Bernard Randall
Elsie.....	D. J. Sullivan
Edith.....	Emerita Monach
	Helen Ault

Fresh from a week at the Atlantic City shore, where Eddie Dowling opened his new production, "The Sidewalks of New York" and on the afternoon and evenings, when he was not otherwise occupied, appeared in the role of King Neptune while the momentous question of "Miss America" was decided upon, this same gentleman last evening brought to the Tremont his successful musical comedy troupe of "Honeymoon Laners."

Mr. Dowling has in "Honeymoon Lane" a thoroughly entertaining musical comedy. This fact has already been attested to by the recent completion of a year's engagement in New York City. In this, he is again seen as an Irish-American lad much like the Jimmie Dugan of his "Sally, Irene and Mary" of several seasons ago. Tim Murphy, Timothy Francis Murphy to be exact, is his name and he works in a pickle factory in a small town in Pennsylvania. A co-worker is a girl named Mary whom he loves. He would buy her a little home (cue for "Little White House, at the End of a Lane," which Boston has been whistling for several months), but Mary's eyes gleam in good musical comedy ingenue style as she pictures a Broadway career, for hasn't she won a diploma from a motion picture acting correspondence school and what good is a diploma if you can't make use of it? "I ask you now, I ask you?" as Mr. Dowling puts it.

The sets of the country town are quickly changed for those of the gay lights of Broadway, where we have glimpses of backstage and hotel life and watch the stage folk "cut up." Tim, heartbroken (the plot is carried along very nicely and not lost in the rush as is the case in most musical comedies), follows her to the city, but to no avail. At least not until several highly entertaining scenes and sets pass before our eyes when a softly sung reprise tells that all is well with the future Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Murphy.

Eddie Dowling is a great favorite here and was accorded an enthusiastic reception last evening. In his curtain speech he thanked the audience, and among other things informed them that Mrs. Alfred Smith, Gov. "Al's" wife, and a party of friends had come to see the show and were in the audience. Morton Dooley and his wife, Martha Morton, are outstanding figures in the production. Morton, like his brother John, gets most of his laughs from comedy falls, while Miss Morton stops the show with some excellent tapping. Mile. Florentine Gosnova, who is playing the role originally taken by Florence O'Denishawn, does some unusually good dancing. Her work on the whole lacks the nervous, jerky rhythm that Miss O'Denishawn so often suggests in her movements. Mile. Gosnova is easier and more restful in her every move. Kate Smith, the large, hearty lady whom Mr. Dowling discovered, sings "blues" in terrific, determined fashion and tops it all by a fast-moving Charleston that has the audience applauding in perfect tempo. The music, all by James Hanley, is way above the average. None of the tunes have to be "forced" or "plugged" as it were—they just make themselves. Leo Beers, in a piano specialty; Bobbie Perkins, leading lady, and the other principals all add to the general entertaining quality of the whole production. A. F.

Operetta Founded on Play 'Arizona,' by Augustus Thomas

Majestic Theatre—"My Golden West," operetta founded on Augustus Thomas's play, "Arizona," presented by the Messrs. Shubert in association with L. Laurence Weber. Book by Edward Locke; music by Sigmund Romberg; lyrics by Harry B. Smith. The cast:

Sam Wong.....	Carlos Mejia
Lena Keller.....	Jane Ebert
Slim Carter.....	Richard Powell
Mike.....	Bradley F. Lane
Tim.....	John L. King
Joe.....	Frank Erwin
Tony Mustano.....	Joseph Macaulay
Estrella Canby-Bonham.....	Lora Sanderason
Col. Bonham.....	Wilfred Lucas

Reginald Paragaster.....	Edward Douglas
Miss McCullagh.....	Violet Celson
Doctor Fenlon.....	Charles Lawrence
Henry Canby.....	W. L. Thorne
Mrs. Canby.....	Alice Fisher
Bonita Canby.....	Berna Deane
White Horse.....	William Balfour
Capt. Hodgman.....	John Rutherford
Ser. Keller.....	Hubert Willeke
Red Crow.....	John Barker
Black Hawk.....	Stanley Jessup
Senorita Diaz.....	Ruth Ann Watson
Manuel Peon.....	Frank King
Fiesta Dancers.....	Valez and Yolanda

The old favorite by Augustus Thomas lends itself admirably to romantic operetta of the current vogue, supplying a plot with smooth deep-dyed villain, debonaire hero, and blond heroine who helps to save the day, as well as giving raison d'être in plenty for exotic and variegated ensembles in which soldiers' swords and suits of blue contrast excitingly with dusky skins and plumed headgear.

"My Golden West" is a lavish production, in settings, in veritable armies of well-chosen chorus girls, and in choral volume. Sigmund Romberg did the music for this full-scored piece. The flavor of the military fittingly predominate the score, varied here and there for motif of the tom-tom, and for the two romantic theme songs, "Eyes That Love" and "I Live, I Die for You."

Few incidental numbers intrude into the melodramatic procession of events. A Spanish dance by Valez and Yolanda furnished pleasing variation and threatened to stop the show, but for the most part the operetta sticks closely to the play, even to the "won't you—sit down" lines of the days of our fathers. Perhaps it was this consistent usage of the conversational clichés which have long since found their way into burlesque that made the first act seem lacking in creative vitality. But the operetta has everything, even as the play. Love, hate, villainy and heroism combine to weave their sure-fire spell, and by the time we reach the dramatic finale of the second act, everything clicks and all is right with the world.

Berna Deane's Bonita is a vivacious, attractive miss, who can sing, and who looks well and sings well with her Lt. Denton, the young officer who leads the border rangers against the savages who have broken their truce. And a word for the villain. No smooth deceiver ever smirked more gracefully, and Mr. Rutherford fills one with a desire to go home and practice up on smirking, even as Mr. Macaulay's fiercely adoring Tony of passionate Spanish songs sends up the stock of guitars.

On the whole, tuneful and spectacular romantic operetta, well worth an evening. H. F. M.

COPLEY THEATRE—Murray Hill, a farce in three acts by Leslie Howard. The cast was as follows:

Vane.....	David Clyde
Mrs. Cass.....	Elisbeth Dudgeon
May Tweedie.....	May Ediss
Elizabeth Tweedie.....	Gaby Fay
George Appleway.....	Ralph Roberts
Amelia Tweedie.....	Elsie Wagstaffe
Worthington Smythe.....	Rupert Lucas
Widley.....	Norman Cannon

To be 26 in 1927 and never to have known a man more thrilling than the family lawyer—Amelia Tweedie is almost as incomprehensible a character as her 18th century prototype. Miss Elsie Wagstaffe, the Copley Theatre's new Australian addition, is hard pressed during act one to make Amelia plausible enough even for the purposes of farce. She resorts to the eye-lowerings and dress-smoothings that have become the behind-the-footlight tokens of a most immaculate purity. There never could have been such a maiden, even in Murray Hill, even with two old-maid aunts and one almost-old-maid great-aunt.

Mr. Howard has taken his play and himself to Broadway where the sheer originality of Amelia should interest the New Yorkers.

Amelia is kissed in Act Two. Immensely assisted by this and by a charming white evening gown, also spotless, Miss Wagstaffe grows in interest. She is a competent actress, and slowly becomes a charming Victorian miss who would marry her Alfred, were he the Prince of Wales or were he a mortician. You know at once that Alfred will not turn out to be the Prince of Wales. Mr. Cannon is not that type. It would be too dreadful, though quite respectable, to have Alfred a mortician. What he really is, becomes apparent to the audience about the beginning of Act Two, and to the characters on the stage as the final curtain falls. We will not disclose this secret.

The play, which opened here this summer with Genevieve Tobin as Sweet Twenty-Six and Leslie Howard as the handsome and mysterious Mr. X, is a steadily amusing farce, with a palatable sweetening of sentiment. It concerns a legacy, and opens with the family breakfast before the funeral exercises—a new note. Then there is a drunken nephew from Chicago, who will inherit \$100,000, provided he does not displease his Murray Hill maiden aunts. His appearance, in a dinner coat, to attend the services, is one of the most realistic and amusing drunken scenes that a person of experience in this line could enjoy. Mr. Howard has evidently

done his drinking with the best people. Omnipresent is Mr. X., well played by Norman Cannon, who helps the tight gentleman out of a tight place, and thereby gets himself into one. It's quite all right in the end; he gets Amelia, and only what he deserves for falling in love with one look on Fifty-eighth street.

May Ediss and Gaby Fay are very funny as the spinster aunts. Aunt Mary is the dreadnought type, but Aunt Elizabeth preserves a saving sense of life's little ironies.

The past year of Art for Money's Sake has done much for the Copley scenery. What with Ghost Trains and Clutching Hands, the Murray Hill breakfast room really looks like a breakfast room, and the wig situation has improved. R. H. G.

'THE STOLEN BRIDE'

"The Stolen Bride," starring Billie Dove, a film drama, written by Carey Wilson, directed by Alexander Korda and presented by First National at the Washington street Olympia Theatre with the following cast:

Sari, Countess Thurzo.....	Billie Dove
Franz Pless.....	Lloyd Hughes
Baron von Heimberg.....	Lilyan Tashman
Count Thurzo.....	Armand Kaliz
	Frank Beal

The last of the Ufa film makers to come to this country is Alexander Korda, and this is his first American film. His direction has been remarkable in some ways if a little ponderous, and the foreign flavor he has dashed over the obvious story, makes this picture different from the average and gives it a pleasant sense of having been out of Hollywood.

Billie Dove is starred and if gowns, chinchilla coats, marble steps and halls have anything to do with her ability as a cinema performer, she has every reason to believe she is a success. Lilyan Tashman flowers in this picture into an actress.

The story is romantic as only a story of a peasant boy and a princess can be. Sari, Countess Thurzo, last and loveliest of her line, loves Franz, son of the village cobbler, and tries to sell him the idea of staying in Hungary and becoming a captain in the huzzars, but Franz knows that as a peasant he will never be anything, so he moves on to America. Sari also goes to America for

a foreign education—it is so described in the subtitles—and the two Hungarians meet again in New York. When they are about to elope, Sari is summoned home by her father and Franz, taking a faster boat, arrives home before she does.

He finds, much to his surprise, that he is eligible for compulsory military service and is drafted into the army before he is more than two feet over the border. The proud young man, who has been gathering American ideals for many years, is made to shine most of the boots in the huzzar regiment before he gets out of it by donning an officer's uniform and taking the train.

The substance of the picture shows great promise for the future of Mr. Korda. He should not be so generous with subtitles, but this is probably not Mr. Korda's fault. In one instance, when the fair heroine has Franz locked in her suite with most of the officers of the army looking for him and she, shudderingly asks what is to become of them he, hoping to soothe her, says: "They will shoot me and marry you to Heimberg."

Lloyd Hughes as Franz and Armand Kaliz as the Baron von Heimberg are both excellent.

The vaudeville at the Olympia this week deserves mention. Toodles and Todd, with two clever dogs; Dorothy D'Orsay and Tom Stedman, who need more work and a little more balance to land on the two-a-day, and the clever Lamys. Other acts and a Christie comedy complete the program. C. M. D.

Thrills, baffling mystery and adventure on the high seas stand out in "Alias the Lone Wolf," featured this week for the first time in Boston at Loew's Oxyneum Theatre. Bert Lytell, screen's leading portrayal of gentlemen crooks roles, shares honors with Lois Wilson of "Covered Wagon" fame.

Lytell has scored outstanding hits as Michael Lanyard, the "Lone Wolf," in two earlier screen versions of the exploits of Louis Joseph Vance's famous French underworld hero. On this latest tale he adds another notable characterization to his previous successes. Miss Wilson is a graceful and appealing feminine lead.

The supporting cast includes Ned Sparks, Paulette Duval, William V. Mong, James Mason and others.

258 MOSCONI BROTHERS HEAD KEITH BILL

This year, as far as it has gone, has produced more novelties in dancing, than almost the past decade, and the Mosconi brothers have adopted and perfected all of them. They are leading the bill at Keith's this week, and their act is a real headliner.

There aren't too many good dancing acts on the circuit nowadays so that a finished performance such as the Mosconis give is truly refreshing. Their company of dancing girls adds a lot of wholesome color to their act.

It's after the holiday season and the cooler weather makes an evening at the theatre more attractive. Hence the increase and improvement in the Keith bill—getting under way for a season filled with promises of good things in vaudeville.

Paul Decker and his company of entertainers are offering their newest comedy success and the comedian's popularity hasn't waned with Keith audiences one bit.

Venita Gould, portraying the numerous stars of the stage world, takes her audience with her into the theatres where all of the popular actresses are doing their acts and her impersonations are sufficiently real to give patrons glimpses of stars they've probably never seen in life, but have heard and read about and seen in pictures and imagine they know—Miss Gould introduces them.

Billy Shone and Betty Rich are back with a new act that outshines their previous best effort. There's always good—this time they're at their best.

For delightful harmony, Arthur Green and Anna Lafell outshine many of the very excellent singing acts—their's is a combination of delightful music and attractive stage entertainment that puts them in an uppermost sphere among favorites.

Billy Hallen and Jack Joyce are substantial contributors to a well-balanced bill and each scored a hit with the first-nighters.

The Agenos, clever and classy, won several big hands and Evers and Greta came in for a round of applause that convinced them they were in Boston.

The news reel is up to date and rounds out a program more than worth while.

BLANCHE SWEET AT MODERN, BEACON

Rin-Tin-Tin Picture Also on
Bill at Two Theatres

Two new photoplays of widely contrasting themes make up the picture program this week at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. The headliner is the William Fox production, "Singed," with Blanche Sweet starred in a cast including Warner Baxter and Mary McAllister. The companion picture presents Rin-Tin-Tin in a drama of the western country, "Tracked by the Police," the cast comprising Jason Robards, Virginia Browne Faire and Tom Santschi. The Vitaphone artists presentations include Charles Hackett, the noted American tenor of the Chicago opera, Ruth Glanville, saxophone virtuoso, and The Yacht Club Boys, singing entertainers.

Miss Sweet is seen as a former dance hall girl of an oil boom town who had struck it rich, and who tries when wealth comes to live down her unsavory reputation. But in spite of sacrifices and stern endeavor only failure meets her efforts until a quirk of fate shows her a way to happiness and future respectability.

The screen's wonder dog again is seen as heroic defender of its master and agent of good in a strong drama of primitive hates and loves in rough surroundings. It is a better than ordinary drama with plausibilities lending a pleasing conviction, and bringing greater credit to its canine principal.

'WAY OF ALL FLESH' AT SCOLLY SQUARE

Emil Jannings Plays Strong
Role in New Film

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Cradle Snatchers," a farce comedy in three acts, presented by the Keith-Albee players. The cast:

Ethel Drake	Ruth King
Susan Martin	Mary Hill
Kitty Ladd	Edith Speare
Henry Winton	Frank Charlton
Jose Vallejo	J. Glynn McFarlane
Oscar Nordholm	Day Manson
Anne Hall	Flora Maud Gade
Jackie	Eleanor Burchard
Francine	Mercy MacNiff
Ellnor	Sydel Landrew
Howard Drake	John Winthrop
George Martin	Charles Schofield
Roy Ladd	Malcolm Arthur
Marie	Betty White

The piece is frankly intended to be of the generously "naughty" sort, and as such meets with warm approval from a highly-amused audience. Though the plot may answer to the general description of "loose," as one of the ardent matrons of the play once describes her feelings, and though there occurs now and then a double-meaning line that may exceed the "suggestive," there is no doubt of the success of the play with the audience. Frequent outbursts

of unrestrained laughter, mayhap mixed with a strain of suppressed titters and giggles, give ample evidence of this.

The theme is concerned with pettily philandering husbands, and the method adopted by their wives to win them back—by means of "spite lovers."

The matronly wives, having reason to suspect their husbands of having formed attachments with potential "home-wreckers," themselves decide to acquire youthful lovers each as a means of winning back their erring spouses. In the ensuing developments, the wives come in for all and more than they counted on from the youths hired as swains, but in the end they accomplish their purpose, though somewhat seared in the process.

J. Glynn McFarlane, the new leading man, is a decided hit as Senor Jose Vallejo, the ardently willing lover of one of the wives. Ruth King, as Mrs. Ethel Drake, plays the part of the timorous, sedate wife in a pleasingly capable manner. Edith Speare, as Kitty Ladd, and Charles Schofield, as George Martin, one of the husbands, likewise fill their parts with highly commendable grace.

"The Sentimentalists," a novel by Dale Collins, published by Little, Brown & Co., is an unusual story of the sea. The captain of the transatlantic liner was once asked by a passenger whether he enjoyed W. Clark Russell's novels. "No, I don't like these novels in which the captain is always a villain and the third mate is a perfect gentleman." He would have been amused by "The Sentimentalists," which is based on an antithesis worthy of Victor Hugo, who delighted in striking oppositions of characters and situations. Here we have a monster of a captain, shining like a whale in the heat when the brig Hirondeille lay at anchor in the river Panjermassa; with a red, raw face, heavy creases on both sides of his mouth, with sagging folds in his neck; huge, dirty, hairy, brutal in speech and action, without a friend, selfish, given to strong drink. A baby, abandoned, was thrust upon him, found in a native canoe that bumped against the side of the vessel. What to do with the baby, who was crying and hungry? There was no woman on board to care for it, yet the child appealed to Cap'n Whelan. He would not bring a Malay woman on board to cruise with him. Women in general were to be feared, distrusted, loathed.

On shore, Tina Murray, at her hotel, a connoisseur of men, was moved to talk with Whelan. She found his grossness, ugliness, wetness, vastness, fascinating. He looked like a broad joke perpetrated by Nature. "She thought of a mastodon, smelling strangely, uncouth, ungainly, dripping with the slime of a young world." Tina, the daughter of a banker who had been jailed for making away with the deposits, had sailed for the East as the niece of a rich man. Several men were wooing her with various intentions. She was mercenary, but could not shape her course. Whelan took her for what she was not. After a strangely amusing conversation, he suggested that she should sail with him to care for the baby.

Whelan became jealous of the love between Tina and the little one. The vessel stopped at Netherlandia, where Li-Goon's store was club and hotel. There Tina met Messrs. Thompson, who had been told by a girl in Manila that he looked like a senator; Cuvelier, who thought he was irresistible with the ladies; Evan Jones, who constantly quoted texts from the Bible, sprinkling the talk of the others with passages apt

or incongruous, and Johnny Summers, given to strong drink. The scenes in which they and Tina take part are described with racy humor. The talk is most amusing. How Johnny braced up, falling in love with Tina, pursued her in spite of the jealous Whelan, fearing lest she would forsake his adopted child, ready to marry her for the child's sake, is told in a refreshingly original manner. Two characters on the ship, Carrington, the silent mate, with his belief in astrology, and Nagashima, the musical cook, might have figured in a novel by Maryat. There are vivid descriptions of scenery, shrewd characterizations, stirring incidents. Tina is at first enigmatical; witness her extraordinary scene with Mr. Shaw, who saved her from Malay robbers before she met Whelan. To tell the ending, which is the most conventional portion of the story, would not be fair to many who will be delighted with "The Sentimentalists," one of the most original of sea tales, one of the most entertaining and ably written novels of recent seasons.

Little, Brown & Co. also publish "Twentieth Century Crimes," by Frederick A. Mackenzie, a Canadian, war correspondent, student of criminology, author, who made his home in Russia in 1905, and was sent in 1921 to study Bolshevism in that land. This book of famous crimes is illustrated from photographs. Mr. Mackenzie believes that the most effective method of stripping the glamor from great crimes is to tell the truth about them. What kind of a man is a murderer? Is he mentally twisted, morally warped, or did some outward circumstance lead him? Mr. Mackenzie tells in great detail the story of young Leopold and Loeb; of Rasputin; of the murder of the Tsar at Ekaterinburg; of the Stockholm dynamite murder; of the strange melodrama with Steinle Morrison and the mystery of Leon Beron; of the shooting of Herman Rosenthal in New York (killing by proxy); of Abe Hummel, the crook lawyer; and of the astonishing wholesale murderer, Landrau, who kept shouting at his trial, "Produce your corpses!" and wrote on the day before his death to the Advocate General, complimenting him on his talent: "I was calm; you were upset. . . . I die with an innocent and quiet mind. I hope respectfully that you may do the same."

Sixty pages are devoted to the Chicago case. The narration includes Leopold's confession and replies to his cross-examiners, a chapter on the psychiatrists, and a study of Clarence Darrow, the defender of the young fiends.

The killing of Rasputin, "the fakir who wrecked a throne," is a grisly story, for Rasputin died hard. Even before he was murdered, he became a legend. It was said that he ate with his fingers at the tables of the great and let noble dames lick them. He certainly had hypnotic powers; he healed the sick, stopped bleeding with passes of the hands and by incantations raised from their beds those about to die. For as Thessaly was the land of witches who could draw down the moon; Hungary was the country of vampires; so in Siberia the Shammanists have "inherited gifts and knowledge that make the claims of Western adepts seem tame." Mr. Mackenzie has dwelt among primitive tribes in northern Asia and does not speak from hearsay. While many women of great families were willing victims of Rasputin's libidinousness, the Empress looked on him as a holy man and protected him; but the belief that, working with him, she was a traitor to Russia, was wholly unfounded.

Mr. Mackenzie's pitiful story of the murder of the imperial family is based on his own exhaustive researches. It is a terrible tale. There have been, and will be, claimants insisting that they survived, "but there is not the shadow of a hope that any one of the victims escaped alive from the Ekaterinburg shambles."

The strangest stories in the book are those concerning Steinle Morrison in London, and the use of dynamite in Stockholm by Von Arbin, the aristocrat, and Kreuger, "a typical example of the new school of criminal youths," who regarded himself in court as a great actor with the world as his audience.

The Rosenthal case brings up again the question whether Becker, who was executed, really killed by proxy the gambler, ready to squeal. One might ask what Abe Hummel is doing in this gallery. Because, though he was not a great criminal in the common acceptance of the word, he stood behind and profited by the follies and crimes of others. It was through a divorce case in which Capt. James T. Morse was interested in behalf of his nephew and through the energy and courage of W. T. Jerome, the district attorney, that Hummel was sent to the penitentiary. (Interesting stories in which Hummel, thinly disguised, has figured, have been published in the Saturday Evening Post.)

Sept 16 1927

The photograph of the Prince of Wales and Prince George in Canada, which was published in English newspapers, has shocked men of fashion because the princes are shown wearing straw hats (boaters") with morning coats. A "dressy" man told a reporter of the Manchester Guardian that a straw hat with a tall coat "simply wasn't done"; the Prince of Wales was dressed as an actor used to be dressed on the stage to represent someone "from the most barbarian suburb." Said the "dressy" man: "Why, he looks like a fellow from the farthest place that buses go to." Yet the costume might have been worse. The prince might have been pictured with white flannel trousers and black boots.

"This dressy man thought that too severe a strain was being put on our loyalty. The only happy thought that had occurred to him was that perhaps Canadians dressed like that and that the prince was dressed in the Canadian manner. 'If so,' he said, bitterly, 'I can understand why they sing, 'Oh, Canada!' and also 'Oh, God! Oh, Montreal!'"

It may be remembered that Orchardson once painted a group of the Royal family in which the present King apparently sported tan boots with a frock coat. English society was terribly shocked until it learned that it was only Orchardson's "well known golden manner" of painting carried too far.

"My dressy friend hopes that the present disaster will turn out to be only a fancy dress photograph. Mr. Baldwin, he noted, wears one hat and carries another in his hand. All may yet be well."

As the World Wags:

"Whether a man should laugh at his own joke is a disputed question," we read in your recent dissertation on humor. The late Kdth Preston of Chicago devoted some thought to this problem, and wrote, in "The Humorist": "He must not laugh at his own wheeze; A snuff box has no right to sneeze." H. F. M.

FOG

(For As the World Wags)
O cursed moisture thrice distilled,
O weather born of clams and shrimps,
O reeking damp by Satan willed,
To level out my sturdy crimps.

An hour ago I passed the glass,
What joy was mine! I caught a glimpse
Of tiny wavelets, which, alas,
Were then my graceful, precious crimps.

And now, Ah me! a wretched fog,
A mere morass of clinging lumps
Is all that looms up through the fog
To mourn my moisty, defunct crimps.
Isles of Shoals. R. H. G.

WIVES AND WIVE BEETERS
As the World Wags:

I have yet to see one of these blow-horns what claim they bust their women on the beezee turn out to be anything but one of those guys what get daily carfare doled out plus a nickel for tobacco. He reminds me of a bozo that works in our office. This bird used to come to work whistling and rubbing his hands and when you asked him why the hilarity he'd say, "Slipped tha wife a couple of shiners and a kick in the adam's apple this morning." Well once he didn't show up for a couple of days and the boss sends me out to his shack. A little woman opens the door for me. She said she was his wife and asks what I wanted to see him for. I told her we had a society at the office that brought out funds when a guy was ailing. This gets me in and after looking around she tells me she got him in the basement. He was tied to a army cot and he had a pair of lovelie black eyes and a cauliflower ear, and his nose was slowly spreading all over his face. First he tells me a taxicab knocked him down and later he trips up and explains as how he tried to rescue a friend from a gang of hoodlums. After I get upstairs I slip the Mrs. ten bucks and she says she never new he belonged to the office aid society and from now on they could figure to bring out 10 bucks twice a month as she has a regular schedule of laying him out on the 5th and 20th.

DUKE BAKPAK
P. S. The little lady weighs 98 lbs. in her stocking feet. DUKE

FOR OUR HALL OF FAME

As the World Wags:

Candidates whom I saw during a vacation tour: In Derry, N. H. Mr. Woodbury, undertaker. In Portsmouth, N. H., Dinnerman, market man. Worcester. P. H. C.

As the World Wags:

Jesterton, Bernard Bashaw and H. G. Swells.

LET'S ALL FLY

As the World Wags:

Flying through the air by means of modern scientific methods is a big thing but we must learn to creep before we walk. The disheartening and growing list of lives thrown away by brave but foolish aviators during the last few weeks does nothing to further aviation. In fact it goes a long way to retard it.

Will blessings by any church improve the situation in the slightest?

Lindbergh achieved, by practically sheer good luck, a lot of merited and almost as much unmerited fame. I do not mean to detract in any way from the credit due him, but "Lady Luck" also played her part.

Now it seems to me to encourage a lot of brave, but reckless, aviators to risk their lives in order to get a little of the fame that has accrued to Lindbergh is almost inimical.

The Pope may, though I doubt that he was quoted correctly, have said what the newspapers printed, but would not The Herald and all others who stop to think, be doing a greater service to mankind—and aviation—if they interviewed those in a position to know and then explained fully, and in detail, how those willing to risk their lives for scientific progress, could truly advance our knowledge of the possibilities of transatlantic flight, slowly, carefully and thoroughly?

Blondin crossed above Niagara on a wire. Did it advance scientific knowledge one inch? F. L. H. NOBLE.

Kennebunkport, Me.

Did not Blondin cross Niagara on a tight-rope, not a wire? If memory serves us, he also carried a man across in a wheelbarrow? This feat was used for a political cartoon in Vanity Fair early in the Civil War.—Ed.

THAT REMINDS US

As the World Wags:

Our Mamie came sauntering up the front steps, having been to call on a new young couple in the neighborhood. "How are they," asked I, "do you like them?" "Oh," said Our Mamie, "they are nice enough people, but they Lindbergh you to death." Baffled, I said: "They Lindbergh you? What do you mean?" "Well," said Our Mamie, "it was 'WE' this and 'WE' that and 'WE' that and 'WE' this the whole time I was there." JAZBO.

A Tobacco Society for Voice Culture has been founded. The prevailing impression has been for many years that nuts, alcohol and tobacco were injurious to singers. There have been singers who, as far as tobacco is concerned, laughed the old saw to scorn; as the tenor Mario, who smoked constantly when he was not singing; as Charles Santley, the baritone.

Artemus Ward's father-in-law enjoyed reading out loud and he read "tolble well; he eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear."

The standardization of Americans has gone so far that only a brave man wears a straw hat after September 15 even though the weather should be sultry and the sun's rays scorching. Mr. Herkimer Johnson last Thursday punctiliously donned his derby, a little soft on the brim, a little sweat-stained around the band. He wore it with a jaunty, irritating air, contemptuous of the soft-hatted. He said to us: "You know the Prince of Wales is wearing a derby, or, as he calls it, a bowler. Everybody will soon follow suit. For three years I have been foreseeing this."

How have the mighty fallen! Where now is the philosophical independence of the eminent sociologist? We could only say: "Well, Herkimer, if you feel that way, you had better buy a new hat."

O RARE CHRIS MORLEY

As the World Wags:

If Chris Morley thinks "Orare Ben Jonson" means "Pray for Ben Jonson" he had better go to high school and study Latin. The accepted form is "Ora pro." Besides that, if they put any of it in Latin they would probably at least have Latinized the name as much as "Beno Ionsono." O rare Ben

Jonson, your reputation is still safe! JESSIE JAMES.

"The first taxicab appeared in the streets of Jerusalem on Friday." And now shall be fulfilled the words of the prophet: "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one another in the broad ways; they shall run like the lightnings."—The Observer of Aug. 28.

It is a consoling thought that with all our pains we cannot do our children much harm.—Dean Inge.

FIGHTING THE DEMON

As the World Wags:

The letter of A. D. F., protesting such names as "Goodwine," strikes a responsive chord. That all thought of the Demon may be removed from men's minds it is essential that such names be eradicated from the map of the nation.

Down in Pennsylvania a re-enactment of the battle of Brandywine is about to be staged and will, no doubt, be heralded far and wide as such. The harm this alone will do to the plastic minds of the land is beyond compute, unless, for example, it is pointed out that the Colonials formed their lines along the doubly iniquitous waters of that creek and, as was inevitable, suffered a staggering (hic) reverse. To change this affair to, say, the battle of the Ginger-pop could not be reasonably opposed by anyone. Better still, why not submit to makers of our glorious soft drinks a proposal for bids to change names of postoffices to their product? Thus the said Brandywine might well be Hokus-Hola or Knocky, and a substantial sum realized at the same time. This honorarium, naturally, to be divided equally between the A. S. League and the W. C. T. U. to further their broad and liberal propaganda.

So, too, might White River Junction be altered to White Ribbon Junction, Rumford to Waterford, Green River to Flooto Waters, Alfred (Me.) to Winifred, and the several Smiths to the names of uncompromising drys.

It is a pretty state of affairs when our own honored Governor at his summer home cannot take a dip in the briny without qualifying for E. Carroll's "Vanities" by bathing in Rye.

Incidentally, that prolific Haverhill correspondent desist or change his name instead of making so many ladies and Afro-Americans drool when they come to the signature.

I know a bank where the wild elder grows. They must be destroyed before Scofflaws get them, so excuse for the nonce. OLD TAYLOR.

East Milton.

ADVENTURES NEW.

(For As the World Wags.)

How dull a thing
Old Age would be
If somehow we could never see
In dreams and visions just ahead
Adventures new!
The Past is dead.
But in the Future we shall go
Into mysterious worlds,—and Lo!
The chrysalis that binds us here
Will drop apart, and all our fear
Of earthly things will slip away.
Then we shall rise—the prophets say!

The new Adventure may be Mars,
Or just to know the path of stars,
To catch the music of the spheres,
—The music for celestial ears,—
To see the Beauty that must lie
Across the heavenly blue of sky
Where, we, in our new psychic world
May wander,—as in youth of old
We wandered through our meadows fair,
Singing like birds in upper air;
Glad-hearted children, free from care,
Ready to plan, or work, or dare
To do the thing unknown, untrod,
With faith in our own way of life—
Eager to follow drum and fife.

How strange to start to write a song—
To claim the Future to belong,
Then suddenly to find one's thought
Reverting to one's childhood.—Ought
We not to see that Heaven was ours in
Infancy.

That all along, in youth and age,
Adventures fair, experience sage
Brought hours of happiness and joy.
The Future and the Past are one
When one is old,—at setting sun.

Wellesley

M. H.

TO BE "SURE DEAD"

Hair-raising stories have been written about the burial of the living, the cataleptic and others supposedly dead. There are grisly anecdotes, probably not so many since cremation came into fashion. Yet we read last month of Mr. James Mott, a prosperous brass founder in England, who, dying at the age of 82, said in his will:

"I direct and most earnestly desire that after my decease two medical men

Mr. Kenyon Nicholson, the author of "The Barker," that excellent play now at the Hollis Street Theatre, a play admirably acted, was born and reared at Crawfordsville, Ind. As he was about to enter the high school, he fell heir to a legacy. An aunt took him to New York where he became greatly interested in the theatre. Then came summers when he wandered about, at one time doing jobs in hotels of Michigan. In order to see New York again he looked after a carload of chickens bound to Newark from the Middle West. He returned home, spent four years at Wabash College, served as intelligence officer in the world war, and attended Cambridge University in England.

Back in New York, he became associated with Stuart Walker in that city, and in Indianapolis, where his first full-length play was produced. Three or four years ago he became an instructor in the English department at Columbia University. Several of his one-act plays have been acted and published. "Love Is Like That," another play written in collaboration with S. N. Behrman, was brought out in Cincinnati in the summer of 1926.

As a boy Mr. Nicholson had spent some time on circus and carnival lots. In 1926, while his wife, Lucile Nikolas, was playing in a stock company at Syracuse, N. Y., he went working as "barker" and "shill," with a carnival organization playing through the Middle West. He told a reporter of the N. Y. Evening Post last January many interesting facts about the "mud showmen," who deride their calling "the racket," but would not lead any other life. Those showmen are incurable victims of wanderlust. One who operated Ferris wheels boasted that he had been connected with seven different carnivals in a single season.

"The picturesque life of 'mud showmen,'" said Mr. Nicholson, "is absolutely different from that of the circus or the show boat. Even their argot is peculiarly their own. For example, the following are some of the terms used exclusively by this clan:

"A particularly profitable week is called a 'red one,' while a 'bloomer' expresses the opposite. A 'duk' is a meal ticket. The performers and other employees are issued meal tickets negotiable at the cook house, and the price of the ticket is deducted from their wages. A 'keester' is a satchel or suitcase. Venders without a booth, or 'pitchmen,' carry their stock in 'keesters.' A beginner or novice with a show is referred to as a 'nipple.' A photographer is a 'kidnapper.'

"All townspeople are called 'suckers,' 'fish' or 'towners.' If for any reason the town authorities close a show or a concession, this calamity is termed 'sloughing the joint.' A 'fixer' is a ready-tongued somebody whose task is to get the carnival men out of any difficulty with the local police. To 'get a plaster' means that the show has been attached by the sheriff. 'Jailbait' is a term applied to town girls under the age of consent. A 'ding-dong man' is a fat-witted, lazy person.

"The mud showman has a patois of his own that is not shared with the circus man, the show boater or the 'rep' show actor."

Mr. Hulse, who left the Copley Theatre, on account of his health, to visit Australia, fell seriously sick on the way, and, taken from the steamer, is now at the Balboa hospital, Panama Canal. His many friends in Boston are asked to write to him or his wife in care of Mr. Henry, Shipping Board, Balboa, Panama Canal.

Mr. Clive purposes to bring out very soon a mystery play "After Dark," for the first time in this country. The play is by J. Jefferson Farjeon, the author of "No. 17," and was produced at the Garrick Theatre, London, a year ago this month. The part of Anthony Pratt was taken by Horace Hodges. Pratt is an old gentleman who bought a little box at a curiosity shop. He bore it home. Then all sorts of strange things happened in and about his flat. There was a "cat burglar" who turned out to be a young lady in distress fleeing from a Man with Horrible Eyes who made her Do Things. Add a well-dressed man overcome by strong and rebellious liquors, and a genuine but nervous burglar.

The other parts were taken in London as follows: Rachel, Norah Robinson; Evelyn, Helen Goss; Gerald Nash, Stephen Jack; Bob, Master Billy Speechley; Mr. Floyd, Malcolm Keen; Marmaduke, Donald Calthrop; Higgins, Gilbert Ritchie; policeman, Albert Ward. The play was called a worthy successor to "No. 17."

"After Dark" is a familiar title. Some of us no doubt remember Dion Boucicault's melodrama thus named, which was produced for the first time in London on Aug. 12, 1868. It came to the Boston Theatre on Nov. 4 of that year. We still see the drugged man placed by the villain on the track of the underground railway; the arches of London bridge with the poor and raff sleeping under them; the music hall in full blast. Boucicault, it was said, had helped himself to a French melodrama.

When the play was first brought to the Boston Theatre it followed performances of "Macbeth" with Mme. Janaushek and Edwin Booth as the guilty couple. Leotard, who claimed to be the inventor of the flying trapeze act, was introduced in "After Dark" as a "specialty," but he "flew through the air with the greatest of ease" for only a few performances. At the revival of "After Dark" at the Boston Theatre on Aug. 30, 1891, Mr. J. J. Corbett had "a specialty act." He was then described as "a rising young pugilist."

"Mr. — presents." Others "offer." Mr. Frank C. Reilly, bringing "Pickwick" out in New York, preferred "submits."

The catalogue of Edward Schuberth & Co., music publishers in New York, includes "Aground," by Purcell, arranged for the organ. We infer this must be one of Purcell's compositions based on a ground bass. Another organ piece is an arrangement of C. Hector's "Exultation" (sic).

When last we heard of Mme. Melba, she was still singing Tosti's "Good-bye, Summer" irrespective of the time of the year. (Overtures entitled

"Spring" are usually performed in the dead of winter). On Aug. 14 Ortona a Marc, Abruzzi, the birthplace of Tosti, honored his memory by erecting a life-like statue and opening a music school that bears his name. Tosti, whose songs were once heard in recitals and in drawing rooms of Boston, was born in 1846. Going to London when he was about 30 years old, he became a professor for many years at the Royal Academy of Music. He had the ineffable pleasure of teaching singing to members of the royal family, for which he was knighted in 1908. He died at Rome in 1916. He was an amiable, lovable, genial soul, who went through bankruptcy several times. The songs of three Italians, all friends, Tosti, Denza and Rotoli were popular and for some years were representative of Italian music in this field.

The guest conductors of the Philadelphia orchestra this coming season in Mr. Stokowski's absence will be Messrs. Beecham, Gabilowitsch, Menzelberg, Monteux, Reiner and Stock. The soloists announced are as follows:

Singers: Mmes. Giannini (twice), Breslau and the baritone, H. Schlusnus. Violinists: Messrs. Enesco and Sziget; Mmes Hansen and Luboshutz.

Cellists: Miss Harrison and Mr. Klindler.

Pianists: Miss Gradova and Messrs. Bartok (the composer), Hoffman and Horowitz.

Pamela Robinson of Boston, who contributed to the World Wags column of The Herald, has, with her husband Albere Ethier Moore, joined Eva Le Gallienne's company on tour in "The Cradle Song."

When, therefore, we see anything divert an audience, either in tragedy or comedy, that strikes at the duties of civil life, or exposes what the best men in all ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable, it is the certain sign of a profligate race of men, who, are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers and will be contemptible in the eyes of their posterity.—Joseph Addison.

The following is a verbatim report:

"I'd like two good seats for the matinee," said a woman as she stood at the box office of a theatre in the Forties.

"Here're two good ones, madam," said the treasurer, proffering the seats. She opened her purse tentatively. "How's the play?" she said.

"Well," he said, "you may like it. I'm sure you will. Lots of people do. It's been here a long time. Personally, I don't care for it at all."

She took the seats. —N. Y. Sun.

"Barker," meaning the man who stands in front of a shop or a show to draw persons within. The French have the same word "aboyeur." The word "doorman" is also used in England especially for strolling photographers and auction rooms. Not only is a pistol a "barker"; the lower deck guns in the English navy were also called "barkers."

P. H.

or surgeons shall apply every test to prove that life is extinct, that a strong dose of prussic acid shall next be put into my mouth, and that one of them shall then decapitate my body in the presence of the other, and that both shall certify that such decapitation has been done, or otherwise I direct that my body shall be dissected by post-mortem examination."

After such decapitation or dissection, his remains "shall, in any way practicable, be buried at sea, wrapped only in sackcloth or other kind of wrapping of the most porous description, and not to be enclosed in any wood, metallic or other case, but so left that they may come into immediate contact with the sea water. If this should not be practicable, the body should be cremated, similarly wrapped, and the ashes be scattered to the winds."

Sept 19 1927

A season ago when an American comedy was performed in London, the playbill contained definitions of our slang terms that enriched the dialogue.

The playbill of "The Barker," that entertaining drama now at the Hollis Street Theatre, publishes a glossary of carnival slang, not the Carnival of Venice, not the Carnival of Rome or Paris, not even the Carnival of New Orleans, but the tent shows in which freaks, "oriental" dancers, female charmer of snakes, "perhaps a living skeleton, a fat woman, or a tattooed man, attract villagers and small town folks, persuaded by the eloquence of the barker." The slang terms peculiar to the strollers are not to be found in slang dictionaries, not even in the volumes compiled by Farmer and Henley: "Grease Joint," hamburger stand; "On the Cuff," charge account; "Gorilla," rowdy; "A Frall," a young woman; "Dukie," meal ticket; "Jiggs," negro help around a carnival; "Slough," closing the show, or an arrest; "Punks," beginners; "Bee," advance on salary; "Juice Joint," soft drink stand; "Shindig," dance (but in our glorious English language, the speech of the "proud and melancholy and those who aspire," shindig has other meanings); "Hard nosed," stubborn; "Kicks," shoes; "Hipped," fond of (but this term has long been in use outside the tent); "Hoofing it," dancing (Artemus Ward spoke of girls "waving their lily-white hoofs in the dazzling waltz"); "C," \$100; "Sawbuck," \$10; "String of Cocoanuts," money; "Smackers," dollars. We prefer to "smackers," iron men, bones, simoleons

(surely this word should come from the Greek, but you will not find it in Liddell and Scott's justly celebrated lexicon), plunkers—and there are other terms.

BURIDAN'S ASS

As the World Wags:

I have noticed at the one-arm lunch rooms that I never get a choice between any two favorite soups.

"Why is it," I asked a friend, "that they never have split-pea and chicken soup on the same day?"

"Don't you know?" he asked, and his smile was an enigma to me.

"Then I'll tell you. Some men don't know which to order."

"Do you mean that they can't choose between them?"

"Not exactly that," was the answer, "but they are apt to change their mind at the last minute." W.

COLLEGIATE ADVANTAGES

As the World Wags:

Every football stadium in the country is being thoroughly repaired and braced so that it will be able to stand the strain that will soon be put upon it by higher education. JO JO.

TODAY'S BEST LIE

As the World Wags:

"Now, Johnny, you take little sister's hand and run away to school. When papa was a little boy like you and mamma was a little girl like sister they just loved to go to school." R. H. L.

SAM, NOT HERKIMER

As the World Wags:

Some time ago I ran across in O. W. Firkin's life of R. W. Emerson this very fine phrase (describing R. W. E.'s elder brother's scholarship at Harvard College, a couple of classes ahead of R. W. E.): "He not only distanced all competitors; he virtually suspended competition."

This sentence, worth \$29.98 anywhere, interests me immensely, because I believe it to be the most Dr. Johnsonian sentence to be found in American literature. Let us open the challenge and see what we get. I am willing to bet you \$10 that nobody will be able to produce so Samuelian J. a combination of words that have serious sense and value among American writers. C. P.

REGENERATION

I lie in bed with my little sins
And count them o'er and o'er:
The more I count, the less I count
Than I could count before.

For little sins, like little loves.

Are pleasant for a day;

Then just as one gets used to them,
They're up and gone away.

Too soon my little sins are gone;
And angels sing the while
I climb the path of virtue—
But the devil hides a smile.

THE PHANTOM LOVER.

There are just two kinds of people in this world. One kind is trying to get free advertising into the newspapers. I can't think of the other kind just now.—Mesa (Ariz.) Journal-Tribune.

ADD "POLITE CONVERSATIONS"

As the World Wags:

We had just been introduced and he began to tell me about his favorite dance hall. "Say," he said, "ya oughta see the swell wagons that go up there every Saturday to shake their feet. They're the bowwows—" "Pardon me," I said helplessly, "but your particular brand of patois, or argot, is entirely new to my untutored ears. If you would be so obliging as to repeat your words and couch them in—" "Say, kid," he said, bewildered, "Cancha speak English?" PEGGY-JO.

WHY MILWAUKEE WAS FAMOUS

As the World Wags:

Milwaukee was a delightful town in the 19th century. A Half liter of Culmbacher, Bohemian, Pilsner and every other brand of beer cost a nickel. Free lunches abounded on all sides. Weissbier bubbled, hissed and foamed creamily in large goldfish bowls and was a fine drink in hot weather.

George Kingsbury, Jo Paige Smith, Eddie Cooke and other ushers and box office men of local theatres foregathered at Henry Wehr's for supper after the show. In harmony with the surroundings, it was customary to talk German. All of the boys did it by ear. Jo Paige Smith had the fad of translating popular songs of the day into German and his output, although far from classic, satisfied the rest of us as we roared it forth lustily. It was the quaint custom of the stolid waiters to disprove of choral singing in English, and to avoid the possibility of being ejected we had to use German, hence Jo's mastery of Platt Deutsch served a useful end.

A negro song of the times, "Razors flying through the air," went something like this:

"Get away from that window, my love and my dove,

Get away from that window, now I say,
Come 'round some other night for there's goin' to be a fight."

There'll be razors a-flyin' thro' the air."

Here's Jo's translation:

"Weggehen das Fenster mein Lieb und mein Schatz,
Weggehen das Fenster hab' ich gesacht,
Kommen hier ein ander nacht sie wille haben ein Gefecht,
Und das Brot-messer sie fliegen in die Luft."

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Mr. John Drinkwater in "The Gentle Art of Theatre-Going" admits that he would rather paste up postage stamps than see "Rose Marie"; he has no illusions about a "Repertory" theatre, and is incredulous about a "national" one; he believes that the theatre is in competition with the cinema and "all other inducements to pleasant loafing."

Sept 20 1927

Speaking of Mrs. Erskine's "Vanished Cities of Northern Africa," we called attention to the descriptions of scenery in William Black's novels; how "the story halted while the teller expatiated on the landscape."

That mad wag, the linotype, turned "expatiated" into "expatriated," which is hardly the same word. No, not the same.

"R. G." kindly pasted on a card the sentence as improved by the linotype, and wrote: "Or do you mean 'expatriated'?" But what is all this to the infinite, as Victor Hugo remarked about the battle of Waterloo?

WAITING, STILL WAITING

(For As the World Wags)

Should Mr. Coolidge say, "I choose To sit upon the fence a while," In that, perhaps, there is no gulle. But, still, it's rather hard on those Who, standing on their very toes, Would like to occupy his shoes. Cambridge. R. H. G.

IMPROVED TAILORING

Mr. Herkimer Johnson is not to be found. He has not been seen in Blossom court. The postmaster at Clamport writes that Mr. Johnson's mail has not been called for since Sept. 10. Is it possible that he is now in London or on his way? He told us some time ago that he thought of purchasing

suit of clothes for a hand-m-down one made for me and no one then, showed us a letter from a firm in London and Manche offered an extraordinary inducement.

"In order to make trying-on an ordeal, we have added a lounge to our premises. Apart from this this will be the only free bar in England. Though primarily intended for use while fitting-on, we shall be delighted if you and your friends will use it at any other times when it is convenient to you. Since it does not come under the licensing restrictions, a drink may always be obtained at any hour of the day up till 6 o'clock."

A list of cocktails is appended to the letter. Is Mr. Johnson now trying an "Alsation," or, merely as an earnest student of sociology, investigating the precise nature of a "Shatterer"? "Apart from cocktails there are, of course, all other drinks a normal man may desire."

When we were in a New York boarding-house in Fourteenth street, 50 years ago, the landlady put a plate of nuts and raisins on the hatrack, so that we students returning home would have less appetite for dinner. Will a "Shatterer" cocktail impair the vision and judgment of a customer while the tailor is at work, assuring him that the clothes fit like the paper on the wall? But Mr. Johnson is not easily overthrown by the Demon. We see him "adamant" in the ordeal, as young Mr. Smallweed was adamant in the matter of gravy.

ANOTHER TARTARIN

This improving anecdote for the day is taken from Nouvelles Littéraires of Paris.

It happened before the war on the terrace at Monte Carlo. The manager of the Casino, G., was taking coffee in company with a journalist who was afterwards the manager of Figaro.

"What a magnificent woman!" said the latter as she passed on her way to the Casino.

"You think so?—Well, my dear fellow, last evening—" answered G.

"Come, come! don't be funny. That's the Queen of Italy."

"The Queen of Italy?" said the astonished G., "and she never told me who she was."

As the World Wags:

Will Mr. Herkimer Johnson or some other kindly let your readers know if the expression "High Art" was once used in the same sense as we now use "High Brow"? I find in an original autograph letter of Albert Richard Smith: "Last night I met Thackeray at the Cyder Cellars and we staid there until 3 in the morning. He is a very jolly fellow and no 'High Art' about him." G. T.

As we have just said, Mr. Johnson is not at present within reach. We are under the impression that "high art" meant first of all, art of an exalted quality; no doubt the term came to be used as "highbrow" is used today. Thackeray and Smith introduced the Cider Cellars in their books; the former in "Pendennis," the latter in "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury" and "The Medical Student." The Cider Cellars, an all-night tavern in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, was famous for cider and good food. Dr. Maginn, the two Disraelis, Porson, Lord Campbell, Louis Napoleon before he became emperor were among the frequenters. The "Back Kitchen" in "Pendennis," the place where Warrington brought Arthur, where Clive Newcome, Bayham and Sergeant met, was the Cider Cellars. "Hodgen" who sang "The Body-Snatcher" was Ross who sang "Sam Hall" with the refrain "Damn his eyes." Sloman, the "Nadab" of "The Newcomes," sang here. The "Cave of Harmony" in "The Newcombs" where Capt. Costigan's nasty song annoyed the Colonel was a blend of "The Coal Hole" and Evans's. It was at "The Coal Hole" that one Cave first introduced the banjo to accompany a singer, if Mr. George H. Cunningham is to be believed.—Ed.

A BREAD-AND-BUTTER LETTER

(For As the World Wags)

The tennis court was mostly mud;
The beach was rather soggy,
And sailing even was a dud.
The weather was so foggy
But yet why is it
I still maintain
I liked my visit
Despite the rain?
Have you forgotten, then, how I employed it?

You found, of course, the waiting sky
A bar to pleasant labors
And so suggested, bye and bye
A visit to the neighbors
And over there
I found a girl
Who said her hair
Would keep its curl
In any weather—that's why I
it! CU

Boston

World Wags

Brice says that her husband loves for her because the plastic nose she has is a beautiful new nose. The trouble is that after a while the lovely new plastic nose she set her husband punch her any more in the snoot, as the saying goes. Many gentlemen regard that infringement of time-honored laws and naturally their love grows.

R. H. L.

IS HE GUILTY?

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Is He Guilty?" play in three acts, adapted by Rice from the German of Adolph von Schiller and Paul Rosenhayn. Presented by the Messrs. Schubert. The cast:

Cavanagh.....Mildred Florence
Cavanagh.....Orlando Daly
Cavanagh.....George Howard
Cavanagh.....Harry Metcalf
Cavanagh.....John Davidson
Cavanagh.....Walter Gilbert
Cavanagh.....Jerome Lawler
Cavanagh.....Marsden Douglas
Cavanagh.....William Paul
Cavanagh.....John T. Dwyer
Cavanagh.....Robert Byers
Cavanagh.....M. Bundo
Cavanagh.....Allen Wallace
Cavanagh.....Henry Dupre
Cavanagh.....David Lewis
Cavanagh.....Harvey Cripps
Cavanagh.....Stenographer
Cavanagh.....German playwrights, it may be
Cavanagh.....wrote with a purpose, and Mr.
Cavanagh.....it may be guessed again, had a
Cavanagh.....in mind, and maybe two, when
Cavanagh.....adapted their work to the American
Cavanagh.....The authors undertook, no less,
Cavanagh.....to show forth the futility of circum-
Cavanagh.....stantial evidence in court.
Cavanagh.....One John Gordon, according to the
Cavanagh.....plot they contrived, had been lawfully

to death—convicted on circumstantial evidence—for a crime of which was later found innocent. His father, Gordon Carpenter, to show the vanity of such evidence, in the name of justice for others falsely accused, entered gravely into a plot proposed lightly by one Parmelee—let them see the murder of Parmelee by Carpenter, concocting all the damning evidence conceivable, including the disappearance of Parmelee till that dramatic moment when the court should pronounce the verdict. And so act I ended, in a rousing brawl which must have deceived those who heard it on the other side of the door.

Act II proved not so theatrically effective as might have been wished, it served the authors' purpose very well indeed, for in act young Carpenter addressed a passionate plea to the judge and jury, in which he made it clear that not one jot or tittle of actual evidence had been brought against him. The district attorney countered with a masterly marshalling of 12—or was it 13—points of circumstantial evidence that could hardly fail to give the most subtle of Thomases pause. The jury pronounced Carpenter guilty.

Then it was the first plot broke down, for Parmelee failed to appear. The curtain falls on Carpenter sentenced to death.

Of course, Parmelee's absence was accounted for in act three, and Carpenter, equally of course, escaped the gallows. But the means of these ends need not be disclosed, and, not to mar the effect of this most effective of the three acts, they had best remain untold. For this third act is, all purposes aside, good theatre, with suspense in its favor and excitement. So much can hardly be said of the first act, where so much is said and done for clarity's good, with too many disturbing changes from seriousness to levity and back; plays with a purpose must play in a grander key if they would achieve their purpose and the court room scene, its two speeches apart, fared ill; Parmelee's absence failed to make its effect.

Some of the acting was very good. Mr. Lawler set forth the district attorney with skill and insight, Mr. Wallace neatly sketched an unconventional detective, Mr. Dwyer made an awesome, judicial judge, and Mr. Gilbert did very well in the hero's role. To the woman who made much trouble Miss Douglass gave character without extravagance, and Miss Florence had real force at her command for moments demanding force. Everybody in the cast did very well.

R. R. G.

'COUNTRY DOCTOR'

Rudolph Schildkraut displays his supreme artistry as character actor in the role of that most romantic of rural heroes, the ministering medic, in a heart-arresting comedy-drama, "The Country Doctor," the topline picture at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. The cast includes Junior Coughlan, Sam De Grasse, Gladys Brockwell and Virginia Bradford. The associate picture is a hilarious comedy, "Simple Sis," with Louise Fazenda and Clyde Cook in the leading roles. The Vitaphone artists' presentations include the Flonzaley quartet, Buddy Doyle and the Loomis twir.

Mr. Schildkraut's sure technique presents in ingratiating manner the personage of the lovable, kindly rural medical practitioner in a New England town who toils with small reward other than the satisfaction of doing good. He is the motivating character in a charming love theme detailing the affection of the daughter of a woman the subject of town scandal and the son of the town tyrant. To the accompaniment of natural comedy the story swings almost to tragic drama, yet through the services of the country doctor all ends happily. A smooth-flowing story, so well acted and directed, thus forms a photo-play well worth seeing.

Miss Fazenda never was funnier than in her role of the laundress, Simple Sis, and she is ably abetted in laughter provocation by Mr. Cook.

WILBUR—"What A Man!" a farce by T. Miranda and Mouesy-Eon adapted from the French by Seymour Hicks and produced by A. H. Woods. Lynne Overman is featured in the cast which includes:

A Workman.....John Hendricks
Marianne.....Winifred Kingston
Corinne.....May Vokes
Juliette Corton.....Lee Patrick
Sylvane Jaimet.....Ruth Lyons
Gustave Corton.....Kenneth Hill
Auguste Chabbonais.....Lennox Pawle
Doctor Baudin.....Clay Clement
Adolph Noblet.....Lynne Overman
The Nurse.....Amy Dennis
Suzanne Trebel.....Kay Strozzi
Gendarme.....Fred Sutton

This, Mr. Al Woods's newest bedroom farce, has been playing in Detroit under the title "Mr. What's His Name." Paris and London audiences have also viewed it. The authors have taken a case of mistaken identity and a man's loss of memory, the result of a railway accident, to weave about a plot. Adolph Noblet, a happy husband, leaves his wife to go on a business trip one morning. The train is wrecked, Adolph's body is incorrectly identified and, to make matters worse for him but better for the farce, he loses his memory. That means that he can start life afresh and he does so by becoming a hairdresser and marrying a new wife, who during the two years of their married life presents him with two sets of twins, all boys. Adolph's first wife, believing him dead, mourns him for two years and then marries again. It is on the fifth anniversary of Adolph's "death" that the play opens.

The former Mrs. Noblet, now married to Gustave Corton, has sent for a hairdresser, who, of course, turns out to be her former husband. His loss of memory prevents him from recognizing her, but a doctor soon restores him back to normalcy and then the farce in all its Woodslan flavor breaks loose.

In fact, things are moving rather slowly and in ponderous fashion until Mr. Overmann makes his entrance and sets the truly farcical pace of the piece. The play would be lost without him, for it is his deft handling of lines and situations, an inflection here, again a significant gesture lightly done, that does so much to carry the various amusing scenes. May Vokes is cast in one of those stupid serving girl roles that she has made her own. Some of the best lines in the play are hers. Lee Patrick, Ruth Lyons, Winifred Kingston and Kay Strozzi are a capable quartet of women performers.

The play leaves its merry farcical mood for a scene in the last act, when Adolph Noblet, the former hairdresser, whose memory is now restored, decides that though he still loves his wife, it is best that he should return to his former role of hairdresser and allow things to continue as though he actually had been killed five years ago. Mr. Overmann gets the audience so sorry for him in this bit that it is with difficulty they adapt themselves to the return once more to the carefree tempo of the farce.

There was a large audience that applauded the players enthusiastically.

A. F.

"Nevada" Screen Attraction at Olympia Theatre

Jimmy Evans's comedy revue pleased at the Scollay Square Olympia Theatre last night. Everything is new! Wardrobe, scenery, props and material all abound with a freshness.

Featuring the "musical comedy in the miniature," as the Evans Revue is known, is a group of talented young women who have been recruited from numerous Broadway successes.

Several exceedingly clever comedians amply take care of the jesting end of the program and their fun-making drew round after round of applause from a well-pleased audience.

The preliminaries of the contest for "the most talented girl in Greater Boston" were hotly contested by a score or more versatile young women, and the winner of the finals will be announced Friday night.

Gary Cooper and Thelma Todd in Zane Grey's "Nevada" is the feature film.

'UNDERWORLD' AT THE METROPOLITAN

"Underworld," a film drama written by Ben Hecht, directed by Josef von Sternberg and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre by Paramount with the following cast:

"Bull" Weed.....George Bancroft
"Rolle Royce".....Clive Brook
"Feathers".....Evelyn Brent
"Shipy" Lewis.....Larry Semon
"Buck" Mulligan.....Fred Kohler

Here is a sincere drama, made on the frame of a good story, startling in its treatment of the people who live and love in that somberly tinted region where burglary is a profession of which to be proud and a job is something to be done in the still hours of the night.

The usual crook play or story carries thrills enough, gun powder enough to keep one interested. Mr. Hecht and Mr. Sternberg have gone further with "Underworld." They have given their characters minds and souls, they have taken time to put it on the screen in a masterly fashion.

From the beginning this film uses all that is best in cinema style. There is the grey of early morning, the robbery, the lone drunkard with his foolish grin and the get-away with the drunkard in tow. Let us pause to commend Clive Brook on his portrayal of the part of the drunkard. It is not over-done. Mr. Brook is usually seen as the immaculate leading man. Here he has a ripe opportunity to show he has the mind of an artist, that he is a clever actor, not a fashion dummy. This is only one of the surprising things of "Underworld."

George Bancroft as "Bull" Weed is the outlaw who has robbed the bank and kidnapped Clive Brook. He puts his man to the test and makes him a member of his gang, which is a rather crude way of putting the polite relationship between the weakling of a different world and the king of the underworld. The rivalry between the gang of "Buck" Mulligan, who seems to have an assortment of ready hands, and the heterogeneous lot which "Bull" has gathered around him plays its part in the story.

"Bull" Weed makes his girl, "Feathers," queen of the ball in which the underworld participates one night a year. Friendly relations are supposed to be in order this night and all guns are left at the door. Because "Buck" does not live up to this rule, imposes himself upon "Bull's" girl, Bull kills him. The law takes its course. The incidents surrounding the rest of the film play should be left for the full enjoyment of the spectator and not divulged here.

George Bancroft does the best work of his career as "Bull" Weed. Evelyn Brent has never been seen to such an advantage. She is entirely convincing and beautiful enough. Larry Semon adds the touch of gentle comedy which is in character and not hilarious. Fred Kohler is perhaps the weak spot in this excellent film. The photography takes its place in the assets. The sub-titles by George Marion, Jr., are modest.

Jack Partington's revue, "Jazz a la Carte," is on the stage with Al and Red Samuels in the cast. Others include Peggy English, Paul Howard, Rose Mary and Charles Rozella, as well as Rodemich and his band of 25; and in a comedy scenic, Martel and his band, etc.

C. M. D.

'FESTIVITIES OF 1927' ON BILL AT KEITH'S

Is "Vest-Pocket Edition" of "LeMaire's Affairs"

LeMaire and Sullivan's "Festivities of 1927," billed as a "vest-pocket edition" of "LeMaire's Affairs," is the principal offering at B. F. Keith's this week. Its 15 scenes, including elaborate musical and dancing tableaux, occupy all but two numbers of the program.

Jack Kraft and Elsie Lamont, in their song and dance act, "Put Up the Lights," yesterday afternoon and evening proved themselves successful contenders for a full share of the applause, which was generous throughout the performance. The other individual number, Lester Crawford and Helen Broderick in "A Smile or Two," was also received with repeated demands for encores.

Headliners of the LeMaire and Sullivan feature were Cecil Cunningham, Joseph E. Howard, Sol Gould, Allyn Reese, Sally Starr, Dorothy Merritt and Tony Hughes, all well and favorably known to Boston. Miss Cunningham, called for a curtain speech last night, thanked the audience for the "beautiful welcome" accorded to herself and the company. She said that the "Festivities of 1927" in the first of a series of tabloid musical comedies which, in this and future seasons, may have much to do with a general change in the presentation of "big time" vaudeville.

The afternoon and evening audiences yesterday were obviously well pleased with the chorus and costume numbers featuring the six Sheldon dancers and the Alabama Collegian band. Joe Howard's old-fashioned minstrel show scene was also applauded heartily. Most enthusiastic of all the clapping, however, was that accorded to the novel skits in which Sol Gould and Tony Hughes, occasionally assisted by charming Allyn Reese, satirized small-town life and the ups and downs of the policeman, the travelling salesman, and the real estate agent.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Hawk, a three-act drama, presented by the Keith-Albee players. The cast:

Marina, Countess de Dazetta.....Ruth King
Madame de Terrache.....Mary Hill
Beatrice Ducloux.....Flora Maud Gade
Count George de Dazetta.....J. Glynn McFarlane
Rene de Terrache.....Frank Charlton
Marquis de Sardeloup.....Charles Schofield
Eric Drakon.....John Winthrop
Gerard Ducloux.....Malcolm Arthur
Charles Ferrand Duperre.....Day Manson
De Sononclaire.....Malcolm Arthur
Maid.....Edith Speare
Valet.....Melvin Hallstead

This famous play, revolving about a French triangle and society life on the continent, was admirably given before a large audience last night and not until within a few seconds of the last curtain did even a few, if any, anticipate the climax. The action moved with precision and interest and frequently the audience interrupted the performance with applause.

A clever story, dramatic scenes follow each other in quick sequence, showing the adventures of a lure and her mad gambler husband who is ever ready to risk everything for the love of this beautiful woman. The intrigues of this couple quickly engulf the lives of wealthy men and women, including the son of their hostess, and from that moment the audience appears to be bewildered as to the outcome, which is kept hidden quite successfully by the stellar work of the entire cast.

Mr. J. Glynn McFarlane, leading man of the company, is dashing in his role of Count George de Dazetta. He makes a splendid member of the Hungarian nobility and his interpretation of the "Hawk," preying on the unsuspecting high circles for his livelihood so that he can buy just a few more jewels and stones for the lure, is vivid. He well merited the applause which was accorded him throughout the play and especially in the last scene where he is exceptionally strong fighting for his lost love.

Ruth King as the lure is effective and rises to heights as the play goes on. Frank Charlton as Rene de Terrache and Charles Schofield as the arquis de Sardeloup were well-nigh perfect. So was John Winthrop as Eric Drakon, the big American business man who was in France to see things done in real Yankee way. By the way, the play, which was first presented in England by William Faversham, is enjoying a new life this week.

CANEY IN DRAMA

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"The Merry Malones," George Cohan's new musical comedy. Last week.

HOLLIS—"The Barker," Charles Wagner presents Kenyon Nicholson's play of carnival life with Walter Huston. Second week.

PLYMOUTH—"Broadway," Jed Harris's play of night club life. Third week.

SHUBERT—"My Princess," last two weeks of the new Alfred Aaron's operetta, starring Hope Hampton.

TREMONT—"Honeymoon Lane," Eddie Dowling stars in his own musical comedy. Second week.

COPLEY—"Murray Hill," Leslie Howard's new farce continues for fifth week.

"Mockery," starring Lon Chaney, a film drama presented at the State Theatre by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Sergei Dimitri	Lon Chaney
Tatiana	Ricardo Cortez
Mr. Galdaroff	Barbara Bedford
Mrs. Galdaroff	Mack Swain
Ivan	Emily Fitzgerald
	Charles Puffy

In Mr. Chaney's collection of horrors this is a gem. The director has not bothered with a lot of plot, he has put all his energy into directing two revolutions in an hour's entertainment, no end of murders and a speedy love affair.

As a half-witted peasant Mr. Chaney succeeds in being a gnome-like being whose emotions shade from dog devotion to cruel lechituousness. He is infinitely more bearable as the brute. In his weaker moments he grovels spiritually, which is not a pretty sight, although, in this instance, one must grant him his character.

Barbara Bedford, as Countess Tatiana, is the most refreshing thing about this film play, and she has to wander alone in Siberia until she discovers Sergei (Lon Chaney) dining greedily off a bone. She offers him food to lead her to Novokursk. When they come upon soldiers, she passes as Sergei's wife the first time, but the second time they point to her white hands and beat Sergei so that he will tell them who she is. The regular troops arrive at the proper moment and the loyal Sergei is taken to a hospital, while the countess falls in love with a captain and settles down in Novokursk.

The rest of the picture is about the next revolution. Sergei turns into a brute and chases the countess around the house. Again the troops, the right ones, arrive in time, but she remembers when the peasant took a beating to protect her, and she says that he has been loyal. The troops then leave to give the penitent Sergei a chance to forfeit his life on the altar of his devotion, which he does.

Ricardo Cortez is slimmer and a captain's uniform of the Russians becomes him. Lon Chaney's costumes and make-up are perfect, as usual. Barbara Bedford is beautiful and plays with restraint.

Dora Ford's Revue is peopled with talent. It has showmanship, clever dancing and affords 30 minutes of pleasure. The inimitable Van and Schenck are booked at this theatre next week.

C. M. D.

PAULINE FREDERICK AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

Pauline Frederick is cast as the mother in a photoplay entitled "The Nest" at Loew's Orpheum Theatre, which had its first showing yesterday. The picture reveals her as the same brilliant actress she has always been. Playing the role of a mother who must fight to hold her children safe from the temptations of the modern world, she reveals an understanding, a capability given to few to express through the histrionic art. "The Nest" is essentially a Parisian drama. Supporting Miss Frederick is a notable cast that includes Holmes Herbert, Jean Acker, Ruth Dwyer and Wilfred Lucas.

Ezra Buzzington's Rube Band heads the array of vaudeville acts. This act comprises a group of "rattle reuelers" whose mirthful antics won them a major portion of the day's applause. It is one of the best acts seen at the Orpheum in a long time. Another outstanding performer is Charles Olcott, who presents "a comic opera in 10 minutes." Next in turn is Atkinson and Lucinda, a clever pair, who left no doubt as to their capabilities in putting over a series of songs and dances. Others on the bill include Van and Hemon, who created much

laughter with their skit styled "The Old Hoak"; Hudnut sisters and Jean Schwartz in a musical divertissement, and the Joe Mandis Trio.

A comedy and newsreel makes up the remainder of the program.

'FOR LOVE OF MIKE'

"For the Love of Mike" is the screen feature at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre this week. With a cast including Ben Lyon, Ford Sterling, George Sidney, Claudette Colbert, Hugh Cameron, Skeets Gallagher and other favorites, this fast moving comedy drama should prove popular with movie fans. The story is of a foundling who is discovered and brought up by three bachelors living in the notorious Hell's Kitchen district in New York. The three men are an Irishman, a Jew and a German. As the boy grows older his

adopted fathers send him through school and finally to Yale. As stroke of the college crew and a popular man in the college, he soon loses his head and becomes interested in gambling and drinking. He comes home for a visit and to see the little Italian neighbor, Mary, and his friends give a banquet in his honor. Arriving drunk, he insults the guests. Returning downhearted to college, he gambles heavily and most of his losses are to a professional gambler, who seeks to have the boy throw the boat race. Thrills come fast with an authentic Harvard-Yale crew race as the high light. Sterling Sidney and Cameron provide comedy in abundance and Miss Colbert, a delightful newcomer to the screen, has both beauty and dramatic ability.

The vaudeville is headed by Hubert Kliney and Blondes in a miniature musical comedy, combining dance, song and music. A large and appreciative audience called for many encores. Paramount News, short subjects, orchestra and organ features round out the bill.

The Baron Friedrich von Huegel (1852-1925) was the son of a remarkable man, traveler, soldier, author, diplomat, who, born of a Rhineland family, entered the Austrian service, married a Scottish lady, and lived for a few years in England. In 1860 he praised the colonial policy of Spain, writing from personal observation and with special reference to the Philippine Islands: "A government which is at one with them (the people) in manners and customs, welcomes them as fellow-countrymen, as relations, as brothers, maintains for them peace and quiet, treats them as responsible beings, considers their claims to joy and happiness, educates them, ennobles them, and teaches them to believe in the true God."

Friedrich, becoming deaf after an attack of typhus, turned from agnosticism, or utter infidelity, and became a devout and broad-minded Roman Catholic. He married a daughter of Sidney Herbert and lived in England with occasional sojourns on the Continent. A close friend of Father Tyrrell, S. J., he became a central figure in "the stormy period in the life of the Church, which followed the death of Leo XIII and the accession of Pius X." His writings are not easy reading; he was conscious of a too Germanic style. His friend Tyrrell died in 1909. The Modernist movement, as such, broke up, but Huegel remained influential, loved by those of other sects, a friend of prominent men in all branches of science, crowned with academic honors. Heart and soul with the Allies in the World War but unwilling to hear wild generalizations as to the character of the whole German people, he was registered for a time as an "enemy alien," but formal naturalization freed him from annoyance. In letters written in 1914 he expressed his grief at finding German thought and life at its best obscured by "coarse Prussianism." What a spectacle and tragedy it all is! And yet noble and hopeful things too confronting our stunned gaze. "There is something wrong and sterilizing about 'Realpolitik,'" he wrote in 1915. "The first and greatest sufferers from this Prussian 'Realism' are the Germans, is the German nature itself."

"Selected Letters" written by Huegel from 1896 to 1924, edited with a memoir by the late Bernard Holland, make a volume of 337 large octavo pages. Unfortunately there is no index. The publishers in this country are E. P. Dutton and Company.

The long memoir contains an interesting account of the "Modernist Movement" which caused agitation at Rome and more or less in all other religious organizations, the movement in which Father Tyrrell, Huegel and M. Loisy were leading figures. Many of the letters in this volume relate to this movement, and show the broad-mindedness of Huegel, his truly religious character. "To him," says Holland, "religion seemed a rope interwoven of three main strands, the institutional-historical, the mystical-intuitive, and the intellectual rational, of which none is more or less essential to the whole than another." The Catholic Church has, on the whole, always maintained the equilibrium. Father Butler said of Huegel that he brought home persuasively "the great theistic truth of the transcendent, spiritual, personal God and man's relation to him." Huegel believed (we quote from one of his letters), that "the spiritual instincts, ideals and helps to be found in the Roman Catholic Church at their best" (he italicized these words) "the deepest and finest to be found here," but he also spoke

of "terrible counter-trends and tendencies to be found in the same body."

He thought of finding or making a large Roman Catholic public for a collection that would include writings of Boehme, Henry Vaughan, Wordsworth, even of Luther, George Fox and Lamennais. Visited by a woman from Chicago who wished to become a Roman Catholic he said that neither in his books nor in his life did he aim at making Roman Catholics: "That would be odious presumption. . . . God and His grace are (in various degrees no doubt), everywhere, but specially, very especially, in Christianity."

There is much in this volume, outside of letters pertaining to religious problems, that should interest the general reader; much that reveals the sweetness and nobility of Huegel's character; his literary tastes, his opinions of men and women prominent through the ages. When he read Trollope's novels, he annotated them in the margins. He read Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Eliot, Meredith. Among the poets Dante, Wordsworth, Browning were his favorites. He thought the last named would be a still greater thinker and poet, if he were clearer, more easily intelligible: or as Holland puts it, Huegel found something in Browning's work "nobly akin to the jigsaw puzzle." Huegel enjoyed Punch and the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan, carrying a little daughter on his shoulders and singing airs from "Pinafore" and "Iolanthe." He himself chose the Christmas presents for the servants. In his later years he enjoyed cinema shows. His only exercise was walking, or at one time bicycling. He said he had learned much from his dog and thought as man was incomprehensible to a dog, the latter finds relaxation by going with other dogs, yet unsatisfied, returns to his master; and Huegel indicated an analogy in the relations between God and man.

He found Macaulay's mind "profoundly uninteresting." Milton was "doubly cold, doubly hostile to nature." Darwin was "a deeply attractive mind and heart." He praised Ibsen, "a great poet and a thinker of the first class." Sir Oliver Lodge had "that curious more or less credulous hankering after finding God and the soul at the end of a telescope or microscope." (This was written in 1903). Walter Bagehot was a "deep, sensitive, all alive religious soul." The criticism of "John Inglesant" and Pater's "Marius" is keen. Faber had a touch of vulgarity; "he can at times, speak as though he were a Salvation Army Hallelujah lass. And he never quite got beyond the Anti-Protestantism so common among our converts."

"As far as I know there does not exist any good book dealing exclusively and systematically with the Psychology of Woman . . . this difficult, elusive, although very real and very important subject matter." He advised a correspondent, wishing information on this subject to read certain chapters in Muensterberg's "The Americans." There is a curious passage in one of the letters comparing the advantages of marriage and celibacy for women.

AS RED SEES IT

As the World Wags:

Red is in from Montana. In one of his quiet moments yesterday afternoon, he and I decided to take a ride through the Fenway.

In the park we passed several society matrons getting their exercise by bouncing along on horseback—and trying to appear as if they liked it. Red chuckled. In fact, everybody seemed happy but the horses. "Does that look familiar to you, Red?" says I. "Mebbe so," says he, "but when I make a cayuse trot I either stands up or I sets down, but I'll be dog-gone if I ever tried to do both at once."

HORATIO.

Wearing gleaming robes of embroidered ivory satin, her head supporting a towering headdress of jewels, and giving a play known to centuries of playgoers in China, Lee Shut Fong, leading actress of China and now visiting for the first time in the United States, gave the last of three guest performances at the Chinese Theater in Oxford Street here last evening.

The theater was packed to the edge of the sidewalk by men, women and children of the quarter for the unusual event. The orchestra, made up of the flute player, the players of the moon guitar, the cymbals and the one-string guitar, exerted itself, although it preserved the right to play in its shirt-sleeves.

The property man, shuffling about, throughout the performance in dun-

colored clothes, stepped a little nervously, placed chairs and tables with more than usual precision, whisked squares of glittering brocade and satin curtains and cheesecloth banners about expertly.

Doors of Jeweled Beauty

The two doors leading to dressing rooms were those reserved for special performances; of cherry satin, heavily embroidered with fantastic and jeweled turquoise birds and the feathery pine trees of ancient China.

The night before Lee Shut Fong had given "Fo Chung Yuen," an ancient tragedy. For last evening she had chosen a fairy play with which all Chinese players are thoroughly familiar and which could, therefore, be given without the rehearsal inevitable to a guest player in the Occidental theater.

This morning Madame was fresh and serene by a little after 10 o'clock, as if she had given no five-hour performance last evening, as if the last three-quarters of an hour of the play had not required her to sing steadily, without pauses, a long song complicated by the incessant, shrill accompaniment of brass, strings and woodwind. She has no English.

She is accompanied on the trip by her husband, Dr. Henry Wei, son of a foremost compradore, or wholesale dealer, of Shanghai, who is in this country on business. Dr. Wei is a graduate of St. John's College in Shanghai where he took an M. A. degree several years ago.

Training Covers Many Branches

So it was by interpretation of her husband that anything of Madame Wei's experience could be learned. She sat calmly by, her embroidered white satin robes folded tightly about her, her wrists circled with bracelets of milky green jade, her fingers heavily ringed in diamonds.

"At fourteen," said Dr. Wei, "my wife began her training for the theater. It is very rigid. It is schooling in all the branches which go to make our theater. The singing, the dancing, the gestures, as well as the ancient music and literature of our people. She rose to a position as leading actress in the Canton district. She is to that district what Mei Lan Fang, the leading actor and female impersonator of Peking is to Northern China. It means very hard work and thinking of nothing but the theater for many years."

Performances in New York

"Four years ago Lee Shut Fong retired. We were married. We have two children whom we have left behind, in Shanghai, to come here in February. Madame wished to play some of the theaters here. She will not return to the theater in China."

Eventually we shall come here, for I shall engage in business here. Then we shall have the children with us, and I think she will be even more unable to give performances."

Leaving Boston this afternoon the two, accompanied by a maidservant and several huge boxes of costumes, will go to New York, where one or two guest performances will be given.

Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady) is known by her biographical studies of Isabella d'Este, who made the court of Mantua famous, and by "The Perfect Courtier: Baldassare Castiglione; His Life and Letters, 1478-1529." The latter appeared in 1908. A handsome edition of this interesting, valuable book is now published by E. P. Dutton & Co., in two volumes, with many illustrations, a bibliography, a note on the portraits of Castiglione, an appendix with a selection of unpublished documents, genealogical tables and a full index.

Castiglione was a man of mark, of brilliant parts: soldier, poet, diplomat entrusted with many missions in Italy, England and Spain, but his memory is preserved by "Il Cortegiano," a book praised from the time it was first published (1528); praised and read. Before the close of that century more than a hundred editions had been

published. There were translations into Spanish, French, English, Latin, German. Henley included Sir Thomas Hoby's brave version in the series of "Tudor Translations" (1900) with an introduction by W. Raleigh. (Hoby's translation appeared in 1561.) Dr. Johnson's opinion has often been quoted: "The best book that was ever written upon good breeding. 'Il Cortegiano,' by Castiglione, grew up in a small Court in Urbino, and you should read it." The city and the court have often been described or referred to—recently by Mr. Vincent in his "The Italy of the Italians," and by Olive Heseltine in her "Conversation," but at no time with the minuteness, fervor, one might say enthusiasm, shown by Miss Cartwright. Let no one think, however, that her interest is confined to the Court or to the book. She gives a vivid and circumstantial account of Italian wars, intrigues, art, life and manners in the years when Castiglione flourished. If we are told of a discussion at the villa of Porto over Lucretia's behavior after Tarquin fled from her bedchamber, with Benedetto commending it, Mario saying she was mad, and Castiglione, "that noble and learned cavalier," arriving from Mantua, telling the story again and praising Lucretia's "generous and manly" spirit; we also become acquainted with the white elephant, "six years old and as big as three bulls, ridden by an Indian. On the back of the beast was a silken chest covered with cloth of gold, containing presents for Pope Leo X, a gold chalice and tabernacle for the Host, sumptuous vestments, and a marvelous altar frontal, valued at 270,000 ducats. This elephant, who wept when leaving his home, understood Italian and Portuguese. When a salute of 100 guns was fired he nearly jumped into the Tiber. He knelt down and bowed three times in the presence of the Holy Father, who rewarded him with melons and confetti which he ate gladly. Leo was delighted when this sagacious elephant, drinking from a pail, squirted water over the spectators. Raphael painted the portrait of the elephant, who was extolled in an elegant Latin epistle. When he died of angina the papal chamberlain wrote a stately epitaph for his grave.

One likes to think of Pope Pius and Duke Federico riding together amid the dust raised by the cavalry, discussing the Trojan war, attempting to settle the boundaries of Asia Minor. When Leo X went to Bologna to meet Francis I, the women, who generally formed the best part of the show, had, according to the Mantuan Archdeacon, the ugliest faces in the world; the archers of the French guard looked "like bargemen with dirty faces and greasy, threadbare coats; they had not four gold chains and hardly a suit of brocade among them." Francis asked the Pope to give him the Laocoon, and was greatly interested in Messer Alfonso's account of "The Perfect Courtier" which he begged Castiglione to finish.

In 1499 Castiglione saw Louis XII make his triumphal entry into Rome when a Venitan describing the occupation of the city wrote: "The Romans are a dirty people. Everywhere in the Castello there is dirt and foulness, such as Signor Lodovico (Sforza) would not have allowed for the world! The French captains spit upon the floor of these splendid halls, and their soldiers outrage women openly in the streets." Castiglione wrote in the "Cortegiano" that the French believed only in the nobility of arms, and counted all the rest as nothing. "They not only despise learning but they abhor it, and hold scholars to be the vilest of men."

At the Italian courts, not only at Urbino, learning and the arts were set above all things, among some rulers as above even military glory. The Greek and Roman classics were as familiar as the Italian poets. Castiglione believed that a boy should begin by learning Greek, then Latin; his own favorite poets were Virgil and Tibullus; Cicero, his writer in prose. Describing at length the glories of the ducal palace at Urbino, the architecture, the furniture, tapestries, costly table equipment, paintings, Miss Cartwright dwells upon the library which the good Duke Federico called the finest jewel of his crown. The duties of the librarian—several noted scholars served in turn—and the regulations drawn up for their guidance and the benefit of visiting students might be profitably observed by librarians today. Personages of learning and importance should be courteously treated, but watched "to see that no pages are removed; when strangers ask

to see the books out of mere curiosity, a single glance will be sufficient, unless the visitor should be one of distinction and influence."

These few notes give little idea of the nature of Miss Cartwright's two volumes; of her intimate acquaintance with the wars and intrigues, the life and conversation of those with whom Castiglione associated; of his own accomplishments as poet, dramatist, diplomat.

Where now is the alabaster organ sent from Naples to Leo X, said to be the best and most beautiful in the world? Castiglione, knowing that his dear friend Isabella d'Este wanted it, bought it in 1522 and sent it to Mantua on the back of 12 mules with an escort of four horsemen. We read of Castiglione's life in the country, his seeking a well-endowed wife, for he was long in debt. There were quack remedies for the plague "with its cruel game." Roberto da Bari danced with such grace and enjoyment that he did not pause to pick up his fallen cloak and slippers. The passage of the English Channel was dreaded by every traveler.

QUARRELLING CHILDREN

(From Archibald Marshall's "Simple Stories")
And Christine Tong said yes it was, and you are a thief and she is a tell-tale, and I don't want to be friends with you any more.
And Susan said I don't want to either, you smell.

The tragedy of the very latest fashion is that it is the first to become old-fashioned.—Harold Speed.

It seems that children in England collect "silver paper," thinking they can thus be of aid to hospitals; that this tinfoil has a value; hospitals, glad to receive the tinfoil, request that it be kept flat, not rolled up in balls, for the smelters to whom it is sold prefer it flat.

The youngsters in our little village collected tinfoil, begged it from chewers of tobacco, and made balls of it; not to help the State Hospital for the Insane, the only hospital in the village, but to glory over a boy whose ball was smaller. In those days the chewers of tobacco rejoiced in fine cut, either Anderson's "Solace," or, perhaps a little later, "Mayflower," manufactured at Detroit by one Bagley, Governor Bagley of Michigan. Anderson's was a stronger tobacco. Was it not in his New York shop that a pretty girl worked, whose murder led Poe to write the "Mystery of Marie Roget"? Plug tobacco was not so often chewed in the village.

Apropos of Poe as a writer of detective stories, Eino Railo has recently asserted that Conan Doyle is a direct imitator of Poe; that Dupin and Poe the narrator became Sherlock Holmes and Watson. "All the features that give to Conan Doyle's stories their special character, namely the two chief characters Holmes and Watson, their friendship, character and secluded bachelor quarters, crime and its detection by quasi-scientific methods, even the general method and style of narration, are found ready to hand in the Rue Morgue story and appear unchanged, except for the names, in Conan Doyle's works."

FOR MR. GOODWIN'S ATTENTION

As the World Wags:
In Newark recently August Frey stupidly permitted an automobile to knock him down. Filled with remorse, he sprang up and cried: "It's all right, driver! I'm not hurt!" But the driver got out and punched August's nose for getting in the way. At least some motorists have enough spunk left to fight for their rights.

OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

Watson, what do you make of this "Personal" in a London newspaper: "What pumble pumbled a bumble cumbled Kumble Esumbles by Lumble Jumble?"
Is this a cipher, giving information to a crook, plotting a burglary, or a message from a lover to a girl whose parents frown on correspondence and his wooing?

"IT'S"

As the World Wags:
Miss Ruth Brooks said recently in The Herald: "When the word 'It's' has an apostrophe, its meaning changes and it becomes the contraction of 'It is.'" Is not "It's" rather than "It's" the proper contraction of "It is"?—that is,

shouldn't there be a space between "It" and "s"? In Marshall T. Bigelow's "Handbook of Punctuation," he says after giving several examples of the marking of the elision of a syllable by an apostrophe: "In all cases where two words are thus made into one syllable a space should be left between the words as though they were not abbreviated. One of the illustrations which he gives to exemplify the spacing which he thus says there should be when two words are abbreviated in pronunciation into one is "Love's Labor's Lost."
Brookline. (INQUIRER.

WE TWO

If I, whose head the signs of winter show,
Met you, my Self of forty years ago
(A ghostly sort of tete-a-tete
In the dim corridors of Fate)
However distance may enchantment lend,
I wonder if I'd like you, O my friend!

I am not sure: I fear that I can find
No traces of the philosophic mind:
You're ignorant and rather vain;
Your views are crude, your talk inane
(Mostly of girls and dappes you've been
at):

I do not like your morals, or your hat.

Yet here we are together, hopeless
twins,
And shall be judged for one another's
sins,

(I for your errors of the start,
You for my deeds of harder heart);
Since in so many things we disagree,
Which of the two of us is really Me?
H. F. M.

There is always a public for that which cannot be understood, since it saves one the trouble of trying to understand.—Manchester Guardian.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is quoted as saying: "In a very short time the demand for Hell will return."

Archdeacon Sinclair used to tell about one Torrey who held revival meetings in Albert Hall, London. He was preaching one day about the number of persons who had gone, or would go, to hell. Citing instances, he said: "I am sorry to say that a near relation of my own—my aunt, in fact—died impenitent and has certainly gone to hell." On this a young man in the congregation got up and made for the door. "Yes," said Torrey, "and there is a young man who will certainly go to hell, too." He dwelt on this supposition, while the young man, apparently undisturbed, walked till he reached the door. Then he turned and said to Torrey: "Ta-ta, I'm off! Any message for auntie? Or shall I just tell her you'll see her later."

As the World Wags:

The other day I asked the boss how the owner's son was succeeding as a reporter and he answered: "Fine. He hasn't been around here for a month, and, if he continues to remain away, I'll raise his pay."

OLD SOAK.

M. S. writes: "I read in English novels about 'green gage plums.' Why 'gage'?"

Sir W. Gage, of a Suffolk family, imported, about 1725, plum trees from Spain or Italy. The produce was known in his district as "green Gage plums." They were roundish, green, fine flavored. The poor and shabby practitioner in Shaw's "Doctor's Dilemma" recommends for nervous disorders "a pound every day, half an hour before lunch."

As the World Wags:

The Woman's National Democratic Club has offered \$100 for the best slogan for the 1928 campaign. Very well, ladies, kindly send me a certified check for the hundred berries. Here's your slogan:

"Hip licker, hip licker, yes, that is my cheer,
Hip, hip! for hip licker. Hip, hip! too beer!"

R. H. L.

And Watson, what of this "Personal"?
"H? Pzl. nt, I, too, resp. yr. sk. wsh
hd, mt, U, tho, wl, rte, D of E."

Whatever it signifies, Germany is the only nation which thinks it important to keep right on announcing that it was not guilty of bringing on the World War.—Knoxville Journal.

The history of streets in large cities may be made anecdotically entertaining. There is also a psychology of streets. Balzac wrote of houses that were sinister, suggestive of stormy passions and

squalid crimes. The same might be said of streets, though they are inhabited apparently by blameless persons. There are "Tales of Mean Streets," stories of unfortunate or comical dwellers in London. The Lazare Brothers wrote a large quarto on the Streets of Paris, but the story is told as by a surveyor. The City of Boston has published an account of its streets that contains interesting matter.

Mr. George H. Cunningham is the author of "London: Being a Comprehensive Survey of the History, Tradition and Historical Associations of Buildings Arranged Under Streets in Alphabetical Order." This book of over 900 large pages is published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. A short preface is followed by an introduction showing the growth and development of London from the days of the "Palaeolithic floor" of the city to the present time. The motto for the book is Dr. Johnson's remark: "Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists."

And so the reader of this amazing book begins with Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

"1. John MacWhirter, the artist, built himself a house here which he called Gordon House, and lived in it for many years.

"20. Maxine Elliott, the American actress, has made her home here for the past few years.

"27. Mme. Trebelli, the singer, lives here for some time.

"44. John Gibson Lockhart, Scott son-in-law, lived here during his last years in London.

"Ben Davies lived in Abbey Road. Edmund Yates, novelist and journalist, lived here in 1860."

The book ends with Zoar street Southwark. "John Bunyan preached in Zoar Chapel, which stood on the left of the street going toward Gravel Lane and about 100 feet from the lane."

A glance at the index of 80 pages double columns, closely printed, will give an idea of Mr. Cunningham's incredible industry and research. Not only every man and woman mentioned, but there are classified groups: Auction rooms, patients in Bedlam, books written (thus Thackeray wrote the closing chapters of "The Newcomes" at 36 Onslow square, where he planned the Cornhill Magazine, and living here made his only attempt to enter Parliament), booksellers, cemeteries, churches, club duels, gates, halls, hospitals, hotels, journals, kings, mansions, markets, music rooms, pictures (where painted), prisons, prize fights, schools, taverns, the trees, etc.

An extraordinary feature of this index is the list of characters in literature where they lived and what they did there, characters in general: Walt Besant's characters, Dickens's (over 50 columns closely printed), Conan Doyle Gissing's, Smollett's, Thackeray's. The Sairey Gamp nursed Mr. Lewsome at High Holborn, the site of the "Bull & Anchor" tavern, called in "Marty Chuzzlewitz" the "Bull" inn. Nothing apparently, has escaped Mr. Cunningham. If Alexander Pope lived at Berkeley street, Piccadilly, before he went to Twickenham, Mrs. Howland, mistress of Louis Napoleon (after Napoleon III) lived there later. In Berkeley square that Beau Brummage, in 1813, "on his way home after a night at cards, picked a sixpence out of the gutter and ever afterward wore it on his watch chain, claiming that brought him good luck." Is there to be of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" John Jasper stopped at the Falcon Hotel in Falcon square, while Mr. Grewgig had chambers at 10 Staple Inn, H. born. Drood was entertained there, dinner and Rosa went there for refuge from Jasper. Hawthorne stumbled at Staple Inn during his first visit to London and wrote about it. Blondin, the tight-rope walker, lived in Finchley road in a house afterward occupied by "Polly Moore, the negro minstrel. Among those who lived in Finchley road were Mme. Nordica, Mme. Tietjens, M. Scalchi, Pinero, Wyndham and Florent St. John of the Gaiety Theatre at height of her popularity. Padereau gave his first concert in London at James hall (now the Piccadilly Hotel).

Let no one think that we have here merely a catalogue. The book is crowded with anecdotes, descriptions, dissertations. Mr. Cunningham writes in a breezy manner, with humor as well

gusto. Taking the book in hand, one is tempted to read and read, no matter where it is opened. Would one revise his historical knowledge? It was at the Chapter Coffee House, now 49-50 Watermaster row, at the house of Mrs. Anne Turner, that Lord Rochester (Earl of Somerset) and the Countess of Essex planned the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. "The poison with which the deed was done was prepared here by Mrs. Turner, a fortune teller and an apothecary, and was given to the victim in 1615. Mrs. Turner lives in fame as the inventor of yellow starch. Starch for stiffening the elaborate ruffles of the period had been introduced into England by Mrs. Guilham, wife of Queen Elizabeth's coachman. The novelty was very popular and different classes used different colors. The Puritans opposed the custom at first, but finally used blue starch themselves. Racing men used green; but when Mrs. Turner invented yellow it was immediately adopted by the nobility as their special distinction." Did it not go out of fashion after her execution? It was at this Coffee House that Swedenborg received his first spiritual manifestation in 1743.

Turn to Piccadilly. No. 158, now the Lyceum Club (ladies) "Old Q," the fourth Duke of Queensbury would sit ogling the girls with his one eye. In his later years he was unable to walk and used to be let down from the balcony in a bath chair. . . . It is recorded that in the drawing room of his house the duke and three of the most beautiful women in London enacted the scene of Paris and the Coddesses in proper costume—or lack of it—and the duke presented a gilded apple to the divinity of his choice."

It was in the chapel of Kensal Green cemetery that Moncure D. Conway "the American abolitionist and Unitarian minister, conducted the funeral services of Artemus Ward (Charles F. Braine), when he died in London in 1866." But did not Artemus die in an English seaside town? Was not his death in 1867? (We are now far from books of reference.)

Truly an amazing work, this "London," as engrossing as it is valuable.

R. G. W. proposes Mrs. Knee, chiropodist of Manchester, N. H., for admission to the Herald's hall of fame. She stoops to conquer.

The most universal automatic action in the world today is that of a lady striving, with indifferent success, to draw a curtain over her knees.—Ernest Raymond.

PAUL WHITEMAN AT METROPOLITAN

This is Paul Whiteman's week at the Metropolitan Theatre. The last doubt that he might share it with the feature picture is dispelled the minute Mr. Whiteman's musical shoulders and swinging baton take their place in front of the crimson coated orchestra. Again jazz assails one, but what jazz! It has the throb and beat of a softly crooned lullaby gone a bit wild. It approaches the border of tumult and edges away nicely, musically. If jazz is taking its place as American music, may it be Mr. Whiteman's kind.

After two selections, one of which was "I'll Always Remember You," Mr. Whiteman introduces a member of his organization and leaves the stage. The name of the short person with a blue nose and versatile violin did not penetrate but his comedy did. It is seldom one sees a violin played with such dexterity or a tune evolved from the medium of a bicycle pump.

Mr. Whiteman's next numbers were a "Study in Blue," by D. Savine, a collection of old favorites with the members of the orchestra dressed in silver and gilt jackets, some songs, a clever trio in front of the drop and a musical finale. Mr. Whiteman has been called the King of Jazz and he rules well.

The photoplay is "One Woman to Another," a film comedy, starring Florence Vidor. With the thinnest of plots and an abundance of hard-working subtitles, the picture endures and its star manages to be charming if not distractingly funny.

As a novelist without the usual surridge on her nose, Miss Vidor smiles "Sister" her fiancé (Theodore von Eltz) when

he suggests that she come look at a dorable house he has found—half tea room—but she, it seems, is annoyed by publishers. Happy lady, they want her novel and she has only written to the third divorce. She is sorry—so sorry—until her duty is to write and then she axes, and coaxes until she consents to go with him as soon as she finishes the present chapter.

The chapter is never finished. A niece and a nephew are brought and t on the novelist's hands. Again she is urged by duty to look after them and the long suffering fiancé is cornered by some girl scouts—according to the subtleties—and almost married against his will in the absence of his earnest and conscientious fiancée. She has taken the children to the country. A friend, a loyal friend, arranges that she shall be compromised instead of the girl who has tried to force herself—and how—upon the loyal man, but with duty driving the original and right girl to the arms of her fiancé—all ends as happily as possible. C. M. D.

"A Florentine diary from 1450 to 1516" by Luca Landucci, continued by an anonymous writer till 1542, with notes by Iodoco Del Badia, translated from the Italian by Alice de Rosen Jervis, with 10 illustrations, including a picture of the execution of Savonarola and his companions from a 16th century original. Published by E. P. Dutton and Co., 308 pages. There is a good index.

This Florentine, a gentle, kind-hearted, pious soul, began his diary with these words: "I record that on the 15th October, 1450, I, Luca, son of Antonio, son of Luca Landucci, a Florentine citizen, of about 14 years of age, went to learn book-keeping from a master called Calandra: and praise God! I succeeded. And on the 15th of January, 1452, I entered the shop of the apothecary Francesco at the sign of the Scala in The Mercato Vecchio." (This was the old market now replaced by the Piazza Vittorio-Emanuele.)

Landucci lived in stormy years; years of conspiracies and wars, of tortures, burnings and hangings. When the Medici were expelled in 1494, he plied the young cardinal, kneeling in terror at a window of his palace. A follower of Savonarola, Landucci described in detail the execution: how the hangman stirred the fire up over the dead bodies so that the very least piece was consumed. The last bit of dust was carried to the Arno; "nevertheless a few good men had so much faith that they gathered some of the floating ashes together in fear and secrecy, because it was as much as one's life was worth to say a word, so anxious were the authorities to destroy every relic." What a picture of the scene in Santa Maria del Fiore on Christmas night 1498, when foes of Savonarola made an old horse, tortured, run about in the church! A few years before they had put ink in the holy water basins, smeared with dirt the pulpit, "violating it before the crucifix where the word of God is spoken." In many churches asafœdita was put in the censers, goats let loose in Santa Maria Novella. "And it was said that the crown had been taken off Our Lady of San Marco and given to a courtesan." These things, Landucci wrote "caused good and wise men to tremble with fear for a judgment of God."

There is much about the wars between the Pisans and the Florentines. When the Pisans, beset, were starving, a woman obtained bread from their foes; her mother would not touch it: "Take away the bread of the accursed Florentines; I had rather die." Nine years before, Landucci told of Pisan women who came out clothed only in their chemises. The troops suspected them of carrying messages. "The soldiers were so shameless as to search them to their skins, and they found letters to the Pope's son. Think what was bring about. The innumerable cases that happen, and the sin of those who cause it all."

It was an age of all sorts of crime, of assassinations. "It was permitted by the Lord" that Landucci's son, Benedetto, was stabbed by no means slightly. "We cannot think by whom as he has never offended anyone. . . . It happened in punishment of our other sins. I truly pardon the aggressor, as I hope that the Lord may pardon me, and I pray God to pardon him and not send him to hell for this." A young woman killed a little girl to obtain a pearl necklace.

Sept 25 1927

Mari Bidou's "Chopin" was published in Paris two years ago. Translated into English by Catherine Alison Phillips, it is published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York, in handsome form, with the paper, type, binding peculiar to his house. There are portraits of Chopin, Delphine Potocka, Maria Wodzinska, Chopin's sisters (Isabella Barcinska and Louise Jendrezewicz), George Sand, and other illustrations; there are measures in musical notation. The appendix comprises a catalogue of Chopin's works, and a bibliography. The latter is, perhaps inevitably, not complete. We regret to say there is no index.

The biography is in four parts: Chopin in Poland (1810-1830); the early years in Paris (1831-1837); Lelia (1838-1847); the death agony. M. Bidou's notes, they are many and interesting, are put at the end of each part. It would be of greater convenience to the reader if these notes were truly footnotes, although the appearance of the pages might thus suffer.

M. Bidou has written an excellent life of Chopin which deserves the dress given to it by Mr. Knopf. This biography should please and instruct the amateur, that is, the lover of music and of romantic adventures, and the professional musician. The book, first of all, is distinguished by its sanity. The early biographers of Chopin were not fully informed about his life. Liszt was inclined to rhapsodize. Niecks was entertaining but diffuse, taking two octavo volumes for his subject, writing about George Sand in a melodramatic manner, regarding her as a demon. Huneker's life of Chopin is valuable, especially for the many pages devoted to the analysis and "appreciation," at times lush, of the composition. Elie Poiree's biography is to be commended for critical independence and originality.

The biographical material at M. Bidou's command is interwoven with analytical discussion of certain compositions; the subjects are not separated as in Huneker's biography.

M. Bidou tells the story of Chopin's life clearly, without encumbering details; one gains a definite idea of the man's character from his boyhood to his death. There are, inevitably, quotations from Liszt, Legouve, Schumann, Niecks, Poiree. When the section "Lelia" is reached, we read Balzac's description of George Sand when he visited her at Nohant. Discussing in an analytical manner Chopin as pianist and composer, M. Bidou avoids dryness and the halfalutin that at times mars even Huneker's eloquent descriptions. There are interesting pages about the nature of the polonaise, the mazurka, and other Polish dances. We are assured that there is no polonaise music dating further back than the middle of the 18th century. There is a long description of the artistic life in Paris when Chopin went there in 1831.

He was a joyous lad, delighting in mockery, mimicry, even buffonery. He continued so until his wretched health made him melancholy. It was thought by his friends that he would have made a capable actor. Yet in his soul was the racial sadness, "that vague yearning, the Polish word for which is 'zal.'" In his later years he was indifferent to nature. He wrote from Nohant: "I was not made for the country." Paris and its salons were dearer to him; though from Vienna he wrote to his father: "I am bored with all these dinners, evening parties, concerts and balls. . . . I cannot live in the way I should like. I have to dress, put on evening shoes arrange my hair and appear in people's drawing rooms with a smiling face but when I get back to my room, I thunder at the piano."

This thundering must have been of the kind that accompanies a summer shower in the distance, for as a pianist he was constantly taken task for the comparative lack of tonal volume. Playing in Paris when was in good physical condition, praised for elegance, brilliance, polish, was criticized for drawing only a small tone from the piano, "resembling in this respect the majority of German pianists." After a concert in Vienna (1829) he wrote to his parents: "It is said here almost unanimously that I play too softly, or, rather, too tenderly, for the public. They are used to the big drum of the virtuosi. . . . But I had rather they say I was too gentle than too violent."

What would he think of the pianists of today who pound and thum his works; speak of the "heroic side" of the composer, "the greater Chopin; say that the poetic tenderness of his performance was due to the pianos of his time and his own physical weakness.

Chopin's love of Bach's music is well-known. His admiration of Handel's is not so often quoted. It was in Berlin that he heard Handel, "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." He wrote to his parents that it "gripped" him, "it was what came nearest to that ideal of sublime music which I bear in the depths of my soul."

The chapter on Chopin as a pianist and teacher begins with the remarks of a Parisian critic concerning Chopin's "personality, of which nobody else possessed the secret, and which inspired Chopin's play. The critic, comparing him with Liszt and Thalberg, who called transports of passion, added: "Chopin arouses them too, but of a vehement and clamorous nature, for the very reason that it is a more intimate fibre, a gentle emotion which he stirs in the heart." This chapter is of especial interest to teachers and students of the piano, but the general reader will turn to the pages describing the life of Chopin with George Sand.

It may here be stated that in Paris Chopin received 20 francs a lesson. He said that he was not fitted to give concerts. "The crowd embarrasses me, I feel stifled by their hurried breathing, paralysed by their curious glances, mute before these strange faces." Obligated to face the public in Paris in 1848—he needed the money—the tickets for his concert were 5 francs each, an enormous price at that time, and they were obtained only through influence. In London that year, two concerts brought him near 300 guineas; at three evening parties he received £20 for playing at each one.

What separated George Sand and Chopin? Sentimental biographers have represented her as bearing him away to endure hardships at Majorca of insulting him by her portrait of Prince Karol in her novel, "Lucrezia Floriani," of killing him by the violence of her passion. She has been cruelly treated by the great majority of Chopin's biographers. M. Bidou tells the story calmly, judicially. Neither at Majorca, where he suffered from the stormy weather, wretched food, and the terror and phantoms inspired by the cloister in which they lived, nor at Nohant, was Chopin, in account of his health, a normal and always companionable being. There

George Sand was devoted to his comfort—he once wrote from Nohant: "I feel as calm and serene as a swaddled baby"—many of her views of life, love and religion clashed with those of Chopin. He was reserved, easily wounded, of an aristocratic nature, a devout Catholic. According to Liszt, his sole confidant was his music. "Uncultivated roughness repelled him. Everything resembling melodrama whether in music or literature was a torture to him. . . . An art which left nothing to the imagination would have seemed to him immodest."

Did Chopin become embittered at Nohant? Did he show temper, jealousy, acting as though he had rights over her thoughts and actions? Whatever the cause of the separation, Chopin never composed after he left her, and Liszt says he was inconsolable.

That George Sand exhausted him by her love, as some insist, is nonsense. She wrote on this subject with amazing frankness in 1847 to Grzymala after Chopin had been ill.

M. Bidois has written a biography of Chopin; not, as a brilliant counsellor of his, a romantic novel with Chopin as the hero.

P. H.

lace and threw her into a well. While the Host was elevated in Santa Maria del Fiore, Giuliano de Medici and Francesco Nori were killed near the altar. The body of Jacobi di Pazzi was disinterred, dragged through the streets and when they came to the door of his house, they tied the rope to the door bell, saying "knock at the door!" and they made great sport all through the town." Then they threw the body into the river and sang a song "with certain rhymes" among them this line:

"Messer Jacopo is floating down the Arno." Read the deeds of Cesare Borgia's troops in Florence; one of such atrocious nature that "I do not know if I can record this villainy, which made me tremble with fear of God on hearing it." Landucci speaks of the good behavior of French troops in Florence, who "were in our houses together with gentlewomen, but there was never an idea of their behaving badly." Three murderers were tortured with red hot pincers all through the city. When the fire was low, there were shouts "Make it red hot . . . and the boys were ready to assassinate the executioner if he did not do his work well, hence they (the condemned men) shrieked in the most terrible way. And all this I saw."

No wonder that Landucci at one time wrote: "Hell seemed open, and woe to him who should try to reprove vice."

But there are many curious notes about the plague, influenza, terrible storms, thunderbolts, animals, earthquakes, miracles, strange superstitions, Landucci delighted in stories about monsters. A Spaniard gained much money by showing a boy of 13; instead of being only one boy there were two attached to one another in an extraordinary way. "The boys did not seem greatly troubled." At Venice a boy was born with its mouth split up to its nose; one eye was by the nose, the other behind the ear; the face was cracked all over, as if it had been hacked with a knife and on the forehead was a horn. They say that the lower parts of its body was very strange, and it had an animal's tail. It died when the horn was cut off. At Padua one was born with two heads and two hands on each arm. In Venice a woman of 60 gave birth to three children at once. "Such signs signify great trouble in the city where they take place." At Ravenna a monster was born with a horn on its head, "straight up like a sword"; its arms were wings of a bat; it bore a cross on a breast, two serpents lower down at the waist; on the right knee it had an eye; on the left foot an eagle. "I saw it painted, and anyone who wished could see this painting in Florence." There are notes about bears, giraffes, lions, caterpillars with a human face, with eyes and nose, a halo round their face, a crown on their head which was a little cross; their bodies were golden and they had a small and slender black tail; they devoured the sloe-bushes on the meadow near the river and boys caught them. These caterpillars were not seen again. There is a long description of one animal hunt in the Piazza de Signori.

A certain unbeliever went about Florence disfiguring the images of Our Lady. He was stoned to death, and his body was dragged about "with great vituperation." When Michaelangelo's David was first set up in the public square, "during the night stones were thrown at the giant to injure it, therefore it was necessary to keep watch over it." On Jan. 20, 1493 a snowstorm with wind was so severe that doors and windows could not be opened. "There was not a house so hermetically sealed as not to become so full of snow that it took several days to clear it out." At Volterra a boy was born with the head and legs of a bull. "The top of the head was open like a pomegranate with fiery rays coming out." The monster had three teeth and hairy arms. It lived about three hours. A hermit coming to Florence, barefoot, declared that St. John and the angel Raphael had appeared to him. The "Eight" sent him away. Landucci's stories about miracles and the superstitions of the people would alone furnish a column of good reading. The abundant notes of Del Badiali and the translations are of great interest and value.

27 1927.
In the Australian bush a warrior wooed and won the belle of the tribe. Other suitors disagreed with her preference so they all argued the question. The girl's parents, not pleased with her conduct, beat her. Her betrothed came to her rescue. When the discussion was all over one of the suitors was dead, two were seriously wounded and 10 were hurt. This is the story as it comes recently from Sydney.

It reminds us of a wedding in the Kentucky mountain region. The bride and the groom were of families between whom there had long been a feud. As the girl and her man entered the little church there was a general and brilliant gunplay. The bridegroom was among the killed. As the bride saw him and other admirers silent in death she was heard to remark: "These air self-cocking shooting irons are playing hell with my matrimonial prospects."

(Sign displayed in a Swiss small hotel)
"Strange gentlemen will please not to dress for dinner, as this costume flutters the souls of the maid folk and no work is resulted. Humbly asked."

Sometimes in my novel reading I have ejaculated: "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love."—Arnold Bennett.

CONFESSION

I've never been an epicure,
I eat most anything,
From victuals plain and quite obscure
To chicken a la king;
To spinach I will even stoop,
It's easy to digest.
But I can't eat tomato soup,
It doesn't match my vest.

I eat potatoes, any style,
Boiled, mashed, or even fried.
I could eat onions with a smile,
Although I've never tried;
I like the entire pabulum group.
There's nothing I detest,
But I can't eat tomato soup,
It doesn't match my vest.

Some day when I have lots of dough,
My wardrobe I'll replete,
I'll buy a lot of waistcoats so
When I sit down to eat
I will not need to give a whoop.
And no one can protest
Because I eat tomato soup
That doesn't match my vest.

VAN H. ESHELMAN.

Mr. Dale Warren is compiling an anthology: "Great Sayings of Great Men." In a recent number of the New Yorker he found this memorable saying encased in an advertisement: Irvin S. Cobb: "It was my wife who converted me to yeast cakes."

The government has just expelled from France an Italian cement worker of the name of Ronchini, who was the secretary to the international Sacco-Vanzetti committee. He was associated with two other workmen, also anarchists, who have been arrested for robbing the poor-boxes in Paris churches.—The Observer (London).

SPEAKING OF "PEP"

As the World Wags:
The business man, having advertised for a smart youth, arriving at his office, found 30 or 40 applicants waiting. He had talked with a dozen or more when his secretary entered with a dirty scribbled note: "Don't do anything until you've seen me. I am last in the queue, but I tell you straight I'm the goods." LOOKER ON.

"PEDESTRIANS HAVE NO RIGHTS"

As the World Wags:
Will you grant me a little space to record my long-continued experience with traffic officers, and to testify to my unqualified gratitude to the same? They seem to have superhuman powers in a very difficult and confusing position. But one thing is apparently expected of them: they do not

possess, namely, X-ray vision. Without it how can the public demand that, after signalling automobiles to halt, the officer should see through the serried and multiple ranks of cars—the law-breakers who dash round the corners without detection unless their wheels are encumbered and stopped by bodies of their victims, who supposed they had reason to hope that the crossing might be safe?

In a lesser crowd, my life has been saved over and over again by traffic officers, not only at corner crossings but on alighting from street cars. On one occasion a police officer who was fortunately nearby, said sadly, "Pedestrians have no rights." In the present automobile tyranny, the rule for pedestrians to use crossings only is too dangerous for prudent persons, and one should not be blamed for preferring comparative safety by choosing a vacant space half-way between corners.

The motorist's craze for murder can be compared only with deerstalkers taking the life of innocent creatures by stealth and craft. I once had the misery of seeing the late Henry Lee Higginson within an inch of death in crossing at the Vendome corner. With the agility of a younger man he reached the curbstone. His intense indignation had no effect upon the motorist unless to increase his pride in so nearly killing big game. The impudent nonchalance upon his face seemed to say, "Better luck next time! I may hit him yet." The two corners near my house have been named "Dead Man's Corner" and "Murderer's Bend," because of their record of horrors. JULIANA DAY.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

(Sunday Times, London, Sept. 2, 1827)

Our readers will see that since our attack on the bestial custom of cigar smoking, which has been followed up by the John Bull, there are symptoms of the nuisance abating. The filthy custom, however, brought three Cambridge men into a fracas at Vauxhall last week and a humiliating appearance at Union hall on the following morning. We hope the smoking they got from the crowd will be a lesson to them and a warning to others.

A SCANDALOUS ATTACK

As the World Wags:
I sincerely hope my good friend the Hon. John F. will not let pass unnoticed this statement of Seymour Lowman in Time:

"There has been much improvement. You can go to bed in a hotel these days unaccompanied by the refrain of 'Sweet Adeline.' Less drinking in hotels helps tired people."

FRANCES HANSON.

PERCIVAL PARHAM,

Percival Parham, tenor, opened the recital season last night in Jordan hall, when, to the neat accompaniments of Eva White, he sang this program: Bist du bei Mir, Bach; Come, Come Thou— "Il Penseroso," Handel; Suoi dar la vita all'or, Bononcini; Im Wunderschoener Monat Mai, Die Rose, die Lille, die Taube, Schumann; Gutman und Gutweib, Wolf; Le Chasseur Perdu en Forêt Honegger; Walcourt, Sulz: The Hear Worships, Holst; My Lady of Clouds Steinhert; I Have a Dream, Austin; D Profundis, MacFayden; Chillo, The Lonesome Road, Parham; Mourner Got a Home at Last, Eva White; New Born Again, Heilman; Po, lil' Jesus Parham.

Mr. Parham offered a program containing much beautiful music as well as much that was unfamiliar, a program, furthermore, refreshingly free from rubbish—the greater wonder, therefore, and quite by the way, that he should care to cheapen his list by McFayden's mediocre song.

The Handel air could surely be known to few, that by the rival Bononcini to still less. The lovely Schumann songs, emerging for once from their present inexplicable retirement, did one good to hear again, though indeed Mr. Parham did the exquisite song of May scant justice when, by omitting the following song of the nightingale, he left it hanging in the air. The Wolf song, too, can not be familiar to many persons; how it calls out for Elena Gerhardt's attention! And there was further an example of Honegger, as keenly characteristic as might be expected, more musically reasonable than everybody might have looked for. And Mr. Steinert's song well held up its end, with a firmer melodic line than this composer always affects. An excellent program, in truth.

Mr. Parham sang it in a most musicianly manner, with a voice quite lovely at its best, when used full strength, that is to say, or, on the other hand, with half strength; its tones when moderately loud became too often either hard or nasal. Despite this defect, however, and that of unclear enunciation, Mr. Parham is both vocally and musically so adequately equipped that presently, no doubt, he will wish to pay closer attention to the moods and emo-

tions of which his music tells. Thus only can his song become truly telling. Before the group of spiritualists Grace Walker, B. L. I., spoke pleasantly, and with lovely voice and diction, on folk songs. R. R. G.

COLONIAL—"Pardon Me," Robert V. Newman's new musical comedy, opens here prior to New York engagement. Ralph Murphy wrote the book. Mr. Murphy and Morris Ryskind the lyrics and Harold Lewis and Charles Rusoff the music. Engagement limited to three weeks. The cast:

Deuteronomy Jones	Harry Kelly
Lee Morse	Caryl Gillin
Virginia Dare	Ruth Warren
Sheriff	Clarence Nordstrom
Million Dollar Moore	Bobby Watson
Tom Carter	Joe Wilbur
Bert	Anita Span
Eddie	Edwin Michaels
Prof. Dinwiddie	Robert Robson
Mrs. Thomas	Eda von Beulow
Clarice Thomas	Alvyn Thompson
A Guest	Robert Lowe
Hen Holbrook	Bert Matthews
Penelope Bean	Nellie Breen
Mary Ann Jones	Florence Patti
Beth	Beth Meakins
Joan	Joan Adaire
Audrey	Audrey Dixon
Gloria	Glenn Rymar

This new musical production of Robert V. Newman's opened last week in Atlantic City and is evidently still in the "getting set" stage. Tom Carter, the hero of this musical comedy, has bequeathed to him \$11,000,000 by an uncle who makes one of those provisions in his will that helps to thicken the plot of many a musical comedy. This trick provision states that the gentleman in question must spend all the money he has earned, in other words, go bankrupt, and in this way meet the requirements of the uncle's will.

A stranded theatrical troupe in a country town, and a country hotel for sale give him an idea. He buys the hotel and puts the troupe to work in the capacity of chamber maids, bell boys, and the like. This eats up no end of money and everybody is sure that Tom is going to have the \$11,000,000 handed to him on a silver platter when, for no good reason, a counterplot suddenly arises and something is said about a new will which means that all the hard work and labor on the newly purchased hotel has been in vain, for the new document says nothing at all about a bankrupt hero. But what do you suppose that cute little ingenue heroine whom you thought could only sing and dance, has been up to? She proves herself an excellent business woman with a first rate advertising sense and with letters to the chamber of commerce and other clever stunts, she soon has everything moving merrily along.

Harry Kelly, our old friend the deacon of sonorous voice and expressive face, stands out as a bright spot with his likable and familiar style of comedy. Bobby Watson, remembered for his work in "Rosie O'Reilly" of several seasons ago, handles adeptly the material that is given him. Ruth Warren of the vaudeville team of Warren and Wayne, lends an air of breeziness and smartness to her role of hostess in the hotel. Programs began to turn over when a little dark lady with a rather sparkling personality came out to sing "Giving the Devil His Due," and it was discovered that her name was Anita Span. Clarence Nordstrom, who played in the New York company of "Queen High" was an agreeable hero. Edwin Michaels, also a specialty dancer from the "Queen High" company, did some intricate steps that the audience liked. Nellie Breen and Bert Matthews made an entertaining comedy team. The staging of the dances showed original touches spasmodically. "All Day Long" seemed to be the most likely tune in the piece. A. F.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

OCT. 3, MAJESTIC—"Ned McJobb's Daughter," Theatre Guild production presented by John Cromwell with Mr. Cromwell in the leading role.

OCT. 3, ARLINGTON—Fritz Leiber in four weeks of Shakespearean repertoire, opening with "Hamlet" and alternating with "The Merchant of Venice," the first week.

OCT. 10, HOLLIS—"Wooden Kilmona," mystery melodrama fashioned after "The Bat."

OCT. 10, SHUBERT—"The Circus Princess," operetta comes here after New York engagement of 3 months.

OCT. 10, WILBUR—"Crime," A. H. Woods' melodrama of the underworld arrives after New York and Chicago engagements.

OCT. 10, REPERTORY—"Pleased to Meet You," new play by Christopher Morley opens new season for Mr. Jewett.

NEW REVUE OPENS AT ELKS' HOTEL ROOF

Last night opened the second musical revue that has made the roof garden restaurant of the Elks' hotel so popular. The first revue presented two weeks ago was a decided innovation in hotel amusements. Kieran J. Lowry, the manager, was the first to offer such a line of entertainment in a first-class hotel, and his effort has been so well rewarded that for the last two weeks it has been almost impossible to get accommodations at the roof garden restaurant between the hours of 6 P. M. and 1 A. M., which is closing time.

Abbit Harvey, prima donna of this musical revue, is a former member of "The O'Brien Girl" company. Prudence M. Carvan, dancer, gave her initial bow to the Boston audience last evening at the roof garden restaurant. Then there was Miss Danzie Goodell, who has been held over for a third week on account of her popularity.

Joe Rines and his broadcasting orchestra is another feature. Mr. Rines has personal charge of the revue and the interpolated numbers. He furnishes all the music throughout the evening and during the dance periods.

John Barrymore in "When a Man Loves," a film drama adapted from the novel "Manon Lescaut" by the Abbe Prevost, written for the screen by Bess Meredyth, directed by Alan Crosland and presented by Warner Bros. at the Modern and Beacon Theatres with the following cast:

Fabien des Grieux.....	John Barrymore
Manon Lescaut.....	Dolores Costello
Comte de Rivoire.....	Sam de Grasse
Jean Tiberge.....	Holmes Herbert
Andre Lescaut.....	Warner Oland

The story of Manon Lescaut has been screened. After viewing the result there seems to be one or two things retained from the original. The names of the characters, Manon's beauty and love of finery, the rascality of her brother and the fact that Manon was sent to America, not the manner. The rest is a collection of things the star, John Barrymore, has been doing in the movies since he deserted the legitimate stage to take them up seriously.

He makes love, he fights six or a dozen men single handed, he twitches his nose, he hops about and wears tights. The photography is beautiful with the exception of the prop boat, which gleams balefully into the night when the poor convicts are dragged aboard, but even this is distinguished by its idea of color and motion.

The producers have sincerely tried to make a worthwhile picture. They have kept down the hokum of the movies, but have lost the vital story for which they built so lovely a frame. One recalls the words of Guy de Maupassant in describing Manon, "In this figure, so full of seductiveness and instinctive perfidy, the writer seems to have embodied all that is most pleasing, the most tempting, and the most infamous, of the creature woman!" The film makes her a sweet little country girl who is a victim of circumstance and of her brother's machinations.

Finally the film borrows a bit from the stagey "Camille" when the chevalier throws gold at the one he loves and insults her in front of an assorted company. The chevalier may have been weak willed and weak minded so far as Manon went, he cheated for her and shredded his honor for her, but he did not, in the pages of the well written novel, do anything so gross as throw gold at her.

How different the trip to America is in the screen version. The understanding captain of the convict ship who accepted Manon and the chevalier as man and wife on board his boat turned into a beastly person on the screen with the accompanying horrors of caged men, murders and all the rest that seems to go with a Barrymore opus.

The final scene, with Manon and her chevalier riding in a small boat with a picturesque sail to America, the land of freedom, is a fitting climax to the rest of the screen story.

"What Is Your Husband Doing?" Well Performed

The Keith-Albee Players answered the question, "What Is Your Husband Doing?" to the evident satisfaction of a good-sized audience at the St. James Theatre last evening, through the medium of a three-act farce under that title from the pen of George V. Hobart, and under the direction of Charles I. Schofield.

"What Is Your Husband Doing?" was first seen in Boston some 10 years ago, but it is sufficiently interesting and entertaining to bear repetition and, in the

hands of the Keith-Albee Players, it is again being presented with zest and fidelity. While the piece dragged a bit last evening, as is permissible perhaps with a stock company at its initial offering, as a whole the farce was well played and evidently pleased. There are a number of farcical situations, particularly so as they involve a pair of lawyers, members of a profession who are presumed to be capable of keeping themselves out of awkward and compromising situations. However, as it turns out happily at the end, the legal luminaries may be pardoned for seeming sins of omission.

The leading roles are portrayed by J. Glynn MacFarlane, Ruth King, Mary Hill, Edith Speare, Frank Charlton, Day Manson, Charles Schofield, John Winthrop and Flora Maud Gade, Miss Hill's portrayal of Beatrice Ridley being particularly good, and the entire cast works together excellently well at all times throughout the three acts.

As a whole the farce may be said to have been well cast and well staged.

CONTINUING ATTRACTIONS

HOLLIS—"The Barker," Charles Wagner's play of circus life by Kenyon Nicholson with Walter Huston in the principal role. Last two weeks.

MAJESTIC—"Is He Guilty," a drama in which capital punishment as the result of circumstantial evidence is argued. Walter Gilbert in the cast. Last week.

PLYMOUTH—"Broadway," Jed Harris's play of night club-life in New York in which "hoofers" and boot-leggers are seen at close range. Fourth week.

SHUBERT—"My Princess," operetta, music by Romberg, starring Hope Hampton. Last week here and then Broadway.

TREMONT—"Honeymoon Lane," Eddie Dowling's musical comedy in which he stars. Third week.

WILBUR—"What A Man," Al Woods' bedroom farce with Lynne Overman in the leading role. Last two weeks.

COPLEY—"Murray Hill," Leslie Howard's new farce in its sixth week.

NED WAYBURN GIRLS DANCE AT KEITH'S

Ned Wayburn's Promenaders, at Keith's, furnish a perfectly complete entertainment, all by themselves. The descriptive title "A Miniature Follies" is aptly bestowed. It is a brilliant little revue, characterized by spirited and graceful dancing—both solo and ensemble—tuneful music and catchy lyrics. "The Golden South," sung by John Byam and with the dance led by Shirley Richards; "Set in Silver," with its captivating waltz songs, Mr. Byam leading, and Peggy Hanlon's song, "In the Days Gone By," are among the highlights. A big and eminently personable chorus is trained to the minute and accomplishes miracles of quick changing.

The rest of the bill is more than ordinarily good. Clara Jacobo's singing of classic operatic airs was a treat indeed. W. Cromwell Knox is a clever juggler whose English patter is not the least fascinating feature of his act. Renie Riano with Jean Del Val and Alvina Zolle, in a farcical skit, "Oh! Teacher," convulses the house with her grotesqueries and Athol Tier, long and lanky, helped by Peggy Ross, contributes some more of the same.

Harry Lang and Bernice Halcy in "Who Is Your Boss?" prove to be the very nuttiest of nuts, able to wring a chuckle out of the oldest kind of joke stuff—there is plenty of "new" also—while "The Earles" show themselves to be a pair of accomplished aerialists.

The Pathe pictures feature the inspiring parade of the legionnaires in Paris, the presentation being a very expeditious job indeed.

"THE BIG PARADE" AT THE ORPHEUM

Hakluyt's "Principal Voyages, Itar-fiques and Discoveries of the English Nation" appeared in Everyman's Library some years ago. A handsome library edition is now published by E. P. Dutton & Company. Two volumes of the eight are now procurable. John Masefield's excellent introduction is retained, with its description of the Elizabethan ships, their arms, equipment and complements, with its tribute to the explorers and sailors of those glorious years. "The life of a sailor," says Masefield, "is pleasant only at brief intervals, when the weather is fine, the ship comfortable, and the treatment of the officers considerate. As a rule, it is a harsh life, with few pleasures to make amends for its hardships. In Elizabethan times, it was harder than it is today."

This library edition is richly illustrated with portraits, maps, drawings from contemporaneous prints. Some Bostonians may enjoy seeing a portrait of Sebastian Cabot, though he has a disinheriting countenance. One should read his "excellent orders and instructions" given to Sir Hugh Willoughby and his fleet in their voyage intended for Cathay: "Item 12. That no blaspheming of God, or detestable swearing be used in any ship, nor communication of ribaldrie, filthy tales, or ungodly talke to be suffered in the company of any ship, neither dicing, carding, tabling, nor other divelish games to be frequented, whereby ensueth not only poverty to the players, but also strife, variance, brauling, fighting, and oftentimes murder to the utter destruction of the parties, and provoking to Gods most just wrath, and sworde of vengeance."

Froude in an essay "England's Forgotten Worthies," which might well be reprinted in this edition, calls Hakluyt's volumes "the Prose Epic of the modern English nation." With what gusto, with what sinewy English did these old adventurers, merchants, soldiers and sailors write! Turn to the "Strange discourse of Richard Johnson concerning the Samoeds," Johnson who described "devilish rites." "The priest hath upon his head a thing of white like a garlande, and his face is covered with a piece of a shirt of maille, with manie small ribbes, and tecth of fishes, and wilde beastes hanging on the same maille. Then hee singeth as wee use here in Englande to hallow, whope, or showte at houndes, and the rest of the company answer him with this Owltis, Igha, Igha, Igha, and then the Priest repleth againe with his voyces. . . . In the ende he becommeth as it were maddc, and falling downe as hee were dead, having no thing on him but a shirt, lying upon his backe I might percieve him to breathe." Later this priest "sate down like a tallour and sang with a strong voyce or halowing."

Read the description of Russian life and manners written by Anthony Jenkinson in the latter part of the 16th century, or by Giles Fletcher, Elizabeth's ambassador to the Tsar. Read the "woorthy volage of Richard the First for the recovery of Jerusalem in 1190," and Mr. Geoffrey Duckett's adventures in Persia: how the great Sophy chose his wives and concubines. Mr. Duckett wondered at the quantity of black oil, and the white oil, very precious, at the town of Bachu, "supposed to be the same that here is called Petroleum."

Turn where you will to the pages of these two volumes and you will find good reading.

And there is good reading in two other books of travel published by E. P. Dutton & Co.: "Life and Laughter 'Midst the Cannibals," by Clifford W. Collinson, with 24 illustrations, and Ferdinand Ossendowski's "Oasis and Simoon; the Account of a Journey Through Algeria and Tunisia," translated from the Polish and edited by Lewis Stanton Palen with the aid of Edward Weintal.

Mr. Collinson, one morning playing the piano in a hotel at Sydney, N. S. W., said casually to a fellow guest that he would like to have a look at the South Sea islands. "Which?" said his companion. "There are quite a lot of them scattered around, you know." The fellow guest turned out to be a government official in the Solomon Islands couple of thousand miles away. Mr. Collinson embarked, not knowing where these islands were. Thus did he become for some years a planter and trader in the South Seas "Midst the Cannibals"; but a government official having dwelt for a long time on

CHANG' IS SHOWN AT FOUR THEATRES

"Natural Drama" in that most unusual motion picture of jungle life is being shown at the Washington Street Olympia, Scollay Square, Central Square and Capitol theatres this week. It is "Chang," truly an epic film, and one in which critics are unanimous in praising. With a real story, comedy and drama, "Chang" goes further still and offers some of the biggest thrill sever photographed, notably a herd of 400 elephants in a wild stampede which wipes a whole village from the face of the camera.

Taking for its characters a native family, father and mother with their little boy and girl and their pet gibbon monkey Bimbo, "Chang" tells the story of their fight against the jungle, which Kru, the father is trying to conquer by clearing some land and raising a few domestic animals. Tigers, leopards, great snakes and other jungle denizens invade their little stronghold and Kru is forced to fight for his and his family's lives. The climax comes when Kru, reading the signs of the jungle, discovers that a huge herd of elephants is near. Packing himself and his family in a boat he goes down the river and warns the village but is laughed at. The next night, the herd, 400 strong, destroys the village. A great hunt is organized by Kru finally ending with the capture of most of the elephants which are trained and domesticated. Here Kru is left, safe for the while but with the ever present menace of the jungle filling the scene.

Heading the Olympia vandeville are the famous Elida Dancers, returning with a new vehicle "Jazzing the Nursery Rhymes." "The Thrillers" keep the

ing with latter dream. The boy on the boat. A pair of scissors to cut the hair from it. When day dawned.

lands, wrote a few days ago that an islander would be shocked and insulted if he were accused of being a "Kai-Kai man." Cannibals or no cannibals, Mr. Collinson has written a very entertaining book, written in a breezy manner, full of amusing anecdotes, with curious adventures, vivid descriptions, information about the flora and phosphate trade, birds, animals, fish, manners and customs. It cannot be said of these child-like natives: Manners none, customs nasty; they live in a state of blissful innocence and joy. It is true that they have little sense of the conventional right and wrong, but they are naturally humane, appreciative of kindness, many of them fat and lazy, but happy. There is a chapter about the missionaries. Mr. Collinson regrets that some of the missions have "gradually and perhaps unconsciously, developed into nothing more or less than commercial undertakings"; that the missions have to a great extent outlived their usefulness. "The medical and hygienic side of their work is admirable, but having said that, one has said all." Yet he pays tribute to the missionaries of early years, and knows good ones today who confine their activities to their own proper sphere of religious instruction.

Strange characters, white and native, are introduced; successful planters, beach combers; they are all described with unending humor. Here is an unusually readable and individual book of travel.

Mr. Ossendowski's book was published in England as "The Breath of the Desert." The author is known to all as a thrilling narrator. The present volume is an entertaining mixture of personal observation, historical episodes, and romantic stories such as "The Tale of Akub Ben Gmal" and "The Love of a Sahira." Mr. Ossendowski listened to story tellers and gossip in the Moorish cafes, as well as to French officials. He met Russian princesses teaching music from town to town; he saw the dancers at Bu Saada and recalled the dances of the Spanish gypsies; he witnessed the performances of snake charmers and the dervishes. There is an eloquent description of the desert with the strange story of Mahmed el-Kef, the treasure-hunter. There are pages about the old Roman life, an inquiry into the history of the Berbers, and the origin of the desert. Mr. Ossendowski met sorcerers and witches. St. Augustine, Dido and Salammbo are introduced and left behind as the traveler visited with a French administrator, the highland tribe of Kabylia, "the pearl of Algeria" where are blood-feuds and vendettas; where the women enjoy more freedom than those of other Moslem countries. These Kabyles fought in turn Romans, Vandals, Greeks and Turks and their women often waged war by the side of the men for the independence of their country.

There is a bibliography, a glossary, also an index.

It is often said that conversation is a lost art; that the Volstead Act has killed it in the club; that bridge, not conversation, follows a formal dinner even when there is a "guest of honor"; that what Dr. Johnson called "good talk" is heard only on the stage in a few plays, as those by Mr. Lonsdale, whose dialogue is witty, often brilliant, always interesting and pertinent to the situation and the development of character. No doubt there is exaggeration in these statements, but we are inclined to believe that famous conversationalists of the past would now be regarded even in Boston as rather borsome.

Miss Olive Heseltine is the author of an entertaining book entitled "Conversation." It is published by E. P. Dutton & Company. There is a good index.

Reading her opening chapter "The Art of Conversation," one easily believes that she would have shone in any circle, any salon of the last centuries. No one should take amiss her sly remarks about Americans.

"Openings to foreigners usually present grave embarrassments. . . . Americans evade this dilemma by making it a principle to talk to all strangers in all countries exclusively about America." And again: "The popularity of Americans, whose inexhaustible powers of sustained narration are so often the salvation of a tired or taciturn assembly."

She defines the general purpose of conversation: "To set out with some idea of getting somewhere, though not with getting anywhere in particular." She thinks that nothing, not even dress, dates more quickly than humor. Women are the more accurate and entertaining reporters in observation and description of living persons and social events. A man returns from a

party; his wife stayed at home:
She: "Well, do tell me all about it? Did you have a pleasant evening?"
He: "Oh, all right."
She: "Who was there?"
He: "The usual crowd."
She: "Who did you talk to?"
He: "Smith."
She: "And what did you talk about?"
He: "Shop."
She: "Did you talk to Mrs. Smith?"
He: "Yes, a bit."
She: "What was she wearing?"
He: "I didn't notice."
She: "And didn't she tell you anything interesting?"
He: "I believe she told me her children had been having colds."

This is only one of many conversations between imagined persons invented by Miss Heseltine, characteristic talk reported with a realistic touch, with a humor that spares neither sex, superficial knowledge, dignified stupidity.

After she has told what conversation should be and should not be, expressing her views in an original and vivacious manner, insisting on spontaneity, suiting the company, care in introducing anecdotes and "star-terms," avoidance of "shop," choice of novel topics, discreet employment of wit, she describes the good listener, who is indispensable in conversation. The "gruelling test" of a listener's quality is compulsory attention to monologue (This chapter should be published separately; a little book entitled "The Perfect Conversationalist," or "Guide to Conversation.")

Miss Heseltine then in the course of over 200 pages notes the conversation or lack of conversation from the time of Chaucer to the present day when the "game of talk as played has gained in healthy vigor if it has lost in formal elegance. There are more books, more newspapers, more theatres, more educated men and women, more rapid facilities of communication, and a greater number of subjects for discussion than ever in the world before." There is a sparkling chapter on the hindrances and limitations to mediaeval talk, when there was little real comfort or leisure, when many subjects were taboo, when there was little or no curiosity as to what happened in the outside world. With the dawn of the Renaissance came conversation—but stop! There were chatterers, tellers of anecdotes at the siege of Troy. Job's friends were not shy, not tongue-tied. With the Renaissance women became more influential, or, at least, prominent. Witness the conversations in Castiglione's "Perfect Courtier," witness the "Colloquies" of Erasmus.

In the 17th century the talk was graver in some quarters, but in court circles surely more scandalous. In the 18th were the wits of the coffee house, Dr. Johnson, Horace Walpole; in Paris the famous salons in which conversation was cultivated as the finest of arts. When Miss Heseltine comes to the 19th century she has a rich field: Charles Lamb's friends, the inexhaustible Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth; at Weimar the Olympian Goethe being pumped by the adoring Eckermann. If we are reminded of the talk in Jane Austen's novels we are allowed to hear what Napoleon had to say at St. Helena. There are the Victorians: Carlyle, dyspeptic and scolding; Thackeray shocking Charlotte Bronte; Tennyson with his coarse and often brutal speech, the aesthetes.

In the final chapter, "Modern Conversation," we are reminded that with the death of Queen Victoria the tradition of decency in manners and conversation which had governed society departed. Miss Heseltine gives a vivid description of the change; how subjects that had hitherto been unsuited to mixed company now figure prominently in discussions. Formality has disappeared. "The delicate transition from 'Miss Smith . . . Miss Muriel . . . may I call you Muriel? . . . darling!' is now no longer possible, since Joan and Peter are 'Old Bean' to each other at the first introduction. All the freedom exercised by men is claimed by women in conversation; and the modern woman—whose outline can only be distinguished from that of a man by the more radical exposure of her once unmentionable leg—insists on her right to discuss in mixed company subjects which would have made her mother blush to think of, and which her grandmother had never even heard."

The book, rich in quotation and anecdote, is richer still by reason of Miss Heseltine's own observations and opinions.

MOANS, NOT SWISHES

As the World Wags:
"The swish of a skirt sends a startled

look to Gene Tunney's eyes and creates a desire to flee," says the Chicago Journal. Oh, Mr. Journal! how mid-Victorian you are to be sure! "Swish of a skirt!" Dearly, skirts don't swish any more; there's not enough left of 'em to swish, swush or even swash. There's no sound from a skirt any more but a hollow moan as the ruthless scissors slashes off two inches more.

R. H. L.

Mr. J. Davenport-MacGregor gives a Latin version of "Yankee Doodle," sent to him by an "American friend."
"Ad urbem Ivit Doodleus
Cum ballo et calone.
Ornavit pluma pileum
Et dixit macaroni."

There are some who still believe that mushrooms can be gathered only when the moon is young.

Oct 30

A National Show of Bees and Honey was recently held at the Crystal Palace. We mention this show because "quantitative bee stinging" as a cure for rheumatism is a treatment used in a London hospital. The size of the dose is regulated by the number of bees used. Deep thinkers in the medical profession say that the formic acid counteracts the bad effects of uric acid. But is rheumatism always caused by uric acid? We learn that a Mr. Robins, a bee master of 50 years' experience, having been treated for rheumatism for three years without success, was cured by bee stinging in three months. (His portrait should have accompanied a certificate.) Whether bee stinging is a sure remedy or not, the prudent man will carry a horse chestnut in his pocket as a preventative.

Bees are interesting. They will not thrive in a quarrelsome family. If a swarm alights on a dead tree or on the dead bough of a living tree, there will be a death in the family of the owner in the course of the year. Stolen bees will pine away and die. All bees are idle or unfortunate if they work when there is a war. A swarm should not be sold, but bartered. If any one in the family of the owner dies, the bees should be told and invited to the funeral; crape should be put on the hive. Is this practice kept up in the United States? Did Whittier know of any observance of this rite in his neighborhood when he wrote his poem?

Mr. Oliver Herford, fond of honey, once said that he should like to keep a bee. Mr. Harold Skimpole, seeing honey on the breakfast table, did not burst out singing "How doth the little busy bee," although Mr. Skimpole was fond of music; he protested against the overweening assumptions of bees. "He didn't at all see why the busy Bee should be proposed as a model to him; he supposed the Bee liked to make honey, or he wouldn't do it—nobody asked him. It was not necessary for the Bee to make such a merit of his tastes. . . . He must say he thought a Drone the embodiment of a pleasanter and wiser idea."

Is there any anthology of prose and verse about bees? Maeterlinck's book will long be remembered if only for the chapter "The Nuptial Flight." Frank Stockton wrote a delightful story about a bee-man. Byron introduced a bee in the harem scene in "Don Juan." Goldmark wrote entrancing music for "The Dance of the Bee" in his opera, "The Queen of Sheba." Other composers have invented musical illustrations.

The bureau of entomology at Washington, D. C., states in a circular which we have received that probably 800,000 persons in this country own bees, but there are not enough who keep them efficiently and not enough who make bee-keeping a specialty. The bureau publishes many interesting bulletins, as the one about the bee louse, the one about the nosema disease; but there is no bulletin about the bee as a cure for rheumatism.

As the World Wags:

It is now the time of year when summer cottagers returning to the city abandon the cats and kittens that amused their children during their stay in the country. Already in Clamport kittens are wandering from house to house in the village hungry and disconsolate. Sometimes kittens are taken in a motor car and dropped near a farm house, the city woman thinks that some supposedly honest farmer will have pity on the abandoned. This cruel disposal of the pet for three months takes place every September, which is not always the "mild" September of the old, once popular song "The Mocking Bird."

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

As the World Wags:

We tried to read Marshal Foch's great speech at the dinner given in Paris to the American Legion. And we tried to read Gen. Pershing's too, and Com-

Savage's, and Gen. Foreman's. But we had unfortunately given a careless first glance at the paper and our eyes had lit on this sentence: "The filets mignon with truffles, pleasant, and mushrooms were washed down with 1916 Chateau, then 1908 Haut Brion, then 1919 Pommard, and finally Cordon Rouge." Ah, the tears, the scalding tears that sprang unbidden to our eyes! We could only sit and murmur, Who won the war? Who won the war?

R. H. L.

The production of "The Music Master" in London on Sept. 6 led Mr. James Agate to say: "Some day some German professor will write a book explaining why stage musicians are always depicted as being in imperfect possession of their wits."

The play was not taken seriously, we are pained to say, by the leading London critics.

WHO WANTS TO MARRY A MAN WITH A VEST?

(Inspired by a recent poem of Mr. Van H. Esheleman.)

Who wants to marry a man with a vest
Bespattered with bouillons and soups?
The Tribune has taught us that people like that

Belong to the species called "Goops."
Who wants to marry a man anyhow
Who labels his waistcoat a vest
And then can afford but one at a time,
As the man himself has confessed?

Who wants to marry a man with a vest
Spotted and stained with clam
chowder,
Which makes it, rather than toning it
down,

Funnier and usually louder?
Who wants to marry a man, I would
ask,

Whose soul cannot soar above soup?
Who, as he consumes it, probably sounds
Like a child with a bad case of croup.

Who wants to marry a man with a vest
Spangled with fancy puree?
Or a young man who wears what has
recently been

Bedizened with cold consomme?
Who wants to marry a man, I repeat,
Who is seemingly wholly obsessed
With the idea of eating tomato canned
soup,

And dribbling it over his vest?
JAYHAWKER.

W. D. Q. has posted for admission
to our Hall of Fame Mr. J. Spry, furniture
mover.

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD

Of the three men who were discussing
nationality. One said, "If I weren't
English, I'd be Irish." The second said,
"If I weren't Irish I'd be Scotch." The
third said, "If I weren't Scotch, I'd be
ashamed of myself." LOOKER-ON.

(For As the World Wags. With apologies
to R. H. G.)

O blessed moisture thrice distilled,
O weather born of prayers and hopes,
O glistening damp by Heaven willed
To save my glorious garden slopes.

In evening's bitter cold I walked those
paths,

Was this of such dear joys the last?
Would Jack Frost slyly come
And summer's brilliance all be passed?

And now, Oh joyous morn; a blessed
fog

Has saved my garden for another day.
And phlox and asters glowing still
A few more happy hours may stay.

C. E. B. N.

It is perhaps the most damning
criticism of modern society that, with
its material developments, so large a
proportion of men and women are com-
pelled to do dull mechanical work which
must sterilize rather than excite the
soul.
SIR WILLIAM ORPEN.

Oct 2 1927

"Tell It to Sweeney" Good for Many Laughs

"Tell It to Sweeney," a film comedy featuring Chester Conklin and George Bancroft, directed by Gregory La C. is presented at the Metropolitan Theatre by Paramount with the following cast:

Luke Beamish Chester Con-
Cannonball Casey George Bancroft
Jack Sweeney Jack La-
Doris Beamish Doris

In spite of the title, which sounds like so much saw-dust, "Tell It to Sweeney" is as innocuously full of fun as a merry tea-kettle on the hearth, but how could it be otherwise with Chester Conklin and George Bancroft as the principal funsters?

It has taken three months to write the story for this photoplay. Percy Heath, Monte Brice and Jerry Clarke, but one wonders if success will be in any hand but Conklin's. Bancroft and La C. are, which is another way of saying the story is right enough, but the

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William H. Crane is known to many as an excellent actor, versatile, sympathetic, intelligent. One thinks at once when his name is mentioned of "The Henrietta," "Our Boarding House," "David Harum," "The Senator," one of the two Dromios in "Comedy of Errors"; the older play-goers may recall "Evangeline"; but plays, like books, have their fate; well-graced actors become a tradition. It is not impossible that the next generation of play-goers will know Mr. Crane chiefly, if not only, by his entertaining volume of reminiscences entitled "Footprints and Echoes," published with many portraits of actors and actresses, in private life and in their roles, by E. P. Dutton & Company. There is a full index of names, plays, etc.

Mr. Crane has told his story simply, modestly, and in a most readable manner. The book is not merely one of anecdotes—though there are many; Mr. Crane is not always in the centre of the stage to the disadvantage of his theatrical co-mates. He is constantly appreciative of others. When he criticises a play or an actor, he is generous in his judgment, although he may not approve of a dramatist's or actor's art.

Melville E. Stone has written an introduction to the book in which he points out that Mr. Crane put on the stage the true American, "that sort of an American who lacking, if you will, the manners of the lady's drawing-room—untidy, simple, direct and wholly devoid of style, was yet he who made this country what it is—an honest and a controlling force in the affairs of the world. His American type was a true one, one whose character was determined neither by his money nor his manners, but by his innate integrity." Mr. Stone speaks of this actor's regard for decency; of his unwillingness to take part in dramas "deliberately designed to attract by more or less disguised filth; of his active and orderly life; of the estimation in which he is held by his colleagues, the public, and his many friends and acquaintances.

Even those who have applauded Mr. Crane as an actor, may not know that he began as a singer in operetta and opera. Born at Leicester in 1845, he went with his family to Newton Corner, but when he was 11 years old the family moved to Boston. It lived on Harrison avenue between Beach and Essex street. He went to the Brimmer School and now recalls the different characters of the teachers, Bates and Boardman. (By the way speaking of the neighbors whose houses he used to pass he mentions Gov. Andrews (sic), probably a typographical error for Andrew.) As boy and lad he was interested in amateur shows and acted a part at Cambridgeport in "Black Eyed Susan." At sixteen he lost his job with Lawrence, Wilde & Co. in Cornhill by rehearsing in the cellar for the Young Campbell Minstrels. Mr. Lawrence was apparently like Bret Harte's Mr. Brown, a most sarcastic man. He said to young Crane: "Do you think it right for me to keep here as an errand boy one who has such talent? After Saturday night I'm going to give you a chance to follow the things you like to do."

Mr. Crane had a big, deep voice. Though he had not taken singing lessons, he became at eighteen a member of the Holman Opera and Dramatic Troupe, "a fascinating family." He received no salary, but he was promised living expenses, necessities of costumes, pocket money, and a musical education. The story of his adventures with these strollers—some of us remember Sallie Holman—the shifts they were put to when they were touring, is amusing reading. One is astonished at the company's repertoire. He left the Holmans to play in "Arrah-na-Pogue" and "The Streets of New York" at Washington. In the latter play, as Bob, the bootblack, he interpolated the song and dance "Sally, Come Up" singing it in imitation of David Reed, also of Swaine Buckley. He also took the part of the second Grave Digger in "Hamlet." Receiving \$28 a week, he grew homesick, and went back to the Holmans. A warm tribute is paid to Sallie, dramatic in opera and in legitimate plays. "I do not believe I ever saw later a better or more pathetic performance of Esther Eccles in 'Caste' than I saw her give in Toronto. Had she appeared on the stage some years later, when more attention could have been given to the making of a star, I sincerely believe that she would have been one of the great names of the American theatre."

Mr. Crane's father had opposed his going on the stage, but when William appeared in Boston, he would go to the theatre and after his son had sung a song, would turn to a neighbor and say: "That's my boy, Willie. I used to sing a good bass myself." Then he would go about giving others in the audience this information. It was in Utica that Crane met the girl who became his wife, Ella Chloe Myers. She had faith in his future and marrying him at Auburndale in 1870 has been his companion, a true help-mate, known to the profession as "Aunt Ella."

He had joined the Alice Oates Opera Company. "She was beautiful and her voice was delightful. She could not read a note of music, and she had a very slight conception of music." O, Mr. Crane, how could you write this? Alice Oates was the idol of Yale students in the early '70's. We remember her in "Girofle-Girofla," "The Daughters of Mme. Angot" and other operettas then in fashion. We thought her as accomplished musically, as she was fascinating and vivacious. Couldn't act? We swore that she was admirable in every role, nor can we even now be persuaded to the contrary. We did not hang about the stage door; we never met her; but we once saw her off the stage, in a music shop in St. Paul, Minnesota, and envied the clerk, all smiles and attention, that waited on her.

Mr. Crane was offered \$125 a week to sign with the Bates Company for a fifth season; but as he could scarcely read music—his wife used to play the music over for him—he joined the Hootley Stock Company in Chicago at a salary of \$65 a week. Among his associates were James O'Neil, Harry Murdock, who perished in the Brooklyn Theatre fire; Nate Salisbury, Nellie McHenry, Clara Fisher Malder, George Ryer. The company went to San Francisco. Crane's first real appearance in New York was in "Evangeline," in 1874. He played there in "Baba," later with Lotta, in 1877, and in "Our Boarding House," he formed his long and memorable association with Stuart Robson.

We have dwelt on these early years, for Mr. Crane's later career is much more familiar to lovers of the stage. He describes the various plays in which he appeared, tells many stories about his associates, male and female, after their kind, his friendships, notably with Robson and Jefferson, and tells his story without padding. The pages are alive. There are many anecdotes that

we would gladly quote; we make room for one: In San Francisco "Richard the Third" was rehearsed with Barry Sullivan as the hero. In the scene where the coffin crosses the stage, the supers staggered under the weight. Sullivan noticed it and called for the property man, John Sherman, the father of Lowell Sherman. It seems that John had a quantity of chains, iron and an anvil. As he had little room for "props" he put these things in the coffin to be used in "Richard the Third," but did not think it necessary to remove them. Sullivan asked: "What does this mean?"

Sherman was ready. "Knowing, Mr. Sullivan, how particular you are and knowing that you want to have everything realistic, I got the body of a dead Chinaman and put it in the casket, so that it would be just right weight for these men to carry'.

"My God, these Americans!" exclaimed Sullivan."

In the final chapter Mr. Crane says that he thought he knew how to walk across a stage, but it took the making of a picture to convince him that he did not know how to cross a scene. "If I were to advise any young actor today, who was really ambitious to go on the stage, I think I should tell him to go into the movies first, or after a little stage experience, go into the movies. It is possible to learn in a few years in the pictures a great deal of repose, which cannot be learned in many seasons on the stage, particularly under existing conditions. The old-time actor got his repose and confidence through the playing of many parts. This is not possible now. * * * The majority of the people who take up the theatre can only be plodders, and when the romance and fascination and the hopefulness of the early days is gone, and when the early ambition is a little tired, the theatre is just routine work without any of the security of a business career."

P. H

THE THEATRE HABIT

It Weakens Year by Year. Whose the Fault? The Public's?

With every passing season the public in Boston for worthwhile drama dwindles. So complain the managers. What encouragement have they, they put the question flatly, to set the best in plays before Bostonians, as they vow they would love to do, if those Bostonians consistently wave that best aside?

They have much to contend against, these managers, no doubt about it, in public apathy, inertia, and a general low standard of taste. But every matter has two sides, so perhaps there is a little something to be said on the side of the public.

Let us consider the case of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith; fairly enough they represent the public, the public of comfortable means and of good taste in matters theatrical. Let us imagine them disposed to see a certain play.

They want good seats. Good seats they must have, for the matter of that, if they are to enjoy themselves at all, for in no others can they hear with ease, in this period of slovenly diction and ill-developed voices. Nor can they see with any comfort if they sit too far from the stage, now that dim lights or none are the fashion. The Smiths exact good seats.

So, simple souls, they make it their business to be early at the box office the morning the tickets go on sale. "Nothing in the centre in front of the eighth, 10th, or 14th row," as the case may be. Taught by experience that they had better stay at home, than sit so far to the rear, our friends, the Smiths, still set on their play, determined to spend an added 50 cents apiece and further effort and time; they trudge off to one of the ticket agencies.

If they are by way of frequenting an agency and have succeeded in establishing terms with the ruling powers, they may get what they want the first time trying. But not everybody is so fortunate; more than one visit is usually needful to secure desirable seats. Some people, furthermore, will have it that courtesy is not markedly in evidence at every agency, for strangers, at all events, who venture in off the street.

But let us allow, for the arguments sake, that Smith and his wife, at the expense of at least a dollar more than they had planned to spend, more time for ticket-buying than they perhaps could afford, and quite possible annoyance, do make sure of two satisfactory seats. They have still the transportation problem to cope with.

A problem it is, as every one knows not blessed with a car and chauffeur. To rush, if one lives out of town, for standing room in two or three street cars, to encounter the subway jam and press, or perhaps the joys of a bus, not to forget the peril to life and limb while crossing streets—there's no fun in it. Of course one can call a cab—which may or may not obey the call. But a cab means added expense.

The Smith family, when they go to the play, but their pleasure dearly. Trouble they must take, both to buy their tickets and to reach the theatre. As for the money end of it, if they find \$3 left from a \$10 bill they have got off cheap.

Seven dollars and plenty of bother for a single evening's entertainment! Is the entertainment worth it? That's the point. The Smiths can well afford so much, for value received. Being provided, though, with heads on their shoulders, they are not the sort of folk who must needs seek distraction abroad at any price, to escape boredom at home. Before, therefore, they lay out the sum, they like to feel sure of a full return.

Their friends tell them of a play in New York that has raised a stir. Favorably impressed, the Smiths conclude to see it—though it may be a year before their opportunity, after the stir has subsided. A grandly acted play their friends have pronounced it. But perhaps the cast is materially changed and be the change even for the better, a change it remains, displeasing. It may be the Smiths are elated to read that the cast is that of New York unaltered. But it does not follow that the acting is the same; actors who have played a play for a season or more rarely retain their first fine touch. He can they, poor souls, though most of them do their best? Certain actors note, moreover, trusting in their note to carry them through, do not, in the provinces, put themselves about unduly to give of their best. They are not to blame. They are unwise as well; Smiths, no fools, have long memories.

But, after all, the play's the thing. If the Smiths like best poetic play or romantic, they have no choice but to stay at home; not once in a while can a cast be assembled sensitive to romance or poetry. If they fail

erious drama, problem plays, they are something better off, since plays o-
he sort still reach the stage, with actors fit for their tasks. Of myste-
plays, if so their taste lies, they have a wide choice; from hilarious bedroo-
farces they can take their pick, or from little smart witty comedies, empty
as air and ten to one indecent. The slight sketchy pieces, the mystery play
and the farces—they furnish a pleasant evening's diversion; but not for Mr
and Mrs. Smith are they worth time, trouble and money. Before they de-
cide on a play, the Smiths must be shown.

Who is to show them?

To show them should normally be the reviewers' job. A reviewer, though,
to win the confidence of the Smiths, must be at least as intelligent as the
Smiths themselves, of as wide an experience in matters of the stage, of taste
as inherently good. He must be honest besides—afraid neither of persons
powerful in the theatrical world, nor of being laughed at for prudery, high-
browism or old-fashionedness, if he makes bold to say roundly that this play
or that is shocking or thin as vanity itself.

Reviewers of this quality there are. But not enough of them are to be
found on many newspaper staffs to cover four or five new plays when man-
agers plan so many openings for a single evening. Surely the managers
could, with a little thought, space their openings more adroitly, to the end
that the Smiths could be always sure of the opinion of the reviewer they
prefer.

Without some help to guide them, depend upon it, the house of Smith
will risk less and less often, in these days of doubtful dramatic fare, the put-
out of time, money and trouble that a theatre evening costs. Assure them
in advance of a play's real value, that's one thing. Without definite assur-
ance, in some way certified, that's another; they have been caught, they feel,
too often. So the theatre habit in Boston will dwindle from year to year.
A pity, when all the Smiths ask is to be told convincingly what is what. The
cost they can count for themselves.

ROY R. GARDNER,

sparkling comedy, and, we'll wager,
some of the subtleties grew as Conklin
and Bancroft covered celluloid.

Isobel should not be forgotten in the
swan song of this film. Geraniums grow
in the windows of this engine and she
makes a brave figure as she ambles
along the prairie division of the L. M.
& R. railroad with Chester Conklin at
the throttle.

There is enough of railroading as rail-
roading isn't done and enough of love
as love is done in the movies to satis-
fy the casual observer, but it is Conklin
and Bancroft who make the wheels
go round, who cause the chuckles from
the pessimist and the optimist alike.

When Bancroft laughs, he rolls his
head back and laughs—and one can't
help but laugh with him. When Chester
Conklin parts with his old engine, one
grows sentimental about the old thing,
and hopes he gets another one.

When the two fight at the picnic, it
is a regular rough and tumble affair
until Conklin takes to running to the
men who had taken his money as a bet
and then pathos is written into the
situation, the pathos that lies so near
comedy, the comedy which comes when
Bancroft turns Conklin over his knee
and spansks him.

There is a roaring race of engines as
the express is left without its engineer
and fireman and the old Isobel, with
brave spirit, eats hay to catch up with
the fastest train on the division—and
does it.

The end is foolish and comfortable.
Bancroft and Conklin sit on the top of
a spring couch in which they have
thrown the irate parent of the boy who
wishes to marry Luke's (Conklin's)
daughter. The parent happens to be
the man who owns the railroad, but it
is all in the day's work with Conklin
and Bancroft.

The revue this week is "Flyin' High,"
a casual gathering of tunes and talent.
Gene Rodemich and his band are fea-
tured, Ernee and Fisher are an ex-
ceedingly clever dancing team, and Ber-
nard and Henry attempt to steal the
thunder of Van and Schenk without
getting more than the first drizzle. The
organ and a violin playing "Kol Nidre"
was beautiful. Mr. Martel is doing

pleasant things with his instrument
ately. C. M. D.

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Some days ago The Herald published
in this column verses signed "H. F.
M." The poem first appeared in The
Observer of London.

It happens that Mr. H. F. Man-
chester, who did not write these verses,
is a valued member of The Herald staff.
His articles in the Sunday Herald
interest many readers.

We have received from our Mr. Man-
chester the following letter:

ME TOO

(For As the World Wags: In answer
to the gentleman of the same initials
as my own who recently expressed his
approval of his youthful days in some
castigatory verses in this column.)

If I, who have my teeth and one
illusion

Should meet myself of 1968,
I think I would retire in some confu-
sion

And mutter of the irony of Fate.

Never mind the I. W. W., S. P. C. A.,
W. C. T. U., or WNAC; it's such things
that are ruining the good old U. S. A.,
and something ought to be done. (I
am 100 per cent. American and fought
in the last war.)

ARTHUR BRONSON.

As the World Wags:

Straight-eights may come and twin-
sixes may go, but the campus flivvers go
on forever. I saw one today labelled
with that cryptic sentence, "I do not
choose to run in 1923."
University of Maine.

AFTER LEEDS

The time is short, as these things go—
Perhaps a billion years or so;
And Life, doing the best she can,
Has only got as far as Man—
And he is frail, and can't outstay
An Earth which soon must pass away,
And all that he has dreamed or wrought
Throughout the ages comes to naught.
Y—Life saw other things ahead
When first her eager vision sped
Down the long vistas of the prime,
But—can she do it in the time?
F. H.

"O TANNENBAUM"

As the World Wags:

Please state which is the older
melody, "My Maryland" or the German
Christmas song, "O Tannenbaum."

ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

Alphonse Allais was invited to take
an "aperitif" on the terrace of a cafe
in Paris.

"Have an absinth?" asked his friend.
"No, never before noon," answered
the author of "Two and Two Make
Five."

The waiter said "It is 10 minutes
after 12."

Then M. Alphonse Allais ordered:
"Two absinths!"

A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

As the World Wags:

J. P. Ingleside Waite was abond
salesman and of course he was nat-
urally aprinceton man and he had paid
his expenses at school by selling Lives
of the Presidents and this selling ex-
perience was very handy to him now
for any one who would buy Lives of
the Presidents would take foreign bonds
without much coaxing and he was awow
of a salesman because he new just
how to dress, and wore his clothes with
aswaggerish air, so of course he was
asuccess and he was soon made Pres.
of the Co. as he had gotten to the stage
where he was too well dressed to sell
anything and as Pres. have nothing to
do and must look well they gave him
the job, so then he married afoolish
girl and he lived divorcedly everafter.

DONCHA DOIT.

What could be less decorative or a
dullard denial of the human form than
the pair of baggy tubes which men
elect to wear, even as their gala dress?
—London Times.

"When I give a tip," said Mr. Dooley,
"tis not because I want to, but because
I am afraid of what the waiter will
think. It takes a sthrong man to be
mean."

One might infer from the six coats of
arms that are printed in colors on the
jacket of "Memories of a Poor Relation,"
by Marietta Minnegerode Andrews, that
the pages of the book would be aggres-
sively snobbish, but, while Mrs. Andrews
is descended from a family of the feudal
nobility of Germany and Flandolphins,
Carters, Harrisons, Powells and other
F. F. V's were among her mother's an-
cestors, -she herself says she never was
refined; that as "a cornfield darcy or a
Swiss peasant," she would have been as
happy, and she takes delight in describ-
ing the old Virginia racial prejudices,
amusing conservatism and the belief of
these good people in their superiority
over all Americans. Furthermore, she
committed the unpardonable sin, in her
poverty-stricken years, of studying art,
of teaching, and of marrying finally the
curator of the Corcoran school of art at
Washington, whose grandfather had
made a fortune, as a pioneer in Ohio, by
running flatboats on the rivers and
opening up a trade in sugar, rice, coffee
and liquor.

Mrs. Andrews's "Memoirs," one of the
most entertaining books we have read in
recent years, is published by E. P. Dut-
ton & Co. There are 33 illustrations,
portraits and pictures of stately Geor-

gian and colonial mansions. There is
an adequate index.

The childhood of Mrs. Andrews is
vividly described; her curiosity, her ad-
ventures with negro nurses, and chil-
dren black and white; the houses she
visited, the host of relations, reaction-
aries, eccentric, dissipated, queer—one
comes to know them. One sees the
stern old grandmother with her Cal-
vinistic views, her intolerance, cheered
by the thought that many must pass
into eternal torment, a peach switch in
readiness for her offending grandchild.
The anecdotes about the negro ser-
vants are amusing in themselves and
amusingly told. We learn how the
masters and mistresses of the fine old
houses lived; what they ate, how they
dressed. There is a chapter on the
ancestry, raising, curing and cooking of
the old, home cured Virginia ham that
brings water to the reader's mouth.

The paternal grandfather of Mrs.
Andrews, coming to the United States
in 1839 with 60 volumes of the Tauch-
nitz classics annotated by him, was a
professor at William and Mary College.
He married and became the rector of
Old St. Paul's Church at Richmond, Va.,
where Robert E. Lee and Jefferson
Davis were his parishioners and close
friends. He followed Mr. Davis to
prison in Fortress Monroe, and there
administered the communion to the
prisoner, while Gen. Miles stood with
his back toward them, "leaning against
the fireplace in the ante-room, his head
in his hands, not moving." While the
sentinels were ordered to stand still,
stood like statues. Gen. Miles was
young then, writes Mrs. Andrews, "but
only a year ago, I, granddaughter of the
civil war preacher, served on a commit-
tee under Gen. Nelson A. Miles for the
Relief of Starving Children in Ger-
many! A handsome human creature,
a courtly gentleman, a blameless sol-
dier."

The father of Mrs. Andrews was a
gallant officer in the confederate army.
Severely wounded, he suffered cruelly
in after life. Mrs. Andrews notes the
fact that while the southern men were
able to talk about the civil war without
bitterness after the "reconstruction"
days, the women remained rebellious.
She tells several amusing stories about
Mary Lee, the daughter of Gen. Robert
E. Lee. Once, not invited to some so-
cial affair at Weimar or Wiesbaden, she
wrote asking why this neglect of a
daughter of the "greatest military
genius of the 19th century" was shown.
A messenger promptly arrived with an
invitation addressed to "Miss Grant."

It is a question whether Mrs. Andrews
was more amused by her relatives than
by the negroes. One should read of her
Cousin Ginnie who called herself
Eugenie and gave parties with the
aristocrats on the veranda, while the
villagers, to her they were "peasants,"
disported themselves on the lawn. The
negroes were a constant joy to Mrs.
Andrews as they are now to her readers:
Mylin, the lazy negro who was afflicted
with the "stretches"; and there was
Magdalena Asperine who, with Cleonora
and Letheanna, belonged to an order
known as the "Daughters of Cleopatra."

In New Orleans the family lost prop-
erty, so that when it moved to Alex-
andria it knew extreme poverty. Rela-
tives aided them, often by giving what
would otherwise have been thrown
away. The mother took in young men
for boarders and saw with ill-disguised
horror the amount of butter that was
consumed. One nice old gentleman gave
Mrs. Andrews a pair of goloshes which
she sadly needed in her trips to Wash-
ington when she studied art; he also
gave her a copy of Swinburne's "Poems
and Ballads." He surprised her by
kissing her and holding her close. She
was indignant, but kept the overshoes.
Another nice old man lured her to his
apartment under the pretext of showing
her his collection of pictures. She
thought the elevator man had a sinister
expression as they went up to the floor,
but she left, again indignant, before the
patron of arts had time to embrace her.

She has much to say about the evil
effects of grinding poverty, how it re-
presses noble rage and freezes the
genial current of the soul. She ac-
cepted her lot bravely, and worked in
every way to aid her family. Mr. An-
drews was her guide in art, "The hand-
somest man in Washington." She had
suitors, but though from her own ac-
count—she talks frankly and nobly of
a woman's longing for children—she

was of a passionate nature, she waited until Mr. Andrews answered her ideas of what a husband should be.

For a time she was in the art-class of Chase on Long Island, where bulbous matrons, summer cottagers, played the role of patronesses. Her experiences in this class are related in a breezy manner. Two ladies of Boston were there her co-mates. If Mrs. Andrews has a lively sense of humor, she can also be keenly satirical.

Whether she tells of her childhood or of her maturer years, the reader follows her with sympathy and admiration; rejoices with her in the peace, comfort and happiness that came to her at last.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION

(Head lines in The Boston Herald noted by Dr. Philip H. Cook, M. D.)

BEERS TO ADD PUNCH

TO WESLEYAN LINE

SUMMER SARCASM

As the World Wags:

On the last day of a rainy fortnight the seaside visitor read through the landlady's bill to the last horrible detail. Then very quietly he remarked, "Ah, well, madam, I am glad you have so greatly benefited by our holiday."

LOOKER ON.

'NED MCCOBB'S DAUGHTER' HERE

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First time in Boston of "Ned McCobb's Daughter," a play in three acts by Sidney Howard. Produced by the Theatre Guild at the John Golden Theatre, New York, on Nov. 29, 1926. Babe Callahan, Alfred Lunt; Capt. Ned McCobb, Albert Perry; Carrie Callahan, Claire Eames; Jenny, Margalo Gillmore.

The cast last night was as follows:

Carrie Callahan.....Haraldine Humphrey
1st Federal Man.....Arthur Cole
Nat Glidden.....Joseph Dailey
2nd Federal Man.....Kenneth Moore
Jenny.....Elizabeth Forrester
Babe Callahan.....John Cromwell
Captain Ned McCobb.....Leslie Stowe
George Callahan.....C. W. Van Voorhis
Lawyer Grover.....Stephen Wright
Ben McCobb.....Randall Savory

The bootlegger—what would we do without him, in private life or on the stage? As he is a prominent figure in our American civilization, regarded by many as beneficent, while others look upon him in spite of his enthusiastic support of prohibition as a fiend in human form, no wonder that the dramatist clasps him to his bosom and writes a play of contemporaneous American life.

Ned McCobb's daughter, however, was not willing to be aided by her husband's brother Babe when she was in sore distress. This husband was worthless and contemptible; a grafter as mate of a ferry boat in Maine; a liar, the lover of the girl who helped Carrie Callahan at her "Spa." His baseness in every

way was almost incredible. When he was threatened with arrest unless he restored the stolen money amounting to \$2000, there was a stormy scene between him and fine old Capt. McCobb. In the heat of the argument McCobb had a stroke and disappeared from the play. This George Callahan had already served time; his father-in-law had for the sake of his daughter, given him \$1000 after he had got Jenny loose, "too easy" as Babe remarked, good hearted, into trouble so that a doctor in Boston was needed to avoid scandal.

Babe came on the scene ostensibly to pay a friendly visit. At last seeing Carrie distressed, hoping to save her husband from jail and her children from disgrace, he proposed that she should turn her "Spa" into a harboring place for liquor. He was not ashamed of bootlegging: "It is illegal, but not a crime." The dwelling house had been mortgaged to save George; there was no means of raising the needed sum to save him a second time. Why should Carrie not take \$2000 from Babe on the condition that she and he be partners in a way?

The play is really a conflict between a simple woman of strong character and a fixed idea about maternal duty, and a tempter appealing to her love for a wretched husband and a comfortable future; but Mr. Howard, not content with working out this opposition of characters, brings in many of the familiar features of old-fashioned melodrama: the thief who ruins the family, the rugged and honest old man who cannot brook the thought of dis-

honor, the low intrigue between the "villain" and the servant girl who, having suffered physically if not mentally, at last repents and cannot endure the thought of leaving the woman who has been always "Kind" to her, the scenes in which the bootlegger's money is used to tempt the honest woman.

It is said that this is a play "of a Maine temperament," but neither the scenes, the characters, nor the dialogue are peculiar to that state. The characters are peculiar to old-fashioned melodrama with a twist of contemporaneity; the men and women talk as if they might be living in any New England state. The dialogue is often amusing, often vigorous, forcible in expletives. The weakness and the baseness of George are well exposed, while Babe, on the surface an amiable, amusing fellow, engaged in a shifty and perilous business, but at heart selfish and cynical, is after all the one figure in the play that stands out in bold relief. He was vividly portrayed by Mr. Cromwell.

Mr. Van Vorhees played George with understanding. According to the title, Carrie should be the commanding character, but she has had many sisters in melodrama. Miss Humphrey's impersonation, excellent in important details and in general characterization, was marred frequently by her imperfect enunciation, so that her lines were well nigh unintelligible, except in outbursts of passionate speech. The others in the company were adequate. There was a large audience, that applauded heartily. Some evidently thought that Mr. Howard intended Jennie to be a comic character. That there was incongruous laughter was not Miss Forrester's fault.

'HAMLET' PRODUCED

ARLINGTON THEATRE—Fritz Leiber in "Hamlet," presented by George Ford, under the auspices of the Shakespearean Association of America. The cast:

Claudius.....Louis Lenn Hall
Hamlet.....Fritz Leiber
Polonius.....Philip Quinn
Horatio.....John Burke
Laertes.....Leonard Willey
Rosencrantz.....John Osgood
Guildenstern.....Allen Willey
A Priest.....Francis Deane
Marcellus.....Joseph Singer
Bernardo.....Elmer Hall
Francisco.....Edwin Deane
Players—Virginia Brunsen, Joseph Sinker, Claude Mintz, Robert Strauss.
Twin Clowns—Robert Strauss, Claude Mintz
Gertrude.....Irby Marshall
Ophelia.....Ethel Taylor
Ghast.....Edmund Ford

This performance differed from most others in that its producer stood stoutly for every line of the text he could reasonably retain, and likewise for swiftness of pace. So, to save time, he did away with needless furniture and painted canvas, resting—and very dependably, too—for his stage effects on simple but tasteful stretches of scenery at the rear, together with curtains and a few necessary chairs and tables. Through this wise economy of means he was able to let scene follow on scene with scarce a minute to break the continuity—a method of performance that would please Shakespeare, no doubt, since he wrote with that method in mind.

Since, however, Shakespeare divided his plays into acts, it may be assumed that he held with pauses between those acts. The manager last night, on the contrary, tolerated not one pause above three minutes long. Surely he overestimated the staying powers of his public. The very vivacity he so successfully sought, which led to an absorbing interest in the play itself not always reached in performances of far greater individual distinction, must needs cause fatigue; one 10-minute rest half the evening through would have brought much relief.

But even so, jaded eyes and ears notwithstanding, the play did move with an intensity quite unusual. From the actual play, indeed, there was nothing to distract the attention. The settings, to repeat, answered their purpose but never obtruded. So much may be said for the costumes. The lighting, if not elaborately effective, was at all events more generous than it often is today, and so was well enough.

The same term would serve to suggest quality of the acting. To complain of the want of distinction, of poetry or romance, of beautiful speech or the musical flow of verse, would be to waste ink and space; where, in regard to these necessary attributes of a fine Shakespearean performance, are actors superior to last night's to be found? Those actors played with spirit and a sense of character; if more today be asked, it will scarce be got. Miss Marshall, however, did recite the lines about Ophelia's death with taste and

justness of accent, and Mr. Quinn played Polonius with authority as well as unction.

Mr. Leiber himself has in his favor a beautiful voice, obvious experience, and a quality of tenderness that made his scenes with the ghost, every reference indeed to his father, truly touching. Ingenious and happy in his by-play, gifted, too, with the art of listening intently, not once when he was on the stage did Mr. Leiber let interest sag.

He held firmly to the view that Hamlet feigned his madness. Quite likely he did. But surely the man was hysterical, extravagant, too, in the hilarity sometimes caused by grief? Mr. Leiber would not have him do so; he had him steadily sombre, except when he played mad—and those monologues—the wild, whirling thoughts of an over-wrought brain—he spoke quite casually, as though to a neighbor over the fence; thus he avoided ranting, but the soliloquies sounded tame.

Mr. Leiber, none the less, and his Hamlet are well worth seeing. So a large audience found last night.

R. R. G.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Mystery Ship," a melodrama in three acts by Edgar M. Schoenberg and Milton Silver. The cast:

James Burke.....Day Manson
Conway.....Charles Schofield
Mrs. Chickering.....Mary Hill
Sir Arthur Lawrence O'Donnell.....Malcolm Arthur
Anthony Langdon.....John Winthrop
Albert Gardner.....J. Glynn McFarlane
Mildred Langdon.....Ruth King
Thomas Chickering.....Frank Charlton
Pete.....Charles David
Unidentified Passenger.....Royal Beal
Dr. Emory.....David Smiley
"It".....Royal Beal

As the strains of the overture die down the lights go out. A pistol shot is heard, followed by a scream. The audience gasps. As the curtain rises on a dark scene there is a commotion. A dim light is thrown in the direction of a bed in a stateroom. The body of a man is there. The murderer has escaped. But how?

That is the elusive question. The crime was committed on the steamship Monogonia, enroute from New York to Southampton and only two days out. The killer must be on board.

Anthony Langdon (portrayed by John Winthrop), a famous American criminologist, is taking the trip with his daughter, Mildred (Ruth King). He is a friend of long standing of the ship's commander, Sir Arthur Lawrence O'Donnell (played by Malcolm Arthur). He is pressed into service to detect the criminal and the motive for the crime.

From now on things move fast or slow according to the wish of the expert. There are times when the audience is almost glued to the seats by the "spooky" appearances on a semidark stage. There are blood curdling sounds that send shivers up and down the spine and with the same suddenness the fears are dispelled by a flash of humor.

Everyone on the ship is suspected. No one escapes questioning. The criminolo-

CONTINUING

ATTRACTIONS

COLONIAL—"Pardon Me," Robert V. Newman's comedy, with Harry Kelly, Bobby Watson, Ruth Warren and others. Last two weeks.

HOLLIS—"The Barker," Charles Wagner's play of circus life by Kenyon Nicholson. Walter Huston is the star. Last week.

PLYMOUTH—"Broadway," Jed Harris's drama of night club life in New York. Fifth week.

TREMONT—"Honeymoon Lane," Eddie Dowling's musical comedy in which he stars. Fourth week.

WILBUR—"What a Man," Al Woods's latest bedroom farce enters its last week here.

COPLEY—"Murray Hill," Leslie Howard's new farce enters its seventh week.

JACK DONAHUE WINS KEITH'S AUDIENCE

Jack Donahue, Boston's favorite hooper, is heading the bill at Keith's this week in an act which he calls, "Mrs. Donahue's Boy." And this boy last night was heard in a familiar but always humorous monologue which wound up with some of the intricate and tantalizing tups for which the Donahue lad is famed. He evidently doesn't know the meaning of rest or vacation. No sooner does he close in

one successful musical comedy, "Sunny," when the lure of vaudeville, his first love, calls to him, and away he goes to hoof it on the two-a-day. He will soon begin rehearsals for a new musical comedy in which Florenz Ziegfeld is to co-star him with Marilyn Miller. The audience gave him a rousing welcome last night and he gave them of his best in the likeable Donahue style.

The bill was opened by an unusually colorful Spanish dancing act, composed at first glance by two men and a girl, only to have the girl remove the long-haired wig and yell "Atta a Boy" at the end of the act and let the audience in on the secret. The act is well staged, and the routines are atmospheric.

And then June and Jo tripped out, two coy girls who billed themselves "Just a Joy." They harmonize pleasantly the required hot, blue and sob numbers and the audience liked them a lot. Bury's Dog Stars, four well-trained animals, do a little bit of everything, including hurdles and wearing dress suits. Brems-Fitz and Murphy brothers, a rather rowdy quartet of a strong burlesque flavor, served their comedy in no subtle vein and were called back again and again. They produce barber shop chords of varied hues and break up their tunes with all sorts of foolery.

Miss Ruby Norton, a great favorite at Keith's, has a nice selection of songs. Her voice seems better than ever, something to wonder at when the performer has to give at least two shows, and in some towns many more, a day. Clarence Senna accompanies her. Frank Fisher and Eldrie Gilmore in "The Bashful Romeo," show how a modern maid woos her shy boy friend. This act has visited Boston often. The addition of two new songs and some new material has helped it tremendously. Van and Belle, who feature boomerang throwing, close the bill, which is above the average in entertainment value this week. A. F.

BUSTER KEATON

"College," starring Buster Keaton, is presented at the State Theatre this week by United Artists, with the following cast:

The girl.....Ann Cornwall
The dean.....Snitz Edwards
The athlete.....Harold Goodwin
Crew coach.....Carol Harbaugh
The boy.....Buster Keaton

The movies have been to college often enough lately to graduate soon, one hopes. This is another session of campus comedy, with the clever Buster Keaton in a part which he makes funny in his droll manner. It isn't as funny as Buster Keaton has been and probably will be in the future, but, story or no story, and even lazy direction cannot rob this comedian of his non-hysterical manner, which is diverting.

Mr. Keaton should be reminded that movies demand more than one idea these days, and comedies are just as funny if they have a little plot.

All alone and unaided this gentleman, who must keep his face on ice most of the time in order to insure its intense mobility, romps through all of the sports known to college in the merry spring time. He does it for his sweetheart who blows warm and cold quicker than most of her sex are supposed to, even the co-educational sex.

There are high places in this film as there are in all of Keaton's films. Spots filled with the agony of merriment. When Keaton tries to be a soda clerk and a colored waiter in order to help with the expenses of his athletic training, and in the crew race when Keaton is the proud coxswain, having been elevated to the position through the dean and pull, he offers rare pre-college originality.

Keaton plays baseball as only Keaton can play baseball, throws the discus, knocking the dean's hat off neatly, jumps the hurdles with the left foot knocking over the hurdle and so continues in his left-handed career until the villain makes it necessary for him to rescue his girl. Fleet of foot with hedges and two-story windows being no barriers, Keaton flies to her rescue and then promptly takes her to church before she changes her mind. Thus ending another college story.

A Ufa film titled "Fight for Life" in which the fish in the ocean are shown in a startling manner is shown this week. It is interesting, educational and exceedingly well done.

Creator and his band are on the stage. It is a large band and they make the State Theatre, which is not small, seem small. Signor Creator must have been playing in the open-air stadiums and he should temper his music to the indoors. C. M. D.

'THE LIFE OF RILEY' AT WASH. OLYMPI

at pair of uniformed laugh macons. Charlie Murray and George Sidney, are back at the Washington Street Olym- this week in another uproarious comedy under the title of "The Life of Riley." Murray plays the fire chief and Sidney the police chief in a town so quiet that one runs the general store as a sideline while the other sells ice. Both are fighting for the hand of the wealthy widow (Myrtle Stedman) and neither makes much headway until the circus comes to town and the suave Sam Hardy is in our midst. Sam decides to separate the widow from her money by making love to her. By this time, Stephen Carr, playing Sidney's son, is in love with Molly O'Rourke, who came in with the circus, and was given a home by Murray. As they are supposed to be Jewish and Irish respectively, there are situations reminiscent of the "Cohens and Kellys."

Murray in his capacity of fire chief stages a demonstration of his invention, a new fire extinguisher. Just to be clever, Hardy puts gasoline in place of the usual liquid in the extinguisher. The store catches fire, Hardy saves himself, a fireman rescues the widow and Murray carries a blanket wrapped figure to safety only to find that it is Sidney. However, the widow refills the extinguisher and saves the auto of the prospective buyer. Murray wins the widow, the two young people receive the paternal blessings and Sidney boards with the Rileys so that he may still enjoy the widow's cooking. A clean funny comedy that Murray-Sidney fans will like.

Lon Chaney's latest screen achievement, "Mockery," heads an entertaining program at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week. The master of disguises is seen in another difficult role, this time as a strange, hermit-like Russian peasant suddenly thrown into the midst of the Red struggle. The story is a stirring romance of the Russian revolution which has been transferred to the screen with amazing effect. Barbara Bedford and Ricardo Cortez top the supporting cast.

Our colleague, Mr. E. E. Whiting, discussed yesterday in his usual masterly manner the question of the Japanese attitude toward pie. On pie there is no greater authority than Mr. Whiting. He has summered and wintered with pie in all its attractive or hideous forms. We would not willingly trespass on the ground that is his own. To borrow the lines of Glorious John Dryden:

But Whiting's magic could not copied be:
Within the pie-belt none durst walk but he.

Nevertheless we venture to call Mr. Whiting's attention to a dispute now raging in London, one that has been made the subject of an editorial article in the Times.

Is a pie not a tart? Is a tart a pie?

Letters have been published in London's journals concerning this matter of vital importance. Mr. John S. Somerville "reprobates" with all the emphasis in his power the substitution of "the modern and utterly detestable 'apple tart' for the good old English 'apple pie'."

All properly brought-up children of my generation, i. e., those born in the '70's, were taught that A was an apple pie, that B bit it, and that C cut it. (Did D damn it?) "Whatever is cooked in a pie dish under a pastry roof, be it four and twenty blackbirds or apples, is a pie. When fruit lies exposed in a flat substratum of pastry, then, and then only, can it rightly be called a tart."

Mrs. M. A. Beall asks with tears in her voice why an apple pie should ever be called by "the American title of 'tart'?" Ah, how we Americans are misunderstood! How ignorant these English cousins are of our glorious institutions! No wonder that an American in London, Mrs. J. Rose-Troup, answered the foul accusation: "I was brought up in New England, notorious for its pies, upon apple pie, cherry pie, squash pie, pumpkin pie, etc.; all my nursery rhymes taught me to use the familiar word. I knew nothing of tarts until I came to England in 1882, when I was taught that fruit in this country was served in tarts and meat in pies—with much labor I learned to ask for apple tart."

One reason why we should like to visit England again is that after a careful investigation of the various brews, pale ale, bitter, half-and-half, stout, we could again sit down to damson tart or gooseberry tart—or, as we should say, pie. The English are justly proud of

them.

Do the lexicographers differentiate between "pie" and "tart"? Dr. Johnson: "Tart: A small pie of fruit." Ash and Walker slavishly follow Johnson. Bailey, in his dictionary used by our grandfathers: "A sort of fruit-pye."

Let us consult the Oxford English dictionary: "Tart. Name for various dishes consisting of a crust of baked pastry enclosing different ingredients. A. Formerly with meat, fish, cheese, fruit, etc.; the same or nearly the same as a 'pie.' B. In current use restricted to (a) a flat, usually small piece of pastry, with no crust on the top (so distinguished from a pie) filled with fruit preserve or other sweet confection; (b) a covered fruit pie—in this application formerly chiefly dialect or local, now in polite or fashionable use." The quotations in illustration are entertaining: About 1400. Tarts of turkey; 1598 tarts of eels; 1771 "A tart (made of veal suet, seasoning, bread, eggs, veal sweetbreads, etc., made in a dish"; 1580, strawberry tart; 1696 "Tart, a sort of Baked dish, consisting of Summer Fruits baked in paste."

Mr. Fowler, in "Dictionary of Modern Usage" (1926): "Tart-pie. The current distinction is that a tart contains fruit or sweet-stuff, and a pie meat or savory stuff; but the earlier distinction was that a tart was not, and a pie was, closed in with pastry above; and as relics of the old use we retain 'mince pie' as the only possible form, and 'apple pie' and 'cherry pie' as names of a trap and a flower, though more or less superseded by—'tart' in their primary senses."

The Times, in its editorial article, had this to say about the Oxford Dictionary's definition and Mr. Fowler's differentiation: "Oxford has a weakness for being thought up to date. Otherwise there was a chance that Mr. Fowler would have put tarts when they are pies among the 'genteelisms' of a society which calls a napkin a serviette, assists rather than helps its friends to potatoes, and speaks of the coal scuttle as the purdonium. That, according to the evidence of many correspondents, is the milieu in which pies are mistaken for tarts."

Mrs. Joseph Conrad, in her "Handbook of Cookery for a Small House"—her husband wrote a preface to it—speaks of pastry for pies and tarts, of apple tart and jam tart, but apparently makes no distinction. Surely the tarts made by the Queen of Hearts, if the illustrations of children's books are trustworthy, were the tarts of our childhood.

Did the English ever know that pie of all pies, the deep apple pie, without a bottom crust, with a teacup at the bottom for juice, and baked in a yellow nappy? Did they ever know pandowdy which Hawthorne introduced in his "Blithedale Romance" and Charles Godfrey Leland ate much against his will when he was at school near Boston? Leland, in supercilious mood, thought it a coarse, detestable dish, but in our stomachic strength and indiscriminating youth we ate it gladly.

LAZZARONE

I make no moan for lost days,
Or idle days I've spent
A-slouching down the crossed ways
Of sin and merriment.

I plead no vindication
For floating down the stream,
I had the inclination
To merely live my dream.

I've had some little pleasure,
And when my life is through
I'll have as much of treasure
As you will take with you.

It does no good to worry
About where you may go,
Just take your time, don't hurry,
You're there to stay, you know!

E. LESLIE SPAULDING.

THE PERFECT TRAVELER

After my death I should like to have
a valise made out of my skin.—Paul
Morand.

"GOD SAVE THE KING"

As the World Wags:

My Black and White bears the legend, "By special appointment to His Majesty the King." My King William, V. O. P., doth likewise. So, too, my Belle of Scotland, my White Heather, my Gordon in sanded bottle. My, but that man must be a heavy drinker!

THE NEEDLER.

ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

(Daily Chronicle, London)

The story has been revived, in connection with the purchase of Darwin's house for the nation, of the clergyman in the neighborhood who was persuaded by his wife to call. He went against his will, and declared that if he heard from the famous scientist "a single word of blasphemy" he would leave the house at once. I recollect hearing Mrs. Ormiston

Chant tell a somewhat similar story. When she was being attacked for trying to stop offensive performances in music halls she gave a lecture in a London suburb, and a workman was asked to propose a vote of thanks. He rose and testified gladly that "he had not heard a single indecent word." Mrs. Chant was delighted!

Miss Beatrice Harrison, a violoncellist, who will give a recital in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon, was born at Roorkee, N. W. India. She studied at the Royal Academy of Music in London; later with Hugo Becker and at the High School of Music in Berlin, where she was awarded in 1910 the Mendelssohn prize of 1500 marks. She made her debut in that city. The first to play Elgar's 'cello concerto at the Hereford three choirs festival in 1921 after the first performance in London, she was the first to play Delius's 'cello concerto. She has toured in Europe and in this country. The statement made by a manager that she would be heard next Saturday for the first time in Boston is erroneous. She took part with Elena Gerhardt in a Symphony hall concert on March 14, 1915; with Mme. Meiba and Robert Parker, baritone, in Symphony hall on Oct. 17, 1915; she gave a recital, or was announced to give one, in Jordan hall on Nov. 15, 1916. We believe she played here on another occasion.

Her sisters are musicians. May Harrison, violinist, a pupil of Arbos and Rivarde in London and Auer in Leningrad, made her debut in London, when she was 13 years old. She has played in the chief European cities. Monica, a mezzo-soprano, gave her first recital in London on April 9, 1924.

Composers have written music especially for Miss Beatrice: Kodaly's unaccompanied sonata; Delius, his sonata and his concertos; Bax and Ireland each wrote a sonata for her, and Herbert Hughes his old Irish tunes.

The program of the first concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 47th season, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, will comprise these works: Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; Brahms, Symphony No. 3; Stravinsky, Suite from the ballet "Petroushka"; Debussy, "Iberia." Surely there is nothing on this program to disturb or annoy the "Beethoven Brigade."

Debussy had a curious experience in Budapest when he gave a concert of his works there in December 1910. "Iberia," for which he had only two rehearsals, greatly pleased the audience. (As there was not time for sufficient rehearsal, "The Sea" and the "Nocturnes" could not be performed). Debussy wrote as follows about the rehearsal of "Iberia": "Don't forget that the players could understand me only through an interpreter—a sort of doctor of law, who perhaps transmitted my wishes only by deforming them. I tried every means, I sang, made the gestures of Italian pantomime—it would have melted the heart of a buffalo. Well, at last they understood me. I was recalled as if I had been a ballet dancer. If the adoring crowd did not unharness the horses of my carriage, it was because I was in a simple taxi. The moral of the journey is this: I am not made to exercise in a foreign land, the profession of a composer of music. The heroism of a commercial traveler is needed and a willingness to compromise which repels me."

John McCormack will sing in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. At 8 o'clock the Gordon String quartet will play at the Boston Public Library. This quartet, composed of Messrs. Gordon, Weicher, Jr., Evans and Wagner, all leading members of the Chicago Symphony orchestra, is now in its seventh consecutive season.

Gladstone Jackson, tenor, will sing in Jordan hall on Thursday evening, Oct. 13. Songs by Handel, Schubert, Brahms, Manney, Bridge and Mozart's "Il mio tesoro." He gave a recital in Steinert hall last winter.

Albion Metcalf will play the piano in Jordan hall on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 15. Four pieces by Brahms, Chopin's Sonata op. 35 and pieces by Bax, Respighi, Medtner, Debussy. He is a Boston pianist who has studied with Tobias Matthay in London, where he gave a recital last year.

The Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony hall on Oct. 16 will be given by Mme. Giannini, soprano.

George Copeland, returning to Boston after a long absence, will play the piano in Symphony hall on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 30.

Sybil Thorndike, the admired English actress, recently said to a reporter: "The average theatrical audiences in Great Britain are like lumps of suet."

October free concerts at the Boston Public Library: Oct. 16, evening, Boston Chamber Music trio; Oct. 23, afternoon, "Folk Songs of the British Isles, France and the South," Claramond Thompson (in costume); Oct. 23, evening, Tokar String quartet.

Apropos of the latest book on Gilbert and Sullivan, Gilbert said after he was knighted:

"I found myself politely described on the official list as Mr. William Gilbert, playwright, suggesting that my work was analogous to that of a wheelwright, a millwright, or a wainwright, or a shipwright, as regards the mechanical character of the process by which our respective results are achieved. There is an excellent word, 'dramatist,' which seems to fit the situation, but it is not applied to us until we are dead, and then we become dramatists as oxen, sheep and pigs are transformed into beef, mutton and pork after their demise. You never hear of a novel-wright, or a picture-wright, or a poem-wright; and why a playwright?"

Mr. Ernest Byfield wrote after the recent death of G. P. Huntley to the Chicago Tribune this story about that excellent comedian:

"We nonagenarians remember G. P. Huntley as the greatest of English comedians, but few people know him as a philosopher as well. Here is a story that Will Durant might have used as a tail-piece to his book, because it contains the formula for happiness, the solution of the puzzle of the ages.

"Huntley sat down one night with Hartley Manners and Laurette Taylor. He had been out fighting decanters, and was sadly in need of love, care and attention. There was only one antidote to the poison that consumed him, and that was more of it. After he had been well supplied, he arose and made the following oration:

"My friends, I am now going to give you the matured conclusions of a rich and varied experience. I've had everything that worldly success can bring. I know every pleasure that life can offer. I've earned my 300 quid a week in London. I've played before the King and Queen. I've had my yachts, I've raced my own horses. Fame has been mine for a lifetime. The laughter and applause of thousands were my nightly greeting. But there's nothing to it, my friends. It's all empty, all empty. There's only one thing that will ever make you happy, and that's a home. A home, I tell you. Not popularity, not wealth, not renown. So take my advice and go get yourselves a home, in the country if you can, a little cottage with a bit of ground, and a garden with primroses and hollyhocks, and live in it the rest of your lives. If you can stand the bloody boredom of it."

And out he went.
ERNEST BYFIELD.

The Head Hunters of Borneo propose to hold an International Congress of their archaeological brethren next summer. Prof. Lidio Cipriani of Florence University, who journeyed to Johannesburg especially to examine the Taungs skull, has been invited to preside.

The letters of that extraordinary woman, Gertrude Bell, who, in her 32d year dedicated herself to the desert and died "worn out and lonely, though not unhappy," curator of the Iraq museum and creator of the kingdom of Iraq, have been published.

She tells a story of a quick reply to a blowhard. At a dinner party in London the Aga Khan told a fellow guest that he was so rich that £2000 was to him as sixpence to other people. "Then" was the answer, "could you change me a shilling?"

We read that Miss Jean Browne Scott of Stafford, Pa., won the first "honors" in the harness class at the horse show at Worcester. We infer from this that Miss Scott is warranted sound, kind, and trotting well in harness.

Tippling is the oldest institution in the world after robbing.—Sir E. Denison Ross.

THE DANCER'S DILEMMA

(Manchester Guardian)

More problems for the coming winter—

The newest dances for export from the United States are the "Kinkajou" and the "Dixie Stomp." Already the "Kinkajou" has been adopted for ballroom use in the eastern states.

I wonder how one ought to do
The Dixie Stomp, the Kinkajou?
Now shall we have to prance and romp
In Kinkajou and Dixie Stomp?
Or will the word be "Staunter through
The Dixie Stomp and Kinkajou"?
They don't exactly hint at pomp,
The Kinkajou and Dixie Stomp;
I do not think we'll find (do you?)
A minuet-like Kinkajou;
And, oh, I fear the Dixie Stomp
Began its history in a swamp!

HOW'S THIS, WATSON?

Story of a man who survived the latest Japanese catastrophe:
"The sea suddenly rose mountain high. I had barely time to climb a tree!"

SMILE, "O, SMILE ON"

As the World Wags:
At the Sabbath evening service I was told to radiate sunshine wherever I go—to smile and make others happy. I tried it on the "L" last Monday morning, and right away people began to stare and gimme dirty looks. Finally a big guy socks me just because I includes his wife in the sweep of my radiant smile. From now on I'm a confirmed pessimist, and me and Schopenhauer is gonna be great friends. I shall smile only in the privacy of my own boodwower.

OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

THE QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD

As the World Wags:
Every neighborhood has a crabby family. I think ours gets that rating where we live. It is like this. Our consanguineous cluster consists of four adults. The neighborhood on the other hand oozes with babies. It is a veritable incubator. I don't know whether it is the climate or the close living quarters. Most of these little darlings are evidently going to be train caliers or opera singers when they grow up. Only some of them aren't going to grow up if we can prevent it. Just last week I clipped Mrs. Jones's youngest with a clod after finding him playing Jack and the Bean Stalk with our grape arbor as the bean stalk.

Then there are dogs. In fact so many dogs that I would say our neighborhood was a pound if I wasn't sure it was an incubator. All of these dogs can bark. They do it best between 5 and 8 A. M. workdays, with a continuous performance on Sundays. And they love to play bone golf in our yard only they never replace the turf.

Well, we are building a Chinese wall around our modest homestead. The top is to be strewn with broken glass and smallpox germs. The outer walls will be garnished with poison ivy vines.

On our left we have the best loud speaker in the country. At least it is the most effective. And it loud speaks from early morning until far into the night. I admit it is educational. I learned how to make bread pudding while I was getting dressed the other morning. For breakfast I had eggs and grand opera. I washed the auto and heard a lecture on six months old babies. Or it may have been six months old rabies. At night we are wuffed to sleep with the syncopating hullabaloo of a Chicago cabaret.

I have been kidding you long enough about the radio. We are not bothered by it any more. Brother Willie made a static machine which is run by an electric motor. Push the button and listen to the consternation next door. Little Willie has been excused for all the mechanical pranks of his youth because of this invention.

Across the street we have more neighbors. Their friends all have infantile paralysis or wooden legs. At least they seem incapable of walking from the auto to the door bell. Instead they send Morse code messages with their horn. But Willie has fixed that, too. We have a double-barreled truck horn hidden in our front hedge. We meet every salvo across the way with a racket that is a cross between an ailing cow and two pigs under a gate. Only more so.

Now if the family inventor can devise an antidote for the nocturnal squawks of the youngest generation we will feel that we are enjoying the comforts of our home as much as other people. And perhaps we will be able to love our neighbors as we should.

THE MOCK TURTLE.

PEPPER TREES

Pepper trees remember
Soft nights when lazy feet
Would tarry in the shadows
Of a crooked Mexic' street.

But some one has forgotten:
Now footsteps hurry by,
No kisses 'neath the pepper trees,
No whispered song, no sigh.

Just a yellow lamp that wavers
Near a face too white and wan,
Lights the smile of one who listens.
To the pepper trees at dawn.
—Colorado Pete.

As the World Wags:

"That's three times you have looked at Smith's dictation," remarked the teacher severely.

"Yes, sir; he doesn't write very plainly," explained the scholar.

LOOKER ON.

It would be far better if the modern woman could learn how to grow old than that she should be given any further instruction in snatching at mock-youth.—Sir William Orpen.

TELL US THE OLD, OLD, STORY

As the World Wags:

"John D. Rockefeller dedicated a flag and flagpole at a little church near his home, Pocantico Hills."

Stop! say no more. We know—Just as Mr. Rockefeller turned away, he stopped. Taking a bright, shining new dime from his pocket, he handed it to the flag pole.

R. H. L.

ADD ONE TO THE SEVEN SLEEPERS

The assistant secretary of the treasurer declares that there is "open and bare-faced opposition to the Volstead law in New York."

Let us now praise famous men.

A Bloomsbury watchmaker, who was at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir in 1882, had already eaten his dinner not long ago when he was challenged to show his prowess in the pudding line. There were four pounds of beefsteak and kidney, a dozen oysters, mushrooms and a brace of partridges in each of the two puddings set before the heroic Bloomsbury man and his competitor at the Cheshire Cheese. The watchmaker won easily. A sober man, he drank only a half-pint of ale while he was eating, and one more at the finish. We are told that he often eats a leg of mutton at a sitting, but, as modest as he is heroic and sober, he does not call attention to his bravery.

A correspondent of the Manchester Guardian mentions "Henry" of the Surrey Docks. He is reported to have eaten at one sitting 20 dinners consisting of steak pudding, potatoes, cabbage and gravy. Do not think that landlords rejoice in these astonishing deeds. When the so-called Marquis de Leuville at the Cheshire Cheese made way with 4 steaks, 4 mutton chops, 4 kidneys, 4 sausages, 4 pork chops and 5 goes of stewed cheese, Mr. Charles Moore, the manager, was heard to say that it was a disgusting sight.

In days past we have recorded gargantuan feats of English and Americans, and mentioned dishes favored by potentates, poets, warriors, astronomers, but not for the encouragement of amateur Bostonians. Far better, O young Augustus, than pompous feast, far better for your health that your eyes may be bright and your gait like that of Charles Lamb's Hester the Hermit's fare:

"A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring."

We urge you, Augustus, when you are tempted to gross feeding—and there may be gross feeding of the choicest viands—to remember the fate of the mighty conqueror Mahomet the Second, as related in Commynes's "History" translated in a gallant manner by Thomas Danett in 1596:

"As touching worldly pleasures this Turke had his fill: for he spent the greatest part of his life in them, and had he not been so much addicted to them, undoubtedly he would have done much more mischief. There was no fleshy vice that he was free from, but in gluttony he passed, and according to his diet, diseases fell upon him; for overie spring (as I have heard those report that have seen him) his legs swelled as big as a mans body, notwithstanding they brake not, but the swelling asswaged of it selfe. No surgeon could tell the cause of this disease save only that it proceeded of gluttonie, and it may be that it was some speciall punishment of God."

TOO OBVIOUS

As the World Wags:

Isn't our little stenographer cute? Reading in her home newspaper "Mr. —, vinegar manufacturer, will give a banquet to his employes next Thursday night": "Ha, ha!" laughed Katie, "I'll bet they'll all get pickled."

THE SIDE KICK.

BALLAD OF EGGS AND LEGS

As the World Wags:

"There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs to sell;
She went to market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the King's highway.

"There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout.

He cut her petticoats all round about,
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver
and freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake.

She began to wonder and she began to cry,

'Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I.'

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;

If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail!"

"Home went the little woman all in the dark.

Up got the little dog and he began to bark;

He began to bark, so she began to cry,
'Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!'"

The moral of this old nursery rhyme is twofold: First, Women's legs were once so swathed in heavy petticoats that they became hypersensitive, but 20th-century legs, although occasionally frost-bitten, are always "perfectly comfortable." Second: The little dog mistook his mistress's unfamiliar legs for those of some dangerous intruder. No such distressing mistake would now be made by any intelligent and devoted dog. He would not need the test of sole-prints, but would wag his tail gaily at first sight of the familiar legs.

MID-VICTORIAN.

ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

Sacha Guitry was greatly astonished a few weeks ago by seeing, as he was taking a walk, a man ahead of him stretching out his right or left arm, whenever he crossed a street or a square. Sacha took the liberty of asking the man why he did this. "It's all I have left of my motor-car," was the reply.

COMMERCIAL MODESTY

An expert in the art of advertising told a story yesterday about his adventure in a small town. He advised a shop keeper, who had a special sale, to hang a banner across the street. The shop keeper shook his head: "But that would be very conspicuous, wouldn't it?"

A wise woman could make a success of marriage out of the most unpromising material. My wife has.

J. A. R. CAIRNS.

ALL UP FOR CADMUS!

As the World Wags:

I rise in defense of Cadmus. The move is prompted by the editorial in The Herald of Oct. 5 which is inclined to deprive him of his honor as the inventor of the alphabet and mentions it as a "popular legend." And why not give him credit for 22 letters instead of 16?

My interest in Cadmus is limited to Anatole France's interview with his ghost, as reported in "Le Jardin d'Epicule." It seems authentic. Cadmus says: "By a stroke of genius, I took 22 of these innumerable signs (Egyptian hieroglyphics) and made of them the 22 letters of my alphabet." He mentions the origin of a few—the "L" because in the shape of a goad, "G" for its likeness to a camel's neck, "D" the triangular opening of a tent in the desert, and others. He admits to Anatole France that the contours of the letters have been rounded to enable fluency in writing, but adds that, even after 28 centuries of wear and tear, he is able to recognize them. The chapter, "Concerning the interview I had that night with a phantom about the origin of the Alphabet" should be read and believed by every one; it is entertaining, instructive and convincing. My vote is for Cadmus as the inventor of the alphabet.

G. S. W. K.

Newtonville.

(Cadmus not only brought the alphabet to Greece from Phoenicia, he was the first who worked the mines of Mount Pangaeon in Thrace. The certificates of stock issued by him have not come down to us.—Ed.)

47TH SYMPHONY SEASON OPENS

By PHILIP HALE

The 47th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, opened yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; Brahms, Symphony No. 3; Stravinsky, Orchestral Suite from the ballet, "Petrouchka"; Debussy, "Iberia."

Mr. Koussevitzky was warmly, affectionately greeted when he came on the platform. The players and the audience rose to do him honor.

A brilliant performance of the brilliant overture gave immediate pleasure and rich promise for the concert to come. How fresh, how modern this music composed 89 years ago sounds today! This in spite of one or two Italian melodic figures which were of the period. Not many years ago it was the fashion for English and some American critics to reproach Berlioz for "lack of melody" and ignorance of approved orthodox harmonic schemes. This reproach is now seldom heard. Berlioz was not a melodist to be ranked with Handel, Rossini, Schubert in fluency, but he had a melodic vein of his own and has written haunting measures. As for his use of harmonies, they fitted exactly his purpose. However strange, awkward, crude they may seem on paper, when they are heard with his inimitable orchestration, the result is beautiful, noble, or intensely dramatic. Suppose Berlioz had never lived, or, if living had been conventional and timid in his use of the instruments, instead of being imaginative and audacious, would not the art of instrumentation have remained in its infancy for years after his death? What did not Liszt, Wagner and the Russian school owe to him! And his influence is felt and recognized even in contemporary compositions by so-called innovators.

It is possible that hardened members of the Brahms Brigade in the audience of yesterday did not appreciate Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of the third symphony; for he gave life and color, romance as well as strength, poetic sentiment as well as granitic vigor to this work; while the professed and amateur disciples of Johannes insist that this music should first of all be "intellectual," a vague term which they would find it difficult to define. Using it, they thus assume superiority over the poor devils who believe that this symphony calls for an emotional treatment; that the rhythm should not be as inexorably constant as the strokes of a triphammer; that lyrical passages should be sung and preparation be made for the entrance of the song; that there should be marked dynamic contrasts.

Mr. Koussevitzky has committed in the eyes of the ultra-conservative, the "Die-hards," an unpardonable sin: he has made the music of Brahms interesting, given it vitality, warmth, authority so that it is enjoyed by the common herd. And so yesterday the fiery and magnificent beginning of the first movement, the more heroic passages, the lyrical episodes sung with true feeling, the measures that might be called anticipatory to the awaited eloquence, the third movement with its wistful tenderness, its subdued sadness that now and then rises to wild regret—all this was enthusiastically appreciated by an audience that completely filled the hall.

As a concert suite "Petrouchka" is entertaining, but the music imperatively needs the mimes, the dancers, the dramatic action, the stage setting for full effect. This is not ballet music that can easily be separated from a story and the dancers, as is the case with the music for "Sylvia" or "Coppelia." What may seem grotesque or unmeaning in the concert hall, has dramatic, comic or tragic, significance when one sees Poor Petrouchka, the brutal Moor and the Ballerina on the stage; when there are the various dances of groups disporting themselves in "Butter-week."

Perhaps it was a mistake to follow "Petrouchka" with "Iberia," not only because the addition of Debussy's charming music lengthened the concert unduly. Surely the greediest ears were sated at the end of "Petrouchka," not easily able to relish keenly the delicate art of the Frenchman, or his musical impressions of Spain, the subtlety of them, the hints and suggestions of Spanish rhythms and the life of Spanish streets. In the performance of the second section, one would have liked a less emphasized reading, more of a fascinating vagueness, a realization of nocturnal mystery, with its scents and its half-heard sounds.

Thus opened brilliantly and continued brilliantly the first concert of the 47th season. This concert will be repeated tonight.

The program of next week will comprise these works: Malpiero, "La Cimarosa," five orchestral pieces by Cimarosa, reorchestrated (first time in Boston); Bach-Schoenberg, two chorale preludes (first time in Boston); De Falla, "Love the Sorcerer"; Strauss, "Symphonica Domestica."

There is a wide choice for theatre-goers tomorrow night, new plays of comedy, crime, romance, fancy, a musical comedy, and "Everyman." We are granted that Christopher Morley's play, which will be produced for the first time on any stage at the opening of the Repertory Theatre, will be more or less fanciful, for he has not only a fine sense of humor; he is at home in a delightfully unreal land, as is shown in his latest novels. He is told that this is not his first play.

"The Circus Princess," with music by the Hungarian, Emerich Kalman, who in 1882, now living in Vienna, owes its present story to an adaptation of the indefatigable Harry B. Smith, whose fertility as a librettist is that of a rabbit in private life. Kalman is known as the composer of several useful operettas. When "The Circus Princess" was produced in New York on April 25, 1927, George Hassell as the Grand Duke was the chief comedian. "Goodies" Hanniford and family were in the company; Gloria Foy danced; a prima donna was Desiree Tabor. Before the production in New York the comedy had been seen in Atlantic City and Philadelphia. The critics in all these cities were unanimous in praise of the comedy, the music and the performance.

"Crime," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, was first announced as "The Crime Wave," although in January last there was talk of calling the play "The Underworld" or "Without the Law." As "The Crime Wave" the play was seen in Philadelphia on Feb. 7, 1927. When it came to New York on Feb. 22, 1927, the title was "Crime." James Rennie was the leading man. Lester Morris, Kay Johnson, Claude Cooper, Douglass Montgomery and Sylvia Sidney were in the company. Chicago enjoyed this drama of "thrills, kills, tear drops and blood spurts, robberies, killings and confessionals with a smell of burnt gunpowder." (We quote Mr. Gabriel's characterization in the New York Sun.) No one will feel called on to ask "When will the shooting begin?"

"The Wooden Kimono," by John H. Floyd, was first seen in New York on Feb. 27, 1926. It was then described as a "Thrilling Drama of Seven Deaths." A grisly hand comes out of a clock to strangle its victims; men are thrown into a safe; there are lightning flashes, pistol shots, blood-curdling shrieks; death stands grinning in an underground passage. "My darling, what couldn't thou have more?" The play was tried out in Atlantic City early in November, and then revised for New York, where Leslie Austen and Leonore Harris were prominent in the company.

Mr. Leiber will continue his Shakesperian season at the Arlington: "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Julius Caesar." They say that in Russia the people prefer Mr. O'Neill's plays to Shakespeare's, but the English and the Germans are still faithful to William. Bostonians who have been clamoring for Shakespeare now have an opportunity of seeing sound performances of some of his tragedies and comedies.

"Everyman," with Margaret Wycherly, who will take the leading part, will run a season of two weeks at the New Arts Theatre. The producer, Mr. Hooker, says that every precaution has been taken to preserve the mediaeval simplicity of the play. As nearly as possible his production will be an exact word for word, and line for line duplication of the original text. It will have one of the renovations introduced in the Salzburg production of recent date. The music especially, he promises to be particularly impressive and the scenery and costumes will be effective.

John McCormack, back from Ireland, will sing in Symphony hall this afternoon. He is reported as saying that he has found "a composition by Handel, written 175 years ago for voice, cello, organ and piano. It is called 'Praise the Lord,' and is an aria from a sacred suite." Edwin Schneider, Mr. McCormack's accompanist, has arranged it for him.

The English comedian, Arthur Roberts, has published his memoirs, "Fifty Years of Spoof." Did he coin the word "spoof"?

"Then 'e sets the gals a-screaming with a caper known as spoof. Playing monkey games on my old Uncle John."

Lexicographers give Mr. Roberts the credit of the invention and quote him as writing in 1895: "My 'spoof' French has often been the subject of amusement." But the round game of cards called "spoof" goes back to 1889. In his memoirs Mr. Roberts tells how Oscar Wilde, after inquiring the meaning of the word, remarked: "Some of us have been playing 'spoof' all our lives without knowing the name of the game."

COLOR SCHEMES

(For the Boston Herald)

Once in plays of open spaces, baby blond with cute grimaces
Would entangle two-gun hero's pulsing heart,
While a dark and sloc-eyed lady, with intentions ever shady
Would seek that gal from her true love to part.
She would sic the villian on her, playing havoc with her honor,
Till her savior galloped madly from the wing,
For it always was the manner of the olden mellerdrammer
To blame the dark-haired girls for everything.

But now the girl with tresses draped in dark, romantic messes
Is the trusting wife whose husband does her dirt.
Sighing, weeping, sad and lone, sits she by the telephone,
Scwing buttons on the erring bounder's shirt.
When her gentle, white-haired mother (never will there be another)
Asks what hubby's doing in the gay haute monde,
She replies with shoulders throbbing, what with sighing and with sobbing,
"Oh, the blighter's gone and shook me for a blond!" H. F. M.

To the Editor of The Sunday Herald:

The old wooden box crammed full of mellowed photos of cigarette days, days of Dad's boyhood. The treasure trove sent me by "Aunt" Maggie Cline yielded many a dream of bygone days when legs were limbs and shapes were shapes. With due apology to Harold Heaton, I think I can go him one better on his chapter "On Legs." Harvard University may have its inexhaustive supply of dramatic art and pictures, and Flo Ziegfeld may have a collection also, but link the tightbeauty of the past with the nakedness of today and if Flo collects many years more one cannot but help think what the pictures will look like of our on-coming stage beauties, mayhap as modest as the old Sweet Caps of the faded years. Who have these dreams of love-

liness left behind to carry on their fame?

Now all you who remember the theatre of the past may have a thrill. Warm the cockles of your heart and mind at some of the old names I am going to lay before you. Into history I will not go; your minds must supply that. So out of the box I will tumble a few just for old times sake. Lucy Daly, of that great family of artists, the Daly family. When I danced with Lucy her white hair was hidden by a wig of raven hue, but her feet, form and face were still the same Lucy of her girlhood days. Lillian Russell, oh, so many Sweet Caps of the glorious Russell. Marie Tempest, she of the legs and temperament, how she left the leading part flat in "The Algerian" in Boston, but it made a new prima donna of the Dresden china Adele Ritchie. Pauline Hall, she of our first bobbed hair beauties, such legs and voice! Camille D'Arville of Venus days, with blonde Fanny Johnson and slim, dark Trixie Friganza. Amelia Glover, known as "America's Little Fawn," with her wonderful dancing. Johnstone Bennett, with her hair cut short and the up-to-date "knickers," in the play of "The Amazons." Virginia Earle of Casino days. Corinne!! Shades of Jennie Kimball O'Flaherty. Attilie Clair and her famous row with Lillian Russell at the old Globe Theatre in Boston caused by the Harvard boys sending more flowers than Lillian received; Attilie lost her position. Isadore Rush, blonde of beauty, carried to her death by a wave on the Pacific coast. The Whirlwind De Forrests, like our dancers of today. Louise Elissing, such a voice and legs. Elvia Croix of "Isle of Champagne" days. Stately tighted Vernona Jarbeau. Theresa Vaughn of "1492," her banjo and "Annie Rooney"! Who is this! Richard Harlow? 'Tis the haughty Isabella of Spain of days of "1492." Dick was some boy in those days, for when he walked into a cafe people would stand on chairs to look at him. The Abbott Sisters, the Beaumont Sisters. Mabel Santley, Amelia Summer-ville, Molly Fuller, May Howard, Sybil Johnstone, Agnes Evans, Daisy Muddock. Ida Mülle, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Marie Doran, Laura Bigger, gorgeous Sylvia Gerrish and gorgeous Yolande Wallace, the toast of Broadway! Nina Farrington, Agnes Huntington, Clara Poole, Minnie Renwood, Laura Moore, Eleanor Mayo, Alma Tell, Loie Fuller, Lucy Guerrier, Emma Ward, Tenny Poole, Bessie Cleveland, Kate Uart, Paula Edwards and her sister Peggy, Isabelle Urquhart, Belle Black, Harriet Vernon, Louise Monti, Fannie Ward, Nora Lambert, Mabel Fenton, Dorothy Morton, Fanny Rice of Nadji days, Marie Hilton, the sister of that talented comedian, Harry Connor. One could go on like Tennyson's "Brock." Memories will awaken at these forgotten names; artists gone like the smoke of the cigarette. Legions of new beauties are now before us, whose names will soon be only memories. Back into the old box I again tumble the golden memories of some one's YOUTH
Brookline.
PAUL JONES CHUTE.

Sean O'Casey, the brilliant Irish dramatist, now living in London, will not wear conventional clothes. He is said to have been refused admission by a butler to a house where he was to be the guest of the evening because he was in street dress. "A dinner jacket and a hard shirt are among the funniest things in the world," says Mr. O'Casey. P. H.

"CAMILLE" FILMED

Perennial Blossom of Stage Seasons Put on the Screen for the Second Time

A dramatic flower which seems to lie near the heart of every actress is the portrayal of the sadly feverish Marguerite Gautier in the play, "La Dame aux Camelias," by Alexandre Dumas, the younger, known to the English and American stage and screen as "Camille."

Mme. Duse, Mme. Bernhardt, Mme. Modjeska, Matilda Heron, Clara Morris and Ethel Barrymore have all played the role, and according to theatrical history have all played different interpretations of it. Norma Talmadge has followed in the footsteps of "the greatest actresses," put the part on the screen in modern garb and well dosed with vanilla flavoring.

Others have shown feet of clay when they essayed to do this first emotional outburst of a 20-year-old boy. Dumas, the author, did not like Bernhardt's portrayal. He said that no one had played the part so badly, for she made of the woman, to quote Claude Bertron, "a silhouette of all times. She transfigured the lorette of the second empire into a grand figure of avid love-hoping, deceived, extinguishing herself in a tragic agony of joy and despair."

The play, originally produced in Paris in 1852 with Mme. Doche as Marguerite and Charles Fechter as Armand, was instantly successful. Jean Margaret Davenport-Lander was the first to present the play in this country at a single trial performance at the old Broadway Theatre in New York, on Dec. 9, 1853. F. B. Conway played the role of Armand; but the experimental performance was not a success.

Mrs. Lander attempted the play again in August, 1854, with Mr. Conway with her, and it ran 12 times without attracting attention; but in November of the same year, when she again put it on, with the same cast, it leaped to popularity.

Mrs. Lander had made her own adaptation of the original play in collaboration with J. Wilkins and entitled it "Camille, or the Fate of a Coquette." This is said by various critics to be one of the best of the English versions up to the time Ethel Barrymore commissioned Edward Sheldon to dramatize the novel for her in 1918. F. B. Conway is also described as being one of the best American Armands.

Perhaps the most successful actress to bring "Camille" to the American audience was Matilda Heron, who had viewed the Paris production with Mme. Doche in the title role. Miss Heron rewrote the play for her own use and brought it out in Cincinnati in October, 1856, as one of the plays in her repertoire. The play was given in other cities that season, but it did not find favor until she presented it in New York at Wallack's Lyceum on the evening of Jan. 22, 1857. The Armand of this production was E. A. Sothorn, a young man who had been occupied with understudying in the theatre up to this time. A difference of opinion as to Mr. Sothorn's ability is noticed in the critics' analysis of the play. One went so far as to call him a "poker with the smallest amount of warmth."

Whether Miss Heron succeeded in an artistic Camille or not, she made a financial asset of the poor girl, over \$100,000, a very large sum to earn from

neatre at that time.

During the successful run of Miss Heron's play a rival appeared at Burton's Theatre, but did not cause more than a ripple of annoyance at the crowded Lyceum. The only thing of historical significance in this opposition was the fact that Lawrence Barrett played Armand. Mrs. Dennis McMahen, an ambitious amateur, attempted this production.

To pause a moment and recount an ample slugging of whitewash is to tell of Laura Keane's "Camille, or a Moral of Life: adapted and rearranged with many novel effects expressly for this establishment." The establishment was Tripler Hall in New York, when the grandmother of the motion picture scenario was presented on March 15, 1856, in "four acts and six tableaux, with an apotheosis." Need one say that the piece was presented as a dream with the spirit of Camille's mother assisting in the rehabilitation of her daughter's virtue as she awoke in the last act to take up life in the suburbs in a wholly reputable fashion.

Perhaps the nearest approach to Miss Heron's success was that of Clara Morris, who played the part in a distinguished manner. Her first performance was at the Lyceum Theatre in New York in March, 1874; it later became one of the most successful plays in her repertoire.

Naming the other "Camilles" of theatrical history is more or less a lining up of the emotional manipulators of the art. Mrs. D. P. Bowers (1864), Jean Hosmer (1865), Signora Majeroni and Mme. Modjeska (1876). Others of later date included Fanny Davenport, Nance O'Neill, Ada Gray, Mrs. Rousby, Louise Pomeroy, Marie Wainwright, Olga Nethersole, Agnes Ethel, Lucille Western, Mary Provost, Jane Coombs in America and Louise Moodie (1870) and Alice Lingard (1873) in England.

Verdi used an adaptation of the theme as the libretto of his opera "La Traviata."

Tchaikowsky reproached Arensky for wishing to write a musical composition inspired by the subject.

The ample library of adaptations is as varied as the people who played them. Mrs. Landor preserved the French atmosphere; Matilda Heron created a mild, bad lady, casting the merest suspicion at the character of Marguerite. She offered her heroine as she would a good apple with a small spot on one side which she endeavored to keep from the gaze of the audience as much as possible. In rolling the characters of de Varville and the Comte de Gray into one, she lost much of the value of the nature of Marguerite Gautier. The name "Camille" is one of the least objectionable things about many of these transcripts.

When Ethel Barrymore rounded her rising career by putting the piece on the New York stage in 1918, she entitled it "The Lady with the Camellias" and followed the text of the novel which Dumas wrote after his play was refused production in Paris when first it was written. The play is said to have taken Dumas eight days to write; the novel, seven.

Not only did Miss Barrymore restore the more elegant title to the piece but she costumed it in the fashion it was originally intended. Feminine trappings of Paris in 1852 were infinitely more alluring than the subsequent leg-of-mutton sleeves and bustles which Marguerite Gautier wore in "modern dress" on our own stage in times past.

Miss Barrymore and Mr. Sheldon also added a prologue and epilogue to the play which made it more acceptable even to our 1918 taste in theatre-craft. To have Armand return just in time for a happy reconciliation before the curtain closes is ancient lore or modern screen necessity.

If the sophisticates and realists of the theatre continue to multiply, the next "Camille" who is resurrected for us will probably say to M. Duval, father of Armand, in the touching scene where he begs her to send back his son and at the same time protect the reputation of his dear daughter:

"Say, old bean, that is your lookout. Armand is my shick and I'm goin' to keep him. See!"

C. M. D.

BEATRICE HARRISON

JORDAN HALL—Beatrice Harrison, the English cellist of note, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, playing this program, to the accompaniment of Margaret Harrison:

Sonata, G minor, Handel; Three movements from the Suite in G major for 'cello alone, Bach; Sonata in one movement for 'cello and piano, Delius; Hungarian Sonata for 'cello alone, Kodaly; Air in B, Lament of Panian Grove, Blackburn Reel (founded on old Irish tunes), Herbert Hughes; Adagio, Nardini; Allemande, Senaille.

Whether or not she pleased everybody by her choice of music, Miss Harrison at all events set forth a program of 'cello music quite unlike that offered by most of her colleagues. She did no concerto the wrong of putting it through its paces without orchestra; she refrained from skips and scampers in the sprightly tunes of Popper; she played none of those sentimental melodies that need to be sicklied over with sweetness to please the public taste. All praise to her own fine taste and her ingenuity!

Syrupy tone, though, probably Miss Harrison would have none of whatever she chose to perform. Her tone, none the less, is very sweet, and yet with a tinge of brightness about it that lends it an individuality strongly marked.

Though by no means large, this tone of Miss Harrison rejoices in no noble a quality, in so telling a vibrancy, that it gives the effect of largeness—something as those Gothic statuettes in Nuremberg always suggest the heroic.

Miss Harrison brought her noble tone magnificently into play in Handel's noble sonata; sensitive to its grave beauty, its tenderness, she avoided the error—trust her intuition and musician-ship!—of holding that Handel never walked but at the head of a procession. And as for Bach—did Bach, the question rises, show greater knack when writing for the 'cello alone than for the violin alone? For the patterns for 'cello alone, at all events, Miss Harrison succeeded in finding tone that sounded both agreeable and suitable; of few violinists in like case can so much be said.

Sonority. Indeed, Miss Harrison could give the Hungarian sonata, a piece more like a symphonic poem in character. Since its composer had so much on his mind in the way of harmony, timbre and rhythm, surely he was unwise in scorning the aid of a harmless, necessary pianoforte. Why lay so heavy a burden on the 'cello alone? Delius showed a longer head, not to say a freer musical invention and a warmer emotion. Miss Harrison played both sonatas supremely well, and Miss Margaret Harrison seconded her adequately in that by Delius. The Hughes pieces played, the program stated, for the first time in America, sounded very attractive.

The whole recital was attractive, with some beautiful music and much that was new, and nothing not worth while, all of it exquisitely played. An excellent audience showed itself well pleased. And Miss Harrison showed other players the possibilities of an afternoon of 'cello music, granted the needful energy and taste.

R. R. G.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. John McCormack, tenor. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Gordon string quartet. Free public concert through the courtesy of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Gladstone Jackson, tenor; Reginald Boardman, accompanist. Handel, Total Eclipse and Thus When the Sun, from "Samson." Schubert, Nacht und Traume, Die Taubenpost, Ungeduld. Schumann, Erstes, Lovely Cradle of My Sorrow, Cottage. Brahms, Wie bist du, Meine Koenigin, Staendchen, Meine Liebe ist gruen. Mozart, Il mio tesoro, from "Don Giovanni." Manney, The Rose of the Night, and Oblation (horn obbligato), the Bailiff's Daughter (arr. by Corder). Bridge, Love Went a-Riding.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Alblon Metcalf, pianist. Brahms, Ballade, G minor; Intermezzo, E flat minor; Intermezzo, C major; Rhapsodie, E flat major. Chopin, Sonata, op. 35. Bax, In a Vodka Shop. Respighi, arrangement of a Siciliana. Medtner, Fairy Tale, E flat major. Debussy, L'Isle Joyeuse.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

"CAMILLE" IN FILM AT METROPOLITAN

Norma Talmadge Starred in Production

"Camille," starring Norma Talmadge, a film drama adapted from the play "La Dame aux Camillas" by the younger Alexandre Dumas, screen story by Fred de Gresac, directed by Fred Niblo and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre by First National Pictures, Inc., with the following cast:

Camille Norma Talmadge
Armand Duval Gilbert Roland
Olympe Lilian Tashman
Comte de Varville Harvey Clark
The Duke Alec B. Francis

Once again "Camille" is brought forth. This time it is on the screen with Norma Talmadge in the role which most of the famous actresses of two continents have played at one time or another. Nazimova also performed this part for the screen several years ago.

The arrangement of the film play as it appears in its present version is excellent. It follows the idea Dumas presented in his novel. There is a prelude with the effects and jewels of Marguerite Gautier (Camille) being sold at auction after her death. Armand Duval enters in time to buy her diary, a skillful way of introducing the action of the play.

"A modern story in modern dress, losing none of the vitality of the original romance" was the way this photoplay was promised. The story is faithful to the original in its main characteristics. There is a difference in delicacy and little excuse for the crudeness of the Jaccanallian scenes which are injected with a plentiful supply of extra people and champagne glasses.

A new and pathetic reason why Camille left her unhappy home is written into the script and Prudence, who helped many a stage Camille to garner pity, is not present excepting as a faint shadow on two scenes.

The scenes of the country house are merely gaudy, with Norma Talmadge wearing ruffles and acting coy. The thunderstorm, which answers the tumult of her feelings after Duval's father had made her promise to give him up, is sudden and terrible, a little too sudden and terrible. The difficult gambling scene is well handled, as is also the ending of the picture. Gilbert Roland is excellent as Armand. His intense youth is real. Norma Talmadge is merely an actress trying to stir the quagmire of emotion.

John Murray Anderson has devised the revue this week and it is exceptionally good. The Albertina Rasch dancers are the most perfect and agreeable blending of action and poise one has had the pleasure of viewing in many a day. In their first ballet they are as daintily perfect as a first snow storm. The Zebra strut is a poem of lines and toes, all working in harmony like a well-oiled machine.

Gene Rodemich and his band, in gay feathered hats, Lora Hoffman and Cy Landry fill the other high spots in "Danse Caprice."

C. M. D.

Concerts of the Week

SUNDAY—John Charles Thomas, barytone, song recital, Town Hall, 3 P. M. Tamiris, dancer, Little Theatre, 8:30 P. M. Oct 9 - 1927

MONDAY—Wesley Kuhne, piano recital, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.

TUESDAY—Florentine Choir, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.; first American appearance. Finlay Campbell,

Canadian barytone, song recital, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M. Program includes Scotch songs in Gaelic.

WEDNESDAY—Beethoven Symphony Orchestra, Georges Zaslavsky, conductor, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M. Program: "Egmont" overture, Beethoven; "Symphonie Fantastique," Berlioz; "Cortège Macabre," Copland; polonaise from "Mignon," bell song from "Lakme," "Carnival" overture, Dvorak. Soloist, Mme. Luella Melius. Marie Elizabeth Pluegel, song recital, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.

THURSDAY—Philharmonic Society, Willem Mengelberg, conductor, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M. Program: concerto grosso in A minor, Vivaldi; Rieti, concerto for wind instruments; Ferrand, "Foules" (first time); Beethoven, second symphony.

FRIDAY—Philharmonic Society, Carnegie Hall, 2:30 P. M. Repetition of Thursday evening program. Isabel Richardson Molter, song recital, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.

SATURDAY—Augusta Lenska, song recital, Town Hall, 8:15 P. M., assisted by Marie Miller, harpist, and Carlos Salzedo, composer.

Brave men and fair women have been injured, at times slandered, by malignant footnotes in the books of serious writers. Sainte-Beuve was a master of this art. A day or two ago we mentioned the "History" of Comines's. In that noteworthy chapter entitled "A Discourse upon the Misery of Man's Life by the examples of those Princes that lived in the Author's Time," Comines writes of Louis XI: "When he was grown to man's estate he married the King of Scotland's daughter and during her life never joined her." Here is the footnote: "This Ladies name was Margaret, she was sister to James the second King of Scotland: she was of a lothsome complexion and had an unsavory breath, wherefore the King loved her not."

Was Margaret slandered? Peter Matthews in his life of Lewis XI found fault with English chroniclers for writing how Margaret was "ob graveolentiam oris rejected by her husband." It was said of her, that weary of life, dying at the age of 26, she exclaimed on her death-bed: "Fie on life; let no one speak of it to me again." Was she conscious of her physical infirmity?

Philip II of France was no more fortunate than this Louis. He married Ingeborg, daughter of a King of Denmark. At the ceremony in August, 1193, he fell into a dislike for her and three months afterward sent her to Denmark. Grave historians say that he alleged a certain relationship as the reason, but an old gossip is less courteous: "Because her breath stunk, they say, or for some other secret fault, he sent her back again to her father."

Noblesse oblige. He should have followed the example of the Grecian lady, who, asked how she could endure her husband's pestilential breath, said, so great had been her modesty: "I thought that all men smelt so."

This breath has been blown through the centuries. Henri Rochefort, the enemy of Napoleon III, was violent not only in print.

The affliction has now a pompous name. Illustrated advertisements in magazines and newspapers show us why fair women remain unwedded, neglected at balls: why men lose their jobs or are shunned by women. There were remedies in ancient Rome. Pliny recommended for a sweet and pleasant breath that the teeth should be rubbed with "the ashes of burnt mice and incorporate with honey"; that the tooth-pick should be a porcupine's quill, not a vulture's. Unfortunately for social anti-

the afflicted one is usually a chatter, who persists in putting his face close to his victim's. It has been said of these unhappy persons that talking, they would stop a clock and turn a collar-button green.

JUST AN OLDTIME NAIL (For As the World Wags)

In South Weymouth they have torn down about the last of a type of shoemaker's shop which has been attached to the "Capt. John Vinson house" probably over 100 years old. Boards two feet wide, six-inch beams fastened with wooden pins, and hand-forged nails characterized the structure. Your rhymester picked up one of the nails. This hand-wrought nail was fashioned years ago
By hand and skill of clumsy pioneer
Whose loftier deeds and customs we revere,
Though of his humbler acts we little know.

This bond held hemlock wide, the ruins show,
Or axe-hewn timber straight as warrior's spear;
Huge wood and honest work are noted here
When vandals waste the pile and lay it low.
Brave monuments of men climb to the skies,
Their outer flourish patent to the gaze;
The art of architecture keenly vies
With nature's models and her quieter ways;

But when in sterner mood the storms assail,
Man's work is often held by just a nail!
BATES TORREY.

Men are not sheep, but they have two of the dominating characteristics of sheep. They are gregarious and they are easily frightened.—Ramsay MacDonald.

YES, AND CIGARS TOO

As the World Wags:
Did you ever realize that the vogue for naming steamboats, locomotives, sailing ships, airplanes, etc. may sometimes be influenced by the popularity of an individual, an opera, an actor, a statesman or even of a mythical character? Some 45 years ago when "Evangeline" and "Pinafore" were the rage all over the country, a cute Yankee named Pierce was the Pookbah of the "Merrimack River Navigation Co.," which consisted of two small flat-bottomed steamboats. One was called the "Evangeline"; the other was named the "Pinafore." Pierce ran "moonlight excursions" up the Merrimack river and accumulated many dollars. At that time he had printed a letter-head with the above title of his company, and traveled free to various parts of the United States.
G. F. O'DWYER.
Lowell.

ACCESSORIES

(Card of thanks in the Davis, W. Va., News)
We desire to thank Rev. F. L. Shannon, the Masonic Order and any one who in any way assisted us in the death of Robert James.

A CALIFORNIA "HEALTH CENTRE"

(Adv. in the California Christian Advocate)
WANTED—A Protestant Undertaker, preferably a Methodist, for a wonderful business opportunity in a growing health centre in California. Unique opportunity.

DOCTORS AS WITNESSES

English doctors are seriously disturbed by a recent legal ruling that they have no right to withhold from a court of law secrets entrusted to them by their patients. "It has been supposed that confidence reposed in a doctor was as inviolable as a confession made to a priest. Indeed, the ministry of health has stated that the doctors were privileged, and that they need not disclose what has been told them in the sanctity of the consulting room, the hospital ward, or the sick chamber."

The writer of this last sentence is unacquainted with the English law of evidence. See James Fitzjames Stephen's Digest: Part III, Article 117: "Medical men and (probably) clergymen may be compelled to disclose communications made to them in professional confidence." Stephen adds in a note: "The question whether clergymen, and particularly whether Roman Catholic priests can be compelled to disclose confessions made to them professionally has never been solemnly decided in England, though it is stated by the text writers that they can." (Perhaps there has been a solemn decision since Stephen compiled his Digest). The general rule in England was, at the time Stephen wrote perhaps is, that every person must testify to what he knows, with an established exception in favor of legal ad-

visers. But Chief Justice Baggallay said in a case: "I, for one, will ever compel a clergyman to disclose communications made to him by a prisoner, but if he chooses to disclose them I shall receive them in evidence."
myself.

JOHN McCORMACK

Yesterday afternoon John McCormack led off the season of Sunday Symphony hall concerts. Outwardly the occasion ran true to tradition—an audience that filled every cranny, enthusiasm that mounted as the program's quality fell, and, of course, Mr. Lauri Kennedy to play agreeably several pieces on the cello, and Mr. Edwin Schneider to furnish the accompaniments. Mr. John P. Marshall, for good measure, played the organ in Cesar Franck's "Pavane Angelique."

From the purely musical point of view, however, the afternoon proved not quite like all McCormack afternoons. The program, for instance, rarely has Mr. McCormack—never as severe in his taste as the judicious might wish—sung so little music of real value. An old English song by Thomas Ford, "Since First I Saw Your Face," has at least antiquity in its favor; Handel's "Enjoy the Sweet Elysian Grove" and Strauss's "Allerseelen" hold up their ends in any company of songs. Franck's "Pavane" is not to be scorned in its way, and Ban-toch's Chinese "A Dream of Spring" sounds pretty enough. Of the Irish songs, Hughes's arrangement of "No, Not More Welcome," is scarcely so engaging as Milligan Fox's version of "The Short Cut to the Rosses," and "The Snowy-Breasted Pearl" surely has been sung quite as often as its real worth warrants. The other songs on the program were "The Scylla Song," by Harty, Schneider's "When the Dew is Falling," "Just for Today" by Blanche E. Seaver, Quilter's setting of "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" and "The Quest" by M. F. Phillips. The pity of it all!

If the program yesterday was unlike Mr. McCormack's best, his singing as well was not what it usually is. The despair of newspaper reviewers this many a year—to find novel terms for perfection is not easy—yesterday Mr. McCormack gave those reviewers opportunity to vary their diction. For though his own diction in the special vocal sense—staid perfect, and his technique too, in some respects, Mr. McCormack fell short of his high repute; not always could he be held a model for the young.

He allowed his lower middle tones too often to grow nasal; he pressed his vowel "e" till it sounded pinched and pale. So much might be forgiven. But maltreatment of "Allerseelen," with its melodic line distorted, its sentiment swollen beyond reason—that is hard to forgive. As for Mr. McCormack's extravagance in the "Snowy-Breasted Pearl"—may no young-singing student be led astray!

Let the student try rather how near he can come to singing "The Short Cut" as Mr. McCormack sang it, with utterance crisp as a rasher of bacon just right, or Mendelssohn's song, with its melody so exquisitely shaped; or the ravishing tone in the song by Franck; or the florid measures of Handel. Another time, it is much to be hoped that Mr. McCormack will brace his program up a bit—and sing it all as he sang some things yesterday.
R. R. G.

Gordon String Quartet

The Gordon String Quartet of Chicago, appearing for the first time in Boston, gave a concert in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library last evening. It was the first of the series of eight chamber music concerts to be given this season at the library without charge, through the generosity of Mrs. Elizabeth S. Coolidge. The program last night was made up of the Quartets of Dohnányi in D flat, Leo Sowerby in D minor and Beethoven in F minor, op. 95.

The Chicago group takes its place at once among those chamber ensembles which it is a delight to hear. Its members are, we believe, first desk men of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. They possess the easy virtuosity to be expected from men holding such positions. They evidently have played together long enough to establish unanimity of purpose as of utterance. If the tone in this or that corner sometimes seems less than ideal, the balance is secure, and the tonal outgiving as a whole is most agreeable. The Chicagoans impress by their scholarly devotion to the music in hand. They are singularly free of the tendency common among quartets nowadays to attempt to achieve

the volume and dynamics of an orchestra. Their style is well-bred, intimate. "We are glad you could come," they seem to say. "Won't you enjoy this music with us?" The audience, which as usual was large, accepted with pleasure the invitation.

The Dohnányi Quartet was well suited to this domestic atmosphere. Written 20 years ago, it was the composer's second essay in the field. It retains a distinctly Brahmsian aura. It is a workmanlike opus, commanding respect for its author's capabilities, if not rousing us to acclamation.

Mr. Sowerby's work, though it served well as contrast, seemed somewhat ill at ease in the house of our musical hosts, and in the company of the fellow guests. The titles of its divisions, couched democratically in English, hardly prepare us for their content. "Sommer und slow," "Quietly, but with warmth," "Fast and with passionate urge," they read. Yet under these cultured-sounding headings we are surprised to find themes and rhythms of somewhat doubtful antecedents; calling up, in fact, the measures that slide from the doors of dance halls and cabarets. But the important question, of course, is what the composer does with this material. Well, he plays about with it, but he does not succeed in overcoming the character of monotony that seems to inhere in such music.

Fortunately the Chicagoans had not thought it necessary to harp Beethoven from their program, merely because he had the right of way last season. Thus it came to pass that we were rewarded for our tolerance toward the newcomer by being allowed to meet a work of the master. Not, to be sure, one of that last great group, but the one which preceded them, and which is not unworthy of them; the brooding No. 11, which pursues its introspective way along lovely, unshaded paths until the very end, when it breaks into a joyous song. Here, with finer music, came more sensitive playing. The musicians seemed more at home with this guest, and they paid him honor with great attentions.

The next concert of this series will be given Nov. 13 by the Persinger Quartet of Santa Barbara, formerly the quartet of the San Francisco Chamber Music Society.
L. A. S.

John Drinkwater, actor, dramatist, manager, has written a book entitled "The Art of Theatre-going." The volume of 217 octavo pages is published by Houghton, Mifflin Company. There is an index.

No one seeing the title should class the book with this or that one's "How to Listen to Music." Mr. Drinkwater has much to say about plays, the art of acting, film plays, without telling the reader when he should dilate with emotion, applaud or "boo." In his preface for this American edition Mr. Drinkwater says that the artistic and economic conditions of the American theatre are, as far as he knows them, much the same as those prevailing in England, though the greater wealth here insures, on the whole, a greater efficiency of production. As regards triumphs and disasters—the fortunes of the theatre of "entertainment" only are "not in any case of serious interest to anyone but the promoters." The "Little Theatres" in both countries have had the same problems to face.

The opening chapters are about critics and criticism. The argument is this: "After a performance is over and we have not seen it, we cannot ever have a trustworthy idea of what it was like, even by the aid of the most competent report." The young or old critic says of Jones that he gave positively the finest performance that it has ever been his good fortune to witness, "implying thereby that here is unquestionably the most remarkable histrionic talent that has hitherto revealed itself." But what does the critic know about it? Whom has he seen in the part? If he, as one New York critic wrote, says this of John Barrymore's Hamlet, it is a fair question to ask whether the critic saw Fechter, Booth, Rossi, E. L. Davenport, Irving, Forbes-Robertson, in the part?

"A veteran such as Mr. Walkley, could decide for himself whether Mr. Nicholas Hannen was or was not as good an actor as Sir Charles Wyndham, but his opinion could mean nothing to young playgoers who never saw Wyndham, and Mr. Walkley himself could not tell how either of them compared with James Wal-

lack." If a critic is worthy of attention he should combine the ability to write with a technical knowledge of acting. Mr. Drinkwater does not know of more than three in England who are not critics in the latter respect. They know a good or bad performance but are unable to tell the public or the actors anything worth while about it. "In this the critic is in precisely the same position as the ordinary playgoer, the difference being that one gets paid for going and the other pays to go to the theatre." All we should expect from the average playgoer and his impressions is "jolly good" or "rotten," but it is the critic's business "to tell us why the performance was jolly or rotten." In most cases he does not know. The only way to enjoy good acting is to see it. "The instructed and instructive account of it is so rare as virtually not to exist." In another chapter Mr. Drinkwater disclaims any intention to attack the critics. "They may enjoy themselves greatly in the theatre, but clearly they have the devil of a time outside it." The (London) public demands extended references to the acting, though the play has given no opportunity for intelligent acting. The article must be written in most cases after a quarter of an hour's reflection. When the critic has said his say "there can be at best precious little satisfaction in writing about something that most people can't see today and everybody will have forgotten tomorrow. . . . After all critics are not stupider than other people because they are compelled to make public exhibitions of their stupidity. The average playgoer who thinks the critic a foolish fellow may reflect with advantage that he would almost certainly be much foolisher in the critic's place."

Some idea of this valuable book may be derived from a few passages taken at random. There is an excellent chapter on "The Actor and the Part." "The whole art of the theatre is degraded when the actor is considered as an individuality apart from the play in which he is acting. . . . Either you will have the one-man show, such as flourishes in the music halls, or you will have a fustian theatre furnished by hack playwrights at the bidding of powerful and popular stars." In the first place the mastery of men like Bert Williams needs no apology. "To miss its appeal is as dull as to confuse it with greater things." What Mr. Drinkwater thinks of "personality" on the stage, its evil influence on dramatic art is peculiarly applicable to conditions in this country.

Do not infer Mr. Drinkwater hostile to the theatre. He thinks nobly of it. He loves "all the trappings of the stage, the grease paints, the rehearsals, the sound of the call boy, the humors and vexations." No evening spent in a theatre is to him a waste of time; he has not lost faith in it; he constantly hopes to find it the home of acted drama. Nor is he a narrow high-brow in his taste. He thoroughly enjoyed "The Ghost Train." "I should think there was something the matter with anyone who didn't, though as a work of art it does not exist, means nothing, but it is not rubbish; it is far less rubbish than many much more pretentious plays," an admirable diversion, but not for the "theatre of the imagination." "The Constant Nymph" was a "superb piece of showmanship," not to be enjoyed as a play: "Reputed men of genius who do nothing to justify the character but behave like half-witted bounders do not interest me on the stage or off of it."

If mental deficiencies are out of the reckoning, one's man's opinion of acting is likely to be as reliable as another's. The first duty of a play is to hold the attention of the audience. If it fails in this, no "constellation of virtues" will save it. But when it comes to the originality of the play, its idiom, its conception, "our answer must necessarily depend to a considerable extent upon our knowledge of what the best dramatists have done hitherto." Here the postman, unless he be a man of unusual experience and knowledge, and another, say Arnold Bennett, part company. (This chapter should be read more than once; this and the following one.)

Two or three recent plays and the performance of them are entertainingly analyzed. Mr. Drinkwater is not afraid of defining his terms. To him the much abused word "artistic," as he employs it, means "pertaining to the imaginative expression of vision, which is art." The chapters on the cinema are valuable. Paying tribute to the serious work at Hollywood, he asserts that if money considerations were eliminated from the enterprise, the whole cinema business would come to an end in a month. "It is not conceivable that anyone would go on making moving picture scenarios merely for the purpose of satisfying his spiritual necessities." (In the chapter "Fee First" Mr. Drinkwater has much to say about the dramatist; his hope of pecuniary re-

ward or indifference toward it.) The film play will never drive the legitimate drama from the theatre. "The unit of the screen life is a moving photograph of a human being bereft of speech." A living presence is not before the spectator.

Is Mr. Drinkwater justified in calling the belief that a creative work of art may be interpreted in different ways a fallacy? "There is only one proper way of playing Hamlet." Mr. Drinkwater admits that this way is not now easily described. Who shall say whether Fechter's or Booth's Hamlet was the more Shakesperian? Had Shakespeare himself an idea of only one possible interpretation?

'CRIME' COMES TO THE WILBUR

By PHILIP HALE
WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Crime," a melodrama in four acts and eight scenes by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. Played as "The Crime Wave" in Philadelphia on Feb. 7, 1927. At the Eltinge Theatre, New York, on Feb. 21, 1927, with James Rennie as Eugene Fenmore; Chester Morris, Rocky Morce; Kay Johnson, Dorothy Palmer; Claude Cooper, Mouse Turner; Sylvia Sidney, Annabelle Porter; Douglas Montgomery, Tommy Brown. Produced by A. H. Woods.

The cast last night was as follows:
Annabelle Porter..... Sylvia Sidney
Tommy Brown..... Martin Burton
Rocky Morce..... Calvin Thomas
Spat..... Earle Mayne
Dorothy Palmer..... Kay Johnson
Frank Smiley..... Arthur Wellington
Marjorie Grey..... Dorothy Gay
William A. Emory..... Gordon Earle
Eugene Fenmore..... Chester Morris
Mouse Turner..... Claude Cooper
Capt. Garsan..... Arthur Wellington
Jack..... Harold Johnson
Inspector McGuinness..... Edward Walter
Tony..... Frederick Conklin
Voice on radio..... R. H. Irving
Eugene was the brains of a band of New York crooks. Eugene? Phoebeus, what a name for a leader of desperadoes! Why not Percy?

One would think that Eugene was an expert gunman; murder his favorite indoor and outdoor sport; as a leader in the underworld adored by women. John Masefield's Theodore the pirate, "Though dripping gore
Was always courteous to the ladies."
But Eugene loathed butchery; his men were ordered in target practice and in their active work to hit a citizen in an arm or a leg, never to croak him. Through an innocent little girl he found himself in trouble; betrayed by jealous Dorothy, to save the little girl from the chair, he took that seat himself. And Dorothy betrayed him because he had killed her man who was about to draw on him.

Annabelle and Tommy were spooning in the park. He had saved \$130; they were to be married. Two members of the gang heard them talking and held them up. Tommy and his girl in turn tried to hold up the crooks who were playing poker in the apartment of a fence. Failing, for they were mere amateurs, they were to be handed over to the police. Eugene rescued them by taking them to his sumptuously appointed flat, half out of pity, also thinking they might be useful in the grand game. Hence Dorothy's jealousy, though she had been playing Eugene false with the "butcher" Rocky. Not that Eugene took the role of Fagin, though at the end he gave an imitation of Sydney Carton.

The chief theme of the melodrama is the robbery of Goldberg's jewelry store. The scene of the robbery is the great scene and it was vividly portrayed. Unfortunately, Rocky, envious of Eugene's position, disobeyed orders and killed old Goldberg. It should be remembered that Eugene planned all the robberies, but did not take part in the execution. He had wealthy and aristocratic friends, was a society man, who returning from a ball or a dinner did not sleep, but plotted a grand affair. The gang vowed vengeance when he killed Rocky, but Eugene made a tactful speech at a night club, and the consumptive wife of a gangster at Sing Sing told how Rocky had not handed over the money for her support.

Dorothy squealed to the police. The youngsters who were at this club were arrested and were to be tried as accessories to the murder, had not Eugene, noble fellow, signed a confession and endowed them with all his worldly goods acquired, we are happy to say, before he started on his brilliant career of crime.

Sheer melodrama, one might say, but a mighty interesting play. Several morals might be drawn from it: Never spoon in a park when you have \$130 in your pocket; remember that a woman, even a crook, may in a jealous fit expose you to the close attention of the police; that the crook, no matter how brainy,

will probably at last suffer a "stretch" or sit in the chair: For once Eugene forgot his cunning; when he signed a piece of music he had pretended to compose—but where did the police obtain an autograph for comparison?

The performance was swift and convincing. There were pleasing revelations of life and language in the underworld. Mr. Morris was imperturbable, humane, heroic, sympathetic as the gentlemanly leader. His associates in crime were interesting each in his own manner. Mr. Cooper gave an excellent portrayal of an old crook who sighed for former days when there was romance in burglary and gun play was not thought necessary. Miss Johnson and Miss Sidney were able exponents of vice and virtue.

There were good lines in the dialogue, which on the whole was brisk.

Repertory Theatre: "Pleased to Meet You," "an international hilarity" by Christopher Morley. First time on any stage. The cast:

Romsteck..... Dennis Cleugh
Frau Innsbruck..... Alice Chapin
Karl..... Arthur Bowyer
Pizalle..... Arthur Brander
Taxi driver..... Josef Lazarovici
Herr Gaudeloupe..... Thomas Shearer
Nyla..... May Ward
George..... Forbes Dawson
Albert..... Arthur Sircom
Colonel Cointreau..... Milton Owen
Leitz..... William Mason
Lorli..... Olga Birbeck
Mildred Quackenbush..... Marion Good
Mrs. Quackenbush..... Ada Sinclair
Hon. Ulysses Quackenbush..... Thayer Roberts
Sergeant Higgins..... William Faversham, Jr.

"An international hilarity," no less, Mr. Morley calls his entertainment. Probably he could have hit on no apter term. With his mind full of the humorous possibilities of the League of Nations, he set out—let us hazard the guess—to write a comedy of wit, satire and manners. In such vein he did indeed write some dialogue, so neatly one felt like crying out, in the words of Thackeray's young lady at the Perkins ball: "You naughty, satirical, wicked man, you!" But either he found the vein too thin, or else his love of cruder fun got the better of his taste for wit; or, it may be, Mr. Morley thought it prudent to be all things to all men. Whatever led him, Mr. Morley ceased soon to depend on wit alone.

His "hilarity," it should be stated, had to do with a fishmonger making his entry into the grand ducal palace of Illyria, in the role of that new republic's first president; a similar situation has been dealt with in "David Harum," by Mrs. Burnett in her "T. Tembarom," in "Mme. Sans-Gene." Mr. Morley has treated the situation in a sort of musical comedy manner, or so Mr. Shearer chose to play the fishman—it must, though, have been the author who made the choice, for he ended his hilarity's first act with hilarious singing, dancing and a hand spring or two, truly, for some folks, the evening's most diverting episode.

There was fairly good farce to follow, of the slap-stick sort sometimes, when stout men broke down chairs by their weight, later of the "Prince of Pilsen" type, with very amusing German-American dialect the order of the day. A delicate touch of indelicacy lent flavor here and there. A crook right out of a crook play, quite as collected and cool as the best of crooks, took a busy hand, with a closely-observed policeman to play up to him, and just the right girl to lead him to sentimental dalliance. Surely there is no man alive who could not like one element or another of Mr. Morley's hilarity. To say, though, that Mr. Morley has yet acquired the theatrical skill to blend these many diverse elements happily, would be to stretch the truth.

The acting, for the most part spirited, would seem to have followed Mr. Morley's indications closely; every point was made very clear. Mr. Shearer, skilled in German-American speech of the stage, was the drollier the closer he kept to character. The satirical note Mr. Cleugh maintained deftly to the end—and Mr. Faversham contributed a neat sketch of a gum-chewing policeman. The single setting of the stage was excellent; a dual room indeed.

The audience, of fine size, appeared well amused.
R. R. G.

HOLLIS—"Wooden Kimono," mystery play by John H. Floyd, originally produced in New York, Dec. 27, 1926. The present cast includes:

Dr. Graham..... Hermann Lieb
Peter Mullen..... Robert Bendley
Richard Halstead, 1st..... Alden Chase
Richard Halstead, 2nd..... Leslie Austen
Agatha Bloom..... Clara Verdera
John Dryden..... Dudley Clements
Clara Malcolm..... Lenore Harris
Sandrock..... Harry Hanlon
Sheriff Jolt..... Worthington Romaine
Roger Malcolm..... William Norton
Ethan Malcolm..... Sam Colt

The setting in the first act of the downstairs room of Red Owl Tavern was suggestive of dark and ominous occurrences. And then when the second door of the three bedrooms off the upstairs balcony opened at the rise of the

curtain and a mysterious Spanish-looking lady walked downstairs, candle in hand, the audience convinced itself that here was the beginning of some spooky happenings.

Three years previous to the opening of the play, three men had disappeared, after occupying No. 1 of the three upstairs bedrooms. No trace of their bodies had been found. On the night the action of the play began, Sandock, a detective, and Richard Halstead, author of detective stories, plan to meet at the tavern and see if they, by remaining in the place overnight, could determine the cause of the murders which had baffled the police. To tell what happens would be, of course, to spoil the thrills of this play, which has more than any of its kind which this reviewer has happened to have seen.

The author has not been saving with his exciting moments. The first act is filled to overflowing with them. The cast outdid the audience in screaming during this first act.

Those piercing shrieks shaded beautifully from a sharp staccato to a low, interesting moan. And the audience, from second balcony to orchestra, all appeared to be in a good mystery play mood, for they profited by the example of the actors and did nobly, especially throughout the second act, furnishing screams worthy of the best audiences of "The Bat" and "The Cat and the Canary" combined.

There is plenty of comedy relief supplied by a burly detective, who arrives at conclusions just a little bit later than the remainder of the cast and the audience with a twangy "Just what I thought." Agatha Bloom, a timid woman companion to Mary Maddern, a guest at the tavern for the night, was another who helped relieve the tenseness of situations with her exaggerated style of comedy.

The cast is uniformly good. Lenore Harris used her low, throaty voice to play nicely with the emotions of the hysterical audience. Clara Verdera aided greatly in carrying out the spirit of the piece by not over-emphasizing the mysterious element, with the result that the actual, awful occurrences loomed up in even more nerve-racking fashion.

The composers of that nonsensical song, "Shut the Doors, They're Coming in the Windows," would find a great deal of new material in "Wooden Kimono" for additional verses. "Wooden Kimono," of course, refers to a coffin. Yes, indeed, a real one which is brought right in during the first act and parked right in the middle of the stage!
A. F.

'THE BUSH LEAGUER' AT MODERN, BEACON

Monte Blue Pitches His Way to Success

Monte Blue, in a comedy drama of the baseball field, "The Bush Leaguer," tops the bill of new photoplays at the Modern and Beacon theatres. The cast includes Clyde Cook, Leila Hyams, William Demarest and Richard Tucker. The companion picture is a drama of New York night life, "The Girl from Gay Paree," with Barbara Bedford, Lowell Sherman, Malcolm McGregor and Betty Blythe in the cast. The Vitaphone artists' presentations include Mme. Schumann-Heink in three songs, the Vitaphone Symphony orchestra in "The Spirit of 1918" overture and Joe Browning, singing and talking monologist.

Mr. Blue is seen as a young inventor who also is a good baseball pitcher despite his myopic handicap, which requires his wearing spectacles. He is persuaded to join a professional team by the pretty owner, and thus a romance begins which courses through scenes hilarious and dramatic. Success comes to him in business as well as on the field, and a happy future looms when he wins the girl's heart. It is a play of hilarious action with enough serious touches to heighten interest, and the work of star and company reveals the cleverness of the players and expert direction.

The other picture is the story of a girl who is persuaded to pose as a famous and wicked foreign entertainer in a notorious night club. Her adventures become dramatic when she is exposed to arrest and her reputation is at stake through publicity. It is a high-powered drama set within a glittering and sensational frame.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Circus Princess," a musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics from the original of Julius Brammar and Alfred Grunwald by Harry B. Smith. Music by Emmerich Kalman. Staged by J. C. Huffman. F. Gromon conducted. The cast:

Loris..... Will Rooney
Nicholas..... Russell Bryant
Paul..... Billy Arnold
Constantine..... Gerald Moore
Jean Paul..... Joseph Toner

Princess Alexis Orion..... Guy B. Rice
Prince Palinsky..... Arthur
Sini Slavsky..... J. J. Frank
Baton Sakurino..... Harry B. Smith
Lt. Petrovitch..... Harry B. Smith
Princess Fedora Palinsky..... Desha
Commissionaire..... San T. T.
Grand Duke Sergius..... William B. T.
His adjutant..... Edmund B. T.
Toot Schlumberger..... Ted Akers
Mabel Gibson..... Gloria Fay
Barnaid..... Kate Patterson
Mr. X..... Guy Robertson
Bee Starr..... Herself
Poodles Hannafoord and family..... Themselves
Frau Schlumberger..... Florence Morrison

It matters little what one might offer by way of opinion of the book or the story of "The Circus Princess," or whether the author has gone far afield from the accepted form; the piece is smashing entertainment.

Very obvious it is that the authors first of all seized the idea of a circus, and having this firmly established, put the cart before the horse, combed the big tents and vaudeville for the best act of the sawdust ring, and then rolled up their sleeves and set about to complete the musical play.

With this deduction we arrive at the basis of this show—Poodles Hannafoord and Family—and a very substantial basis it is. Let us not close our eyes and look on this entertainment without them.

Thus the first act that unwinds itself at first leisurely—and a bit listlessly—takes on zest, color and comic value. All of which may be said in truth for the succeeding acts. It is not necessary to go into detail over the writhings and bickerings, the heat and cold of the affair of Fedora and Mr. X. The dialogue is lacking in comic element, and the Grand Duke Sergius mugged his way pointlessly through three acts. Very likely he could do better had the librettist been kinder, more thoughtful.

The music is far from Mr. Kalman at his best. Commonplace it is, excelling in flavor rather than musical substance. It is to be remembered that the first two acts take place in Russia, and not once, with the exception of one or two dances, employing the technique of that country, was there a movement or a phrase suggestive thematically of that troubled land.

So again the honors of this "entertainment" go to Poodles Hannafoord and His Family, with double and very heavy underscore for Poodles himself. Whether as the accomplished equestrian, plying his trade as clown, as the pantomimist in his comic ways, or in his few eloquent moments of repose, he is worth going a long ways to see.

Both Mr. Robertson and Miss Tabor gave excellent performances, dramatically and vocally, as far as the insufficiencies of the music would permit. Both were in good voice, and sang with musical intelligence. The denouement, at the conclusion of the second act, by the courtesy of Mr. Kalman, gave them their single chance, and here they measured well. It is not too much to say that right here they worked a spell over their audience.

The piece is gorgeously staged and the opulence of the court scenes is a lingering picture. Let us not forget the "ponies" in their rhythmic excellences; their silhouette dance in shadows in the first act and its surprising sequence, as well as their dances and evolutions during the evening.

We venture you'll enjoy it—a bit of everything—but mostly the Hannafoords, and then there's Poodles! T. A. R.

'CAT AND CANARY' AT FOUR THEATRES

"The Cat and the Canary," a mystery film adapted from the stage play of the same name by John Willard, directed by Paul Leni and presented by Universal at the Fenway, the Scollay square and Washington street Olympia and the Capitol in Allston with the following cast:

Annabelle West..... Laura La Plante
Paul Jones..... Creighton Hale
Charles Winder..... Forrest Stanley
Cecily..... Gertrude Astor
Susan..... Flora Finch
Harry..... Arthur Edmund Carew
Hendricks..... George Siegmann

When one considers that the screen is limited to one medium to express its emotions and that that one is vision, and that therefore one misses the screams and moans in the dark which help make the blood curdle in a mystery melodrama, the present version of "The Cat and the Canary" does very well. The photography is beautiful, the direction is exceedingly clever.

In a screen mystery play, effects have to come with an abruptness which keeps the action stirring and Paul Leni has done this with good measure. He has also added comedy and has built an eerie atmosphere until one can almost hear the dust crunch under the heels of the ghosts as they frolic.

It isn't fair to give away the story of a mystery play and rob it of its thrills. Suffice it to say there is a haunted house, a very large haunted house with sliding panels and underground passages, where the relatives of the deceased have collected to hear the will, 20 years later. Twenty years of cob-webs and dust make a pleasant

phere for a lions and a glass to be found and lost. Laura La Plante is the featured singer and she is neither excellent nor poor, which makes her competent. Nora Finch is a gem, remembered from her comedy days and still shining brightly. The men do very well and there will be thrills aplenty if one can and to do without that glorious team in the dark.

Fine Arts Theatre—"Everyman." Produced by Margaret Wycherly, direction of Howard Booker. The characters:

Messenger, Adonai, Delthe, Everyman, Fellowship, Cosin, Kynrede, Goodde, Good-Deeds, Knowledge, Confession, Beauty, Sirenth, Five-Whites, Dyscretion, Ansell, Doctor.

The players: Richard Coolidge, John Brewster, Bradley Weicht, Edwin Thompson, Arthur Row, William Schultz, Louise James, Catherine Haydon, Hope Coxhead, Mary Crandon, Ruth Chandler, Florence Bullard, Margaret Wycherly.

Death, Knowledge, Fellowship, even the Heavenly Host walk the stage of the little Fine Arts Theatre in Margaret Wycherly's revival of the 15th century morality, "Everyman," which she brought to Boston last night. The play, though simply staged and costumed, was rendered with a sincerity and artistic finish which made one feel from the first the hand of a director who stressed the religious beauty of the play more than its dramatic possibilities.

There were no curtains and no pauses. Characters walked up and down the aisles among the audience, the harsh laughter of fellowship and the challenging voice of God broke forth suddenly from the back of the house. There were moments when settings and characters combined in carrying one back to medieval days. Margaret Wycherly, as Everyman, summoned by Death to follow him to his desolate realm, gave a remarkable portrayal of the man, gay and unthinking, who turns upon his summons with the words: "O Death, thou callest when I had thee least in mind." Her voice is well suited to the tragedy of the part she must enact and her grace and ease lend themselves happily to the many phases of her role. If one felt throughout the fact that she was a woman playing a man's part, one enjoyed, none the less, the spirited interpretation that she gave, her quick pleasures, her fright, her final resignation. Although at times over dramatic and strained, as in her penance scenes, her acting was in marked contrast to the rest of her company which failed to give her the support the play needed to give it balance.

Scenes in which she did not hold the stage dragged despite the conscious effort that the cast was making to give a creditable premiere. The opening, before her appearance, was slow and the end, after she had descended to her grave, failed to keep the audience's attention. Like all performances in which the professional and amateur try to mingle, the acting was uneven and the unity of the performance marred. One felt this especially at the end when all of Everyman's friends desert him, except Good Deeds, who follows him beyond the grave. Here unsteady acting failed to put across the final emotional appeal of the play.

Nevertheless, Mr. Brewster's acting as Fellowship is to be commended, and Miss Catherine Haydon as Good Deeds, though often monotonous in voice, was sincere and appealing. Miss Mary Crandon as Knowledge acted with understanding. The rest of the cast may congratulate themselves on the fact that a difficult play with as little modern appeal as is to be found in "Everyman" was enjoyed as sincerely as was this first performance.

THREE HEADLINERS ON BILL AT KEITH'S

Three well known vaudeville headliners are on the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. An audience last night howled its approval of the comedy skit offered by Bert Gordon, one of the outstanding comedians on Keith's circuit, who is appearing here for the first time with an assisting company of more than two people. As "Desperate Sam," a Yiddish cowboy, he presents a character that is a sure blues chaser.

Harry Royce and Billee Maye comprise another of the trio of stars. They present a dance act that is surpassed by none. There are many unusual features in it and their every movement is marked by grace. Miss Maye's presentation of a bird, the victim of an Indian hunter, is especially worthy.

"Wee" Georgie Wood is another who twinkles brightly at Keith's this week. He is known as vaudeville's "Peter Pan" and he has a singing and story-telling act, in Scotch dialect, that keeps the audience in spasms of laughter. His imitations of Scotch habits indicate that he has made a close study of the characteristics of the race.

Fleurlette Joffrey is billed as a minla-

ture prima donna. She is a soprano of ability and climbs the scale of high notes with an ease that makes her numbers particularly pleasing.

Dore and Wahl are well remembered from the Ziegfeld Follies days. They are comedy acrobats who do a side-splitting act. Their lack of facial expression in itself would win them applause, but when they become entangled with each other they bring down the house. The absence of any pretence at being professional acrobats helps materially in putting the act over.

After the latest of the Aesop's fables is presented on the screen the opening act is that of "Three Aces," who give "a thrill a second" with their acrobatic roller-skating act. They are fast workers.

Harry Bentell and Helen Gould are to be seen in an act entitled "The Dancing Xylophonists." Leona, and Len Hollister give "The Cruise of the Hokum," and the bill closes with Louis and Cherie in an acrobatic number.

"Annie Laurie," starring Lillian Gish, a film drama suggested by the massacre of Glencoe, scenario by Josephine Lovett, directed by John S. Robertson and presented at the State Theatre by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Annie Laurie Lillian Gish
Ian MacDonald Norman Kerry
Donald Creighton Hale
Alastair Joseph Striker
MacDonald Chieftain Hobart Bosworth
Enid Patricia Avery
Sandy Russell Simpson

The director of this picture is said to have kept a volume of Robert Burns's poems by him during the entire filming of this play and from the evidence on the screen he did not move the box-office far from his vision. There are probably only a few in an audience who are up in their Scottish history so the bending to the wheel of drama the tale of the massacre of Glencoe will do its duty as entertainment.

According to the screen, the MacDonalds were big rugged souls who lived in the fastness of the hills, hated to wear shirts and loved a fight. Hobart Bosworth makes a truly picturesque chieftain of this virile tribe with his sons Alastair, played by Joseph Striker, a bit dreamier than the rest, and Norman Kerry, playing Ian MacDonald for all he is worth.

'Twas Halloween night when the neighboring and unfriendly clan of Cameron returned one of the MacDonalds on a stretcher. It didn't take an invitation to have the MacDonalds go to the Cameron's party.

Sir Robert Laurie and his daughter Annie (Lillian Gish) were visiting the Camerons. There was a Cameron boy who was daintily in love with Annie and a sister, a girl of Annie's age, who was a devoted friend. Do not let us mislead you, the Cameron boy, Donald, was the villain of the play and Creighton Hale did him justice. The mighty MacDonalds were the heroes. The MacDonalds killed their Cameron, dumped him in the living room, stole Enid and went back to their castle.

Enid stayed with the MacDonalds, fell in love with Alastair and stood the curse of her father very well. Then the clans met for peace, the MacDonalds were tricked by the wily Camerons, not once but twice, and when the massacre occurred it was up to the screen standard in every way. The heroine, Annie Laurie, after being shot at least twice, managed to get to the beacon and light it. This called the clan of MacDonald to the castle and so a few were saved, although this seemed superfluous with the mighty Ian on the job. A wedding soon followed.

Romance, which is unleashed, thrills and sighs from an audience, excellent photography, brawny Norman Kerry and dainty Lillian Gish make "Annie Laurie."

The popular Jacques Renard and his band are on the stage this week. Jazz is very different in various bands. It is low and pleasant with an insidious rhythm as played by this musical group.

C. M. D.

CONTINUING PLAYS

MAJESTIC—"Ned McCobb's Daughter," John Cromwell presents Sidney Howard's Theatre Guild production. Last week.

PLYMOUTH—"Broadway," Ned Harriss's play of night club life. Sixth week.

TREMONT—"Honeymoon Lane," Eddie Dowling stars in his own musical comedy. Fifth week.

COPLEY—"Murray Hill," Leslie Howard's farce enters its eighth and last week.

'MACBETH' GIVEN AT ARLINGTON THEATRE

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Macbeth" with Fritz Leiber, presented by George Ford under the auspices of the Shakespearean Association of America. The cast:

Duncan Philip Quin
Malcolm Leonard Willey
Banquo John Burke
Macbeth Fritz Leiber
Macduff Louis Leon Willey
Lennox Alan Hall
Ross Joseph Singer
Fleance Ethel Taylor
Seyton Francis Dears
A Doctor Edmund Ford
A Porter Robert Strauss
Lady Macbeth Ruby Marshall
Gentlewoman Olga Leeds
First Witch Virginia Bronson
Second Witch Olga Leeds
Third Witch Ethel Francis Roberts
First Murderer Claude Mintz
Second Murderer Edmund Forde
Bleeding Sergeant Elmer Hall
First Messenger Claude Mintz
Second Messenger John Osgood

There are two questions which seem to deserve primary attention in commenting on any production of Macbeth. First, is Lady Macbeth played as a hard, cruel, villainous person devoid of the softer feminine attributes, or is there an obvious attempt to build up a case for her by making her a soft, starchy-eyed lady whose past life has been beyond reproach, but who yields to a moment's madness and is thereafter pursued by a relentless fate?

Irby Marshall, who played the lady in last night's production, does not shift the load of her monumental sins to the shoulders of a nebulous fate. She does not try to whitewash the soul of a woman who decides to murder her guest even as she reads the letter announcing his coming. Her Lady Macbeth is hard, villainous and calculating, nor does that certain defiant dignity attached to the consistent and conscious evil-doer entirely depart from her even in the later scenes after her armor has been pierced.

The other question pertains to the bloody Thane of Cawdor. Is he a swashbuckling barbarian or a man of delicate sensibilities overpowered by ambition? Last season when Mr. Jewett played the part at the Repertory he chose the former method; Mr. Leiber takes the latter. He gives us a "psychological" Macbeth, a keenly sensitive man of poetic nature, who loves to fling about him a cloak of gold and scarlet and strike the statuesque pose of a Romeo. He is a moral and physical coward who at no time in the play has the strength of his convictions.

Occasional flashes of brilliant stage subtly illuminate him. Mr. Leiber's version is interesting, even if not thoroughly logical. But it is doubtful if the characters of Macbeth and his lady can ever be really rationalized, for after all, Macbeth is melodrama.

Too often, seeing a Shakespeare play means missing the last car home. We are pleased to announce that this is not the case at the Arlington. The play was given in two hours and a half flat and did not appear to suffer therefrom. Time was saved for the most part by reducing the waits between scenes. This, in turn, was accomplished by simplicity of setting, the same general stage structure being used throughout. Last night's performance must be set down as uneven. Many members of the cast have not mastered the art of reading blank verse, and some lines were read by the principals in a manner distinctly open to question.

Today and tomorrow the company will give "Romeo and Juliet."

H. F. M.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Old Soak," a play in three acts, by Don Marquis. The cast:

Clem Hawley Charles Schofield
Mahlinda Mary Hill
Lucy Ruth King
Clem Day Manson
Webster Parsons Frank Charlton
Tom Oden J. Glynn McFarlane
Ira Heath Edith Spare
Nellie Flora Maud Gade
Al John Winthrop

"The Old Soak" is a one-man melodrama and Mr. Schofield, in the title part, is nine-tenths of the whole show. As the disgraceful yet lovable inebriate who when his wife has been robbed by a scape-grace son, he in turn being the dupe of a miserable old curmudgeon of a banker, takes a vigorous hand in the game, saves an apparently hopeless situation and then returns to his bottle, he gave a very competent "character" performance.

The material he has to work upon in the first act is rather meagre, being chiefly devoted to a glorification of the great good hooch and the most interminable drinking scene in recent dramatic annals.

But in the succeeding acts things begin to happen, and in the scene where "Clem" cajoles and bullgoes the banker in his own bank into giving up his ill-gotten gains, he scores a real success. Mr. Charlton, playing opposite, affords him an effective foil.

The others of the company "rally around" and give their principal every opportunity to display his abilities and to show what a real good angel and a real good fellow even a chronic drunkard of 30 years' standing can be in an emergency.

Miss Hill as the depressed and victimized wife contributed a praiseworthy endeavor, and Miss Gade, as the hired girl, was in the real May Edis vein of make-up and acting. Her description of

the demise of the parrot Peter after a prolonged carouse on "home brew," was side-splitting.

"The Old Soak" is no play for those of professed prohibition principles, but for the happy-go-lucky masses who are not obsessed with that sort of thing, there are plenty of opportunities for uproarious merriment and the satisfying spectacle of virtue triumphant and villainy laid out cold at the final curtain, in the good old-fashioned way.

J. E. P.

'ROAD TO ROMANCE' AT THE ORPHEUM

Ramon Novarro Appears in Famous Joseph Conrad Story

"The Road to Romance," a colorful melodrama starring Ramon Novarro, is the principal screen offering at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week. The film is a picturization of Joseph Conrad's famous sea story and provides Novarro, its swashbuckling hero, one of the entrancing fiery roles of his career.

The picture contains much of the element of melodramatic adventure. Marceline Day, Roy D'Arcy, Marc McDermott and others are seen in the supporting cast.

From Walt Whitman's "Prayer of Columbus"
A battered, wreck'd old man,
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far
from home,
Pent by the sea and dark rebellious
brows, twelve dreary months,
Sore, stiff with many toils, sick'n'd
and nigh to death,
I take my way along the island's edge,
Venting a heavy heart.

My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balk'd, the course disputed,
lost,
I yield my ships to Thee.
My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,
My brain feels rack'd, bewild'rd.
Let the old timbers part, I will not part,
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though
the waves buffet me,
Thee, Thee at least I know.
Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or
am I raving?
What do I know of life? what of myself?
I know not even my own work past or
present,
Dim, ever shifting guesses of it spread
before me,
Of newer, better worlds, their mighty
parturition,
Mocking, perplexing me.
And these things I see suddenly, what
mean they?
As if some miracle, some hand divine
unsealed my eyes,
Shadowy vast shapes smile through the
air and sky,
And on the distant waves sail countless
ships,
And anthems in new tongues I hear
saluting me.

ADD "ANATOMICAL WONDERS"

(Portland, Me., Press Herald)

She "walked directly into the path of the machine which struck her between the radiator and the left headlight."

A VILLAGE TRAGEDY

A friend about to sail for a European port had a well-stocked cellar. He did not dare to leave his choicest wines and liquors for those who break in and steal, so he called to him an elderly man who had worked for him on his large estate for many years, and said unto him: "After I have gone, bury these bottles in the ground. Now swear to me you will not tell a soul, not even your wife." In Europe our friend knew that the bottles were safe in the ground. Not a soul had been told of the location. Our friend breathed freely.

When he returned to his country home he found that the old man had died; that the owner's wishes had been respected; no one even knew of the grave's existence. Now our friend with tear-stained eyes is going over his ground with a divining rod.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, AND—

As the World Wags:

Look at what they had at the banquet given by the Chicago subway commissioners to their friends in Paris. Look! Just look: Barsac, 1920; Chateau d'Audubert, 1908; Pommard, 1920; Cordon Rouge for champagne and the finest assortment of liqueurs. And what did we have at our banquet here in Chicago that same day? Buttermilk, 1927; sarsaparilla, 1925; Mocha, 1926; Java, 1927; Ceylon, 1926; Lake Michigan Aqua Pura, 1927. And yet once years ago in London we resented a titled Britisher's

saying to us: "Y'now, you Americans are a silly lot." Gosh! Maybe he was right after all.

R. H. L.

William Hohenzollern is reported by George T. Viereck, Mr. Hohenzollern's Boswell, as saying that Germany lost the war because his God, his tribal deity, "discovered him" after thirty years and "allowed him to be dethroned."

It was Victor Hugo who wrote that Napoleon lost Waterloo because he had vexed God.

A NOTE ON MODESTY

That modesty is geographical and chronological is shown once more by the notebook of Princess Murat. Traveling in Persia she was roughly handled because she was not wholly veiled. "A little farther on, in the country I saw a young girl coming toward me. Her head was hidden by some black stuff, but from her breasts to her heels stained with henna she was entirely naked. She was a perfect beauty. Unmindful, she was gathering rice, going and coming, without haste, swaying her amber-colored body without any one expressing astonishment."

FOOTNOTES ON HISTORY

As the World Wags:

We are reading "Julius Caesar" with high school sophomores. An examination disclosed these hitherto unknown but interesting historical facts:

"Brutus's grandparents had beaten the Tartars."

"Caesar married a half-wit and adopted a son."

Apparently eugenics is not (or are not?) new.

L. W. B.

AT THE TOMB

As the World Wags:

For centuries man has made serious sacrifices and has endured severe hardships to complete a pilgrimage to some holy shrine, before which he has reverently renewed his faith in and devotion to a Superior Being. With the steady advance of what is commonly known as civilization, man has found little time for spiritual contemplation, and yet he has continued to possess his age-long yearning for a visit to some holy ground. In spite of his mechanical environment, man remains a spiritual being.

To one who has recently visited the tomb of the unknown soldier, under the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, there can be no doubt that here is a shrine where man comes close to the presence of God. What a memorial that is! How could the human mind ever conceive such a beautiful sentiment as is expressed there by that eternal flame, which blazes forth as if it were the very breath of one who lives the life eternal? Here it is that man, in consecrating this hallowed ground, has touched that divine spark with which he is endowed. Here it is, that modern man, particularly the man who served a decade ago, can find the end of his pilgrimage to as holy a shrine as was ever visited by his ancestors. There can be no adequate description of this spot. The pilgrim stands there with head bared, and in silence walks away, the better understanding what Lincoln meant when he said: "There are times when no man speaks."

K. D. J.

As the World Wags:

Forty years in America had taken much of the Scotch burr from Macpherson's tongue but none of the Scotch loyalty from his heart, and he bitterly resented any implication that the Scotch are closer than other people. Each Scotch story that he heard—we saw it to it that he heard them all—would send him into spasms of rage. "The man who said 'punning is the lowest form of wit' never heard Scotch stories," he was wont to throw at his tormentors. Then Mac made his long deferred visit to his birthplace and after his return we noticed that he didn't react to Scotch stories as before and we asked him why. "Well," said he, "do you know, I think there's a bit of truth in those stories about the old country Scotch—not the Scotch in America mind ye—just in the old country. You see, I was walkin' about the town over there one day and my pipe went out. I went into a store and said, 'Can I get a light here?' And what do you suppose they said? 'Oh, yes, we have matches for sale.' And, do you know, I went into three places and they all said the same thing, and I had to walk two miles back to the hotel to get a light for my pipe!"

ANN DEE.

'ROMEO AND JULIET'

ARLINGTON THEATRE — George Ford presents Fritz Leiber in the plays of William Shakespeare. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 11 and 12, "Romeo and Juliet." The cast:

Scotus	Joseph S. S. S.
Paris	Alan Witely
Montague	Edmund Forde
Capulet	Louis Leon Hall
Romeo	Leonard Willey
Mercutio	Fritz Leiber
Benvolio	Elmer Hill
Tybalt	John Burke
Friar Laurence	Philip Quin
Balthasar	John Osmond
Sampson	Claude Mintz
Peter	Robert Strauss
Abraham	Francis Deans
An Apothecary	Edmund Forde
Page to Paris	Claude Mintz
Lady Montague	Olia Leeds
Lady Capulet	Virginia Bronson
Juliet	Ethel Taylor
Nurse to Juliet	Blanche Chapman

The Arlington boards resounded last night to the clang of steel on steel, to the swish of silken skirts, and to the impassioned protestations of love between that immortal pair, Romeo and Juliet.

Although everyone in last night's audience had some ideal whom he considered the perfect Romeo in stage history, and comparisons of Jane Cowl's characterization with Julia Marlowe's were rife, it was generally conceded that much of the production was excellent. That is, this is true if one can judge applause.

The first thing in favor of this performance was that there was no straining after effect. Each player spoke his or her lines without any of the usual overdone gusto that many seem to think should be accorded to William. No one seemed to be thinking to himself—"Here am I playing Shakespeare. Let's put a little more pomp and circumstance into the thing." There was a genuineness about the playing that was of one neighbor speaking to another—if the meaning is clear.

There were gaps, it is true, but each and every one arose to his big moment to acquit himself nobly. If Juliet seemed a trifle lacking in fervor and rather verging on the ingenué, she made up for these seeming deficiencies in the scene with her nurse and in her death throes. If Mercutio was a bit elocutionary and accentuated the "Zounds man," motif too strongly, he died a realistic death that was excellent in its restraint.

Peter and Juliet's nurse both left nothing to be desired. They were priceless throughout in their humorous scenes together. How many Bostonians realized whom they were watching as the nurse? Blanche Chapman has been on the stage for 68 years. She is the original "Iolanthe" of this country and has also sung "Princess Ida." With her acting the nurse was pictured unforgettably as a lovable, kind old soul who enjoys her power to tantalize Juliet to the fullest, who is a creature of splendid ire when roused by those who seek to ridicule her but who finally is faithful in her endeavors to bring about the happiness of her adored Juliet.

Romeo was likable, indeed a courteous and a gentlemanly fellow; but Madam Capulet and her lord and husband were not well done. Was not Juliet's mother more of the forgiving type?

The scenery was particularly attractive, especially the street outside the Friar's cell. The coloring of the foliage was that delicate blue of the old painting of St. Francis and, what is more, Friar Laurence fitted this background perfectly.

The company deserves loyal support. The journey to the Arlington is not a circuitous one and it will be well worth the effort.

F. B. B.

Oct-13

The program of the symphony concerts on Friday and Saturday of this week is as follows: Cimarosa-Malpietro, "La Cimerosiana"; five orchestral pieces, reorchestrated; Bach-Schoenberg, two choral preludes; De Falla, "Love the Sorcerer"; Strauss, Symphonies Domestic.

Cimarosa, a great Italian composer of operas—he wrote nearly 90—was for many years idolized by the public and admired by musicians. His most famous work, "Il Matrimonio Segreto," held the stage for a long time. If we are not mistaken it was performed not long ago in Italy. When it was produced in Vienna in 1792, the Emperor Leopold was so pleased with it that he gave the performers a supper and ordered them back into the theatre for a repetition of the opera. The opera was performed in Philadelphia and New York in 1834. An overture by Cimarosa was performed at Charleston, S. C., in 1799. Mrs. Grattan sang an aria by him in Philadelphia in 1798 when, according to the announcement, "necessity obliges her to make this effort for the maintenance of her infant family." An overture was played in that city in 1794.

Malpietro's score gives no information about these symphonic fragments, but it is said by the publishers that the fragments were discovered among old manuscripts in the library of the Naples Conservatory; two from a forgotten cantata. Three were in an arrangement for piano; the other two were scored for strings and a clarinet. We find no record of a performance of that suite in this country. The suite is not to be confounded with the ballet, "Cimarosiana," produced by Diaghilev.

The Choral Preludes, originally for organ, were orchestrated by Schoenberg at the request of Mr. Strinsky in 1922 when he was conductor of the Philharmonic Society of New York. The first performance was by that orchestra.

Mr. Koussevitzky brought out De Falla's "Choreographic Fantasy" at a Symphony concert on Oct. 17, 1924. He conducted it at a Monday night concert on Dec. 1 of that year. The story of this work might have come out of the "Decameron." One episode might have been taken from Anatole France's "Histoire Comique."

Strauss's musical picture of his domestic life was exhibited here by Dr. Muck 20 years ago. Like Strauss's "Heldenleben" this Symphony is autobiographic. He wrote a supplement to the Symphony, writing for orchestra and piano and using for chief theme the "Child" motive in the "Domestica." The piano part was for a one-armed pianist, Paul Wittgenstein. It was said that when Strauss demanded \$25,000 for the supplement, there was a loud outcry at his presumption.

Aibion Metcalf will play the piano in Jordan hall next Saturday at 3 P. M. Brahms, Ballade G minor, Intermezzo. B flat minor, Intermezzo, C major. Rhapsodie, E flat major. Chopin, Sonata, op. 35. Bax, In a Vodka Shop. Respighi, Arrangement of a Sioliana. Medtner, Fairy Tale, E flat major. Debussy, L'Isle Joyeuse.

Mr. Metcalf of this city has returned from London, where he studied with Tobias Matthay, the teacher of Myra Hess, and gave last season a recital.

Dusolina Giannini, who will give the Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony hall at 3:30, is not a stranger here. She will sing with Frank La Forge's accompaniment arias by Handel, Verdi, Mascagni, Puccini; songs by Scarlatti, Chopin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Respighi, Vittorio Giannini, Cole, Kreisler, La Forge and a group of Neapolitan songs.

On Sunday night at 8 o'clock the Boston Chamber Music trio will give a concert open to the public at the Boston Public Library.

The San Carlo Opera company will begin a season of two weeks at the Boston Opera House next Monday night. The repertory of the first week is as follows: Monday, "Tosca"; Tuesday, "Rigoletto"; Wednesday matinee, "Martha"; evening, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci"; Thursday, "Carmen" (Emma Calve, "farewell appearance, no advance in prices"); Friday, "La Traviata"; Saturday matinee, "Hänsel und Gretel"; evening, "Il Trovatore."

On Thursday evening of next week Mrs. Isabel Richardson Molter, soprano, will give a recital. Songs by Strauss, Coquard, Georges, Ferrari, Fourdrain, Mallinson, Cyril Scott, Bantock, Muchart, Foster, Lester, Manney and "Ocean than Mighty Monster" from Weber's "Oberon."

The program of the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, tonight at 8 o'clock, is as follows: Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; Brahms, Symphony No. 3; Stravinsky, "Petrouchka"; Debussy, "Iberia."

Mr. Clive will bring out next Monday night for the first time on any stage "The Idealist," a play by Giuseppe Blanco, or Joseph White as this dramatist is known to readers of his novels. At least six of these novels have been published in this country. Mr. Blanco is a rather shadowy person who wishes to remain unknown and transacts his business with publishers through his attorneys. Some say he is an Englishman by birth living in Italy; others that, an Italian by birth, he has spent much time in London. His representative in this country has received six plays from Signor Blanco (or Mr. White) within the last year: "The Haunted Room," "The Degenerates," "The Paricide," "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," "Sirocco" and "The Idealist." "The Idealist" tells of the conflict between a dreamy idealist and a practical, matter-of-fact wife who cannot understand or appreciate her husband's fine and spiritual nature. We are told that he takes to his home a young girl of the streets. Domestic complications in which his son is involved naturally follow.

Fig of Paris has engaged for its

dramatic critic, successor to the late Robert de Flers, a woman, Mme. Gerard d'Houville, a daughter, Marie, of the illustrious poet, Jose Maria de Heredia. Born in 1875 and the wife of the poet and novelist Henri de Ragnier, she is also highly esteemed as novelist and poet. Although she is Heredia's daughter, she once wrote: "When a man has genius—genius another form of love—this genius comes to him from his mother." It is said of her that in her books "she shows in the highest degree that talent, so rare among literary women, of remaining a woman when she writes." Maurice Barres when he was received at the Academie Francaise paid a tribute to her in his discourse.

It would be interesting to know how many women hold the position of dramatic critic in European cities. Saint-Saens said, apropos of Augusta Holmes that when a woman writes for orchestra she is noisy to show that she can be as virile as a man. Mme. d'Houville's first feuilleton in Figaro was a graceful, affectionate remembrance of Robert de Flers.

If the material for "Cimarosiana" did not arrive in time, an old symphony by Wagenseil will be substituted for it at the Symphony concert this week. The program of the third concert will comprise Haydn's Symphony No. 13 (B & H.), Prokofiev's "Pas d'Acier," Ravel's "Mother Goose" and Loeffler's "Pagan Poem."

THE NIGHT IS CALM—1930

(For As the World Wags)

The night is soft and mild and calm—
Saving the elevated trains;
The moon floats gently 'cross the sky,
Betwixt the clouds—of aeroplanes.

The whistles of the traffic cops
Remind of nightingales and linnets;
The autos flow so smoothly by
There hasn't been a crash for minutes.

That spectral light off in the east,
Is that the gibbous moon arising?
More likely it's the searchlight ray
Of some celestial advertising.

The gentle night still makes me dream
Of
Machines reaching saturation;
If they get any worse than this,
Oh Lord, grant me annihilation!
FORREST F. HARBOUR.

Mansfield.

ENTER WAGENSEIL

Malpietro's "Cimarosiana" was announced for performance at the Symphony concerts this afternoon and tomorrow night. The material for performance has not arrived, so a Symphony in D major by Georg Christoph Wagenseil has been substituted. As the orchestra's Program Book was made up before notice of substitution, a few notes about Wagenseil may not be out of place. Born in Vienna in 1715, he died there in 1777. A pupil of Fux, he was the music teacher of the Empress Maria Theresa; later the court composer and teacher of the princesses. He was a voluminous composer: 15 or more operas; oratorios, masses, cantatas, symphonies, chamber music, clavier pieces, etc. Burney heard him play in Vienna and admired him. When Mozart, a boy of 6, played before the court at Vienna, he said: "Is not Herr Wagenseil here? He knows all about it." And when Wagenseil came forward, Mozart said to him: "I am playing a concerto of yours; you must turn over the leaves for me."

Robert Schindler, who edited this symphony, was born at Mayence in 1881. His opera and a history of forgotten symphonies have not yet been published. He has edited compositions by Boccherini, Stamitz and others. His edition of Boccherini's Symphony, Op. 16, No. 3, was played here at Symphony concert on Nov. 21, 1924. At present Schindler is conductor, teacher and critic in Berlin.

Mr. J. L. Hills of the University of Vermont and State Agricultural College has proposed for membership in our Hall of Fame Mr. D. W. Overocker, road contractor.

SERMON AND PLAY

Dean Swift once preached a sermon on sleeping in church, taking for his text, "And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep; and while Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead." Acts, xx, 9. Swift began by saying "I have chosen these words with design, if possible, to disturb some part in this audience of half an hour's sleep, for the convenience and exercise whereof of this place, at this season of the day, is very much celebrated."

A curious case has been decided in June after four years of debate. On March 1, 1923, a type-setter, Arnoldo Ardamaglia, fell asleep in a box on the second tier of a theatre at Cassino, fell asleep and remained asleep even when the lights were put out. In the morning he was found dead in the pit with a broken skull. He had evidently awakened, and dazed, making for a door fallen over. His relatives accused the manager of culpable homicide; they sued for damages. The supreme court has now decided that "if people fall asleep at the theatre they do it at their own risk, for the management can hardly be expected to search every corner of the theatre to ascertain whether there are sleeping spectators hidden away. On the contrary, the latter might be liable to a summons or trespass if they were discovered on the premises in the morning."

Education is a movement which should be discouraged among countries seeking high birth rates.—Prof. A. M. Carr-Saunders.

As the World Wags:

A man and his wife arrested for sleeping in their auto in Cleveland sued the policeman, and have been awarded damages. The dazed policeman testified on the witness stand: "Well, who ever heard of a guy kissing his own wife?" But, officer! A moment, please; he may have been drinking.

R. H. L.

A QUESTIONNAIRE

As the World Wags:

In the copy of John Fiske's "American Political Ideas" which I recently purchased there is a letter from T. S. Perry of 312 Marlborough street, Boston, dated Dec. 3, 1880.

The letter quotes from the report given in The Herald of Fiske's first lecture in the Hawthorne rooms on "American Political Ideas."

The report says: "It was an unfortunate moment for Harvard University, but not unfortunate for the larger interests of our political and historical literature, when that venerable institution found Mr. John Fiske too broad a man to teach historical principles to its undergraduates."

Mr. T. S. Perry says in his letter: "You have the misfortune of being ahead of your time, but we shall do our best to catch up with you."

To the Boston of 1927 there are several questions which arise from what I have quoted.

Who was T. S. Perry? Where were the Hawthorne rooms? What was there in the teaching of John Fiske that caused his dismissal from Harvard? Was Eliot president of Harvard? Who will say whether we have caught up with John Fiske?

EGBERT W. A. JENKINSON.
Methuen, Mass.

Thomas Sergeant Perry, author, a man well versed in literature, noted for his fine taste, was born at Newport, R. I., and graduated from Harvard in 1866. He is still living. His chief works are "Life and Letters of Francis Lieber," "English Literature in the 18th Century," "From Opitz to Lessing," "The Evolution of the Snob," "Library of Adventure" (with W. D. Howells), "Greek Literature," "John Fiske." His wife, Lilla Cabot Perry, is esteemed as poet and painter. Dr. Eliot was president of Harvard in 1880. We are unable to answer your other questions.—Ed.

BIOGRAPHICAL

Several Lives of Napoleon Bonaparte and at least one novel about him have recently been published. It was well known that Josephine's teeth were poor and unsightly, but how many know that Napoleon frequently objected to the strong smell of musk in her dressing room?

Mr. Alfred Hills wishes to know whether veterinary surgeons have a special patron saint. (In our little village the "vet" was called a "horse doctor," as "casket" was a coffin, a "mortician" was an undertaker and a "real estate agent.") Farriers, in England, "shoeing smiths," have a patron saint Eligius (or Eloy), and a "farrier" there is also a word for horse doctor, and for the officer that is in charge of cavalry regiment's horses.

Gladstone Jackson Gives the Works of German Masters

Gladstone Jackson, tenor, accompanied by Reginald Boardman, sang an admirable program last night in Jordan hall. From early times he chose airs from Handel's "Samson," the one in heroic vein, "Total Eclipse," and a second in lighter mood, "When the Sun." Next, in Eng-

lish, Mr. Jackson sang the three Schubert songs, "Nacht und Trauener," "Die Taubenfost" and "Ungeduld."

From Schumann he found less familiar matter, "Erstes Gruen," "Schoene Wiege Meines Leiden" and "Die Huette." These songs also he sang in English, but with Brahms Mr. Jackson elected to essay German: "Ständchen," "Wie Bist du, Meine Koenigin," and "Meine Liebe ist Gruen." Presently, in Italian, he sang "Il Mio Tesoro" from "Don Giovanni."

Reverting to English, Mr. Jackson sang two songs by Charles Fonteyn Manney, "Oblation," and "The Rose of the Night," with horn obbligato from George Scott, the composer playing the accompaniments. He ended the program with Corder's arrangement of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," and the popular "Love Went a-Riding," by Bridge.

For the second time in not many months Mr. Jackson presented a program containing an unusual number of beautiful songs and airs. That, however, he arranged to its best advantage the fine music at his disposal can scarcely be maintained.

Nor is it clear to everybody that fine music of itself suffices to insure a fine artistic event; it must needs be finely sung.

Just at this present stage in his artistic development Mr. Jackson is not at a suitable point for undertaking music so exacting as that of last night. In six months' time he has made a long stride forward in bettering his technique; he has improved his tone quality amazingly; he sings with a legato much to be envied. But, to risk a guess, he is not yet secure enough in this bettered technique to risk, in music mighty taxing, the freedom of style, the warmth, that were his not long ago. Just for the present, while the transition lasts, Mr. Jackson would surely show wise judgment if he confined himself to music not so hard to manage as that of Mozart and Brahms.

He seemed most at his ease in Mr. Manney's songs. Both agreeable, with spontaneous melody in their favor and likewise fervor, the second song appeared to make the more successful use of the horn.

An audience of good size applauded Mr. Jackson heartily, also Mr. Manney's songs. Mr. Boardman played extremely good accompaniments.

R. R. G.

"YOU AND I, BROTHER"

(By Joseph Furtado)
We hate so each other,
Both you and I, brother—
Do we ever ask why
We hate so each other?
Tomorrow we die
And turn into dust
To swell the earth's crust,
Where together we lie
For ever and aye,
Both you and I, brother,
That hate now each other
One pitiful day!

As the World Wags:

In reading, for the first time, "The Romany Rye" I am pluming myself on finding therein the original use of the phrase "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." It comes on the scene in chapter 6, where Isopel Berners is persuaded to let Mrs. Petulengro arrange her hair Gipsy fashion.

"Thank you, madam," said Mrs. Petulengro, leading Belle to the stool. . . . your hair is very beautiful . . . so is your countenance. Should you ever go to the great city among the grand folks, you would make a sensation, madam. I have made one myself, who am dark. There's no color like white, madam; it's so lasting, so genteel. Gentility will carry the day, madam, even with the young rye. He will ask words of the black lass, but beg the word of the fair."

H. L. MANKS.

As the World Wags:

In one of your contemporaries I read that Mr. Gene Tunney not long ago commented on some matter under discussion by quoting a not-at-all common aphorism from the Latin.

In view of all this discussion in The Herald lately anent the pronunciation of Latin, why not write to the handsome and reasonably successful young man for the last word in the matter?

Mansfield. F. F. HARBOUR.

A BOAST, NOT AN APOLOGY

As the World Wags:

I would have it distinctly understood that "Oswald" is a refined, serious, and enviable name, not to be confused with vulgar monickers of comic strip calibre, such as Algernon, Percy, Cyril, Harold, or Dickie. The name of Oswald is not to be spoken with a leer. Who sits in the editor's sanctum sanctorum of the nation? Oswald Garrison Villard! Who

is the central tragic figure in Ibsen's "Ghosts"? Oswald! And, above all, who adorns this column with irresistible quips of scintillating levity that create universal ecstasies? Why none other than

OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

As the World Wags:

"We should have fought," said Mr. Hohenzollern, the well known ex-Kaiser, in Liberty, "until we were down to the very last carrot, the very last man, the very last round of ammunition."

There are people unkind enough to say that Mr. Hohenzollern beat it when he was down to his very last grapefruit, his last million dollars, and his last special train.

R. H. L.

Mr. Marcellus Graves complains that more than once a street car, not at all full, rushes by him at an appointed stopping place, paying no heed to his frantic signal. We read yesterday of a London bus that had started before a would-be passenger, who had a bag in each hand, could board it. He began to run after the moving bus and had nearly caught up with it when he heard the conductor shout to the driver: "Speed her up, Bill! He's gaining on us!"

PILOTS

(For As the World Wags)

Icarus, first of the aces,
Enjoying his fun,
Skimmed through the air in perilous places,
Lured by the sun.
Daedalus, father of flyers,
Viewing the earth,
Safely alighted, though scratched by the briars,
In a safe berth.
Now, in non-stop and altitude flight,
Father and son,
On sea and on land both safely alight,
Scaling the sun.

B. C. W.

As the World Wags:

"Somewhere the sun is shining,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere."
If our weather observer should migrate to that country, how long would it be before he would tell them that it was to be "Partly cloudy?"
Allston.

E. A. S.

THE "GREASER" AT HOME

Manana, to the native, may mean tomorrow, three days hence, six months hence, and never. There are no fixed points in life, save birth and death and the fiestas. The fixed points of birth and death evaporate spontaneously into vagueness. And the priests fix the fiestas. From time immemorial priests have fixed the fiestas, the festivals of the gods, and men have had no more to do with them. What should men have to do with time?

D. H. LAWRENCE.

ENTR'ACTE

(For As the World Wags)

"Harpo," red-haired comedian who never spoke.
Tragi-comedy he knew and how I laughed!
Music had taught him—
Emotional vibrations from his harp bespoke a warning.
Between the acts I left my seat, raising my head as I walked.
Out from a sea of faces, unknown eyes met mine, they spoke.
Throbbing, I stood and knew.

V. W. C.

ANECDOTE FOR ANY DAY

As the World Wags:

It has been remarked that the reason why it is often the older man, rather than the younger one, who gives up his seat in a car to a woman nowadays is because he belongs to another generation. Other times, other manners.

Not long ago I was going out of town by way of the elevated. In the seat nearest the door sat a beautiful youth, fashionably dressed, having at his feet a smart traveling bag, bearing some impressive labels. Presently a quietly dressed, gray-haired lady boarded the car. As every seat was occupied, she took her stand in front of this youth, perhaps in hope; and with considerable difficulty kept her hold on the strap. The young man looked her over casually and then looked the other way, evidently deciding that she was not worth the getting up. Seeing this, a very attractive young woman, seated next to him, rose and offered her seat to the elderly lady, who thanked her with unusual warmth and sat down, her face expressing keen appreciation of the situation. Whereupon this young man sprang to his feet, raised his hat and with a good deal of manner offered his seat to the young lady, who said politely, but unsmilingly and very distinctly, "No, I thank you." The young man looked wildly around for an instant, resumed his seat and with flushed face

watched the landscape. At the next station he seized his bag and bolted from the car. The row of people opposite had been observing the little incident with deep interest, and as the young man disappeared, one indignant passenger turned to her neighbor and exclaimed: "Now what do you know about that!"
Marblehead. EMILY M. MORSE.

SYMPHONY GIVES SECOND CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the second concert of its 47th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows:

Bach, Two Chorale Preludes for organ orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg: "Schmucke dich, O liebe Seele" and "Komm Gott, Schopfer, Heiliger Geist" (first time in Boston). De Falla, "El Amor Brujo" (Love, the Sorcerer). Strauss, Symphonion Domestica.

Mr. Koussevitzky expected to begin this concert with a performance of a suite of five little orchestral pieces by Ciaurrosa, reorchestrated by Mailpiero, but the orchestral parts did not come in time for rehearsal. It was then announced that a symphony by Georg Christoph Wagenseil of Vienna, the music teacher of Maria Theresa, would be substituted. For some reason or other it was not performed, which was just as well, for the concert was long enough with the program as given above.

The organ music of Bach has been transcribed and tinkered by various composers. Schoenberg was persuaded in 1922 by Mr. Strinsky to lay his hands on two Chorale Preludes. Mr. Strinsky was at that time conductor of the Philharmonic orchestra of New York. That orchestra gave the first performance of the Chorales in December, 1922. Although Schoenberg's orchestration is unusual, he treated Bach's text reverently. "Reverently," we believe, is here the proper word, for there are some who are convinced that every note written by Bach in his multifarious works is divinely inspired. Yet to those who are well acquainted with these Chorale Preludes, some of them extremely beautiful, some of infinite majesty, any transcription of them is the abomination of desolation. Bach wrote good music, even if some of the pieces are interminable in their repetitions, for the orchestra itself. Why should one not be content, why not render to Bach, the composer for orchestra, what is orchestrally due him? Why take the compositions for the organ away from the organ loft? If Schoenberg hoped by his orchestration by his two bassoons, two double bassoons, his two bass clarinets, his four trombones added to other instruments to suggest the peculiar sonority of the organ, he failed as he was bound to fail. This is particularly true of "Schmucke dich." The loving tenderness of Bach's treatment does not admit of orchestral heroics.

The Suite derived from De Falla's Choreographic fantasy "Love, the Sorcerer" does not suffer so much by its separation from the theatrical situations, action, and stage settings as other suites arranged from ballets, have suffered here in past seasons. There are many pages that are enjoyable as pure music without thought of a plot and the evolutions of a ballet, without the question of whether this number or that is illustrative of an episode in the ballet. If De Falla expresses the wildness of Spanish gypsy music in a fascinating manner, he is equally fortunate in the expression of gentle emotions. There is little that is sensuous or voluptuous in the Suite, though the music for the scene of the appearance of a ghost which cools the amorous ardor of Candela when her new lover would approach her—here one is reminded of the chief theme of Anatole France's amusing and satirical "Histoire Comique"—is, perhaps, imbued with passionate fervor for performance on the stage.

The time may come when in the Symphony Concerts ballet music illustrates a filmed representation of the action for which the music was composed. It has been suggested that the Symphonion Domestica, which describes more or less pleasing incidents in the domestic life of Richard Strauss, might gain in effect, if these incidents were seen on the screen.

This Symphony as Strauss's "Heldenleben" is frankly autobiographic, but Richard—"O Richard, o mon Roi"—is more of a hero in his tone-poem than in his Symphony. Did he take a revenge on his Pauline by his musical characterization of her? (He is thought to have made his apology by introducing her as the heroine of his opera "Intermezzo." In "Heldenleben" one

Mr. Koussevitzky, as a virtuoso performer on the double bass, was known in this country through the enthusiastic tributes paid to him in European cities before he determined to devote himself to the interpretation of orchestral music. He has been heard in this country as a virtuoso only once; at Brown University when he was awarded a degree. The news that he will play the double bass in Symphony Hall on Monday night, Oct. 24, has been received with joyful anticipation; by those who are not acquainted with the illustrious careers of Dragonetti, Bottesini and August Mueller, players of the double bass, with curiosity: They have not associated this instrument with recitals or with artistic playing except, possibly, in the matter of technical proficiency.

The father of Mr. Koussevitzky, an orchestral musician, intended his boy to follow a musical career. As a youngster he played in the orchestra of his town. He went to Moscow in 1878—he was then 14 years old—entered the music school of the Moscow Philharmonic Society where he studied the double bass under Rambauschek.

Vladimir Dubinsky, a violoncellist and teacher in New York contributed an interesting article to the New York Times of Nov. 23, 1924 apropos of Mr. Koussevitzky's first appearance in that city as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Dubinsky was a pupil of the Moscow Imperial Conservatory at the time the young Koussevitzky was studying the double-bass. The two became pals.

"He was a lovely chap," wrote Mr. Dubinsky, "amiable and congenial. He was also ambitious, energetic and determined in his decisions, but very modest about his ability as a musician. In my opinion no matter what instrument he studied, he would have attained the same great results that he reached on the bass viol."

As advanced students the two, on vacation, played in a symphonic orchestra at a sea shore resort on the Baltic near Riga. They used to practise together. "We would start with scales, go over to 'cello studies, and wind up with concertos. Koussevitzky would play along, keeping pace with the 'cello on the bass fiddle. There was no imitation for him. Listening to Koussevitzky, one would forget that he was playing a bass; it wasn't a bass at all, it was some instrument between a 'cello and a bass, of unusual beauty. He possessed everything that makes a great artist—tone, technical equipment, temperament, repose, a keen sense of rhythm, and fine conception."

There was a vacancy in the orchestra of the St. Petersburg Imperial Grand Opera. Koussevitzky made up his mind to enter the competition. The other applicants were mostly graduates of the local conservatory, while Koussevitzky was a stranger, unknown. Now let Mr. Dubinsky tell the story:

"The contest began. Koussevitzky was the first one called to play. Before he commenced he explained to the judges that he always tuned his instrument one tone higher than the customary pitch for the sake of brilliancy and clarity. But while Koussevitzky was tuning the instrument one of the jurors, who happened to be the professor for the bass department in the conservatory of St. Petersburg (later Petrograd and now Leningrad), stopped him, objecting to this unusual tuning as a trick. As I said before, Koussevitzky was very determined in his decisions. He immediately addressed the chairman of the jury, who overruled the objection, leaving to the artist the use of his instrument as he saw fit. When Koussevitzky had finished, there was spontaneous applause, against all rules, from audience as well as jury. Half the number of the contestants left the place, deciding not to compete at all. The position was awarded to Koussevitzky without much deliberation by every vote except, of course, the professor."

Having won the position, Koussevitzky refused to accept it, and for this reason. There was a different salary for each desk in the orchestra of the Imperial Opera. Some of the men played twice a week for the performances of the ballet, and thus received extra pay. The desk of the position to be taken by Koussevitzky was not supposed to play for the ballet. It was on this ground that he refused the position to the amazement of the administration.

"The Russian Imperial Theatre were offering to their musicians at that time a year's salary for about eight or nine months' service; a full pension after 20 years, or half-pension after 10 years of service; sick benefit; free education for the children of employees, and last but not least the title of Artist of Imperial Theatres, which was of no little significance in a country where division of classes existed as it did in Russia; this title meant a good deal for social and civil standing."

Koussevitzky took a similar position in the Moscow Court Theatre where his desk played for the ballet. He was soon advanced to the first desk as the leader of the double bass player of the Moscow Grand Opera. He succeeded his teacher at the Music School, but it was about 1896 that he became famous as a touring virtuoso, in Russia and other European countries, conspicuous for his "pure and noble style," to quote Boris de Schloezer, "and an impeccable technique." The orchestra attracted him. He went to Berlin and was in the conducting class under Nikisch at the High School. In 1909 he organized his own orchestra in Russia. (He had formed an orchestra from pupils at the High School, Berlin, in 1907.)

He has written a concerto and other compositions for the double bass.

His concert on Oct. 24 will be for the benefit of needy Russian students in Europe, the United States and the Holy Land.

Domenico Dragonetti, the Venetian double-bass player, who, born in 1768, died in London in 1846, never visited this country. A pupil of Berini, he played in his teens in the opera orchestras of Venice and at St. Mark's, and in Venice he composed concertos, sonatas, and other pieces for his instrument. From 1794 till his death he lived in London. For 52 years he and Lindley, the 'cellist, played at the same desk at the Opera, The Antient Concerts. The Philharmonic, The Provincial Festivals. He was intimate with Haydn in London; in Vienna he became acquainted with Beethoven. Very old he headed the 13 double basses at the Beethoven festival in Bonn. Technical difficulties were unknown to him, but he was also distinguished for his extraordinary tone, his taste and judgment.

Giovanni Bottesini, celebrated double-bass virtuoso also an excellent con-

ductor, composer of operas, quartets and many solo pieces and duets for his instrument, was born at Crena, Italy in 1822. He died in 1889 at Parma. His teacher at the Milan Conservatory was Luigi Rossi. Bottesini went to Havana in 1846 as principal double bass with an opera company conducted by his fellow pupil at Milan, Luigi Arditi. (There is a good portrait of Bottesini in Arditi's "Reminiscences.") This opera company came to the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, in April, 1847. Bottesini played solo pieces at the Saturday night concerts of the company, and astonished musicians and the general public by "Prodigies of Execution," on his three stringed double-bass. This instrument made by Testore, was of somewhat smaller size than the ordinary orchestra double bass; it was a basso da camera. Bottesini was famous for his "agility and strength of hand, dexterous use of the harmonics, purity of tone and intonation, perfect taste in phrasing."

An American jeweler made a cravat-pin of gold and oxydised silver, half man, half instrument. Bottesini's cravat represented the strings of the double-bass. The bow swept the cravat-strings. It was said that this pin-portrait was the best likeness of the man.

August Mueller of Darmstadt (1810-1867), also a celebrated virtuoso, composer of variations, was unknown here.

A. Torello, the leader for some seasons of the double basses of the Boston Opera Company played here as a soloist, on April 18, 1916 if not before that date.

P. H.

"BUT—IS IT ART?"

Percy Hammond's Title for His Sound and Amusing Articles

Percy Hammond, the dramatic critic of the Herald Tribune New York, has collected various articles that he has written about the drama, actors, and plays, with amusing anecdotes and "wheezes." He now sends them into the world through Doubleday, Page and Company. The book is entertaining, for while Mr. Hammond as a critic is a man of good taste and sound judgment, he is not unduly serious as one that thinks he has a sacred mission; he is not pontifical; he has a pretty, at times a biting, wit.

He begins by jesting about his baptismal name, a "piffling appellation," for he believes that few Percys, however superior their qualifications, have ever been able to excel. They have been barred from many privileges. "The Williams and the Fredericks and even the Cyrils may wear spats and monocles, but the Percys may not do so and be safe from sneers. They may not sing tenor with impunity as the Georges and the Josephs do." He asks what would have been the lot of Lincoln, Roosevelt, Pershing, Coolidge, Erlanger, had they been named Percy, yet he remembers the heroism of Percy Hotspur; that a person named Percy was once president of the Drama League of America; that another wrote "The Punctuation of Shakespeare," "Shakespeare and the Flowers" and "Shakespeare's Little Boys and Girls" books "suitable for grammar-school pageants and the finer Chatauquas." Nor does he forget Percy Haughton, who did well at college football.

Leaving Chicago for New York, Mr. Hammond found his valor truant, a man who might swoon at the sight of a Shubert. We do not believe him. Had not scores of actors said to him in Chicago: "Broadway needs you, my boy!" Had not friendly managers said to him that he belonged in New York? And when he came to New York, how should he dress for a first performance. He remembered the case of Tom Mix who at a banquet in New York, "et for three hours and didn't recognize a single victual except a reddish."

Mr. Hammond is a man of 5005 or more first nights entertainments. He was once asked what first performances, if any, most excited him. In Chicago he had impersonated for the first time on any American stage the role of Bird Cries in "Peer Gynt." And what did Mansfield say to him in the dressing room? "This youth" he remarked to the stage manager, "is at heart a critic, not an actor. Dispose of him as constructively as you can." Mr. Hammond enjoyed most the first performance of "Rain."

"Mr. Barrymore's initial performance as Hamlet would have rendered me hysterical with delight had I not sat in a seat so far front that his fluent and fluid catarrhs interfered with my ideal of the Sad though Healthy Prince." He liked Mary Garden as Oscar Wilde's "poetic necrophile." "I never saw a play by James M. Barrie that did not make me glad to be alive. And I forgive George M. Cohan for all his insolent transgressions because he wrote 'Seven Keys to Baldpate.'" What was the worst play he ever saw? He saw many that were unworthy; the worst was neither "Uncle Tom's Cabin" nor "Abie's Irish Rose."

Mr. Hammond likes to go to the theatre. The critic may not smile nor clasp his hands but he may enjoy himself behind his "geld mask" and if he doesn't, he is happy in contemplating revenge. His dejected exterior is but a part of his equipment, along with his stick, his spats, and his knowledge of "Life and Aristotle." Going to plays Mr. Hammond gets self-control and waistcoats from William Courtenay and Basil Sidney, learns how to four-flush from Louis Bartels in "The Show-off"; he is taught by Walter Hampden how to be a demi-god and a good example, and from certain librettos, "I can derive enough witty conversation to last me through two suburban tea parties." If he wonders how he should conduct himself while lunching in secret with a smart Manhattan woman, he finds a happy solution in the theatre. He likes Mr. Ziegfeld's displays because he knows how to "exhibit 'female surfaces' in his show windows." But to be honest, Mr. Hammond admits that he likes to go to the theatre because he is over-paid for doing so.

do not actors chastise critics who write that this one or that one hap to the drama? Mr. Hammond in Chicago once made hostile about an actor, caused him to leave the stage the next night. The late man wrote that he was abandoning the drama for automobile ship; that he hoped Mr. Hammond would live to regret it. There men on the stage; Mr. Hammond names Frank Craven, Wilton Will Rogers, Fred Stone, who once told Mr. Hammond that he ill him if he ever mentioned him again except in a complimentary It was in a restaurant. "I went through the loud dilemma with able nonchalance, except when, endeavoring an airiness I did not out the lighted end of a cigarette in my mouth, and said somewhat 'Oh, pshaw!'"

There is a pleasant inquiry into the origin—characteristics, behavior, of chorus girls. Jack Norworth asked one of the ladies of the show. "No, but I don't think she's show." Another, asked who George Sand was, answered: "I'm sure, but I believe he was the fellow that roomed with Chopin." Another hand a Princeton man told Mr. Hammond that a Tiller girl him all he knew about Chaucer.

The surprising statement is made that chorus girls prefer to marry an elling though impecunious automobile salesman than a rich and re-business man. More girls from the Follies are in love with and mar- slowly artisans and mechanics than with and to luxurious brokers andiers."

are told that girls in minor musical comedies are pretty, unafraid, at; females of the Grand Street Follies are snaky and bacchantic; ch chorus girls are wholesome, comely, disciplined by chaperons, hly business-like in their wanton gestures."

he question is raised whether American actors can play gentlemen. dramatist who put the question to Mr. Hammond meant by gentleman in who combines most of the decorative elements, from comeliness to culate deportment in the ballrooms and at the summer and winter es. A quiet ornament who instinctively refrains from adjusting his r legs at the line, 'Won't you be seated?' and who knows without con- tion with his servant when to wear three shirt studs instead of two." gentleman in a drama can whisper to a woman if she is unhappily ed to a rich, fat New York business man: "Tomorrow at five—at the And please don't bring your maid!" Or at evening, well read in poraneous literature he may say: "Your dark hair above the white of your shoulders is like the shadow of trees in the moonlight of a Help me to be good."

ry of our American actors, students of our national vehemence have named the "velvet way of civilization." Mr. Hammond cannot see T. Hodge in a perfumed role; Mr. Cohan, Mr. Rogers, Louis Mann, Walter Hampton might fail if called upon to counterfeit a Vavasour. Arthur Byron. Mr. Hammond has learned from Mr. Byron's por- of a gentleman how to offer a lady his cigarette case, "and how to a brocaded dressing gown when receiving at midnight an infatuated in my apartments." William Courtenay evinces at times considerable ty with his swallowtails. The actresses are more fortunate. No Vere ever shook the composure of Ethel Barrymore; Miss Cowl is aristocratic; Grace George wears a coronet in every role. If Margaret played a slavey "she would do it with strawberry leaves and a Mr. Sothern, if any one, could make a gentleman out of Romeo, Mary Pickford says, was "no gentleman." He compromised Juliet, ary" explains, "by going to Juliet's bedchamber at a late hour, which gentleman would not do."

all women fill critical chairs? (Figaro has taken Henri de Regn- successor to the late Robert de Flers). What makes audiences laugh ight, or the wrong place? Are the present maidens of the stage fit to the great of the past, beginning with Adelaide Neilson? Suppose ors should revolt? Who are now New York's first-nighters? Is the a mirror of life? Is New York the iceberg of metropolises? These per questions are shrewdly and amusingly discussed. "Broadway," ell," "Ned McCobb's Daughter," and Barrymore's Hamlet have each le. There is a pleasing study of Al H. Woods, also one of Channing

When Mr. Hammond arrived in New York, William A. Brady told him worry. "Everybody's your friend. To show you how strong I'm for ve just bet Arch Selwyn \$100 that you'll last three months." Mr. Ham- became the dramatic critic of the Herald-Tribune five or six years ago. still the critic and like the estimable Johnny Walker is still going

P. H.

METCALF, PIANIST,

Mon Metcalf, pianist, gave a recital day afternoon in Jordan hall, be- an enthusiastic audience of unusu- large size. He played first a group of w's pieces—the G minor ballade, mezzo in B flat minor and C ma- and the E flat major rhapsody; Cho- B flat minor sonata, a piece by id Box, "The Vodka Shop," a Sicil- rained by Respighi, one of Medt- Fairy Tales, and Debussy's "L'Isle

though Mr. Metcalf produces tone ably full in volume with it, elness he makes a curious effect oneness, as though he had set nd were playing in some room back-

Whether he plays in this dis- manner because of temperamental ve or because of defective technique, ould do wisely to try to attain a r approach to his public if he hopes al adequately with the stringing- istic Brahms of the ballad and the dy, or the Chopin who, for once s, chose, in the sonata's o, to kick up his heels in a genu- amboree. As well as sturdier thormors, Mr. Metcalf might y set himself to acquiring a e of rhythm than appears at present

Because at this moment he cannot voice warmth of emotion, Mr. Metcalf naturally did his best yesterday in music calling above all for grace and charm, the Intermezzi, say, or the ancient melody. Respighi dug out of the past—music where pretty tone goes far, and phrasing not without taste. But rhythm, even so—pray let Mr. Metcalf look to this fundamental. R. R. G.

CONCERTS OF WEEK

Sunday—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Mme. Dussolina Giannini, soprano. Frank La Forge, accompanist. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M., Boston Chamber Music Trio. Free to the public. Music by Mozart.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M., Henry Jackson Warren, baritone.

Thursday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Isabel Richardson Molter, soprano. Harold Molter, accompanist. Strauss, Breit Ueber Mein Haupt, Ach lieb ich muss nun Schelden, Helmkehr, Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten. Weber, Ocean, thou mighty monster, from "Oberon." Coquard, Hal-lull. Georges, La Pluie, Nuages. Ferrari, Le Miroir. Fourdrain, Carnaval. Mallinson, My Garden, Snowflakes. Cyril Scott, Lullab. Bantack, Feast of Lanterns. Muehlert, Fulfillment. Foster, My Menagerie. Lester, Nocturne. Manney, May Morning.

"SHANGHAI BOUND"

"Shanghai Bound," starring Richard Dix, a film drama adapted from a story by E. S. O'Reilly, a member of the international police force at Shanghai, directed by Luther Reed and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre by Paramount with the following cast:

Jim Buddin.....Richard Dix
Sheila.....Mary Brian
Payson.....Charles Brer
Louden.....George Irving
Shanghai Rose.....Jocelyn Lee
Yen.....Frank Chew

There are two remarkable things about the present offering at the Metropolitan Theatre. One is a duplication of the Yangtze river by the calmly flowing Sacramento. A Chinese river made in America is something at least novel. A fight underneath the waters of the river and photographed as such is the other refreshing touch that the director has offered us. The bleary shapes, carrying long, murderous looking knives are fascinating as they throttle and choke under water, and through it all Richard Dix keeps his poise and the cease in his trousers which has made him so popular with thousands.

The rest of the picture is the usual merry-go-round of handsome Dick, pretty Mary, tight place and daring rescue. The trip to Shanghai is, incidentally, a record one for Cupid.

When the proud Sheila (Mary Brian), her father and two morons who are sometimes comedians are rushed aboard Dix's boat from the bandit infested Chow Len, they find the boat is deserted by most of the crew. Dix is starting the engines as the company comes down from what has evidently been a restful night and demands service. Dix orders them to work and the men attempt to do their part, but the girl, who has been made "cook," refuses to cook.

It hardly seems like a time to think up practical jokes but she does. Fixing a tray for the captain, she puts it in his cabin. When he, driven by work and hunger, starts to dine, he finds the plates are empty, the coffee pot is merely a dare. He bows his head in the pots and pans as any brave man would, and caught in this position by Sheila, her father and friends he releases the command of the boat to them.

Dix dons a white shirt, moves out on deck with a deck of cards and lets everything take its course after telling the pilot to ground the boat on the first sandbar in sight. After the sandbar he is put back in command, Sheila goes to the galley with a will, the men fire the engines. Cupid has struck home after the other woman had pointed out the hero's fine points and the boat gets nearer and nearer to the place where the bandits lie in waiting. After Dix bests the wildest looking bunch of Chinese extras seen in a long time, he is discovered to be a Lt. Comdr. instead of a Chinese barge captain and a few moments later an audience sighs happily as Dix, dressed in the whitest of uniforms takes the pretty Mary, in daintiest chiffon, to his manly shoulder.

In honor of their second anniversary celebration, the management of this theatre are offering a most elaborate surrounding program. There are two stage presentations, the first by Paul Oscar, and the second, "Dixieland," by Jack Partington, in which Gene Rodemich and his band are featured.

It is all good. Edith Griffith is enough to make any one forget—even tight shoes—with her clear musical voice which she has put to jazz. Both dancing teams are splendid and the laughing saxophone and Forbes Randolph's Kentucky jubilee choir are both worthy of being headlined. C. M. D.

A. J.

Concerts of the Week

SUNDAY—Philharmonic Society, Willem Mengelberg, conductor, Carnegie Hall, 3 P. M. Program includes Tschalkovsky's "Pathetic" symphony. Orchestra and opera concert, Century Theatre, 3:15 P. M. Program includes Schubert songs, Lisa Roma, soloist, and "Samson et Delila." Mme. Matzenauer and Charles Hart, soloists; Leginska and Fevelsky, conductors. Jose Echaniz, piano recital, Town Hall, 3 P. M. Capitol Grand Orchestra, David Mendoza, conductor, 11:30 A. M.; Anna Case, soloist. John McCormack, Carnegie Hall, 8:15 P. M. Martha Graham, danger, Little Theater, 8:45 P. M. Beatrice Harrison, cello recital, Guild Theater, 8:30 P. M. Proskurover Relief concert, Engineering Auditorium, 3 P. M.

MONDAY—Rose Zulalian, contralto, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M. Mabel Deegan, violin recital, Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.

TUESDAY—Francis Moore, piano recital, Town Hall, 8:15 P. M. Charles Prentiss, tenor, Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.

Hall, 8:30 P. M. Olive Cornell, soprano, Carnegie Hall, 8:15 P. M.

WEDNESDAY—Mischa Welsbord, violinist, Carnegie Hall, 8:15 P. M. Frederick Gunster, tenor, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.

THURSDAY—Philharmonic Society, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M. Program: Ballet suite, Gluck-Gavaert; piano concerto, E flat, Koehel 482 and for harpsichord, allegro di molto, D. Koehel 451, Mozart. Soloist, Wanda Landowska; symphony, C sharp minor, Bloch. Gil Valeriano, tenor, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M. Program includes Spanish folksongs. Henrietta Gregorius, soprano, Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M.

FRIDAY—Philharmonic Society, Carnegie Hall, 2:30 P. M. Repetition of Thursday evening program. Sandu Albu, violinist, Town Hall, 8:15 P. M.

SATURDAY—Philharmonic Society's students' concert, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M. "The Victory Ball," Schelling; concerto, F minor, Bach, E. Robert Schmitz, piano soloist; "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," De Falla, with Schmitz playing the piano solo; symphony, C sharp minor, Bloch. Bruce Benjamin, tenor, Town Hall, 3 P. M. Lisa Roma, soprano, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M. Nadia Reisenberg, piano soloist, in Russian Medical Society benefit concert, Plaza Hotel, 8:30 P. M. Penman Lovingsgood, tenor, Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.

finds Strauss deriving his enemies; quailing approvingly from his preceding works to show the hearer what a fine fellow this hero is; causing the adverse critics, the low-lived scoundrels, to gnash their teeth in impotent rage at last recognized as a genius, enjoying rest after his labors; assured that posterity will seat him prominently in the Hall of the Immortals. In the Symphonie Domestica he describes himself thematically as "easy going" (poor man!) but later, roused probably by the disputatious, nagging wife, given to fiery outbursts. If the great fugue represents a "merry dispute," it was a bolsterous one which should have called in the neighbors, if not the police. To an unprejudiced hearer, the Finale, "Joyous Conclusion" would better be entitled "Triumph of the Wife."

We doubt whether in the years to come this Symphony will be reckoned among Strauss's better works. There are flashes of his genius, there is abundant proof of his technical mastery, but the musical ideas are as a rule thin and paltry in spite of the orchestral dress, and some of the themes have little distinction, are, in fact, common.

Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave an eloquent interpretation throughout the concert. They gave eloquence when Schoenberg and Strauss were lacking in it.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program announced for next week is as follows: Haydn, Symphony, G major (B. & H. No. 13). Prokofiev, "Le Pas d'Acier" (first time in this country). Ravel, "Mother Goose." Loeffler, A Pagan Poem (after Virgil).

Euripides, Chaucer, Blake. Mr. R. B. Appleton writes about the Greek dramatist, Mr. George H. Cowling discusses Chaucer, scholar, poet and novelist; M. Max Plowman furnishes an "Introduction to the Study of Blake." The three volumes are published by E. P. Dutton & Company.

Artemus Ward, writing in London to Punch, acknowledged the receipt of Chaucer's poems sent to him by some kind friend. "Mr. C," said Artemus, "had talent but he couldn't spel. No man has a right to be a lit'rary man unless he knows how to spel. It's a pity that Chawcer, who had geneysus, was so uneducated. He's the wuss speller I know of."

Chaucer's inability to spell has kept many from reading "the Canterbury Tales," while the modernization of some of them published in Everyman's Library has shocked those who wish their Chaucer straight, though the modernization was deftly done, and the Wife of Bath was not checked in her frank, unabashed speech; nor was there squeamish expurgation of other tales, gross as they now seem to the genteel. As for Chaucer's other poems, they are hardly known by name to the great majority of American readers. Mr. Cowling has written a book that should be welcomed by students of Chaucer

and by those who would know more about this illustrious teller of heroic, pathetic, racy tales. There are exhaustive chapters about the poet's life and the canon and chronology of his writings. The romantic traditions are examined. Mr. Cowling admits that only life of the poet must be "the product of historical imagination and intelligent guesswork, rather than of certain deductions." We do not know whether Chaucer attended Oxford, there is no record of certain years in his life; we know that he went to Italy on a political mission in 1372. Perhaps he met Boccaccio; it is not certain that he met Petrarch, though he declares in the prologue to "The Clerk's Tale" that he did meet him. He went on embassies to France. The facts in the queer case of Cecilia Champaigne's alleged abduction are obscure. Was he poor in his old age? We know that at the end he regretted "many a lecherous lay." There are chapters on the language and metre of Chaucer, what authors he had studied and how he had been influenced, a list of his manuscripts, a bibliography and an index. There are admirable pages, many of them, about his poems, the sources of some of them, and an illuminating and long study of "The Canterbury Tales," free from pedantry, abounding in sound, sympathetic criticism. Last August an English writer complained that the irony of Chaucer had not been sufficiently emphasized. The writer likened him in this respect to Jane Austen.

As Mr. Cowling says: "Chaucer belonged to another age—almost to another world. He did not see life through our eyes, nor decide its problems by our judgment. The knowledge which he acquired—from school, from home and from experience—his loyalties, his manners, his faith, were all quite different from ours. In reading Chaucer we must be prepared therefore for poems which do not tally with our preconceived notions of what poetry is or should be. We shall expect to find different costumes and different manners; we must not be surprised if we meet with ideas of love and religion which seem to belong to a world of children, and a philosophy of life that ends before ours begins."

Let us rather say with the French critic Legouis: "In spite of the growth of his humorous raillery Chaucer, through his whole life, kept intact the gift of loving and admiring."

Mr. Cowling's "Chaucer" is illustrated and an index is provided.

At school and at college we were told that Euripides was a dramatist far inferior to Aeschylus and Sophocles; that he, as a realist, lowered the standard of tragedy and delighted in low and mean material; that he despised men and made light of religion. Perhaps Mrs. Browning's eulogy of this dramatist irritated Swinburne, who lost no opportunity of attacking Euripides with a virulence that suggested a personal grievance.

Mr. Appleton boldly insists that Euripides was an idealist; a defender, a would-be emancipator of women; one who thought that narrow patriotism was a vice; a dramatist most sympathetic with the ordinary feelings of mankind, a lover of children; believing that good slaves were only slaves in name, and there was nothing discreditable in being such a one. "It is the internal state, the real worth of a man, that matters, and not his external conditions." The humanity of the dramatist is also shown in his portrayal of the weaker traits of men and women; as irresolution, repentance. To Euripides poetry was "a thing of high seriousness," not a trivial adornment of life. And here John Masefield is quoted, invoking the Muse:

"O wanderer into many brains,
O spark the emperor's purple hides,
You sow the dusk with fiery grains,
When the gold horseman rides.
O Beauty in the darkness hurled,
Be it through me you shame the world."

In the long chapter on the religion of Euripides the conclusion is that he was at one with Plato in his conception of God and the question of immortality. It is to be noted that Plato quotes Euripides more frequently than he does either of the other tragedians.

After a long examination of Aristotle's criticism of Euripides and that of Aristophanes with his buffooneries—the latter objecting not so much aesthetically as on moral grounds—Mr. Appleton enters into an elaborate and enthusiastic defence of Euripides, illustrated by a multitude of fortifying quotations from the plays and with a wealth of footnotes. Here is a scholarly, most readable, stimulating book that

Blake's "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience" have long been dear to many. Not without reason did George Moore include nine of them in his "Anthology of Pure Poetry." Blake's Prophetic Books, though here and there are lofty lines, have been a stumbling block to many. The rapid admirers say that these symbolical poems should never be separated from Blake's accompanying illustrations. The centenary of the poet has led to extravagant praise of what is to many unintelligible. Mr. Plowman known as an enthusiastic editor and an ardent disciple of Blake, "The Prophet," endeavors in his "Introduction to the Study of Blake" to teach his reader the use of symbolism, and how Blake applied it in his prophecies, in his teaching how spiritual liberty can be attained. It is a thoughtful book; the enthusiasm of the writer is to be respected; there is no question of Blake's extraordinary imagination. The average reader will continue to treasure Blake, the lyric poet, the great artist; he will ask if the longer poems are great because they are in need of explanation.

DUSOLINA GIANNINI

Dusolina Giannini, soprano, with the valuable help of Frank La Forge, accompanist, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall: "Ah! Spietato," Handel; "Gia il sole dal Gange," Scariatti; "Pace, Pace, La Forza del Destino," Verdi; "Pour Toi Seul," Chopin; "Chant Indou," Rimsky-Korsakoff; "Stornellatrice," Respighi; "Mama non Mama," Mascagni; "Un Bel Di," Puccini; "Tell Me, Oh, Blue, Blue Sky," Vittorio Giannini; "When I Love You," Martin Cole; "Estrellita," Mexican song, "En Cuba," Cuban song, arranged by La Forge; "Canta per me," "Luise," "Serenatella," "Tarantella Luciana," Neapolitan songs arranged by Vittorio Giannini.

There was fine singing to be heard in the course of the afternoon. Especially well Miss Giannini sang the Neapolitan songs and the one that came from Cuba, with the keenness of rhythm that distinguished her work when first she sang here, three or four years ago, with grace of phrasing, too, not to forget her amazing skill in preserving tonal quality while popping out words at a pace no less than prodigious. In these light songs, furthermore, Miss Giannini maintained most steadily that wonderful beauty of voice which startled Boston when she first sang in town.

For yesterday, on the whole, Miss Giannini was not in her best voice. Tired she must have been, no doubt, since she frequently sang below the pitch, a fault of which she has heretofore been innocent.

Or is it possible she is trying, by new ways, to increase the volume of her voice? Her medium tones, at all events, though very big, she sometimes let sound yesterday nasal and thick, in marked contrast to the richly clear tones of the middle range she let fall from her lips when first she began her career—in unhappy contrast, as well, to the lovely light head tones she manages best when she rises above the staff, too often, when she tries to make

these same high tones strong, she turns them, from lack of body, shrill.

A sad pity it is if Miss Giannini, in forcing the dramatic note in arias—she lent their measures yesterday quite as much emotion as her voice can carry, and perhaps a little more—is trying it. A sadder pity it is if she is trying, by unwise means, to strengthen one of the most noble organs, by nature, of the age. Let us pray that, before it is too late, Miss Giannini may be led to feel that simplicity, after all, is a virtue highly to be desired, easy—for a singer endowed as she is—to achieve, restful to the voice and grateful to the ear; that intensity, furthermore, in the long run, proves more effective than over-ampleness of tone.

An audience of good size applauded Miss Giannini cordially. R. R. G.

FRITZ LEIBER PLAYS MARC ANTONY ROLE

ARLINGTON THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," with Fritz Leiber as Marc Antony. The cast is as follows:

Julius Caesar	Robert Stinson
A Cripple	Glande Votey
Octavius	Edmund Fede
Marcus Brutus	Francis Deans
Calpurnia	Joseph Singer
Trebonius	John Osmond
Decius Brutus	Alan Wilkie
Metellus Cimber	Ethel Frances Roberts
Cinna	Elmer Hall
Popilius Lena	Joseph Singer
Flavius	Ethel Taylor
Soothsayer	Francis Deans
Titinius	Virginia Bronson
Lucius	Irby Marshall
Pindarus	
Calpurnia	
Portia	

It is terribly sad, to reflect how much less dramatic would be the scene if an American President were belabored by conspirators on the floor of the Senate than is Great Caesar's death on the stage of the Arlington Theatre. Political intrigue today may be interesting, but cannot approach the picturesque. Even Mr. Fritz Leiber would find the "Friends, Romans, countrymen" scene just a bit difficult if he had to flourish a bloody cutaway instead of a royal purple tunic. And what a deadening effect on passion would lie in a microphone. The ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience might mutter or cheer, but when the speech was ended they would surely seek bed, and not the conspirators of Rome—or Washington.

For three hours of escape into the days when men went gayly in flowing red and white robes, and a silent Antony couldn't have gotte anywhere as a politician, Mr. Leiber's company produces a creditable illusion. The play moves swiftly and dramatically. With a general standard of excellence, you don't have to suppress uncontrollable shudders when the minor characters take the stage. They speak their lines "trippingly on the tongue"—not as though they were embalmed in the sanctity of the Shakespeare tradition, and they look quite at home in their tunics.

When Fritz Leiber himself walks on the play rises to a thrilling intensity. His Antony is a creature of fire and passion, his oration over dead Caesar's body wonderfully moving. The mark of Mr. Leiber's ability is the general slump in the orchestra chairs as he leaves the stage.

If only Mr. Leiber could play Caesar as well as Antony, this would be a really vivid production. Not that Caesar is not adequate. Mr. Willey does very well by the man who did bestride the world like a colossus, and his nose, real or assumed, is most Roman. If you cannot find him great, he is simple and restrained. In fact, there is only one rant in the whole company. Cassius is inclined to mouth. Thoughts of the Lowell School of Oratory will intrude upon his very grandest speeches.

The Brutus of Mr. Hall is noble, but never dull, a feat in itself. The struggles in the soul of this idealist forced to plunge into a detestable action, are made real.

It is a little late to write a criticism of the play itself. It has had such a long run. But this must be noted: To one who has not seen Julius Caesar for years and years another proof appears—that any play entirely lacking in women must be a little bit dull. A distinct flutter runs through the audience at the entrance of a lovely lad, in henna robes. But Calpurnia's moment is brief, and there's the rub. R. H. G.

A NEW EXCUSE

("The fact that artificial ultra-violet rays are being used experimentally on a large scale for the manufacture of beer was mentioned at a session of the British pharmaceutical conference at Brighton."—News item.)

Barmaid, barmaid, beaming brightly,

Agitate the beer-pump, do

Fill the bowl and pass my nightly

Sample of your famous brew.

Not for me the ancient tipples,

Not for me the older swipes—

Give me of the draught that ripples

From your scientific pipes!

Never mind the hops, my lassie,

And the malt you may omit—

Ale that's up to date and classy

Doesn't need such things a bit;

Virtues ripe and flavors pleasant

Now are sought in other ways—

See the vitamins are present

And the ultra-violet rays.

Thank you, thank you, for this tankard,

Which at last is mine to lift!

Gee, but how my soul has hankered

For this pure, synthetic gift!

All day long I've trusted blindly

To this mixture as before;

Cheerio, miss! . . . Would you kindly

Fill the tankard up once more?

And if I should start to frolic,

And a gayer mood begins,

Do not call it alcoholic—

Put it down to vitamins.

Let me sit here, slumber scorned,

Singing with increasing cheer,

"Lo, we won't go home till morning,

Till the violet rays appear!"

—Lucio, in the Manchester Guardian.

It's a sad story, mates, that comes from Chicago. Mrs. Frances Johnston only 18 years old, had been happily married for three weeks. Her Clarence, generous soul, gave her money to buy pretty things, for he told her he received a good salary as a salesman. Tripping gaily for shopping, she a poor cripple crouching on the sidewalk. She put a dime in the extend tin cup and looked in the face of the beggar. Lo, it was her Clarence. Quelle surprise! She told her story court. The judge said that she would be divorced.

Thackeray told a somewhat similar tale in "Miss Shum's Husband" to be found in the Memoirs of Mr. C. J. Yellowplush, "Sometime footman in married families." Miss Shum married Mr. Frederic Altamont, whose business and hours of business were a mystery. Mary and her she-dragon of a mother. He was suspected of leading a double life. One day he brought home a sovereign, a good heap of silver, an odd-looking little coin, which was Queen Anne's sixpence of 1703. The mother had dropped this little coin in the hat of Mr. Altamont, whose business was to sweep the crossing from the Bank to Cornhill.

Did Mary leave him? No, the noble girl clung to him. Frederick sold his place as a crossing sweeper for £300. He had saved £2000; his house and furniture brought another thousand.

"Of coss," wrote Mr. Yellowplush, "left his servs. I met him, few years after at Badden-Badden, where he and Mrs. A. were much respectid, and passed for pipples of proparty."

THE HIGHER EDUCATION (Morristown, N. J., Record)

I AM an experienced principal of high schools. Will teach and run a law-mower and do other light work. Inquire Lunch Room, 35 Bank street, E. Ballentine.

As the World Wags:

Do you know the rest of this ballad about the great Chicago fire? Or maybe there was no more of it, since these few simple lines express so much of the pathos and tragedy of that calamity. It was sung in a rich, nasal tone by a hired girl in my mother's home in Iowa about 50 years ago. Here it is without the quaint tune:

O there was that fire in Chicago,
That fi-ur was very severe!
T was caused by the splosion of
la-ump
And burned up—

three hogs
heads of
BEEF
C. A. W.

As the World Wags:

I could not believe either eye when I read that the Rev. Dr. W. A. Tallafem of Savannah, Ga., told the W. C. T. U. that in case Gov. Smith received the Democratic nomination he, the Rev. Doc, would "vote with the negroes"; also that he wouldn't be alone as the good ladies of the W. C. T. U. would be there with him.

Reading on, it developed—hol ho!—that the reverend gentleman was pastor of the Bull St. Baptist Church and all became clear as a May morning. J. W. G.

As the World Wags:

"Russian Count Promoted! Now Waiter at the Waldorf."

You may not think that much of a promotion, but the point is that when the working classes drive up to the Waldorf in their high priced autos and come swanking into the dining room in their evening dress clothes, the last relic of a proud but humbled aristocracy can spill green turtle soup down the backs of their necks. R. H. L.

They thought on Oct. 14th at Sopron in Hungary that they have found the grave of Attila. It was a sorry night for him when he added to his innumerable wives the beautiful maiden Idico. He wedded her with pomp and feasting at his wooden palace beyond the Danube, but on the wedding night he died of bleeding at the nose, as others say by a torrent of blood which did not pass through the nostrils but "regurgitated into the lungs and stomach."

If the grave is really found, there will be hard work to get at the body. Let Gibbon tell the story: "The remains of Attila were enclosed within three coffins, of gold, of silver, and of iron, and privately buried in the night; the spoils of nations were thrown into the grave; the captives who had opened the ground were inhumanly massacred; and the same Huns, who had indulged such excessive grief, feasted, with dissolute and intemperate mirth, about the re-

...the of their king...
The case of the three...
on of Robert J. Ingersoll's remarks
when he visited the tomb of the Duke of
Wellington.
The grave diggers for Attila's body
were massacred so that they could not
tell the exact place of burial. So it was
when Alaric was buried, but his sepulchre
was constructed in the bed of a
river that was diverted from its course;
the water was afterward restored to its
channel.

FASHION NOTES FROM A STUDENT'S THEME

As the World Wags:
We wore a low-necked dress and it
down just to the knees.
Old ladies' stockings are not to be
worn, as they were hidden under the
ends of their long skirts." L. W. B.

I have little or no fear of the man
with the red flag, but I have a whole-
hearted dread of the unthinking righteous.
G. H. Locke.

The average ape is a well-behaved per-
son. Education has taught us many new
things.—The Rev. E. L. Macassey.

'VANITIES'

By PHILIP HALE

Colonial Theatre—First performance
Boston of "Earl Carroll's Vanities;
Sixth Edition." Music and lyrics by
Earl Carroll and Morris Hamilton; ad-
ditional songs by Ray Klages and Jesse
Warner; dances and ensembles by David
Warner; sketches staged by William
Warner; orchestra directed by Carl C.
Warner.

This is a show chiefly for the eye,
with Moran and Mack, Johnny Dooley
and Julius Tannen, as the guide, phil-
osophical, friend, a rival of the Parisian
style, were amusing in the approved
vaudeville manner. It may be said
fully that the many girls were
unusually pleasing to the most
discerning, well trained in their evolu-
tionary control of legs and arms, trim
and shapely, with faces expressing the
of life, as if they delighted in their
of duties and were unconscious
in inexorable drill master. The
girls were for once not arro-
gant, not giving the spectator the sug-
gestion that each one was saying to her-
self: "Never mind the others, you poor
thing; just look at me." All were
dramatically costumed, and the changes
tasteful, enhancing the natural
attractiveness of the wearers.

Conspicuous among the scenes in
which they figured were "Clipping the
Order of Love," "The Glass Finale,"
"His of the Belfry." The scene in
which the girls showed high in air
was especially attractive. There was singing by
Earl McDonald, Isabel Mohr, Cliff
McDonald, B. Be Stanton; dances by Maxine
McDonald, and Charley Stone, Frances Mar-
mont and others, nor should Dorothy
McDonald, "the most beautiful girl in the
land" be forgotten. Some day an en-
gaging manager will engage the ser-
vices of the college man who has been
led by his classmates the handsomest
for.

A word about the comedians. Moran
and Mack are well known to frequenters
of vaudeville houses and to sufferers
from the radio habit. To those who
had heard these comedians their
as convicts on the rock pile was
not even in repose, they were elo-
quent; the indifference of the one con-
tented with the curiosity of the ques-
tioner; the laziness in speech; the ab-
surd reasoning—all this was delightful.
Their other act "On the Loco-
motive" was not so well sustained in
repose. Mr. Dooley in several scenes
broadly farcical, apparently risk-
ing his bones with heroic carelessness,
going in slap-stick rough and
ready to the enthusiastic approval of
audience, but the best scene in
which he took part was "Better or
Worse" with the hospital doctor, Mr.
Dooley insisting that his patient
be kept quiet. Mr. Tannen by
introduction to various scenes, by
monologues, bore the burden of the
show. His talk was at times witty,
and remembered that he was forced
back against time, that is, for the ac-
commodation of the scene-shifters.
The lyrics were not often intelligible,
and that was probably of small con-
sequence. The music had little distinc-
tion. The conductor and the orchestra
gave a more tuneful, less common-
place score. The theatre was crowded
and laughing and applauding audi-

JAMES—"Applesauce," a comedy
in three acts, by Barry Connors. The
cast:

Johnson	 Mary Hill
Johnson	 Charles Schiefel
Johnson	 Edith Spears
Johnson	 Ruth Rine
Johnson	 John Winthrop
Johnson	 Walter Gilbert
Johnson	 Frank Charlton

Last evening saw the return of the
ever popular Walter Gilbert to his
ardent followers at the St. James. It
was a delightful occasion with floral
tributes, wild enthusiasm, and rousing
overtures for all the cast, especially,
of course, for Mr. Gilbert. His impromptu
curtain speech at the end of the second
act was natural, unembarrassed and
fitted the occasion well.

The play chosen for this auspicious
occasion was first given in New York
two years ago but there is no sign that
it has ceased to be a popular success.
The story is very simple but highly
amusing and full of life. An agreeable
loafer, abused by everyone, yet popu-
lar for his gift of judicious flattery,
marries the heroine after she breaks
her engagement to a wealthy suitor and
talks his irate uncle into giving him
a job. The first act is the best of the
three; the second and third tend to
drag owing to the incessant repetition
of family quarrels and loud shouting.

The acting for the most part suited
the play and in the case of Mr. Gilbert
and the delightful Ruth Page rose
above it. It must be confessed that
Mary Hill and Charles Robinson ceased
to be really funny in the last act,
chiefly because they were always just
the same. As the disappointed suitor,
Frank Charlton seemed too heavily
dramatic and struck the only jarring
note.

All in all, "Applesauce" is excellent
entertainment, the audibility and co-
operation of the cast are particularly
to be commended. E. L. H.

SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY IN 'TOSCA'

Boston Opera House—"Tosca," by
Puccini. San Carlo grand opera com-
pany, Aurelio Gallo, director. The cast:
Flora Tosca..... Myrna Sharlow
Baron Scarpia..... Mario Valle
Mario Cavaradossi..... Franco Tafuro
Spoletta..... Francesco Curci
Sclaroni..... Luigi de Cesare
Cesare Angelotti..... Andrea Mongelli
A. Sacristan..... Natale Cervi
A. Jailer..... Luigi de Cesare
A Shepherd Boy..... Bernice Schalkner
Conductor, Carlo Peroni

To an old-timer it proved an experi-
ence, not one whit less, to hear
"Tosca" once more, after several years
without it. How we ourselves when
young, the musically high and low
alike, did thrill at Puccini's work!
Musical folk, and the public, too, found
Scarpia's motive the very essence of
horror; Tosca herself, and Mario, sang
melodies—exquisite melodies they
seemed when the century was young—
that quivered and vibrated with the
very ecstasy of love. And Puccini's
skill at devising music to intensify the
action and to make the dialogue clear—
how the knowing did go on! Of his
orchestration as well, its originality
and its brilliance scarcely adequate
words of praise could be found. Well,
well!

The opera last night, after a lapse
of years, seemed not quite so masterly
as it used to seem. Much of it, not to
put too fine a point upon it, lagged—
and the blame was not the perform-
ance's. Though the dialogue still shows
the cunning of Puccini's hand, the
fact stands that, in opera, the less
there is of talk the better. Of too much
action—call it rather activity—the same
may be said; much of Puccini's music
to accompany running about on the
stage sounds mighty footless today.

The melody remains. Surely it has
lost its emotional force, unless per-
chance the Caruso of the day, whoever
he may be, braces it up with some
of his own emotional force. And yet
it holds, this melody, the feature of
"Tosca," most worth while. Over-
tense it may be, and heavy-handed,
but honest it is and sincere, the gen-
uine expression of its creators' innate
taste, of the taste, furthermore, of the
musical Italy of the period. So, before
honesty and unaffectedness, hats off!

The performance, of its kind, was
very good. Mr. Personi bore off the
honors; he made his little orchestra do
its very best, in the way of sonority and
spirit. Mr. Valle did Scarpia excellently,
from the dramatic point of view and
the vocal, too. Miss Sharlow, most suc-
cessful in her more serious moments,
sang with exquisite tone when she
chose to, and as much may be said for
Mr. Tafuro. Mr. Curci drew a sharply
defined picture of the police agent, and,
though he likes his comedy too low,
Mr. Cervi made an amusing sacristan.

The stage setting and management,
fairly good, could have been so easily
bettered that it seems a pity a few
details should not be remedied.

The audience, moderately large, ap-
peared well pleased. The opera tonight
will be "Rigoletto." R. R. G.

Majestic theatre—"Gentlemen Prefer
Blondes," a play in three acts, by Anita
Loos and John Emerson. The cast:

Dorothy Shaw	 Edna Hibbard
Harry	 Harold Thomas
Gloria Atwell	 Sonia Ivanoff
Lorelei Lee	 June Walker
Henry Spofford	 Geoffrey Kerr
Lady Beekman	 Grace Hampton
Sir Francis Beekman	 William Postance
Mrs. Spofford	 Mrs. Jacques Martin
Miss Chapin	 Mand B. Sinclair
Leon	 Howard Keegan
Connie	 Vivian Purcell
Robert Broussard	 Georges Romain
Louis Broussard	 Adrian Rosley
Gus Eisman	 Albert Mack
H. Gilbertson Montrose	 Clay Cody
Dickie	 Gladis Moore
Willie Gwynn	 Howard Keegan
Lulu	 Amelia Barleon
Herb	 John Bransby
Ann Spofford	 Grace Connell
Old Spofford	 Walter Davis

Boston blondes should flock to the
Majestic's post-graduate course on
"How to Extract Things that Last from
Gentlemen." Lorelei Lee, queen of the
gold-diggers, undulates the stage in the
person of a blonde-wigged June Walker.
Her approach to a prospective male
quarry is a work of art that could not
be included in the diary form of the
book, a something added, quite in char-
acter, a walk combining all the subtler
attributes of the snake with the healthy
precision of the tigress.

Miss Walker steps straight from the
amusing pages of Anita Loos. Now she
sustains that wide-eyed gaze and flat
little voice and how she can remain at
such a pitch of artistic vulgarity for
the entire three acts, are mysteries
needing a June Walker to solve. But
for her, and Edna Hibbard's Dorothy,
time would pass slowly at the Majestic.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" has be-
come a betwixt-and-between play; not
quite enough action for farce, nor quite
enough character for comedy. Lorelei
herself is a perfect creation, but on a
delicate scale, hardly large enough for
a whole evening.

The minor characters, distorted in the
uneven mirror of the blonde's mind, in
the booby were grotesques who might
have reality. In the play, even com-
petent acting cannot make them live.
Belief falters at the sight of even a
slightly crazy leader of society allowed
abroad in Mrs. Spofford's green silk
gown, accompanied by such a com-
panion as Miss Chapman. They could
never have made that steamer. The
New York crowds would have been un-
manageable.

Most vivid is Lorelei's interview with
the two Frenchmen. Mr. "Robber"
Broussard can answer Dorothy's ques-
tion, "What is a Frenchman doing in
the Ritz anyway?" For he has business
there. He comes to rescue Lady Fran-
cis Beekman's tiara, which Sir Francis
Beekman seems to have lent Lorelei the
money to buy. (It is a shame that
scene is omitted, for when we leave Sir
Francis in act one he has only reached
the point of promising a rather small
gold picture frame, delivery on arrival
in London.) Mr. Louis Broussard fills
unto "Robber," appears as interpreter,
finds the Folies graduates "ravissantes."
French shrugs, tears, laughter, invita-
tions to dine (at the expense of Lady
Beekman) fill the stage. Dorothy, in
answer to the latter, "Give me a ring
in the morning." Robber, "wants a
ring. Why not? We charge that also
to Lady Beekman." Lines like that
want a bit of acting, but the French-
men are capable and bow themselves

out in a blaze of gallantry and yellow
spats.

Geoffrey Kerr does well with his rather
primary part, a reformer whose in-
hibitions run riot all over the stage. He
is especially convincing in act 1, to all
those who have been seasick.

Foremost among the lessons that
blondes, and brunettes, too, can learn
at the Majestic, is that "any girl who is
a lady should never have such a good
time at a party that she doesn't know
what becomes of her jewelry."

R. H. G.

Arlington Theatre—George Ford pre-
sents Fritz Leiber in the plays of Shakes-
peare. Monday, Tuesday and Wednes-
day, "The Taming of the Shrew." The
cast:

Baptista	 Philip Quin
Vincentio	 Edmund Forde
Lucentio	 Leonard Willey
Petruchio	 Fritz Leiber
Mortensio	 John Burke
Cremio	 Louis Leon Hall
Tranio	 Joseph Singer
Dionello	 Claude Mintz
Cunzio	 Robert Strauss
Curtis	 Ethel Frances Roberts
Katherine	 Virginia Bronson
Blanca	 Irb Marshall
Widow	 Olga Leeds
Tailor	 John Osgood

Those who attended the Arlington
Theatre last night came because they
possessed a love for Shakespeare. It
was easy to tell this when one saw
them perusing the text of their dog-
eared, leather-bound, editions during
the intermissions. Every one entered
into the buffoonery, and the laughs of
Gremio were echoed back to him from
a merry house out front.

The cra of slap stick comedy and
custard pie hurling did not begin with
a certain Charles Chaplin, but marry,
with a bard of Avon who, in his most
jesting of moments, could produce a
houseful of queer servants and a shrew-
ish woman all overlorded by a whip-

cracking valiant to whom, in the end,
all honor and respect are due.

Fritz Leiber's depiction of this one
Petruchio was at times a little too
shallow and quick speeched but for the
most part he killed his shrew with just
the right amount of kindness comingled
with the proper portion of browbeating.

Katherine was not entirely vixenish
during the first scenes with the result
that when the time approached for her
taming, we were moved to pity, rather
than feeling as we rightly should have,
that she was merely being treated to
her just deserts. This Katherine was,
however, most appealing during the last
stages of her transformation when she
looked to her husband that he might
give the word whether it be sun or
moon at which she gazed.

Some of the time one might have
felt that Gremio was just a bit bore-
some with his attempts to be funny.
He was, perhaps, too much the clown.
There were no such thoughts harbored
concerning the servants in the country
house. They were in the spirit of the
thing every moment that they held the
stage.

The supporting cast did its share to
make the performance a very smooth
one as to lines though some few of
them, it is too true, recited lines rather
than getting behind the characters and
breathing on them the breath of real-
ity. The lack of long waits, due to
the excellent stage managing, deserves
commendation. No longer is a Shakes-
peare play a thing which the commuter
may wish to attend but, because of his

better judgment and the last train out,
dare not venture. Clubwoman, school
teacher, business man and high school
youngster may all attend and not have
to stay in the remaining evenings of
the week to recuperate. F. B. B.

'UNDERWORLD' IS SHOWN AT SCOLLAY OLYMPIA

Film Is Based on Ben Hecht's Story
of New York Criminals

"Underworld" is being shown on the
screen at the Scollay Square Olympia
Theatre.

It is impressive because it makes one
think, in addition to being splendid en-
tertainment. The unfolding of the
lives of underworld characters in an
environment of crime, their methods
of preying upon organized society, their
ferocious struggles with men paid to
uphold the law, and the intimate side
of their natures in following out im-
pulses and emotions in love and hate,
provide the basis of the story written
by the well known Ben Hecht.

The gangland characters are por-
trayed by George Bancroft, gangster
leader; Evelyn Brent, whose moral con-
sciousness is not awakened until she
falls in love; Clive Brook, a man of
good breeding who falls into a life of
crime; Larry Semon, a crook with a
sense of comedy, and Fred Kohler,
leader of a gang opposing Bancroft.

CLASSICAL MUSIC AT KEITH'S THEATRE

Low Cody and Grace Edler
Have Individual Acts

Herma and Juan Reyes demonstrated
at B. F. Keith's Theatre last night that
a program of classical music is appre-
ciated, although the impression is abroad
that this is a jazz age. Herma at the
piano and Juan on the violin play with
a finish that is delightful.

Low Cody, screen star, is here. After
telling some stories about the good
and the bad of the motion picture artists
he suddenly launches into a sketch
showing his mastery of the drama. His
every movement is visible from the
stage, so accustomed is he to having the
camera get every little detail. He was
warmly received. He was scheduled to
act as master of ceremonies at Keith's
this week, but for some reason did not
appear on the stage until his own act
was called.

"Hap" Farnell and Florence are seen
in a skit called "Symptoms of
for no reason." And it is just that.
But! They are both funny, Hap par-
ticularly so. He gives the kind of fun
that is a revival of the past where he
moves the piano to the stool. His chat-
ter with Florence is the cue for screams.

Grace Edler is one of the most grace-
ful acrobatic dancers seen on the local
stage in a long time. She carries her
audience back to the days when Eddie
Leonard was starring in black face and
she gives a splendid exhibition of that

Duke Kohonaka, vaudeville headliner, and his troupe of eleven native Hawaiians present a semi-oriental extravaganza.

Lou London, brother of the famous Jack London, novelist, is also another headliner and offers an abundance of humor that he has amassed in his globe trotting expeditions.

Five other acts complete the program for the week.

POTEMKIN FILM AT SYMPHONY HALL

The Russian film "Potemkin" was presented to a Boston audience for the first time last night in Symphony hall.

A most amazing film! It is a bit difficult to grasp! One looks about the calm and dignified interior of Boston's famous music hall for relief from the gripping and terror ridden story on the screen, especially when one remembers that the film is based on historical fact, an actual occurrence of the revolt of the armored cruiser Prince Potemkin.

The direction and photography are so excellent, so thrilling that one is carried along with the action, one's nerves become frazzled, the heart moves from the left side to an uncomfortable place in the throat. For a screen drama to be so effectual is indeed a great victory for the films. One can't help wishing, perhaps for humanity's sake, that the cruel were a little less so and the trodden were a little less trampled.

Because the film play is technically so perfect, because director Eisenstein spared no pains to get his story, it haunts one like a nightmare. It is art. Anyone seeing this picture can deny the films no longer. If someone will only give us something beautiful as well as some of the kindlier impulses of human race instead of the dramatic sufferings of the oppressed, one's emotions might settle down into peaceful quietude.

The revolt of the men because of their food on board this Russian boat, their bravery under the unswerving heel of a visionary Czar may be remembered by many. The revolt took place in 1905. It seems impossible as one views it with comfortable cars hurrying along comfortable streets and not a shot or a scream to be heard. But the film—the power of the film leaves one uneasy.

The accompanying film was Manon Lescaut with Lya de Putti playing the title role. In story and stage effects, this film far exceeds the recent picture made from the same novel, acted by John Barrymore and Dolores Costello; but Miss Costello made a much daintier Manon. The foreign players used too much make-up, that is, the two principals, the character parts were exceedingly well done. The story of the imported Manon is not mutilated. Hollywood has imported stars and directors—had they thought of scenarists? C. M. D.

DICK BARTHELMESS AT WASH. OLYMPIA

Plays Football in Photoplay of College Life

Richard Barthelmess scores again as an American boy of today in his latest picture "The Drop Kick," now at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre. For the first time this popular star has essayed the role of an American college boy and the story gives him ample opportunities to display his histrionic talents. The football sequences are excellent, principally because 10 national college football stars, most of whom are All-American players, appear in these scenes. Drama is offered in full measure and the picture has considerable plot for a photoplay of this type.

The cast supporting Barthelmess is especially good; Barbara Kent plays the little girl who seems a misfit in the jazzy scheme of college life. The coach's wife is played by Dorothy Revier, a vampire of the modern sort and a clever and subtle actress. Others enacting principal roles to good advantage are Eugene Strong, Hedda Hopper, Alberta Vaughn and James Bradbury, Jr.

The Olympia vaudeville is headed by Punjab, the Hindu mystic, in demonstrations of Fakirism and Sedhulism. Punjab, through cataleptic anasthesia, climbs a ladder of razor edged swords, withstands hammer blows and allows himself to be buried under two tons of sand, emerging at the end without a mark and with no sign of distress. This is perhaps one of the most unusual acts to visit Boston this season.

WHAT PRICE GLORY? AT LOEW'S STATE KEATON IN 'COLLEGE' AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

Jane and Katherine Lee Appear in Person

ANITA LOOS FILM AT MODERN, BEACON

Adventure and romance on the deep sea give the high lights to the top line picture at the Modern and Beacon theatres, "The Cruise of the Hellion," a story of a hidden treasure quest by George Pyper with a cast including Donald Keith, Edna Murphy, Tom Santschi and Sheldon Lewis. The associate picture is a comedy drama, "Publicity Madness," a story by Anita Loos, and with a cast headed by Lois Moran and Edmund Lowe. The Vitaphone program comprises a duet by Beniamino Gigli and Marion Talley, the noted singers of the Metropolitan opera company, the Four

Aristocrats, vocal and instrumental quartet, and Rex Schept, banjoist.

The story of the top liner concerns the method adopted by a wealthy shipowner to correct his son. He has the young man shanghaied aboard one of his sailing ships bound upon a treasure hunt. Trouble in the crew and the attempts of a mutinous pair to seize the ship bring about dramatic events, and the presence of a girl aboard adds complications and provides romance by the young pair falling in love with each other. It is drama of lively and sensational action, well played and directed.

The other picture details the efforts of a man and woman to perform a sensational act to have public notice focussed upon a brand of soap that its sale might be promoted. A long airplane trip is the means, and attendant incidents provide comedy, drama and the necessary romance. The air scenes are especially thrilling.

Mr. Eino Rallo has written a book, "The Haunted Castle: A Study of the Elements of English Romanticism." Coleridge wrote of Sir Thomas Browne's "Garden of Cyrus" that Browne found "quincunxes in heaven above, quincunxes in earth below, quincunxes in the mind of man, quincunxes in tones, in optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in everything." It might be said of Mr. Rallo that he finds the influence of Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," Ann Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho" and Clara Reeves's "Old English Baron" and powerful with contemporaneous and subsequent writers whose stories, plays, poems contain

"Much of madness, and more of sin And horror the soul of the plot."

In his study of hair-raising prose and verse he finds this field of literature cultivated by Englishmen, among them Shakespeare, Europeans, among them Schiller, the American Charles Brockden Brown. He reminds one of Prof. Lowes, the author of "The Road to Xanadu" by his indefatigable research; by his extraordinary acquaintance with literature that in any way bears, even remotely, on his subject; by the enthusiastic spirit in which he works out his task. The publishers in this country are E. P. Dutton & Co. The book is a large octavo: 327 pages of text, over 60 of curious notes, with eight illustrations. There is no index, we regret to say; for here an index is sadly needed. To find this or that reference, allusion, quotation, digression is like searching for a needle in a haystack.

Mr. Rallo's starting point is a description of what in Walpole's mind were the elements of "Gothicism," if literature were to be, as he thought desirable, truly Gothic. In a novel there should be a sombre castle, better ruined, with a forbidding landscape; a castle with vaults and dungeons, a mysterious tower, ominous bell or clock, terri-

fying winds, iron-bound doors, a gigantic miracle-working helmet or enormous sword, a maiden in distress, a pursuer of her and a rescuer of her, lights that in a gloomy passageway suddenly go out and leave the lovers seeking an escape in terrifying darkness. The lord of the castle is tortured by the remembrance of crimes, related or only hinted at by the narrator; while the young hero is candid, fearless, romantic. Mr. Rallo seeks and finds these elements, all or some of them, in writers before and after Walpole. Mention castle or tower, and you are referred to Shakespeare's association of them with murder. As a ghost adds to the terror of the reader, we have a chapter on ghosts and demoniac beings as found in old English ballads, Buerger's ballads, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Southey, Hawthorne, Poe, Cazotte, Bulwer, Beckford. Sometimes the relationship seems far-fetched, as when Mr. Rallo asks what connection has a wedding to do with the rest of "The Ancient Mariner"? "We can hardly explain the matter otherwise than by assuming the poet to have been unconsciously influenced by the ghosts at the weddings in 'Der Geisterseher' and 'Alonzo,' although his poem subsequently takes a totally different turn." Nor can we accept Mr. Rallo's belief that Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher" bears a similarity to Hoffman's "Das Majorat"; that Poe's "Masque of the Red Death" was derived from De Quincey's "Klosterheim." Is it not going far afield to find "The House of the Seven Gables" an example of "the inherited 'Gothic' image"—the ancient dwelling, darkened by hideous crimes and the curse of selfishness, of the Fyncheons?

Many pages are devoted to the life and writings of Matthew Gregory Lewis, a personally gentle and blameless man, whose "Monk" once made a sensation throughout Europe, was censored in England, published in an expurgated form, on account of its alleged licentiousness. Not only is there a long account of Lewis's other works, his plays, his private record, his hopeless love for a daughter of the Duke of Argyll, but a chapter is added to monks in literature as criminals, leading a double life. Here one finds illustrations from Marryat, Morosini, Scott, Landor, Hoffmann, Hugo, Wilde, Poe, and Stevenson, with a disquisition on "double personality and the theory of heredity." Our old friend the Wandering Jew does not escape attention; the problem of never-ending life brings in such recent writers as Rider Haggard and Pierre Benoit, whose "L'Atlantide" bears a close resemblance, as has often been pointed out, to Haggard's "She."

Other chapters are entitled "The Byronic Hero," "The Young Hero and Heroine and Other Characters," "Other Themes," "Suspense and Terror," and "Incest and Romantic Eroticism." This last is a singular chapter, beginning with the Old Testament and the Mosaic Law, coming down from the Greek dramatists to Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists, passing down the line of Walpole's "Mysterious Mother" (see the "Heptameron" Novel 30), Shelly, Byron, for whose alleged guilt Mr. Rallo finds no evidence, not even in Lord Lovelace's "Astarte." One may well ask what Shakespeare is doing in this gallery? Because Otto Rank in a psycho-analytical book asserts in a Freudian manner that in Hamlet's love for his mother there was an unconscious erotic element joined to filial love, "a side of his emotional life that has only become apparent to him in the dream life of his manhood. Desiring the undivided love of his mother, he has hoped, without being aware of it, that his father might die." Knowing that "another has usurped the place to which he himself aspired (displacing at the same time the unnatural bent of his emotions) he is overwhelmed by a loathing for himself." Richard Grant White once wrote in effect that the deeper a German commentator of Shakespeare dug the dirtier he became.

"The Haunted Castle" is as fascinating as it is remarkable. Opened at any page, something of uncommon interest will be found. This is as true of the notes as of the main body of the book, and in this respect we are again reminded of "The Road to Xanadu." Was Byron influenced by his memory of Newstead Abbey? Did Bulwer write his "Zanoni" and that terrifying ghost story, "The Haunted and the Haunters" (known also as "The House and the Brain"—we would not read it again at night for anything in the world) because he had passed his early years at Knebworth with its traditional haunted rooms? One likes to think that Shelley, when Byron recited to him the lines in "Christabel," shrieked and ran from the

room exclaiming he had seen a vision of a woman with an eye in each breast.

UNCERTAINTY

(For As the World Wags)

Again you come, following months of calm—
To shatter walls I thought were only too well fortified against intrusion.
My body did not know the fragile strength of your's
Until you held my head between your hands and kissed me.

V. W. C.

"English girls eat more than Americans." They show it.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Rigoletto," an opera in four acts by Giuseppe Verdi. The cast was as follows:

Gilda	 Tina Pacci
Duke of Mantua	 Thomas Alcaide
Rigoletto	 Mario Valle
Sparafucile	 Andrea Monzelli
Maddalena	 Bernice Schalker
Monterone	 Natalie Cervi
Conte di Ceprano	 Eloi Grimar
Contessa di Ceprano	 Frances Morosini
Borsa	 Francesco Curi
A Pace	 Frances Morosini
Marullo	 Luigi de Cosare
Giovanna	 Beatrice Altieri

Passions, mostly bad ones, rioted about the stage of the Opera House last night. Rigoletto tasted the wages of sin, while the dissolute Duke stepped gallily out of the last act to the tune of La Donna e Mobile. Proving all over again that it may pay to be good, and it may not. The audience broke into applause on the slightest pretext, from the gay ducal palace opening to the tragic ending on the shores of Minico.

For Rigoletto, the braves were merited. Mario Valle sang the part beautifully, acted with passion and naturalness. He was in character from his first entrance as the depraved Duke's boon companion, through his heart-break and rage over the abduction of Gilda, to his despair at her death.

Gilda, while she had a sense of dramatic values that kept her from fastening the desperate gaze of certain gentlemen of the ensemble on Conductor Peroni, lacked warmth. She produced the vocal acrobatics of Caro Nome from the depths of her being at a considerable sacrifice.

As the duke, Mr. Alcaide made his first appearance in this country. Formerly, he sang in Italy. History in the shape of his publicity manager does not relate just where. He was a handsome duke, with a good leg and a rich black and gold doublet, but one wondered why the ever-recurrent applause followed his more tuneful passages. His voice was too small, it was lost in the spaces of the opera house. Was it a fondness for La Donna e Mobile, or an approval of the theory that women are light as feathers, or a love of beauty in any form, that stirred the audience?

Mr. Peroni held his orchestra, held his singers, welded the parts into a whole. His choruses were good, notably the song of the conspirators outside Rigoletto's garden while the unfortunate Gilda was removed in a sack. Gentlemen preferred blondes once again last night. Never was a longer or blonder wig then Gilda's.

The scenery and costumes provided a most adequate romantic atmosphere of the Mantua of doublets and daggers. It is sad to think that Rigoletto and Gilda, the duke and his courtiers have again vanished from an opera-starved Boston.

R. H. G.

As has already been announced, Mi Koussevitzky next Monday night in Symphony hall will play the double-bass for the benefit of needy Russian students here and abroad. The program will be as follows: Schubert, "Forellen" quintet for piano (Rudolph Ganz), violin (Mr. Burgin), viola (Mr. Lefranc), violoncello (Mr. Bedetti) and double-bass (Mr. Koussevitzky). Mr. Koussevitzky will play as solos his arrangement for double-bass of Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" and his own Concerto for double-bass. Bernard Zighera will be the accompanist.

Mr. Koussevitzky has addressed the following letter to

"My dear Bostonians and other friends of New England:

"My call is the cry of distress of 20,000 young people, of 20,000 poor, miserable students, who are in dire distress, yet are eager to study, greedy to learn, but unable to complete their education. If you will not help them.

"You Americans, who know what risk is, what science and knowledge

Oh, you who are touched by deserv-
charity, you will understand and
no them.
You would suffer in the depths of
r hearts if you got a glimpse of their
omy lives. I have seen their suffer-
gs, their dank and dismal lives, and,
the same time, their still strong long-
g for knowledge. It gave me the
length to work with this concert in
ew, and, with a desire to produce the
usual, I began to study again an in-
rument which I had almost forgotten
because of my other art.
"I appeal to you with a cry. Come to
his concert! It will be at Symphony
hall on Monday evening, Oct. 24. And
remember that while receiving aesthe-
ic enjoyment, you will be saving at the
same time these young men and women.
"That evening, conscious of man's
duty toward man, you will proudly come,
am sure, to cause the light of knowl-
due to shine again in the dawn of these
udents. Think of the immense joy and
eace you will bring to them by giving
hem the means to finish their studies.
My thanks are the thanks of 20,000
nfortunate ones, whose hearts will now
eat more strongly at the words, Boston,
merica! Most cordially.
"SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY."

The program of the Symphony con-
certs of Friday afternoon and Saturday
evening is announced as follows: Haydn,
Symphony, G major (B. & H. 13), writ-
ten for Paris; Prokofeff, "Le Pas-
d'acier" ("Ballet of Steel"); Ravel,
"Mother Goose"; Loeffler, "A Pagan
Rom" (after Virgil). Prokofeff's bal-
et was produced at Paris by the Ballet
Russe on June 7, 1927. London also
aw it. The scenario is supposed to pic-
ure Russia in 1920. The second part is
escriptive of factory life.

The program of the concerts next
week is thus announced: Handel, Con-
certo, D minor, Grosso for strings;
Hogeger, music for "Phedre"; Ravel,
Second Suite from "Daphnis and
Chloe"; Tchaikovsky, Symphony, F mi-
nor, No. 4.

Isabel Richardson Molter, soprano,
will give a recital tonight in Jordan
hall at 8:15 o'clock. She will sing four
ongs by Richard Strauss which are not
oo familiar: "Ocean, Thou Mighty
monster," from "Oberon," and songs by
Joquard, Georges, Ferrari, Fouldrain,
Mallinson, Cyril Scott, Bantock, Mueh-
ert, Foster, Lester and Manney.

The concert in Symphony hall next
unday afternoon will be given by Ger-
ldine Farrar.

The concerts next Sunday at the
oston Public Library will be given by
aramond Thompson singing in cos-
re Folk songs of the British Isles,
rance and the South at 3:30 o'clock,
nd by the Tokar String Quartet at 8
clock. These concerts are free to the
ublic.

Jose Echaniz will play the piano in
ordan hall next Monday night: Bach-
usoni, Chaconne. Brahms, Rhapsody
B minor. Chopin, Barcarolle, Polo-
aise op. 53. Debussy, Hommage a Ra-
eau, Kreisler-Rachmaninoff, Liebeslied,
Ibeniz-Godowsky, Tango. Granados,
Negro de Concierto. Grieg, Nocturne,
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11.

Mr. Echaniz is a Cuban, born at Gua-
anabacca, near Havana. His father was
his first teacher. Later he took lessons
f Ignacio Telleria (he has composed
lano pieces and operas) and Alberto
alcon, who is at the head of the Fal-
o Conservatory at Havana. Mr. Echa-
iz first came out as a professional pian-
t at Havana in 1919. In 1920 he came
to New York. He has played with Mr.
chipa and Mme. Bori on their concert
ours. Last Sunday he gave a recital in
ew York.

It is said that Echaniz's full name is
se Maria del Sagrado Corazon de
ariz y de Justriani; that his man-
ner in Havana was shocked by the
bth of it, not suited for a poster. Yet
is not so awe-inspiring a name as that
Maginn's Irishman, who fell in love
th a lady of Leith.
His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Bing Timothy Thady Mulligan."

Among musicians Cherubini was well
stocked with names: Maria Luigi Zeno-
bio Carlo Salvatore Cherubini, yet Bee-
thoven thought he was the greatest
composer of his contemporaries. This
non sequitur should remind one of
Artemus Ward's little anecdote in his
lecture delivered in London: "I met a
man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth—
not a tooth in his head—yet that man
could play on the bass drum better
than any man I ever met."

Other concerts next week: Tuesday,
Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Lorraine Fos-
ter, soprano. Wednesday, Jordan hall,
8:15 P. M., Kate and James Friskin
with music for two pianos (assisted by
Marie Nichols and others in a concerto
by Bach). Thursday, Jordan hall, 8:15
P. M., Gil Valeriano, tenor. Friday,
Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., Boston
Symphony orchestra. Saturday, Jordan
hall, 3 P. M., Raymond Havens, pianist.
Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Boston
Symphony orchestra.

Respighi's new opera based on Haupt-
mann's play "The Sunken Bell" will be
produced in Hamburg this month. He
is not the first to take this play for
a libretto. Heinrich Zoellner's opera
was brought out in Berlin 28 years ago.
Zoellner was, in 1890, the conductor of
the Liederkranz in New York. His
cantata "The New York" was awarded
a prize at Cleveland in 1892. His
"Sunken Bell" has had many perform-
ances. May Respighi's be as fortunate!

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Martha,
an opera in four acts, by Friedrich von
Flotow. The cast was as follows:
Lady Harriet..... Tina Paggi
Nancy..... Beatrice Schalko
Lionel..... Giuseppe Barsotti
Plunkett..... Giuseppe Interrante
Sheriff..... Luigi de Cesar
Tristan..... Natale Cerv
Conductor, Carlo Peroni.

Gay, irresponsible, charming—Martha
is too happy for the uses of this world.
The San Carlo company on the music
of Frederick von Flotow carried us to
a bright, impossible land where English
Lady Harriets and Nancys and English
peasants sang in Italian, with gestures
most Latin and snapping black eyes.
There was no worry in this country,
not a single inhibition had entered
there. The English peasants had the
grand manner, they lived and loved
with a Mediterranean joie de vivre.
Lionel was Lionello. It was all very
delightful, with the opera's pretty music
well played and sung.

Mr. Peroni gave a most enjoyable
"Overture." From there pleasure in-
creased. Lionello was well sung by
Giuseppe Barsotti, who was dear and
then more dear to the hearts of the
audience, until "M'appari," when he
must repeat. Lionello's gentle birth
surely did out, for Mr. Barsotti's peasant
had all the savoir-faire of a prince.

Miss Tina Paggi seemed more at
home with her part as Lady Harriet
than last night as Gilda. Her light clear
voice was better suited to the cardboard
English lady frolics as a serving-maid
at a rustic fair. Entering into the
mischievous spirit of Nancy, Miss
Schalko was excellent as Lady Harriet's
maid. The quintet, "Ah! che voi perdoni
l'odio," simply drove dull care away, and
even made everyone completely forget
the scenery.

Forever and ever, we must hear the
San Carlo Company with all the spirit
and gravity in the world singing, in na-
tive Italian, most charming, rippling
sentiment on nut brown ale, the last
rose of summer, and honorable British
love.
R. H. G.

2 OPERAS GIVEN
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Cavalleria
Rusticana," an opera in one act
by Pietro Mascagni and "Pagliacci," an
opera in two acts by R. Leoncavallo,
Carlo Peroni, conducting. The casts
were as follows:

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA Axman
Santuzza..... Gladys Axman
Lola..... Coe Glade
Mama Lucia..... Beatrice Altieri
Turiddu..... Franco Tafuro
Alfo..... Giuseppe Interrante
PAGLIACCI
Nedda..... Myrna Sharlow
Canio..... Fernando Bertini
Tonio..... Edward Albano
Silvio..... Franco Tafuro
Beppo..... Francesco Curci

It has been said that acting is the
least part of opera. This was not the
case in "Cavalleria" last night. Eyes,
hands, thoughts were synchronized with
the words and the music. The dra-
matic situations were heaped and colled
one upon another.

The effect may have been enhanced
by the personal appearance of the per-
formers. They looked their parts. Lola
was pretty and gay, Santuzza was long
and wan, Turiddu was every inch a
carefree lover and Alfio was calm and
polite until he had reason to be other-
wise and then he continued to be calm.
The players were pleasing and earned
their applause which was given them in
good measure. Their zest was refresh-
ing.

Mr. Peroni's ensembles were good al-
though the opening chorus of the first

opera lost its volume to the instruments.
In all other instances Mr. Peroni made
his music clear and bright and built up
his climaxes nobly.

The singing honors were shared by
Franco Tafuro, Coe Glade, Gladys Ax-
man, Giuseppe Interrante and Edward
Albano. The audience was frank, scat-
tering bravos and hisses in a manner
not often seen and heard in Boston.
C. M. D.

A few days ago Mr. Egbert W. A.
Jenkinson asked why John Fiske was
dismissed from the faculty of Harvard
University; also where were the Haw-
thorne rooms. We have received the
following letters:

As the World Wags:
Replying to the question asked by
Mr. Egbert W. A. Jenkinson as to the
cause of the dismissal from the faculty
of Harvard of John Fiske, I will say
that it was because of Mr. Fiske's views
on evolution.

I quote from the "Life and Letters of
John Fiske," by John Spencer Clark:

"It was hoped by Fiske's friends that
a better understanding of his philo-
sophical views and the demonstration
of his rare qualifications for historical
instruction would greatly mitigate, if
not entirely overcome, the theologic
prejudice against him at the college,
so that he might at least be given the
assistant professorship of history. But
it should be considered that the con-
troversy over Darwinism and evolution
was at its height, and that positivism,
Darwinism and evolution were jumbled
together by the theological folk as the
latest form of scientific infidelity, which
not only antagonized common sense
but also insulted a divinely revealed
religion by presenting man with his ra-
tional mind as descended (we should
now say ascended) from a simian an-
cestry. It should also be considered
that the theologic dogma of man's spe-
cial creation by divine fiat was affirmed
within the college as an ultimate truth
of science by Agassiz, with all the weight
of his great influence.

"Fiske's pronounced Darwinian and
evolutionary views had the effect, there-
fore, of uniting all these influences into
bitter opposition to his holding any per-
manent position in the instruction at
the college; and the opposition was so
pronounced that President Eliot did not
again nominate him.

"Fiske's labors in the department of
history, for the spring term of 1870
were, therefore, the full extent of his
instruction, but by no means the meas-
ure of his work at Harvard."
Whitman. ARTHUR T. COLE.

As the World Wags:
Mr. Jenkinson wishes to know where
the Hawthorne rooms were.

About 1878 I attended a course of lec-
tures by James T. Fields at Hawthorne
hall on Park street, Boston. The hall
was up one flight over a store about
halfway up the hill. The building at
that time was quite a fine one, but I do
not think it still stands. A. L. V.
Brookline.

As the World Wags:
There's a church bulletin board on
Columbus avenue that does not express
the stereotyped sentiments syndicated
from some "epigram bureau."

This week the text reads:
"Ruth Elder did not forget her lip-
stick; we wonder whether she remem-
bered her Bible." SHARPEYES.

"SOPHISTRY"
(For As the World Wags)
"Can one feel bitter all life long?"
Ah, no, my friend, ah, no!
A heart that once was frozen hard
Will melt from ice to snow.

For years are like the warm sunlight
That softens every woe,
And brightens all gray memories
Once tarnished of their glow.

"Can one feel happy all life long?"
Ah, no, my friend, ah, no!
A heart that once was bubbling o'er
Will beg the winds to blow—

For sorrow's like a rock-ledge pool
Where soggy mosses grow,
And tepid water can't be cooled
Without an overflow.
HELEN R. MANSON.

UNNECESSARY ROUGHNESS
As the World Wags:

Years ago Mr. Dooley, describing to
Mr. Hennessey the game of "goluf," said,
in substance: "The man what has the
smallest boy to carry his sticks, it counts
him wan."

Applying this principle of scoring to
the Harvard-Holy Cross game last Sat-
urday: As Holy Cross certainly had the
fanciest drum-major ever seen on the
stewed an us add "wan" to her score.

To be sure, the Harvard drum-major
did attempt a come-back by discharging
a cap-pistol during one of the musical
numbers—an unprecedented bit of origi-
nality—but in the opinion of most of
the men about me in the Stadium, the
Harvard team deserved no credit for
this.

Indeed, a woman just behind me
screamed, and said that football was
getting pretty rough nowadays.

As the World Wags:
"Low bridge ahead," warned the bus
conductor. "Keep your seats and face to
the front." "Oh," chirped the sweet
young thing, "it can't be did."
THE NEEDLER.

As the World Wags:
We decided Sunday night that nobody
seemed to want to buy our radio, that
as long as we had the darned thing we
might as well use it, and, being it was
Sunday night, that it would be a good
thing to listen to a sermon. The
preacher was telling about some great
general who had the best army and the
best men and the best arms and the
best plans and the best position and
everything, but who got licked out of
his boots because he didn't have God.
We got interested, but just then the
preacher said that unless they have
God in them all our "institoo-shuns"
would fail. We quit right there. And
we'd probably got a lot of good out
of that sermon and been a nobler and
a better man but for that "institoo-
shuns." For that, to us, is worse than
crime.
R. H. L.

"AND FREEDOM SHRIEKED"
As the World Wags:

At the unveiling of the statue of
Kosciusko the other day, it was to be
noticed that there was little or no
agreement among the distinguished
speakers as to the pronunciation of the
Polish-American military hero's name.
Gov. Fuller eulogized him as Kossy-
yusko, Mayor Nichols lauded him as
Koski-usko, and Gen. Jackson praised
him as K'shusko. Apparently the dig-
nitaries did not consider it necessary to
agree on any rules before they went
into action.

In viewing Mrs. Kitson's very satis-
factory effigy from certain angles, one
sees that the general seems to be carry-
ing a newspaper under his right arm,
the headlines noticeable and legible.

The crowd at the unveiling seemed
well pleased with the figure, but a
group of Polish matrons near the statue
voiced their disappointment that
he had no horse.
R. de R.

THE GENESIS OF A "KELLY"
As the World Wags:

Little, Small & Co. received a big
order for some medium priced hats.
Felt & Co. furnished the material, se-
cured from Straw Bros., who were a
long time delivering because the order
found them short. Rush Bros. got a
hurry order for the satin linings, which
only Silk & Son could furnish, and
Edge & Co. the successful bidders for
the bindings, supplied bands made by
the Gold Co. The boxes were made by
the Case Co., and the hats were trans-
ported by Winter & Spring, truckmen.
The jobbers furnished situations to
not a few men required to handle the
order, and they branded the hats "Avi-
ation," because of the surprises encoun-
tered.
J. D. RUSSELL.

ISABEL MOLTER

Isabel Richardson Molter, soprano,
with Harold Molter, accompanist, gave
a recital last night in Jordan hall. Her
program was as follows: Strauss, Breit-
ueber mein Haupt, Ach lieb ich muss
nun scheiden, Heimkehr. Wie sollten
wir gehim sie halten. Beethoven, "Ab-
schenlicher" from "Fidelio." Coquard,
Hai-luli. Georges, La Pluie, Nuages.
Ferrari, Le Miroir. Fouldrain, Carna-
val. Mallinson, My Garden; Snowflakes
Cyril Scott, Lullaby. Bantock, Feast of
Lanterns. Muehlert, Fullfillment. Fos-
ter, My Menagerie. Lester, Nocturne.
Manney, May Morning.

The program was not at all conven-
tional. Mme. Molter passed over the
shop-worn songs of Strauss, which are
dear to many singers because they think
them sure to bring applause. What-
ever one may think of the inherent
merits of those chosen for last even-
ing, the singer's art made them at least
endurable, although the finer qualities
of this art were shown later in the con-
cert.

As one would not have the music of
the modern ballets transferred from
the theatre to the concert hall, so one
would not have grand opera arias
wrenched from the proper situation in
the dramatic action, for they then in-
evitably lose full significance.

It was a great pleasure to hear Puccini's music to Xavier Maistre's verses again, and Mme. Molter sang it superbly, running the gamut of emotion from tender love-longing to fiery denunciation and the spirit of revenge. A good many years ago this song was frequently heard in recitals. No one within our recollection has so fully grasped its meaning and given it such eloquent expression as Mme. Molter.

That a singer, when she steps on the platform, is technically equipped was formerly taken for granted. In these days half-baked singers, male and female after their kind, pushed by their teachers or persuaded by mistaken friends, gaily come before the public and show a lamentable lack of schooling and no idea of interpretation.

If they think they can sing the notes as they are on the page and with fairly pure intonation, they are content. They hear the applause and believe they have triumphed gloriously.

Now Mme. Molter's voice has not only been admirably schooled, and the voice itself has pure lyric quality. When the upper tones are not forced, she interprets with an understanding that is rarely found. What profit voice and technical proficiency if they are not subject to brain and soul? That Mme. Molter sings with nuances of sentiment that do not fritter away the general effect, destroy the prevailing thought of poet and composer, nor anticipate the climax; that she can be dramatic without sacrificing to beauty of phrase; that she can move her hearers by a subtle, sustained appeal—all this was shown by her interpretation of the first and second groups alone.

Mr. Molter played in the manner of a sympathetic musician, helpful accompaniments. An audience of good size was justly warm in approval.

Japanese Charming in the Title Role

"Madame Butterfly," opera by Puccini. San Carlo Grand Opera company. Aurelio Gallo, director. The cast:

Madame Butterfly.....	Hizi Koyke
Suzuki.....	Bernice Schalker
P. F. Pinkerton.....	Giuseppe Barsotti
Kate Pinkerton.....	Francesca Morosini
Sharpless.....	Mario Valle
Goro.....	Francesco Curci
Amadoro.....	Luigi De Cesare
The Bonze.....	Natale Cervi

Conductor, Ethel Leginska. The performance had many merits. The small roles, for instance, were all well done and there was one veritable cabinet-piece of characterization on exhibition in the slippery, unctuous rogue, Mr. Curci made of Goro.

Mr. Curci, unlike most singers who portray marriage brokers on the stage, knows how to sing; a true master he is of diction. The rhythm, furthermore, of every turn of his body ought to serve as a model to those of his colleagues less richly endowed in this instrumental art—to all of them, to put it bluntly. He looked, by the way, this rascal of Japan, in his green polonaise and the way he dressed his hair, like a very good old woman above in New Hampshire or Vermont.

Then there was Mr. Barsotti, who never offended, and Miss Schalker, too, deserving of no less praise. Mr. Valle added much to the evening's pleasure with his consul, who might well have passed, from his looks and bearing, for a Yankee. In the second act scene with Butterfly, he conducted himself with rare tact and sympathy, and that scene above all he sang extremely well.

But "place and dames" was the order of the evening; Miss Leginska and the Japanese lady, Miss Koyke, the excellent audience had gone out for to see and to hear. The lady from Japan to begin with the greater stranger, was worth the going to see, a small creature of notable charm, who moved with the grace of a trained ballerina, who, like a mime of remarkable skill, gave force and meaning to every pose and gesture.

An actress of ample technical resource, and, of higher importance, a woman of imagination, Miss Koyke set forth last night a Butterfly of gaiety unforced in the first act, of pathos later genuinely touching.

She is endowed with a small voice of delightful quality except on the rare occasions when she is led to force it, a voice like a slender thread of silver, knowing how to manage it adroitly, she used it to fine advantage in the lighter, conversational passages. For the more lyrical episodes she showed a keen rhythmic sense, sure feeling for a melody's shape, and, in "Un bel di," an insight into character which, in connection with her musicality, did away with much of the air's ordinary quality. She was warmly applauded.

So was Miss Leginska. Where she would make Puccini's music march right-forwardly, as though it were symphonic, she displayed last night usually admirable qualities. But when she had to move along space whether she would or no, to keep step with the action on the stage, not al-

ways could Miss Leginska get out of a melody its full content of beauty or emotional force; nor could she always let her surpassing rhythm have full play.

Why should she? Operatic conducting is not an art to be acquired overnight. With it all Miss Leginska did well, far better in the second act than in the first. Give her time and opportunity, no doubt she will wield the baton for an opera as successfully as she does today for a symphony. A pity some people of vision and means do not charter for her a theatre and let her make of it a sort of "Old Vic" in Boston. Why not?

The opera tonight will be "La Traviata." R. R. G.

Arlington Theatre. George Ford presents Fritz Leiber in the plays of Shakespeare. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 20, 21 and 22 "Twelfth Night." The cast:

Orsino.....	Leonard Willes
Sebastian.....	John Osgood
Antonio.....	Joseph Singer
A sea captain.....	Edmund Forde
Valentine.....	Francis Deane
Curio.....	Alan Willes
Sir Toby Belch.....	Louis Leon Hall
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....	John Burke
Malvolio.....	Fritz Lieber
Fabian.....	Philip Quin
Feste.....	Robert Strauss
Olivia.....	Ivy Marshall
Viola.....	Ethel Taylor
Maria.....	Virginia Bronson
First officer.....	Edwin Deane
Second officer.....	Claude Mintz
A priest.....	Edmund Forde
Servant to Olivia.....	Ethel Frances Roberts

Just as one musical director can breathe life into a composition which another makes dull and lifeless by his translation of its meaning, so can one company make Shakespeare's plays a delight to attend, while a second can render them nothing short of a bore to sit through.

Previous to last night's performance the company at the Arlington Theatre have been going a long way toward making Shakespeare enjoyably modern without robbing him of the charm of mellow age. Last night, however, their performance seemed to lack a vitality. It was somewhat as though they were grinding out their lines without the verve and enthusiasm which they have before felt. And yet, that statement as a cold-blooded one is not quite fair. The evening had its high spots. As always the play moved along in the course of its action without annoying waits; the scenery was a credit to its designer; no one of the players was mis-cast; so what was lacking was, indeed, an intangible something.

Mr. Leiber was Malvolio, according to the printed page. He excelled when misinterpreting the knavery of Sir Toby and perhaps his best bit was the Puritanical, typically prohibitory moment which he had with the punch bowl!

Viola was charming in her disguise. Often she made one pause to imagine her in the role of Peter Pan. How well she is fitted to that part. As Viola she was sweetly feminine, yet just enough possessed of the charms of a young lad to cause a "captivating" passion on the part of Olivia. Her twin, Sebastian, however, was not vivacious enough to make a fitting counterpart. He wore a costume and a wig but he was not at all the brother Viola would be expected to have.

Olivia was played with all the necessary regality, melancholy and even temperamentality. Miss Marshall is pleasing to the eye and her beautiful voice falls gratefully upon one's ears.

It was Sir Toby Belch and his two companions in crime who had the time of their lives over every new practical joke which they thought up while in their cups. The scene where Andrew and Toby over-imbibe and have slight difficulty with their candles goes down as a parallel to the other unforgettable scene of some playwright long after Shakespeare—in which the inebriate unsuccessfully struggles with the cherry at the bottom of his cocktail glass!

In fact we came away to praise and not to blame, and yet we are convinced that there was that intangible something lacking which made the performance fall just this side of being truly Shakespeare. E. B. B.

Prokofieff Suite from Ballet "Le Pas d'Acier"

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, G major (B. & H. No. 13); Prokofieff, Suite from the ballet "Le Pas d'Acier" (first time in the United States); Ravel, "Mother Goose"; Loeffler, "A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil).

Prokofieff's ballet was produced by the Ballet Russe at Paris last June.

ballet, in two tableaux, represents two aspects of Russian life, "the stories and legends of the countryside, and the mechanism of the factories." Prokofieff, who arranged the Suite for the concert hall, took his material chiefly from the second act. Doing this he made a mistake.

Agassilus being desired to hear a man that naturally counterfeited the nightingale's voice he would not hear him saying, "I have oftentimes heard the nightingale itself."

And so one asked to hear the music of Prokofieff that in the concert hall is supposed to portray in tones "all kinds of mechanism, from the steam hammer to the most delicate weaving machines" with Russians vigorously at work, might courteously decline the invitation, saying: "I have been near a boiler factory and riveters were making day hideous across the street from my house only last week."

Not only is the music of this act as it was heard yesterday noisy, but the constant repetitions of raucous measures were soon monotonous and Prokofieff for once seemed a bolsterous bore.

On the stage the repetitions are for changing evolutions of the ballet, so that the eye and mind are interested, while the music, giving emphasis to the bustling movements, is not considered by the spectator as the all important thing. As one is seated in the theatre the eyes receive the chief impression; the ears are assailed; the spectator is conscious in two ways of tremendous activity.

It has been said that "Le Pas d'Acier" may properly be called a Bolshevik ballet. The music by itself will not make converts to the Soviet cause, nor did Prokofieff probably have this intention. It is more likely that, fascinated by the power, the majesty of machinery, he wished to express it in music, as Honegger set music to a locomotive engine. Music can express many things if the hearer is in a mood to accept the expression and has been prepared by printed argument to accept it. There is no doubt that the din of a factory and the clash of iron and steel were reproduced in this act of the ballet, but there are limits to musical expression. How feeble are all attempts to portray in an orchestral composition a furious thunder storm. If a locomotive engine could hear Honegger's representation of it, would it not whistle derisive laughter? But Honegger's "Pacific 231" is short and amusing; Prokofieff's factory music is ugly, monotonous, stretched out beyond endurance.

The other numbers of the program were familiar. We hear too little of Haydn's symphonic music: That is to say, one hears in the course of years only a few of his symphonies long known to all by repeated performances. As a result the musical character of the man is not well understood. He is recognized as a cheerful soul who wrote gaily and without deep thinking; but he had his dark moments, and could be steeped in sadness. What a pleasure it might be to hear symphonies by Haydn that were not strummed in four-and arrangements for the piano when we were all younger.

Ravel will visit Boston this season, it is said, as a guest conductor at a Symphony concert. The delightful "Mouner Goose" yesterday, the pleasing Suite from his "Daphnis and Chloe" next week. Is this to whet desire to see Ravel in flesh and blood? We doubt, if he will improve on Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretations. Few composers have the ability as conductors to put their works in the best light.

Mr. Loeffler's glowing "Pagan Poem" does not pale by repetitions; the theme of invocation, the dolorous air for English horn, beautifully played by Mr. Speyer, the music for the trumpets off stage—these still charm at the moment and haunt the memory, while the passionate longing of the sorceress for her Daphnis, the turmoil within her breast—these are still musically eloquent. Mr. Loeffler is too fastidious an artist to attempt an interlinear translation of Virgil's Eclogue into music. Suppose Richard Strauss had tried his hand at it; he would surely have given the barking of the dog in the doorway to some ingenious combination of instruments, as he portrayed silly sheep in "Don Quixote."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso, D minor for strings, No. 10; Honegger, Incidental Music to "Phaedra"; Ravel, Second Suite from "Daphnis and Chloe"; Tchaikovsky, Symphony, F minor, No. 4.

Mr. W. J. Bryan, Jr., obtained a divorce from his wife on Oct. 20. "Mrs. Bryan felt her musical education and career made it impossible for her to devote her time to household duties." We are not told whether she sings, plays the piano, or is skilful in the use of the saxophone. When we were young we learned from books that the ideal wife sang as she spun, baked or

scrubbed. We are now too busy on the domestic relations that if a wife hankers after a career she should not be thwarted, but encouraged. Why was Mr. Bryan unwilling to sink his individuality? Why did he not rejoice in his wife's talent and gladly count the box office receipts and look after the baggage; or, standing at the back of the hall, renew applause when it had died away, far away?

And there is the sad case of Mrs. Walter B. Hill, who wishes a separation. She is tired of working out cross-word puzzles while her husband loads hay on his ranch. To this charge of cruel and inhuman treatment, for perhaps she was not furnished a dictionary, she adds that she has been taken to a "movie" only once in five months. Mrs. Hill, we read, was a member of the Folies company before her marriage. Novelists and writers of short stories often picture a queen of vaudeville or a radiant show girl leaving the glare and glare of the Great White Way; fleeing temptations, including bald-headed brokers and synthetic gin, to lead the simple life with the man of her heart, who asks no questions, trusts her, is proud of her, and for her sake installs electricity and sanitary plumbing in the dear old farmhouse. And to her the garish past is as an idle dream.

IT'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW

As the World Wags:

An English vaudeville actor was singing "Baby Face," only he pronounced it "Biby Fice." This was not going over with his audience at all, so a brother actor told him that he would do better to sing it in American. "Yes," he replied, "but 'Baby Face' does not rhyme with the next line, 'Take your place.'" SWANEE, THE HICK.

An American magazine prints this address on a business envelope from Nebraska: THE HOLINESS SHAVING PARLOR.

S. W. Ball, Proprietor. Louisville, Nebraska.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD. I wonder what they say in the Holiness Shaving Parlor when the razor slips.—The Observer.

H. L. T. sends us this excerpt from Katherine Mansfield's Journal:

THE VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE

"No, no," said Miss P., "that really isn't fair. I love serious books. Why I don't know when I've enjoyed a book as much as—as—Dear me! How silly! It's on the tip of my tongue. Darwin's . . . one moment—it's coming—Darwin's Decline & Fall . . . No, no, that wasn't the one. That's not right now. Tchuh! Tchuh! you know how it is. I can see it quite plainly and yet . . . I've got it! Darwin's Descent of Man! . . . Was that the one, though? Do you know now I'm not certain? I feel it was and yet it's unfamiliar. This is most extraordinary. And yet I enjoyed it so much. There was a ship. Ah! that's brought it back. Of course, of course. That was the one Darwin's Voyage of the Bugle!" "La mere de Lao-Tse a concu son fils rien qu'en regardant filer une étoile."

As the World Wags: A man and his wife arrested for spooning in their auto in Cleveland. sued the policeman and have been awarded damages. The dazed policeman testified on the witness stand: "Well, who ever heard of a guy kissing his own wife?" But, officer! A moment, please; he may have been drinking. R. H. L.

WHY COCONUT

As the World Wags:

Why spell coconut with an "a" when the tendency, in the progress of language, is to shorten words, to drop letters: e. g. honor, parlor, traveler, for the older forms, honour, parlour, traveller?

Coconut is the nut (and meat of the nut) of the coco or cocopalme from the Spanish word coco. Cocoa, with chocolate, is the product of the cocoa-bean; then why misspell coconut with an "a," thus suggesting a botanical kinship between coconut and cocoa, that doesn't exist?

While in cocopalme regions, the word is usually spelled correctly as in Florida. "Coconut Grove"; it is surprising that otherwise thoughtful and intelligent people, will write "Cocoanut Grove," using the spelling made familiar by certain playwrights and advertisers.

Webster's Dictionary, a small one only is at hand, has after cocoa (for coco) "icss correctly," sic! would it not be more right, more correct (I imitate Webster) for him to say that cocoanut, though frequently used, is incorrect?

MARIAN W. WALSH. "Coco," says the great Oxford Dictionary, "remained the established spelling of the 18th century till the publication of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, in which the article 'coco' was (a)parently by some accident, for Johnson in his own writings used 'coco,' plural 'coco's'."

run together with the other words this gave currency to a confusion between the two words which still prevails, although careful writers have never ceased to use the correct form "coco." Another spelling, "coker," has been used with various modifications since about 1620. "It has long been in commercial use at the port of London to avoid the ambiguity of 'cocoa.'" Fowler in his "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" (1926), has this to say: "Cacao and coco, independent words, have corrupted each other till the resulting 'cocoa' is used always for the drink and often for the coco (a) nut palm; coker (nut, etc.) is a shop spelling devised to obviate the confusion. 'Coconut,' 'cocoibre,' etc., are still used, though the 'a' more often appears; they should be kept in existence if possible, and 'cocoa' be restricted to the drink and the powder from which it is made; the uncrushed seeds and the plant are still usually spelt 'cacao.'" We had occasion not long ago to write the word "coconut." It was "corrected" by the linotype or in the proofroom to "cocoa-nut."—Ed.

ALL THAT IS WANTED

(Read by T. F. A. in the Disby, N. S. Courier.)

WANTED—Young man on dairy and stock farm of four hundred acres to learn business, milk, drive truck, horses, oxen, care for young stock, saddle horses, hounds. Study and manage crops. Prefer fifteen to eighteen years of age or older, strong healthy boy. We are trying to make a farm here and build up a business. We want a dependable chap who will look out for our interests to make home with us. Do not want city boy. Do want a boy from the country, the farther back the better. Education not required even to read or write. Just willingness to learn and loyalty. We want a chip off the old block, a real boy that can pull on a flannel shirt and larrigans and put his shoulder to the wheel with ours and BE A FARMER. Excellent home, agricultural papers, victrola and radio. Mr. Murang joined us in 1918, still with us, now takes care of retail milk business. Good chance for the right fellow. R. R. fare advanced. Board, work clothes, spending money to start at once.

Boston Opera House—"La Traviata," an opera in three acts by Giuseppe Verdi. San Carlo grand opera company, Carlo Peroni, conducting. The cast:

Violetta..... Tina Paggi
Flora..... Frances Morosini
Anna..... Beatrice Altieri
Alfredo Germont..... Franco Turo
Gastone..... Francesco Curi
Giorgio Germont..... Mario Valle

The members of the company, the musicians and Mr. Peroni settled into the comfortable channel of "La Traviata" last evening and drifted along the rich and oily Verdi music without nervous winds licking their stream into uneven white-caps. The instruments edged their way nicely around the voices, not anticipating, not rushing and the singers answered with spontaneity, shading their performance nicely.

Tina Paggi gave Violetta character, made her a delicate minded courtesan and finally developed her into a noble being. Neither her love or her sacrifice were overdone. Her voice remained one of a soap bubble, it floated so lightly but when it burst into the tumult of Sempre Libera, it held its own.

Franco Tafura laid aside his roguishness and made of Alfredo the sincere and love-ridden youth Dumas first conceived. Again the performance was intelligent. The same may be said of both Mario Valle and Luigi de Cesare.

A gypsy ballet by Angela Campana and a Braggiotti-Denishawn company was introduced in scene 2 of act 2. The girls were young and pretty. Miss Campana danced well with a spirited movement of shoulder blended into the technic of the dance.

A polite and enthusiastic audience called the principals before the curtain time and again. Mr. Peroni received his share of the ovation, and rightly so. C. M. D.

AN CARLO OPERA COMPANY PLEASES

The San Carlo Opera Company ended the first week of its engagement at the Boston Opera House by an afternoon performance of Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel," a favorite opera with children of all ages up to 70 or more years, and an evening performance of Verdi's "Il Trovatore," a sure card so played by any opera company, even when it is not so well-equipped as the San Carlo. For the most part the performances of the last week have given each pleasure to the audiences.

The varied program of this week, beginning tomorrow night with "Aida," shows the resources of the company. There will be local interest in the Marzette of Tuesday night. The full repertory for the week will be found elsewhere in this issue of the Herald.

ADOLPHE MENJOU AT METROPOLITAN

"A Gentleman of Paris" Gay and Adroit Comedy

"A Gentleman of Paris," a film comedy starring Adolphe Menjou, adapted from Roy Horniman's "Bellamy the Magnificent," directed by Harry D'Abbadie D'Arrast and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre by Paramount with the following cast:

Marquis de Marignan..... Adolphe Menjou
Jacqueline..... Shirley O'Hara
Yvonne Dufour..... Arlette Marschal
Henriette..... Nicholas Soussanin
Joseph Tallneau..... William B. Davidson
Henri Dufour..... Ivy Harris

If there was a hall of fame for movie directors, Harry D'Abbadie D'Arrast would have a large and conspicuous niche. This is Mr. D'Arrast's second picture and it is as nimble-witted as the first, "Service for Ladies." Two pictures which are not only amusing, elegant and suave but clever. No dull drawing out of scenes here, no building up of emotional climaxes which strain credulity; not in this brilliant farce.

The star, Adolphe Menjou, is still in Paris as the title points out and he has added a new bit of cinema scenery to his play by the name of Shirley O'Hara. She has a tip-tilted nose which is fascinating and although she is a young little thing she is a creditable screen actress as well.

Monsieur Menjou is a marquis this time, and, a gay one. He is engaged to Jacqueline (Miss O'Hara), but he has not stopped his philandering with others of the fair sex. Only when he decides to turn over a new leaf are the fates so startled that they turn husbands loose on him. The first one is not bad but when his faithful and valuable valet is found to be married to Henriette, a fashionable modiste, and the marquis learns of the relationship too late, does the situation look gloomy. The valet was valuable, the valet was perfect in the hands of Nicholas Soussanin and the valet had his revenge. Upon that the story hinges.

"Dancing Brides" is on the stage this week, arranged by John Murray Anderson. As usual the dancing is much better than the average, the costumes are beautiful and the whole is in rare good taste. Josie and Jules Walton, with Josie wearing bows on her shoes almost as large as the shoes, Edith and Dick Barstow, both on their toes, and the sweet voiced Milo with his imitations of gold fish and mocking birds all contribute to the "Brides."

Arthur Martel gives an old-fashioned movie show with the organ and screen and a Tiffany color picture of the Caribbean is one of the best examples of softly suffused colors made recently. At times one thinks one is gazing upon a pastel. C. M. D.

Concerts of the Week

SUNDAY—New York Symphony Orchestra, Mecca Auditorium, 3 P. M.; Florentine Choir, Carnegie Hall, 3 P. M.; Amelita Galli-Curci, Carnegie Hall, 8:15 P. M.; the English Singers, Town Hall, 3 P. M.; symphony concert, Erno Rapee, conductor, Roxy Theater, 11:30 A. M.; symphony concert, David Mendoza, conductor, John Charles Thomas, soloist, Capitol Theater, 11:30 A. M.; Beniamino Gigli, Century Theater, 3 P. M.; Michel and Vera Fokine, dancers, Century Theater, 8:30 P. M.; Geza and Norah Drewett de Kreszy, violin and piano sonata recital; composers: Mozart, Busoni, Franck, Gullt Theater, 8:30 P. M.; the Don Russian Quartet, Russian songs, Selwyn Theater, 8:30 P. M.

MONDAY—Beethoven Association, Town Hall, 8:15 P. M.; Francis Macmillen, violin, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Jean Hannon, Curtis Harrower, song and piano recital, Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.

TUESDAY—Dyla Josetti, Brazilian pianist, Town Hall, 3:30 P. M.; Doris Niles, dancer, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Frances Nash, piano, Town Hall, 8:15 P. M.

WEDNESDAY—Richard Crooks, tenor, Carnegie Hall, 8:15 P. M.; Socrate Barozzi, violin, Town Hall, 3 P. M.; Felix Salmond, cello, Richard Hageman, piano, sonata recital, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Tollefson Trio, Hunter College, 8:30 P. M., free concert; Manhattan Octet and Colette Vinning, singer, Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.

Appears of the concert in Symphony hall tomorrow night when Mr. Koussevitzky will play the double-bass, assisted by Rudolph Ganz, piano; Mr. Burgin, violin; Mr. Lefranc, viola; Mr. Bedetti, violoncello, and Mr. Zighera, pianist, for the benefit of needy Russian students in this country, Europe and the Holy Land. It is interesting to note that before he set out for Boston this fall, he and Mrs. Koussevitzky gave a dinner, after which there was a concert with Mr. Koussevitzky playing the double-bass; Henri Casadesus, the viola d'amore; Regina Patorni and Mr. Sanroma, the piano. The program includes a "Symphonie Concertante" for viola d'amore and double-bass, a sonata for viola d'amore and double-bass by Borghi, and Mr. Koussevitzky's concerto for his instrument.

(There were two brothers Lorenziti, one, Antonio, born at The Hague of Italian parents, having taken lessons of Locatelli, passed his days at Nancy; the younger, Bernardo, having studied at Nancy, served for 25 years in the orchestra of the Paris Opera, retiring in 1813. Luigi Eorghi, violinist, a pupil of Paganini, settled in London about 1730.)

M. Gabriel Alphonse, editor of Comedie, who then heard Mr. Koussevitzky play, wrote a glowing eulogy which he ended as follows.

"The artist is so perfect, the instrument so responsive, that there can be no break or lapse in their intercourse. The accord is complete, the fusion superhuman. It can no longer be said that the violin is the best musical spokesman of the human heart, to voice its joys and sufferings, hopes and sorrows. Yesterday I changed my mind; I know that this is untrue.

"The violoncello has long since disputed for this honor with all its tonal flux, all its expansive and caressing sonorities. Before the violin and violoncello there comes—let there be no laughter from the stupid and ignorant—the stately double-bass. In its soul alone sleeps the supreme tenderness. To awaken it there is needed a special magician, a deft-handed enchanter, a prince charming who alone possesses the secret of releasing its powers, a fine audacity and a penetrating devotion.

"Few are qualified for this function. In Serge Koussevitzky yesterday we met all these qualifications for the first time, delighted thus to behold in different guise the personal qualities, the authority, the grace, the flaming virtuosity which has made him the first of orchestral leaders the world over.

"How worthy to command is he who can conquer this most intractable of instruments and elicit from it to such degree a strange, and unsuspected beauty!"

As has been stated, Mr. Koussevitzky's instrument, made by Amati, is not the orchestral double-bass. Mr. Koussevitzky, following the example of the famous virtuosos, Dragonetti, Bottesini and Mueller, uses a basso di camera, which may be likened to an "enlarged and deepened" violoncello retaining the tonal beauty of the latter. Before he first came to this country he gave concerts in Paris with Casadesus, the leader of the Society of Ancient Instruments. It will be remembered that the only time Mr. Koussevitzky has played the double-bass publicly in this country was at Brown University on Feb. 24, 1926, when he was awarded the degree of Doctor of Music.

The Repertory Theatre tomorrow night will produce "The Machine Wreckers" ("Die Maschinenstürmer") by Ernst Toller. Ashley Dukes made the English version for the performances in England four years ago.

The play is remarkable if only for this: It was written by a foreigner who placed the action in England with wholly English characters. It is a play of the Nottingham Riots of 1812, and it is today effective as propaganda for labor.

On Feb. 27, 1812, Byron made his first speech in the House of Lords in opposition to the second reading of the Frame-Work Bill, which made frame-breaking a capital offence. Stocking-weavers of Nottingham were rioting. Byron had previously written to Lord Holland that his motive for opposing the bill was founded on its palpable injustice and its certain inefficiency. "I have seen the state of these miserable men, and it is a disgrace to a civilized country. Their excesses may be condemned, but cannot be subject of wonder." In a letter after his speech, he wrote: "I spoke very violent sentences with a sort of modest impudence, abused everything and everybody, and put the Lord Chancellor very much out of humor; and if I may believe what I hear, have not lost any character by the experiment. As to my delivery, loud and fluent enough, perhaps a little theatrical."

Toller introduces Byron, speaking, as a historical prelude. In the play he gives each side its say, as Galsworthy does in "Strife." Jimmy Cobbett, the spokesman of the rioters, says to the employer: "'Tis God who perishes when you destroy a brother's livelihood." The employer answers: "God is too good for daily bargainers and earthly cares. We should profane His goodness. Were we to banish Him to household tasks"; he adds words about the survival of the fittest. Jimmy tells the men they must be patient and combine, for he, having traveled, having an education, sees the futility of striking against the machines, instead of using them to improve their condition. The men see that machinery has taken away their work; their women are on the streets; the men would smash their enemy, machinery; while the engineer fights for his machine. Jimmy loses his life; the rioters sing their Weavers' song; plain truths are told them by a philosophical drunken beggar; a half-wit has the final word: "We must be good to one another."

We have taken this analysis of the play from London newspapers commenting on the performance at the Kingsway Theatre on May 5, 1923, when Herbert Marshall took the part of Jimmy Cobbett; Edward Rigby that of the venomous and villainous hunchback, John Wibley. The beggar was played by Michael Sherbrooke.

When this play was produced in 1922 by Reinhardt in Berlin, he had a great spectacular playhouse for this drama of mob-misery and mob-rioting. It has been said that Toller himself has been "an opponent of violence among violent men."

Born in 1893, the son of a merchant in Samotschin, province of Posen, who was able to send his boy to the gymnasium, give him university studies at Grenoble, followed by travel in Denmark, France, Italy, Ernest Toller became a revolutionary by conviction. Thinking it his duty, he enlisted at Munich for the world war. Discharged as disabled, abhorring war, having matriculated in 1917 at Heidelberg University, he became an active leader of young Germans. Participating in a strike of ammunition workers in

of stewed apricots

of his nobility

Munich, arguing for a just peace, he was put in a military prison, discharged, but again arrested in 1919, a price of 10,000 marks having been put on his head, and condemned for five years in a military prison at Niederschoenenfeld, where he wrote his chief works: "Die Wandlung," "Masse-Mensch," "Die Maschinenstürmer," "Die Rache des verhoehnten Liebhabers," "Fugen Hinckemann" and poems.

"The Machine Wreckers" was written during the winter of 1920-21; produced at the Grosse Schauspielhaus, Berlin, in the summer of 1923. The music in Berlin for the Weavers' song was by Klaus Pringsheim. P. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Today—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Geraldine Farrar, soprano. See special notice. Boston public library, 3:30 P. M., Claramond Thompson, singing in costume, folk songs of the British Isles and other countries. 8 P. M., the Tokar string quartet (Messrs. Tokman, Langlois, Kaganov, Szatmary). Reger, quartet op. 109; Tokman, Quintet op. 6. "Impressions from Newspapers" (1st performance); Foote, quartet op. 32.

Monday—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Serge Koussevitzky, double bass virtuoso, assisted by Rudolph Ganz, pianist; Mr. Burgin, violin; Mr. Lefranc, viola; Mr. Bedetti, cello; Mr. Zighera, accompanist. See special notice.

Tuesday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Lorraine Foster, an American soprano, born in Georgia, who won a scholarship in the Government Conservatory at Panama. She afterwards studied in New York. She has sung in opera and concert in European cities. Mozart, *Deh vieni, non tardar*; Handel, *Quae Parfaletta*; Ranzini, *Le Ali d'Amore*; Debussy, *C'est l'extase languoureuse*; G. Faure, *La Fee aux Chansons*; Debussy, *Le Chevalure*; G. Faure, *Toujours*; Brahms, *Ständchen*; Schumann, *Lied der Braut* (1 and 2); Schubert, *Auf den Wasser zu singen*; Californian Spanish folk songs: *Nadie me culere* and *Un Pajarito*; Old English, *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*; Kentucky mountain folk song, *The Nightingale*; original tune, *Sourwood Mountain*. Frank Bibb, accompanist.

Wednesday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Kate and James Friskin. Music for two pianos. Mozart, Sonata, D major; Brahms, *Variations on a theme by Haydn*; Bax, "Moy Mell" (the Pleasant Plain); Ravel, *Le Valse*; Bach, Concerto, C major with string orchestra. Marie Nichols, leader.

Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M., Philipp Gordon's piano recital for the benefit of the Boston Music School Settlement. Beethoven, Sonata, C sharp minor ("Moonlight"); Chopin, Ballade, A flat, Nocturne, F sharp, Etude, E major; Scherzo, B flat minor; Manna-Zucca, Valse; Gruenfeld, Romance; MacDowell, Etude de Concert; Delibes-Dohnanyi, "Naila" waltz.

Thursday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Gili Valeriano, Spanish tenor.

Friday—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Saturday—Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Raymond Havens, pianist. Mozart, Rondo, A minor; Bach-Franz, Suite for the lute, C minor; Liapounov, *Ronde des Fantomes*; Debussy, *Le Sommeil de Lear* and *Lindaraja* (first time here); Albeniz, *Seguidilla*; Chopin-Liszt, *Maiden's Wish*; Schubert-Tausig, *Marche Militaire*.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

A WELL GRACED ACTOR

George Arliss Tells His Adventures in "Up the Years from Bloomsbury"

When Vaughan Williams's "London" Symphony was brought out, Albert Coates is his description of the second movement spoke of the composer picturing Bloomsbury in tones as a region of melancholy streets, with an air of shabby dignity, "a sad dignity of having seen better days," a silent neighborhood. The region is also known to us by Ian Hay's "Tilly of Bloomsbury," a comedy adapted from his novel "Happy-Go-Lucky."

But George Arliss did not find this region shabby genteel or melancholy when he was born there in 1868. He remembers gladly his years of boyhood: not only Museum street, but he boldly entitles his autobiography "Up the Years from Bloomsbury" and begins: "If any one can tell me of a more highly respectable neighborhood than Bloomsbury, London, W. C. England about 1880, I should like to hear of it. (The book is published in attractive form by Little, Brown & Company. There are 17 illustrations and a good index.)

Mr. Arliss remembers the shops in Museum street and the shopkeeper. Does he recall the fact that in the 18th century Vertue, the engraver, lived there; that Tom Dibden, actor and manager, was born there?

Actors, actresses, singers, are now telling the story of their lives, or engaging some one to write that they may sign their names. Theophile Gautier in his preface to "Mademoiselle de Maupin," said that it was then as indecent for a man to enter a Parisian drawing room without his own book as it would be for him to go in without his trousers. Those who have had the pleasure of talking with Mr. Arliss will hear his voice, will see him seated near them as they turn the pages of this entertaining volume, and feel themselves drawn even closer to the excellent actor, this broad-minded, generously disposed gentleman.

Some perhaps will turn at once to page 193 where Mr. Arliss begins the story of his career in this country; to see what he has to say about the plays in which he shone so brilliantly; what he thought of those associated with him on the stage, of managers, of places he visited, men and women he met. They will be surprised to hear from him that neither he nor Winthrop Ames thought "Old English" would be a great success, whereas it proved the greatest financial success Mr. Arliss has ever had. Bostonians will be tickled when they read that, whether Boston is or is not the Hub of the Universe, he goes so far as to say that Boston is a very pleasant place to live in. "I would suggest that when you are there should you be seeking companionship—female companionship—don't go to the dance halls amongst the flappers, but pick out some lady—almost any lady, over 70, and if she takes to you you will have the time of your life"; but one must be in good physical condition, for "she will call for you in the morning at 10." Call in an open car, even in winter, take you everywhere; "she will be splendid company, chock-full of charm and information and high spirits."

the Ballet It...

We find the earlier 192 pages peculiarly interesting because they tell of the young Arliss, his boyhood. When his mother wished to get rid of her children she sent them to the British museum. He knew the smell of it almost before he could walk. "During my entire life on the stage I have been drawing upon the characters that I met or observed during that time, and I am doing so still." He had his own dramatic club with the noble name "The Pantheon Amateur Dramatic Society." He became an "extra gentleman" i. e. "supe" at the Elephant and Castle. The story of his adventures there, the members of the stock company, queer characters some of them, but good comrades, kindly and patient, is one of the most delightful chapters. With an Irish Repertoire Company he went into the provinces. The bill was changed every night. Eight parts were handed to him; he was told to have them ready in a week. He was a godsend to the leading man who had no top-hat but a frock coat. Arliss brought the necessary hat. On this tour he seldom encountered a dishonest or unpleasant theatrical landlady. "As a class they are (or were then) hardworking, scrupulously honest and kindly disposed."

Back in London, a full fledged actor, he went the weary round of agents. Again he toured in the provinces. "Advice to disgruntled actors: Do not complain of the advent of the 'married amateur' into our ranks. He is frequently the means of supplying nourishment to impecunious actors who would otherwise be wandering empty and unemployed." There are many amusing pages about his adventures, brilliant characterizations of actors and managers, who might have been portrayed by Dickens or Leonard Merrick, before he finally secured an engagement in a West End theatre. An old lady, a friend of his family, gave him £50 "It was a great deal of money. In fact I didn't know another actor who had £50, or who ever had had so much money at once." At last Arliss played character parts as in "On and Off" at the Vaudeville Theatre, London. He was married in 1899 to the girl "Flo," whom he had met in the rain at Margate. "I have been acting ever since, so our honeymoon is still to come."

He became associated with Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It was as a member of her company that he came to this country. Now follow shrewd remarks about the art and nature of actors and actresses whom he met in the United States, beginning with Mrs. Campbell. Managers? Yes, for managers may be artful without being artistic; but Mr. Arliss was fortunate in his experiences. His outstanding early impression of the American people was their kindness and their helpfulness. . . . "I don't remember being surprised at the dimensions of things in America—heights of buildings, or width of roads and rivers; one soon adjusts one's mind to these conditions. We seem to be living in an age when things no longer surprise us. It is the people who make the things that interest me." He thinks that Mrs. Campbell's reputation in America was permanently injured by the efforts of a too-zealous press department. When Mr. Belasco wished to secure him for "The Darling of the Gods" he was amused by the mysterious atmosphere "that surrounded everybody who emanated" from that office. Association with him and Miss Blanche Bates was always pleasant.

And so Mrs. Fiske's "dominant characteristic was kindness." He praises her capacity as a producer. "Personally I have never ceased to regret the absence of Mrs. Fiske when I am studying a new part . . . She was so interested in getting the best out of everybody else that she always seemed to regard herself as a negligible quantity in the play."

"John Mason would, in my opinion, have been the greatest actor in America, if his private character had been as well balanced as his public performance."

Molnar's "The Devil" was in Mr. Arliss's opinion an exceedingly clever and entirely artificial play. Reasons are given for the success or failure of the succeeding plays: "Septimus," "Disraeli," and the rest. There is a valuable chapter "Before the Camera."

The book is full of humor, analysis, comments that should be helpful to young actors, anecdotes that are fresh and to the point; a book without padding. We must find space for "Advice to young authors: There is a large number of unintelligent people in every city, and I am happy to say that many of them go to the play. But if I may be allowed to offer a word of warning, I would say that I have discovered by long experience that once these unintelligent individuals are in the theatre and become part of that unit which we call the 'audience,' they take on a dangerous and uncanny instinct which is perilously like intelligence. Do not monkey with them."

In his advice to mature actors about to write their Recollections, Mr. Arliss says: "Do not attempt to be modest." Mr. Arliss, writing this book, reveals the true modesty of the artist, who is one not merely by name and compliment.

P. H.

THURSDAY—New York Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, 3 P. M.; Philharmonic Society, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Russian Symphonic Choeur, Kibalschick, leader, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Jean Knowlton, soprano, Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.

FRIDAY—Philharmonic Society, Carnegie Hall, 2:30 P. M.; New York Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Lorraine Foster, soprano, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.

SATURDAY—Orchestral concert for children, Walter Damrosch, conductor, Carnegie Hall, 11 A. M.; Walther Kirchhoff, tenor, Carnegie Hall, 3 P. M.; Bruce Simonds, piano, Town Hall, 3 P. M.; Ena Berga, soprano, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.

Schubert; O Danke Nicht, Sterne mit den goldenen Fusschen, Franz; Ballade, Loewe; Venite ingnochiarevi ("Nozze di Figaro"), Mozart; Serenade, Plerne; Dites-Moi, Godard; L'Entail, lelle Chanson Française; Ouvre tes yeux bleus, Massenet; The Dew Now Shines. Rubinstein; The Shadows Darken, Jensen; Love Song, Brahms; Recontre, Grieg; Spring Idyll, Gretchaninoff.

Respecters of the art of song ought, for several reasons, to doff their hats before Miss Farrar. Who else, to begin with the program, has offered, of a Sunday afternoon, a list like hers of yesterday, a list of so many songs of the best, with no trash whatever to spoil it?

Who else, furthermore, has ever shown the world what can be done in the way of repairing a damaged voice if only a singer is blessed with the common sense to seek the counsel of people competent to mend a voice impaired—with the added common sense, furthermore, and the energy, to follow the counsel when found?

Miss Farrar, during her retirement, has accomplished wonders. She has acquired so extremely competent a technique, and wise judgment in the use of it, that yesterday, beginning her program with very little voice indeed, she was able to end it with tone—not large.

GERALDINE FARRAR

Geraldine Farrar, soprano, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall: Pupille Sdegnose, Handel; Canzonetta, Quagliati; Ich liebe dich, Beethoven; Wonnevoller Mai, Gluck; Widmung, Loreley, Schuman; Wohin,

indeed, though it carried quite to the end of the hall, so adroitly it was managed—in quality very beautiful.

Her breath Miss Farrar orders now with consummate skill, and her attack she has made a model. She has done as much with her articulation, letting it fall from her lips as neat as could be asked. And since her taste has developed in company with her technique, not one single forced, harsh tone did Miss Farrar utter yesterday.

Because of this betterment of her taste, Miss Farrar seemed yesterday to have abandoned her sometimes undue reliance on "temperament" in favor of a fine musicianliness. Her phrases she shaped exquisitely—though now and again, as in "Der Mussbaum," one might have wished a more respectful attention to rhythm. Objectively, it may be put with sensitive feeling for their musical beauty—Miss Farrar dealt yesterday with her songs; she has not always done so in the past.

So, all praise to her! Knowing yesterday what she could do, prudently, and with exceeding fine art, she refrained from attempting more. Pray let her continue in her present wise way till she feels herself comfortably at home. Then, no doubt of it, she will find once more at her free disposal the warmth of tone that used to be hers, the resonance that makes well-enunciated words understandable. Then—and then only—can she venture to call into play the temperament that makes a performance moving as well as admirable.

Miss Farrar was excellently accompanied by Claude Gonviere, who played a group of piano pieces very well indeed. She received a welcome that must have pleased her, and also much applause.

R. R. G.

In a ballad from which schoolboys used to spout verses on Exhibition day it is stated that Lars Porsena swore by the "Nine Gods" that

"The great house of Tarquin Should suffer wrong no more."

Macaulay does not name the nine gods, but one would infer that these were the only Etruscan deities, whereas there were the "Shrouded Gods," who did not reveal themselves to man, and, in a second class, the 12 great gods, six male and six female. Mr. Robert Graves, not discussing this important matter of the particular gods called to witness as the warrior of Clusium was about to set out for Rome, but recognizing the fact that Porsena was an able swearer, gives to his little volume on "The Future of Swearing and Improper Language" the title "Lars Porsena." The book is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., in the excellent "Today and Tomorrow Series."

The skilful use of profanity has excited the interest of several writers. Some give the palm for picturesque to the orientals. Burton cites a few particularly shocking examples in his notes to the "Thousand Nights and a Night." Brantome has a whole chapter on Spanish oaths, and Richard Ford in his "Gatherings from Spain," speaks enthusiastically of Spanish profanity. Mr. Graves does not mention Brantome, Ford or Burton; he does not recognize the proficiency of American mule drivers, does not quote the favorite and magnificent oaths of William the Conqueror and Henry the Fourth of France, but he has written pleasantly of bygone days in England, when swearing ornamented otherwise prosaic conversation, and of the decline of swearing and foul language in the England of recent years. Of course he cannot refrain from quoting Uncle Toby about the army in Flanders, and Dr. Slop's use of Ermintrude. He does not think that Coleridge's distinction between the violent swearer who does not really mean what he says and the quiet swearer who means from real malignity an essential one.

"There is no surer way of testing the current of popular religious opinion than by examining the breaches of the law by swearing." He finds that "Oaths" has become only "a low-grade oath" and has crept into the legitimate vocabulary of the drawing room and the stage. The second Person (of the Trinity) since the great evangelical campaigns of the last century overthrew a despotism and inaugurated a liberal republic, is far more firmly established. . . . The Third Person is seldom appealed to, and makes a very serious oath, partly because of a Biblical warning that the sin against the Holy Ghost is the one unforgivable offense, and partly because the word "Ghost" suggests a sinister ritual haunting."

He does well in saying that there is a form of humor more boring than guaranteed non-alcoholic substitutes for the true wine of swearing." He would not doubt include "Gosh all nermal," "Gee," "By heck" in this class of oaths.

Mr. Graves is especially entertaining when he comes to the sex-taboo "from the violation of which abusive swearing draws its chief strength." He writes on this subject with refreshing frankness and a lively sense of humor. We regret that we are unable to quote some of the author's amusing illustrations. He is of the opinion that the art of swearing reached its highwater mark in the late 18th century. The excitable Elizabethans while they were richer in far-fetched profanities and wild conceits swore, they hardly knew how or why; but in the Augustan age of England, "the aristocracy was as careful in its protection of a corrupt Church as it was cynical about religion; and swearing as an assault on a coffee-house rival and introductory to a duel demanded a nice refinement of oratorical blasphemy; as the contemporary sermon demanded a nice refinement of oratorical eulogy."

Swearing is an art that cannot trust to adventure for its success; it must have a controlled purpose, and always flourishes most strongly in a pure aristocracy, particularly a leisured town-dwelling aristocracy."

But is not the mule-driver with his rich vocabulary moved by a controlling purpose? Mr. Graves admits that though frequent swearing is often the accompaniment of debauch, cruelty, and presumption, it is often merely "poor man's poetry" or what the psychologists call the "sublimation in fantasia of a practical anti-social impulse."

He gives a long and humorous synopsis of a book that might be written on swearing, for his own volume "goes as far as it decently can in containing at least a few classically draped forecasts and an honest inquiry into the taboos which prevent publication of the real 'Lars Porsena.' And anyhow, this is the nearest to a 'Lars Porsena' that will ever be published. . . . No nice person is uncritical; and yet we are all hedged round with an intricate system of taboos against 'obscenity.' To consent uncritically to the taboos, which are often grotesque, is as foolish as to reject them uncritically. . . . I have yielded to the society in which I move, which is an obscene society; that is, it acquiesces emotionally in the validity of the taboo, while intellectually objecting to it."

The pages that follow, taken by Mr. Graves from an imaginary book written by a new Sir James Fraser, pages that treat of legends concerning tabooed subjects, including limericks, dialects of garage smut, club smut, mess smut, school smut, are mighty interesting reading. Mr. Graves concludes by defending eloquently James Joyce's "Ulysses."

"It is quite right that 'Ulysses' should be censored since its chief public in England could at the best of times be only an obscene one. And it is not an obscene book, but on the contrary, perhaps the least obscene book ever published; that is why it is censored."

To maintain this seeming paradox, Mr. Graves argues at length and shrewdly.

When Mr. Graves says that his book is the nearest to a "Lars Porsena" that will ever be published, is he not acquainted with that old classic—he does not refer to it—Capt. Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" and the amazing seven large volumes, double columns, of "Slang and Its Analogues," edited by J. S. Farmer and W. E. Henley, not to mention the two dictionaries by Alfred Delvau and the one by Hector France?

Other recent volumes in the "Today and Tomorrow Series" are H. F. Carrill's "Socrates or the Emancipation of Mankind," a book worth reading and rereading; E. W. Bennett's "Apollonius," a calm, fair-minded, judicial, sympathetic study of the present and future of psychical research; William McDougall's "Janus, the Conquest of War," a study of the causes and preventives of war (including international air forces), and the lessons to be derived from the great war.

DEEP, INDEED

As the World Wags:

First Girl—And he said my face was a perfect poem.

Second Girl—So it is, dear—it's like one of Browning's.

First Girl—Browning! Why Browning?

Second Girl—Because some of the lines are so deep.—Looker-On.

The London Observer has for some time been publishing letters from readers, some protesting against the use of the word "serviette" for "napkin," others insisting that "serviette" is a good word, the proper word, and they will defend it with the sword. The latter are not daunted by the quotation from a letter of H. Bland's written 20 years ago: "I think . . . sh-

who would call a table napkin a serviette." We remember a picture in Punch with the Major thus describing the Browns.

Lexicographers tell us that the older use of "serviette" for "napkin" was exclusively Scotch. "In the 19th century it was reintroduced with the French spelling"—"serviot" or "serviat" were among the forms of spelling in Scotch—" (at first only as a foreign term). It may now be regarded as naturalized, but latterly has come to be considered vulgar."

This should be a shock to the would-be genteel, who say "casket" for "coffin," "menu" for "bill-of-fare" and yet are caught saying "phone" for "telephone." Ah, these "genteelisms": as dentifrice for tooth-powder, expectorate for spit, odor for smell, stomach for belly and so on. "Genteelism" has been defined by Mr. Fowler as "the substituting, for the ordinary natural word that first suggests itself to the mind, of a synonym that is thought to be less soiled by the lips of the common herd, less familiar, less plebeian, less vulgar, less improper, less apt to come unhandsoinely betwixt the wind and our nobility."

We are told that only the vulgar have napkin rings on the table; that after each meal the napkin should be tossed gaily aside without thought of the laundry bill to come, for in these days sheets, towels, napkins and pillow cases are often sent out, to be torn or discolored. In the good old days there was sentiment about a napkin-ring. It had been handed down in the family; or, a silver gift, it was inscribed to "father" or "Little Johnnie." It might be battered, tarnished, but there were pleasurable or sad associations.

Those who invite guests to dine and dread the extra expense for table linen should follow the custom of the ancient Romans: each guest brought his own napkin. It is hardly supposable that any one of them, not even "the guest of honor," would use it to carry away food, as did Caecilianus, ridiculed by Martial. There are several translations of this epigram into English: from an old MS. of the 16th century, including the lines:

"These carry home thy servant must,
All in a greasy napkin thrust,"
to the latest one by John Arthur Pott:
"Scarce was the dinner served ere you
Had swept away our every dish;
Sow's udder, woodcock meant for two,
Pig's ear, the choicest kind of fish,
The lamprey and the chicken's thigh,
The pigeon stewed in sauces rare—
And we, the hungry company,
Had nothing left to do but stare!
That bulging cloth, a dripping pack,
Your slave bore off. Pretend or feel
Some shame, and put our dinner back;
'Twas not for your tomorrow's meal."

Let no one think that Martial thus attacked a personal enemy. For some of his epigrams he invented fictitious names—Zoius, Caecilianus, Postumus, Galla—"a world consisting chiefly of needy clients and upstart parvenus, of old ladies of excessive temperament and young ladies of easy virtue." Mrs. Go-lightly—may we say as in the days before your marriage, Eustacia?—may no one of them be found pompous or flattering or giggling at your bountiful table!

We do not think the excellent Romans spread tablecloths. The guests were able to see that the table was of maple; they saw it rubbed between the courses with the gausepe or thick, shaggy woollen cloth. You need not fear for your floor rug, Eustacia; your guests will probably not eat with their fingers and throw bones and crumbs on the floor, after the manner of the ancient Romans, whose host took the precaution of strewing the floor with sawdust, perhaps scented or dyed.

Better a table of handsome, polished wood, with shining silver and quaint china, than any tablecloth however ornate. Such were the tables for high-tea on Sunday nights in hospitable houses of Albany, N. Y. Cold partridge, lobster or celery salad, brown bread in sugar-loaf form rich with plums or raisins—but why go on? The mouth waters; the pen falters. The eyes of Mr. Herkimer Johnson shone as he told us last summer of those nights in Albany, noctes ambrosiae. (His supper that night in Clamport consisted of crackers and milk in a large tea cup, a bit of bread and cheese, and a saucer of stewed apricots.)

Approps of teacups. Going home from school at Exeter for Thanksgiving and Christmas we ate supper at the then famous Massasoit House in Springfield—famous especially for waffles. A man near us was bitterly reproaching a stupid waiter for serving him tea in a thick coffee-cup: "Never do that again. Tea should always be sipped from a thin, delicate, fragile cup, the thinner the better." We cannot now construe Latin or Greek, though we were taught those languages carefully, thoroughly by Dr. Gideon L. Soule and "Brad" Cilley, but this minute we see the complaining man, we hear his voice.

What a great school Exeter was in spite of the roaring of "Bull" Wentworth, at dull students in mathematics, now roaring, now quietly but cuttlingly sarcastic. What a great school it is today under Lewis Perry, who regards the traditions, is imbued with the old spirit, develops character, as well as scholarship.

It has been said that musicians are naturally proficient in mathematics. There was in our class a remarkably able student in geometry, not to be stumped at the blackboard by any problem stated by "Bull" Wentworth. His name was George Edward Woodberry. He won fame in after years as poet, versatile writer of prose, professor of comparative literature at Columbia. At Exeter we poor trembling wretches in the class sat, spellbound, while he was reciting. We admired and envied him. Today it is a pleasure to remember that he was a member of our class.

As the World Wags:

Having read with pleasure the list of whiskeys "by appointment of 'the King' (of England), the Spirits move me to supplement it with a toast to the King. A toast to His Majesty is, of course, quite the thing. It sometimes takes the form "Long may he reign." With the mouth-watering list of brands named by The Needler in your column I am impelled to offer this one: "Long may he pour." HAPPY DAYS.

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Idealist,"

play in three acts, by Giuseppe Bianco.

The cast:
Anna Holmes Elspeth Dudgeon
Alf Holmes Rupert Lucas
Jim Baines Norman Cannon
Joe Holmes E. E. Clive
Violet Hunt Elsie Wagstaff
Florida Brett Doris Glenzer
Mrs. Thomson Isath Gordon Munro
Mrs. Baines May Ediss

Idealists and philanthropists—hard-headed folk have their opinion of them. The worst of the lot was one Joe Holmes, a decent working man in England, who spent his life fighting bosses and injustice, addressing meetings right and left, redressing wrongs, raising the fallen, feeding the sick and hungry—by grand good luck he had a wife at home who kept him fed and housed himself; a poor time he would have had of it else.

This Joe took it into his silly head, one stormy night, for the purpose of "saving" her, to bring home a street-girl who called herself Violet; for want of something better to do at the moment, she had stepped into a meeting he was addressing, and had shed a tear or two at something he said which made her recall the days when she was a "kid." Mrs. Joe, good sensible woman, promptly ordered the hussy out of her house, telling her, in round terms, the reason why. But the Idealist argued and pled, and his boy Alf took his father's part, till at last the poor woman, to keep peace, let the creature stay.

Young Alf, as might have been expected, fell at once in love with her. Not for a moment did Miss Violet return his affection; his decent-sort had no charm for her. But she stood ready enough to marry him, since the alliance could not fail to distress his mother.

It did, to the degree that she left the house. Then Joe the idealist, who had found the marriage right enough found living conditions all wrong. How, pray, could he maintain his ideals when his daughter-in-law would not mind the house—he himself had not guption enough to lay the kitchen fire—but gadded abroad in highly disreputable company, unless she found it more convenient to receive her friends at home?

She insulted him so grossly at the last that Joe, for the moment a normal human being, bundled her out of the house, "roughly," as he apologetically explained to his son. He sent for his wife, who came back willingly, and the hussy Violet had a rousing explanation with her husband before she quitted him for good. The final curtain fell on the boy sitting with his head buried in his hands, broken-hearted.

The play is empty, for Mr. Bianco stressed in his Joe the futility of an idealist, but not one convincing trait of his nobility. To deceive, furthermore,

even so fatuous a person as Joe, a Violet would need a closer approach to the semblance of decency than Miss Wagstaff or Mr. Bianco made evident.

Because, however, of the pungent speech of Mrs. Joe and certain scenes in which she figures that are blessed with dramatic force—as when she bids her husband and son choose between her and Violet—the play is not entirely dull. It will have a charm, furthermore, for people who relish hearing a spade called a spade; the Violet minced no matters. And the first half of the first act is exposition skillfully contrived. For the rest, there are long stretches of dullness.

Miss Dudgeon made the performance. With not one single false note, of gesture or inflection, she saw a most human old woman through, with humor at her command, pathos, sentiment and emotional power. A truly admirable impersonation.

Admirably, too, Mr. Lucas played the boy, to the life as regards externals, making his inner nature clearly felt. Mr. Clive, no doubt, did as much as anybody could do with an impossible part; the playwright allowed him only saintliness and senility to work with. The smaller parts were excellently acted. R. R. G.

Repertory Theatre—"Machine Wreckers," by Ernst Toller. English translation by Ashley Dukes. Arranged in its present form by Frances Jewett. First professional production in America. The cast:

Jimmy Cobbett.....Forbes Dawson
Teddy Wibley.....Marion Goad
Girl.....Elizabeth Hamilton
Boy.....Charles Flato
John Wibley.....Arthur Sircorn
Pedlar.....Gordon Bullett
Beggars.....Thomas Shearer
A Drunkard.....Richard McIntyre
Young Lud.....Arthur Brander
Officer.....Josef Lazarevic
Henry Cobbett.....Thayer Roberts
Mrs. Cobbett.....Olga Birthbeck
Old Reaner.....Arthur Bowyer
Mary Wibley.....May Ward
Ure.....William Mason
Man with a Barrow.....Robert Cass
Blind Man.....William Faversham, Jr.
Deaf Man.....Arthur Brander
Auntie Collins.....Adelaide George
Lizzie Walters.....Olga Birthbeck
Margaret Lud.....Ada Sinclair
The Engineer.....Henry Jewett

Last night the Jewett Repertory Theatre fund held high festival in celebration of the completion of 400 weeks of repertory in Boston. An elaborate dinner at the Copley-Piazza, attended by many distinguished guests of local and national eminence, was the opening feature of the evening. Dr. George E. Vincent, head of the Rockefeller Foundation; Otto H. Kahn; ex-Mayor Andrew J. Peters, Frank Gilmore, secretary of the Actors' Equity League, and other speakers of like prominence, were introduced by Dr. Daniel L. Marsh, president of Boston University, who was toastmaster.

After the dinner, which is reported more fully in other columns of today's Herald, the guests adjourned to the Repertory Theatre for the play. Before the rise of the curtain there were presentations of flags of the nation, the state and the city. William M. Butler presented the national emblem in behalf of President Coolidge, and representatives of the Governor and the mayor made like presentations of the Massachusetts and Boston emblems. J. Weston Allen accepted them for the theatre.

So much of the evening was consumed by these signal formalities and expressions of good-will that the hands of the clock were nearing 10 before the curtain rose on Toller's play of man's revolt against the beginnings of the encroachment of the machine age on his traditional habits of handicraft. Because of the hour of going to press, it is naturally impossible to do the play full justice.

We believe this is the second time a Boston audience has seen the work of Toller upon its boards. Last season the Yiddish Art Theatre of New York presented the youthful German's better masterpiece, "Eugene Hinkemann," at the Grand Opera House, in Yiddish, with Maurice Schwartz in the leading role. The present play, in structure and underlying philosophy, reveals Toller as playwright and thinker in much the same manner. The opening scenes of this play, laid in Nottingham, England, at the time of the industrial revolution, show the wretched squalor, ignorance, and brutality of life among the weavers. Half-naked, emaciated children fight for crusts before settings as grotesque, warped, and reasonless as their lives. The machines are coming, the workers say, as they hang effigies of their hated masters on a gibbet, and soon the cold, unfeeling arms and fingers of steel will rob them of their livelihood.

Jimmy Cobbett, gentlemanly beggar and idealist, tries to quiet their angry murmurings and organize them for eventual mastery of machines, capital and masters. He paints a future world of plenty and of self-respect, and gains their leadership. But their dethroned

leader, who secretly believes in violence, sells out to the bosses and spies on his former mates. Idealistic reason combats the rough catch-word of starved brutality, and is downed with roars of unleashed beasts as the infuriated rabble work their will.

Ernst Toller saw the dead and dying on the German front in the war. Unwillingly he shouldered arms, and when war was done, he was active in the German Socialist party. He was thrown in jail for five years, and while there he wrote many things, perhaps some of the very scenes of the present play. His genius is undeniable, but one may well question his sanity of thought. Kapek is more significant, and O'Neill more vital and penetrating. H. F. M.

'BEN-HUR' SHOWN AT LOEW'S STATE

Famous Picture Is Exhibited
First Time at Low Prices

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Aurelio Gallo presents the San Carlo Grand Opera Company in "Aida," an opera in four acts by Verdi. The cast:

Aida.....Louise Taylor
Amneris.....Coe Glade
Radames.....Fernando Bertini
Amonasro.....Edward Albano
Ramfis.....Andrea Moncelli
King of Egypt.....Natalie Cervi
A Messenger.....Francesco Curedi
Priestess.....Bernice Schalkner

When the social season is at its height, another opera company comes to Boston. For weeks ahead, seats are unobtainable; dinner parties are planned and the family tiaras are shined up for the grand fortnight. Every one attends primarily that they may say they were there. Every one exclaims over Mrs. Mt. Vernon's new gown and the season's Vincent Club favorite has many an opera glass levelled upon her fair beauty. Often it is sadly true that the music is only an incidental to the evening.

From the moment that one enters the lobby of the Opera House during the San Carlo Company's stay, however, one knows that things are somewhat reversed. Those who attend are those who love opera and come that they may revel in the beauty of Gounod, Offenbach, or Verdi. They dress themselves and their children in their simple best and spend every evening enjoying the music of their native tongue. Such an appreciative audience as it is! Every song is greeted with loud and sincere applause. It is the music that they hear. They do not seem to mind that the costumes, that the drops, that often the acting are not always of the finest.

Last night's performance of Aida was in no way a stirring one. The greatest commendation should go to the director, Carlo Peroni, who did his strenuous best to beat life and verve into those whom he directed.

Louise Taylor's Aida was not as impressive as it might have been, although she did much to redeem a poor first impression when she sang "O Love Immortal" with Amneris and her plea with her father. Her voice, while pleasing, was not strong. The contralto, Coe Glade, had a voice entirely suited to the part of Amneris. Her facial expressions were limited to two or three which she was inclined to overuse, but for the most part she was in character. Radames had a voice that certainly could not have reached out beyond the family circle in the Opera House. His histrionic ability was absolutely lacking. It was hard to imagine him either as a victorious warrior or as a man possessing charm enough to have two women in love with him.

It has always been our belief that an opera should be sung well enough to make it possible for a person unfamiliar with the score to understand the action and to comprehend what is being said, through a sixth sense. This is not the case with the San Carlo's interpretation of Aida. F. B. B.

"American Beauty" a film comedy-drama starring Billie Dove, story by Carey Wilson, directed by Richard Rowland and presented by First National at the Washington Street Olympia with the following cast:

Millicent Howard.....Billie Dove
Jerry Booth.....Lloyd Hughes
Claverhouse.....Walter McGrail
Gillespie.....Lucien Prival
Mrs. Gillespie.....Margaret Livingston
Claire O'Reilly.....Alice White

First National are concentrating on Billie Dove. They are dressing her in the prettiest clothes they can find, then step back to admire, murmuring "gorgeous, entralling." So taken up are they with Miss Dove's beauty, they arrange close-up after close-up of her and they let the story wait while Miss Dove poses with a frill around her neck. Thus it is beauty interferes with the action of this film.

Miss Dove plays Millicent Howard, an ambitious young lady who checks trays in the dining room of a fashionable hotel but such is the likeness to Aladdin's lamp and the cinema writer's idea of what a movie for a poor working girl should be that he has her leave the smells of the kitchen and blossom into the best society without a single person getting hep. Not satisfied, he has the wealthiest bachelor propose to her so Millicent is torn between her love of luxury and the honest love the poor boy in her boarding house offers her.

She must give her answer to the millionaire that night and she has not the proper gown to wear. It is a terrible moment until her landlady sends her a dress, to be repaired, but Millicent borrows it and goes to the party.

The owner of the dress also attends the party and accuses Millicent of stealing the dress. Millicent denies the accusation, admits the dress is not hers but that she just borrowed it not meaning a bit of harm and takes the dress off there and then.

The millionaire lends her a shawl, proposes all over again but Millicent decides to go to Chile with her true love and just makes the train. Every working girl should sigh. C. M. D.

St. James Theatre—"Smilin' Through," a fantastic comedy in a prologue and three acts by Allen Langdon Martin. The cast:

Sarah Wayne.....Flora Maud Gade
Mary Clare.....Edith Speare
John Carteret.....Walter Gilbert
Dr. Owen Harding.....John Winthrop
Kathleen Dunsannon.....Ruth King
Ellen.....Mary Hill
Willie Ainley.....Day Manson
Moonreen Clare.....Ruth King
Mary Clare, her sister.....Edith Speare
Kenneth Wayne, Jeremiah Wayne.....Frank Charlton

The curtain rises on a dark stage.

Two white figures can be discerned against a black curtain. A faint light thrown on the figures reveals ghosts, one of a woman murdered on her wedding eve, the other the mother of a young man who becomes a principal character in the play. They talk about being able to communicate with those they left behind. That is the prologue.

The first scene is in the garden of John Carteret's home and the time is 1914. Carteret and Dr. Harding are life-long friends. They are each well along in years. Kathleen is the pride of the countryside, she is beloved by all the youth, each of whom has tried his hand at asking for hers, but unsuccessfully.

There is a silent and mutual love between her and Kenneth Wayne, discovery of which forms the plot of the play.

Carteret, in his youth had won the love of Moonreen Clare, the belle of her time. Carteret's opposition was Jeremiah Wayne. On the eve of the wedding between Carteret and Moonreen Clare, Wayne, fortifying himself at a public house, goes to the garden at Carteret's home, makes himself obnoxious and then fires a fatal bullet into the body of the girl whom he failed to win.

Carteret had borne a grudge against anything that savored of Wayne or his name. Although 50 years had lapsed he continued to hate the name and visited his spleen on the son, who never knew what his father had done.

Young Wayne becomes the successful lover of Kathleen. The match is bitterly opposed by Carteret. The acting done in this play has undoubtedly been the best this year, the four principals, Ruth King, John Winthrop, Walter Gilbert and Frank Charlton, performing particularly well.

The whole thing ends happily when the ghost of Carteret's departed bride-to-be speaks to him, and tells him that he will never be happy in life until he forgets to hate.

The tense moments are relieved by bits of substantial humor.

'THE JOY GIRL' AT BOSTON THEATRE

Olive Borden and Neil Hamilton in Leading Parts

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Othello," a tragedy, in five acts and seven scenes, by William Shakespeare. The cast:

Duke of Venice.....Edmund Forde
Brabantio.....John Burke
Gratiano.....John Osgood
Lodovico.....Frank Dears
Othello.....Louis Leon Hall
Cassio.....Leonard Willey
Iago.....Eritz Leiber
Roderigo.....Philip Quinn
Montano.....Joseph Sinner
Desdemona.....Robert Strauss
Emilia.....Ethel Taylor
Virginia Brouson

It is unfortunate, though doubtless necessary, that "Othello" must be submitted to such very drastic cutting. The play is so closely knit that omis-

sions are rather too obvious. Mr. Leiber's production moved with speed and clarity, the waits were few and brief, a pleasant and praiseworthy quality that is all too rare.

The company worked well together, but unhappily none of them, from Mr. Leiber down, were free from one very grave fault. As Shakespeare wrote and as we may read for ourselves, there is no need of additional embellishments to the text from the actors. If this had happened only once or twice it would not have been worth mentioning, but from the first curtain to the last there was a constant stream of non-literary emendation. It seemed a pity, and was probably caused by carelessness alone; it should, however, be repaired immediately.

The beginning of the play seemed stiff and unnatural, as if the actors were groping and uncertain. Not until Iago's first insinuations had begun to undermine Othello's peace of mind did Mr. Hall really grasp the possibilities of his role. He had been heavy and somewhat lumbering of speech and action, too dull a foil for the sprightly devilry of Mr. Leiber's Iago. From then on he grew steadily in stature and nobility, dying with the proper anguish and despairing remorse.

As Iago Mr. Leiber presented a brilliant and daemonic picture; it may be questioned whether or not he was not a trifle too obviously satanic. Soliloquies were splendidly delivered with as little taint of theatricality as possible. Like a clever spider, he wove in and out until he had the unwary Othello completely in his power. His keen enjoyment of the part caused his best powers to be brought out. It was a fascinating and absorbing study.

Of the remaining members of the cast, Mr. Burke as Brabantio, and Mr. Willey as Cassio were worth commendation. Miss Taylor's Desdemona was a pretty, pathetic figure, lacking somehow the strength of character that would make her actions altogether plausible. As Emilia, Miss Bronson was so hysterical that she moved the audience to titters at a moment in the last act, when mirth was least to be desired.

The scenery sufficed, being suitable and unobtrusive, save in the last act, when Desdemona's bed was placed directly in a great open window, doubtless for pictorial purposes, but the result was a bit ridiculous, since any injudicious move on her part would have precipitated her into space. E. L. H.

FANNY BRICE AT KEITH'S THEATRE

Fanny Brice is breaking in her new act at Keith's this week prior to her debut in New York and points West, and what an act the fair Fanny has had fashioned for her! Ballard MacDonald, Billy Rose and Jesse Greer are responsible and they deserve a deep vote of thanks from vaudeville devotees. The cry today of "give them something different" has been answered with thoughtful care by those who wrote her material. Instead of the customary entrance with a "my public" expression registered all over the performer's face, we find Miss Brice as the curtain ascends wearing a rich transparent velvet gown, very much the grande dame, on a davenport. Hearts sink as the thought of a typical vaudeville sketch suggests itself. The telephone rings, an English butler answers—it is Mr. Albee. Will Miss Brice do an act? She is sorry but she has no new songs, it would be impossible. What's that—for \$3700! She quickly changes her tune and with the Fanny Brice roll of the eyes consents.

First comes "Sascha, the Passion of the Pasha," sung as only Miss Brice can do that sort of song, with sly innuendoes and racial characteristic accents and grimaces. "Mrs. Cohen at the Beach" shows her as a mother with three troublesome children all set to spend a pleasant afternoon at Atlantic City. It is a monologue rich in comedy. "The Song of the Sewing Machine" is a sob number, but strangely enough, not too sentimental and sweet, as done by Miss Brice, who sings of the hardships of the seamstress in a new land of the free. The actual use of the sewing machine as she sings, gives the song significant background.

She also does her famous "Spring" number and again her burlesque of the Russians imported by Mr. Gest. Changes of costume, of course, for all of these. She was most generous and the audience was enthusiastic. The act is a bit long as it stands now, but the wise Miss Brice is very likely trying out all she has and will pick and choose as time goes on. She certainly does a lot for vaudeville morale in these hectic times. It seemed like the old days of vaudeville at Keith's last night.

Harris and Claire, for instance, have an excellent dancing and singing revue. A pair of youngsters, they looked like twins. The Slate brothers topped the show with some of the fastest hoofing seen on the boards for many a day.

Hurst and Vogt, a standard comedy act, kept everybody in jovial mood, as it always does. Nile and Mansfield in a cleverly written domestic wrangle by Clark Davis were others who won the enthusiastic applause they received. Emmett O'Hara, tenor, is best when he sings the songs suited to the lyric quality of his voice and is most unhappy when delving into operatic arias. The other acts, all entertaining, round out one of the best bills Keith's have offered in some time.

A. F.

MIX IN NEW PICTURE AT SCOLLAY SQ. OLYMPIA

Cowboy Star Takes to Aviation in
"Silver Valley"

Tom Mix ascends to new heights in "Silver Valley," which opened a week's engagement at the Scollay Square Olympia Theatre last night.

Here the great western star is introduced for the first time as an aviating cow-puncher, something new in fiction on the screen. It is no exaggeration to say that Mix flies to another screen triumph. Dorothy Dwan, the leading lady opposite Mix, also makes her debut as a flyer and lends a particularly delightful atmosphere to this romance of the aviating cow-puncher.

The story tells of a young rancher in search of a new thrill. He takes to the gentle art of flying and immediately there follows a host of exciting sequences in which Tom does some clever rescue work and wins for a wife the lady of his dreams.

In the supporting cast are Philo McCullough, Jockey Hoefli, Tom Kennedy, Lon Poff, Harry Dunkinson and Clarke Comstock.

The "Satin Woman" Carries Message to Modern Mother

Mrs. Wallace Reid, starring in a modern life drama that is intensified in appeal by carrying a message, "The Satin Woman," tops the bill of new hotoplays at the Modern and Beacon theatres. As able aides in the cast here are Rockliffe Fellowes, Gladys Brockwell, John Miljan and Ruth Tonchouse. The associate picture is Zane Grey's western story of an outlaw horse, "Lightning," with a cast including Jobyna Ralston, Margaret Livingston and Robert Frazer. The Vitaphone presentation comprises Giovanni Martinelli and Jeanne Gordon, noted grand opera stars in a duet, Larry Montgomery in a humorous monologue, and "A Night at Coffee Man's," a song and dance revue.

Mrs. Reid appears as a woman of wealth, a butterfly of fashion, who is suddenly brought to a realization of her folly and in an almost tragic manner, her efforts to atone for her derelictions and to save her daughter from the wiles of an adventurer, who had been advanced by the mother's neglect of her child, provide the strong moments of the drama. Without preachment, a lesson is forced home and interest intensified in this worthy dramatic story. The work of the star and company deserves special praise.

Zane Grey, choosing to make his hero a leader of a band of outlaws roving the plains, wrote one of his best stories, framed in a colorful romance and seething with drama.

CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Earl Carroll Vanities," Mr. Carroll's sixth edition, with Moran and Mack, Johnny Dooley, Julius Tannen and others. Last week.

HOLLIS—"Wooden Kimono," mystery play. Last week.

MAJESTIC—"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Anita Loos's book in play form, with June Walker and others. Last two weeks.

PLYMOUTH—"Broadway," Jed Harris's drama of night club life in New York. Eighth week.

SHUBERT—"The Circus Princess," operetta of lavish proportions, with Guy Robertson, "Poodles" Hanneford, Gloria Foy and others. Third week.

TREMONT—"Honeymoon Lane," Eddie Dowling stars in his own musical production. Seventh week.

WILBUR—"Crime," underworld play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer, with Chester Morris in principal role. Last week.

KOUSSEVITZKY IN RECITAL HERE

By PHILIP HALE

Sere Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston symphony orchestra, gave last evening in Symphony hall a double-bass recital for the benefit of needy Russian students in Europe, the United States and the Holy Land. He was assisted by Rudolph Ganz, piano; Richard Burgin, violin; Jean Lefranc, viola; Jean Bedetti, violoncello and Bernard Zighera, piano. The program was as follows: Schubert, "Forellen" quintet; Variations and Finde (Mr. Ganz, pianist); Koussevitzky, concerto for double bass (Mr. Koussevitzky); Liszt, Two Legends; St. Francis of Assisi; Sermon to the Birds; St. Francis of Paul: Walking on the Waves (Mr. Ganz, pianist); Bruch "Kol Nidrei," transcription for double-bass and piano by Mr. Koussevitzky. The hall was completely filled by a "representative" and enthusiastic audience.

The beautiful variations from Schubert's piano quintet were finely played by the accomplished artists, as was the finale with the occasional measures that show the Hungarian influence on the composer, an influence more fully revealed in his great C major symphony. Mr. Ganz gave a brilliant performance of Liszt's two Legends; not falling into the sentimentalism affected by some pianists when they come to the measures of the sermon; not overstepping the limit of true sonority in the stormy measures of the waves. His performance was much more than a display of technical proficiency; it was romantic, poetic and in the grand manner.

The fame of Mr. Koussevitzky's incomparable ability as a player of the double bass crossed the Atlantic long before he came to dwell here as an orchestral conductor. Many of us had read the glowing tributes paid to him in European cities. These eulogies no longer seem exaggerated or fulsome. Showing a sense of proportion in Schubert's quintet, playing as one in ensemble, and not forcing for a moment his personality to the detriment of the performance, when he came to his solo numbers he was a virtuoso in the better sense of that abused word.

His illustrious predecessors, Dragonetti and Bottesini, wrote concertos besides other pieces for the double bass, but they have not been published unless within recent years. They, as Mr. Koussevitzky, used a basso da camera, and Dragonetti prided himself upon his two instruments, one a Gasparo da Solo, the other made by Stradivari, as Mr. Koussevitzky is justly proud of his Aamati.

Koussevitzky's concerto is not a mere show piece for vain display; it is thoughtfully conceived, carefully written, with melodic originality, without trivial details.

Nor is he remarkable merely for his unusual technical proficiency. His tone, now full and noble, is exquisitely beautiful as the music demands; the tone at once commands attention, impresses, haunts the memory; the tonal nuances are infinite. His great command of rhythm is known to the audiences of the Symphony concerts. Last night his phrasing was musical and eloquent. Without straining for effect, it was effective. In declamatory passages there was power with dignity; in lyric measures there was sustained and appealing song. The performance of a genius. And all was done so easily, so gracefully, without the arrogance that mars the performance of many singers, violinists, pianists.

Called in again and again after the impressive interpretation of Bruch's familiar "Kol Nidrei," Mr. Koussevitzky played a charming air by one of the Eccles family, famed in years long gone by for their chamber music.

The program contained this heartfelt acknowledgment from Mr. Koussevitzky:

"My generous friends:
"Your hearty response to those distressed students in whose behalf I have appealed to you, makes me happy.
"I am grateful, and to each one of you I give my thanks, also to bespeak the gratefulness of those who will benefit through your generosity."
(Signed)
"SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY."

'ANNIE LAURIE' SEEN AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

Lillian Gish Plays Title Role
in Scottish Romance

We are sure that old Gabriel Peignot of Dijon would have been pleased with William Dana Orcutt's "Kingdom of Books" and would have written appreciatively about it. Although Anatole France disparaged Peignot he would have joined with him in commendation of Mr. Orcutt's knowledge and taste. France did our Gabriel injustice, when he described him as one of those bookish souls to whom the universe is only ink and paper; who know women only by what has been written about them. This Peignot, says France, conceived passions as only subjects for curious monographs and knew that nations perish only in a certain number of octavo pages. "Up to the day of his death he worked with unflinching zeal without understanding anything." A sweeping condemnation, but note the ironical conclusion: "One must envy him if he can find peace of the soul at this price."

Perhaps Charles Lamb would have included Mr. Orcutt's volume—it is published by Little, Brown and Company, and published sumptuously—in his catalogue of books "which are no books—biblia a-biblia"—directories, almanacs, statutes-at-large, for did he not put Gibbon in the list; but he surely would have enjoyed the dress and illustrations: he loved books and would have clothed and warmed his own "ragged veterans" in Russia or Morocco.

Peignot, who wrote learnedly about everything relating to books, printers, type, paper, binding, books that were condemned to the fire—if he were now living, would devote one of his monographs of 75 or 100 copies to "The Kingdom of Books." The title itself would please him. Did he not discuss bindings from the time of the ancient Romans and inquire curiously into the nature of their ink quoting learnedly from Peter Maria Canepari whose octavo volume in Latin was reprinted several times after it appeared in 1619?

It was to be expected that Mr. Orcutt, whose taste in everything pertaining to the making of a book is recognized in Europe as in this country, should write learnedly, lovingly and in an entertaining, familiar manner about the art to which he has given thought and labor, and see to it that this new book should be another example of his indisputable taste. This book is rich in portraits, reproductions of title pages, early half-tones, covers of brochures, wood engravings, bindings, views of workshops with their interiors. The frontispiece is appropriately an original and colored etching of the bookstalls on the Quai Malaquais, by W. S. Lamprucht. The chapter "Books 'Al Fresco'" is a delightful one: the story of the old bookstalls, the hunt for treasures among the rubbish, the frequenters through the years, the trials and tribulations of the bouquinistes; how Baron Haussmann, in his desire to beautify Paris, wished to have the wooden trays removed to an old poultry market; how Paul Lacroix, who knew that a booklover was the happiest of men, took the matter to Napoleon III. The Emperor made a round of the stalls and took the bouquinistes under his protection.

Mr. Orcutt tells of his own adventures along the quays: how he picked up a copy of "Seneca's Morals," printed in London in 1711, the first book published by Harper and Brothers in 1817; he compares the London title page with the one he designed for the Harpers when they reprinted the book in a centennial edition. He has the courage as an artist, to prefer the London title page, and gives his reasons. As the two are in his book, the reader can judge for himself.

There are nearly 100 illustrations, but let no one think that the text is subordinated. There is a wealth of information about printers, from Aldus to Morris; typefounders, illustrators, binders, engravers and others, enlivened by anecdotes, personal comments and criticisms. Is there a portrait of Erasmus, who was at one time a corrector at the Aldine Press? Underneath this portrait is a quotation from Dibdin: "When he (Erasmus) complained of the meager table set by Aldus, Musurus, the Cretan, chief compositor, retorted that he 'drank enough for the triple-bodied Geryon, and did the work of only half a man.'"

"Books in the Cradle"—the chapter treats of "incunabula," a word applied to all volumes printed before the end of the year 1500. Mr. Orcutt longed to know why the Bible was the first volume printed in Germany; why the Latin classics supplied the text for so many of the earliest Italian publica-

tions, why, in England, the first book printed should have been an historical romance.

Peignot in the Supplement to his "Dictionnaire raisonne de Bibliologie" (Paris 1804) devotes the pages 152-168 to a list of authors who wrote about the origin of printing beginning with Paul of Prague, and his Latin manuscript dated 1459, preserved in the Cracow Library. Paul states that the press at Bamberg was established before that epoch. Mr. Orcutt mentions Albrecht Pfister, printer at Bamberg, but does not quote this Paul. Would that he had visited Cracow, for there he probably would have found other treasures.

It would be pleasant to see as an appendix to Mr. Orcutt's book the list of editions given by Peignot of volumes desirable for their relative rarity; editions made from old manuscripts; the first edition in each city; those made by the most celebrated printers of the 16th, 17th, 18th centuries, on account of typographical beauty and accuracy; those printed with especial and extraordinary letters or characters; editions printed in foreign countries; those that have never been put on sale, as books issued from royal presses; for example, the "Daphnis et Chloe" with engravings after designs by the Regent (1718); editions that were published with different titles to quicken the sale.

Alas! Among the authors named by Mr. Orcutt to be read for further journeying in the kingdom of books, old Peignot is not included.

Who would not possess a Baskerville, if only for the sound of his name, or a book of his contemporary Firmin Didot. Years ago we saw in the library of Senator Evarts at Windsor, Vt., lying on a table, a little Didot edition of Horace, with Thackeray's autograph on a fly-leaf, and his notes and even a few illustrations by him. The Senator had fallen asleep over Lecky's "History of European Morals." There was no other person in the room. For the time being—and ever since—we have been in heart a thief.

THE TALL AND SHORT OF IT

(On reading of highbrows in short skirts.)

Dared I, a mortal worm, intrude
Upon the mind of Ermyntude,
My brain would fly in all directions
Before her Surds and Conic sections;
With her I must perforce discuss
The Differential Calculus.
And carry on our converse with
Hypotheses of Adam Smith.

For refuge from insanity,
I fain would rouse her vanity,
Or wish some topic she had chosen
Germane to auburn-tinted hosen,
Since when her highbrow mood begins
My humble glance surveys her shins,
To note not highbrows, if you please,
But ankles reaching to the knees.

A. M. in the London Chronicle.

LORRAINE FOSTER

Lorraine Foster, soprano, to accompaniments so musical from Frank Bibb that, not twice a season, does one hear the like, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

Deh vieni, non tardar, Mozart; Qual Farfalla (Butterfly), Handel; Le Ali d'Amore, Ranzini; C'est l'extase langoureuse, Debussy; La Fee aux Chansons, Faure; La Chevelure, Debussy; Toujours, Faure; Standchen, Brahms; Lied der Braut (1), Lied der Braut (2), Schumann; Auf dem Wasser zu Singen, Schubert; Nadie me quiere, Un Pajarito, Californian Spanish folk song; The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, Old English; The Nightingale, Kentucky mountain folk song; Sourwood Mountain, original tune.

Is taste improving? Twice in three days have singers this week offered programs fit to hear, Miss Farrar on Sunday, Miss Foster last night, trash-free programs, at all events, however much or little individuals might personally fancy the fine musical fare set before them.

Some people, for instance, might have wished from a musician of Miss Farrar's powers more music of today. From Miss Foster, by the same token, they might have found acceptable more songs in our native tongue—the more so because Miss Foster furnished neither texts nor translations. She made a mistake; not everybody knows every song, and not everybody can understand French verse when sung. That song of Four's about the fairy at the singing lessons—there were many persons present who would have been glad to hear what the fairy did.

As well as her fastidious taste in songs, Miss Foster has in her favor a voice singularly beautiful in the middle register, a voice warm in quality, richly resonant, clear as a bell. Low tones to equal this beautiful medium she has not yet developed, nor, in handling her upper notes, has she yet acquired skill.

A tendency to slide to the pitch—not always does she slide high enough—Miss Foster should try hard to overcome.

Miss Foster, according to the tell of her announcements, has trod the boards in opera. The stage, if one may guess, attracts her more than does the concert podium, for she did her best last night in songs permitting an operatic flourish, like that lovely, unfamiliar air by one Rouzzini. Debussy's "C'est l'extase," so keen is her operatic urge, she made sound like Puccini, and in Brahms's lovely serenade she depended more for her effects on characterization than on beauty of phrasing or grace.

Extravagance, indeed, injured much of Miss Foster's work. Intelligently, it would appear, she laid down her schemes of interpreting her songs—only to add embroidery, both beyond good taste and her present emotional force. Why try to sing more feelingly than a singer can make an audience feel?

R. R. G.

Boston Opera House—"Faust," an opera in five acts, book by J. Barbier and M. Carré, music by Charles Gounod presented by the San Carlo grand opera company. The cast:

Marguerite.....Ida May Werby
Faust.....Thomas Alcaide
Mephistopheles.....Andrea Mongelli
Valentine.....Giuseppe Interrante
Siebel.....Bernice Schalkner
Wagner.....Luigi de Cesare
Martha.....Alice Homer

Opera is such a satisfactory canvass on which to paint characters, there are so many moods to be interpreted and so many ways of doing it. Every Marguerite is different from her sister and Faust remains to be serious in different degrees.

Thomas Alcaide made his Faust modest and thoughtful, a trifle uncertain, perhaps it was his bargain. He was the scholarly doctor with the habit of deep thought on him, his fresh skin not lending him the courage with his love one would think. It was a sensitive performance and well sung.

Ida May Werby, a Boston girl, who made her debut as Marguerite, was well received. Her voice is fresh and her middle register unaffected and pleasant but a pronounced tremolo handicaps her. Her Marguerite was a calm damsel, not greatly perturbed at a casket of jewels being left on her door-step, a bit studied.

If Mephistopheles is not Mr. Mongelli's favorite role, he played it as if it rated among the best, in a boisterous, energetic manner. His laugh—with what sardonic glee he let it run shifflily through the love notes of Marguerite and Faust!

A change in the program gave the part of Valentine into the capable hands of Giuseppe Interrante. Alice Homer as Martha ranked with him in contributing some of the pleasantest moments last evening.

The Kermesse was danced by a Braggiotti-Denishawn company, fair young ladies whose spritely toes argued well against their stage fright.

The matinee tomorrow will be "Lucia di Lammermoor" with Mme. Elba and M. Barsotti instead of "Tales of Hoffman" and "Carmen" will be played Thursday evening. C. M. D.

The program of the concerts conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky tomorrow afternoon and on Saturday night is as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso, D minor, for strings, op. 6 no. 10. Honegger, selections from the incidental music to d'Annunzio's "Fedra." Ravel, Excerpts from the ballet "Daphnis and Chloe" (Second Suite: Daybreak, Pantomime, Ensemble Dance). Tchaikovsky, Symphony, F minor, No. 4.

These compositions are familiar, with the exception of the music to "Fedra." This was written by Honegger last year for a performance on April 19th of the play at Rome by a French company headed by the remarkable Ida Rubinstein. (There had been a performance in Paris before 1926, in French. Nothing was said then about incidental music.)

d'Annunzio's tragedy is dated 1909. It faltered when it was produced, though some passages were applauded. His heroine is a different woman from the one portrayed by Euripides and Racine; neither the one urged on in her passionate longing for her step-son by her nurse, nor the grande amoureuse. Her passion is described as "coarse and fleshly and she rejoices in her lust. Once Hippolytus is dead the flame of fury dies down; a pure and pale light envelops her. She proclaims the innocence of the youth, but glories in her love. His death has purified and cleansed her. She invokes the Huntress, chaste Artemis; a moon ray, a livid

arrow, pierces her and she falls upon the corpse of the youth, smiling."

Massenet wrote an overture and incidental music for Racine's "Phedre." The overture has been played in Boston many times.

Some may remember Margaret Anglin's portrayal of Phaedra in Boston 16 years ago in "Hippolytus."

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will make a trip next week, going as far as Chicago and Detroit.

The program of the concerts in Boston on Nov. 11, 12 is as follows: Cimarosa-Maliplero, Five Orchestral Pieces; Sibelius Symphony, E flat major No. 5; Wagner, Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser." Liszt, The Dance in the Village Tavern (Mephisto Waltz).

A series of letters written by Hwuy-ung to his brother, translated into English by the latter and a missionary, J. A. Makepiece, has been published in London. Hwuy-ung, wishing to study European manners and customs, went to Australia. He has this to say about jazz:

"In dance-halls there is different kinds of music called jazz. It resembles our music tone with metal horns that split the ear or moan dismally; twanging lutes, gongs, drums, bells and pieces of wood they beat fiercely, making sound like skeleton bones rattling together in the high wind. The sound loud enough to wake up dead man. The players throw body about like apes in a forest fire. In truth, this is top good music to rouse men to heroic deeds. To my recording-faculty came the words of the Sage: 'It is from music that the finish is received.' Hearing this jazz I think a think: 'Truly is this the finish!' and I beat hand together, thus my satisfaction!"

Gil Valeriano, Spanish tenor, will sing tonight in Jordan hall, "La Reve" from "Manon" and songs by Handel, Donaudy, Pergolesi, Sibelius, Duparc, Koehlin, Padilla, Granados, Pencilia, Brahms, Franz, La Forge; also Jeanes Fillettes arranged by Weckerlin and Estrellita arranged by La Forge.

Mme. Stuckgold, a German soprano, a new member of the Metropolitan opera house company, must be a great artist. She told a reporter of the New York Sun that for breakfast she takes a cup of tea with lemon and a slice of dry toast; for luncheon, half a grapefruit, meat, salad, and fruit; a full tea with eggs, perhaps, sliced tomatoes; no dinner except perhaps a little fruit. "I sleep little, for I am always thinking." At present she weighs only 65 kilos, or about 130 pounds avoirdupois. She has taken off 40 pounds by dieting.

Lillian Evanti, soprano, will sing tonight in Paine hall, Cambridge, arias by Meyerbeer (Shadow Song from "Dinorah"), Ravel (Song of the Fire from "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges") and Mozart (air from "The Escape from the Seraglio"), songs by Handel, Campra, Watts, Ballantine, Marguerite Canal, Stravinsky, Rimsky-Korsakov and two negro spirituals, ending with a scene in costume from "La Traviata" or "Lakmé."

Clayton Johns's "Essentials of Piano-forte Playing" is published by Oliver Ditson Company. It is a book that may be heartily recommended to students already familiar with the notes and their time values.

"Its chief purpose," says this excellent musician and teacher, "is, while forming a technical foundation to combine with it a number of harmonic examples and analytical illustrations, making clear to the student many things which often remain enigmas to those far advanced in piano-forte technique. As far as possible, printed forms of the Scales and Other Exercises have been omitted. In their place definite directions are given with each exercise, to be carried out by the student, compelling him to think for himself, and to know just how and why each step is taken."

Whether the fingers should be raised or lowered, or whether they should be firm or relaxed, the following directions are only a means to an end, and that end should be MUSIC. The directions are for preliminary study; not for the advanced student whose privilege it is to take liberties."

The book should be of use to teachers as well as to young and old pupils.

Raymond Havens will play the piano in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon. Mozart, Rondo, A minor; Bach-Franz, Suite for the Lute, C minor; Chopin, Scherzo, B minor; Lipounov, Ronde des Fantoms, Debussy, "The Sleep of King Lear," and Lindaraja (first time here); Albeniz, Seguidilla; Chopin-Liszt, Malden's Wlsh; Schubert-Tausig, Marche Militaire.

The pieces by Debussy written for orchestra—the music for "Kling Lear" in 1906—have been performed in New York in their original form.

George Copeland will play the piano in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Music by Bach,

Scarlatti, Chopin, Schumann, Mompou, Debussy, Nin, Infante.

Nin's full name is Joaquin Nin y Castellano. He is a Spanish pianist, composer, writer about music, born at Havana, Cuba (1883), now living in Paris. Federico Mompou was born at Barcelona in 1894 or 1895. It is said that his ideal is "apparently a return to the primitives, taking the present day conditions as point of departure. He aims at the utmost simplicity of means of expression." Manuel Infante, born at Osuna, Seville, in 1883, is a more familiar name to our concert goers. There are interesting articles about Mompou and Infante in Irving Scherker's collection of essays, entitled "Kings Jazz and David."

Eva Stark, violinist, will play in Jordan Hall next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Music by Debussy, Sinding, Tchaikovsky, Vieuxtemps, Melchior, Paganini, Sarasate and others. Mr. Slonimsky will be the pianist.

The Alumni Association of the New England Conservatory of Music announces that its first concert of original compositions by graduates of the conservatory will take place in Jordan Hall next Saturday evening at 8:15 o'clock.

FRISKINS HEARD IN 2-PIANO RECITAL

Kate and James Friskin gave an interesting concert of two-piano music in Jordan hall last night. The best of it they held to the close of the evening, when they performed a Bach concerto in C major, with string orchestra accompaniment. The allegro movement had unbroken melody in it and rhythmic bounce, the charm of color contrast between pianofortes and strings, and passage work for the solo instruments with real grace and brilliancy about it.

The fugue as well had vigor to bless it, and rhythm to stir the pulse. As for the slow movement, for piano alone—to a person who did not know it it sounded monstrous dull. Mr. and Mrs. Friskin, too, played it less sympathetically than they did the brilliant movements, to which they brought great energy and dash. The orchestra, its members all from the studio of Marie

Nichols, with Miss Nichols herself at its head, played admirably under the direction of Harrison Potter; its help in the largo was missed.

Mr. and Mrs. Friskin began the concert with a very good performance of Mozart's D minor sonata; to the andante, both by their tone and their judicious tempo, they did special justice. By Brahms's variations on a Haydn theme they did adequately; playing it musically and intelligently, they made an effective way through all the variations but those which cry out for a "virtuoso pair" of pianists, of dazzling technical skill and fiery temperament. If Mr. Rosenthal and Mr. Paderewski could bring themselves to acquire so neat an ensemble as that of Mrs. Friskin and Mr. Friskin, couldn't they raise the roof with those variations!

The concert-givers last night were nearer home in Bax's "Moy Mell," pleasant music, atmosphere mostly and color, with thrills to spare, it sounded. In Ravel's "La Valse" they reconciled with uncommon insight the sudden, disconcerting flights from the Vienna of Edouard Strauss's period—emphatically not the epoch of Johann himself—to

the sophisticated Paris of today. Not for many a day before has this music sounded so plausible.

A large audience showed manifest pleasure. R. R. G.

PHILIP GORDON PLAYS PIANO AT STEINERT

Audience at Recital Is Small But Appreciative

Last evening in Steinert hall, Philip Gordon, pianist, gave a recital in aid of the Boston Music School Settlement. His program read as follows: Beethoven, Sonata, C sharp minor ("Moonlight");

Chopin, Ballade, A flat, Nocturne, F sharp, Etude, E major, Scherzo, B flat minor; Manna-Zucca, Valse Brillante; Gruenfeld, Romance; MacDowell, Etude de Concert; Delibes-Dohnanyi, "Nalla" waltz. The pianist alternated with a few of his own Duo-Art recordings. There was a rather small but appreciative audience. The concert was advertised to begin at 8:15 o'clock, but Mr. Gordon did not come on the platform until 8:35 o'clock.

"Lucia" at Matinee and "La Boheme" in Evening

Boston Opera House—"Lucia di Lammermoor," an opera in four acts by Donizetti, presented by the San Carlo Opera Company with Carlo Peroni conducting. The cast:

Lucia.....Maddalena Elba
Henry Ashton.....Giuseppe Interrante
Edgar of Ravenswood.....Giuseppe Barsotti
Raymond.....Sofie Cervi
Norman.....Luigi de Cesare
Alice.....Frances Morosini
Lord Arthur Bucklaw.....Francesco Curci

Whether or not it is the association of the novel by Sir Walter Scott from which this opera is taken, there always seems to be something new, something different in it. The arias are known to the hurdy gurdy audiences as well as in the famous opera houses of the world and it still carries a certain freshness. It tricks the imagination and ends wistfully like a promise, whispered over the heather.

The performance yesterday afternoon was with Maddalena Elba's effortless tones making the difficult role of "Lucia" thoroughly enjoyable. The two Giuseppe's, Interrante and Barsotti, were able in every way.

The San Carlo company is fortunate in having an extremely clever organization. Some of its members are called upon to perform almost every opera. Their interest and energy are remarkable, their parts are always well done.

"La Boheme," an opera in four acts with music by Giacomo Puccini. The cast:

Mimi.....Merna Sharlow
Rodolfo.....Franco Tafuro
Musetta.....Dorothy Guthens
Marcello.....Mario Valle
Colline.....Andrea Monaldi
Schaunard.....Giuseppe Interrante
Benoit.....Natalie Cervi

"La Boheme" is so jolly for the most part and the singers upon the stage last evening entered into the life of the Latin quarter with a vim. What matters if the rent is due, if one has a drama which will lead one to fame or—if one is cold, burn the drama, one can write another. Feasting and famine, jolly good fellowship until the girls make their appearance and then trouble begins.

Musetta fits into the picture nicely with her tantrums and wilful ideas, but poor Mimi is as out of place in Bohemia as a sand crab in a gurgling brook. Does she not season the riotous lives of the others and bring the giddy feet of Rodolfo to a pause?

It is delightful, this carefree opera, and Franco Tafuro as Rodolfo, and Mario Valle as Marcello were delightful in it. Musetta had spunk enough and a pretty arch of which she is well aware, and that is as it should be.

Every audience enjoys "La Boheme." It is even a treat for the tired business man, but the audience last night overdid itself in enthusiasm.

Mr. Peroni will miss his Boston ovation. Whenever he gets into position for the act, he has it and every act it is repeated. The company should be carried to the heights of supreme performance by the wave after wave of applause that greets them, and in most instances they are. Enthusiasm is pleasing and catching.

"Carmen" will be sung this evening with Esther Ferrabini, Franco Tafuro as Don Jose and Giuseppe Interrante as Escamillo. C. M. D.

THE SONG OF KATUSHA MASLOVA

His love is spent and all my ways are dark:

My tree of life has borne me bitter fruit,
And now let its leaves fall.
When they have drunk their fill,
Rivers forget the rain they thirsted for;
The fire remembers not the bough it burned.

My gate is silent, waiting for his hand;
My threshold wonders why it does not feel his step.
But I no longer wait; I wonder not.
Full well I know at last he will not come.

The wind remembers not the fragrance ravished from the rose;
The sea forgets the ship it sunk!

ADELAIDE P. LOVE.

THE SERVIETTE AGAIN

M. E. writes to The Herald:

"Speaking of serviettes, I went to a Russian cafe one night in Paris. I found I had no napkin, so I asked for one. It came, and I found it added to the bill, a franc or two, I think. Extra. The way the Parisians get out of this is to rent a napkin for a week at a time when they come in to eat their

simply call for napkin No. so-and-so. I forget how much it costs, but it is cheaper than having a clean napkin every time."

Yes, and we can see Monsieur X. tucking the napkin under his chin that he may eat the more freely. Books of etiquette for perplexed Americans disapprove of this precaution. "It isn't done," but there are reckless feeders even among our most prominent citizens. Respect the waistcoat. Let it not be ornamented with stains of soup, sauce or chowder. The waistcoat might cry out to the wearer in the words of the sweet old hymn: (slightly altered): "Let not thy drippings fall on me."

We once met an estimable lady, a woman of more than usual intelligence, "easy to look at." It was about 10 o'clock in the morning. Traces of the breakfast egg yellowed her shirt waist. When we see her now, which is rarely, though she is of immaculate cleanliness, we see that decorated shirt waist. The fatal power of memory!

The French word, "serviette" passed into their slang as far back as the 17th century. Old Randle Cobgrave gives the slang expression in his "French and English Dictionary," one of the most readable books with which we are acquainted. "He can not knot the two ends of his napkin together at the end of the year": meaning "He is a clean gentleman, or hath nothing left him by the year's end."

TO DOLLY

(For as the World Wags)

Dolly Arden's like my garden,
Blooming and perfumed,
Fresh and gay as morn in May,
Sweet and neatly groomed.

If I'm bold, I beg her pardon,
Truth is oft distressing;
Dolly Arden's like my garden,
Both should have more dressing.
F. F. HARBOUR.

MISGUIDING LIZZIE

As the World Wags:

I was a good deal saddened by reading in the first page of this (Tuesday) morning's Herald that an Italian citizen was employing an automobile to steal apples. I cannot think that any self-respecting car would lend itself to such a purpose, and I fear that the citizen in question took advantage of the youth of his accomplice, to lead her thus astray, becoming in so doing the Fagin of the driver—to which family the individual in question may, I suppose, safely be taken to belong.

But, though sad, the episode is very interesting—intriguing, as the novelists could say—as revealing the possibilities of auto training—perhaps here auto-gnosis or auto-intoxication is the word. How did he teach Lizzie to find her apples or to know an apple when she saw it, or to tell the good apples from the bad—you can bounce a cranberry and find out in that way how far things have gone with it, but you could not always do it with an apple until its fortunes had gone to great extremes. How could she know when the farmer was coming or detect the presence of a car?

I suppose that perhaps so far as steering goes, it could be done by the Marconi method.

But the possibility of teaching the articular usefulness in question is not so important as the general principle that think what might be done if automobiles could be taught to do things themselves other than those which they now accomplish contrary to the intention or expectation of their occupants. Above all, imagine the value of a homing automobile, to which you say: "Now trot along" when you've got where you are going, and have really got, not only homeward but discretion in avoiding and passing other travelers and showing due submission to the traffic cop.

I believe this fellow-citizen of ours is true follower of Galileo and Marconi, and will be acclaimed by posterity as such.

JOSEPH LEE.

O TEMPORARY MORES

the World Wags:

The hopeful prohibition chief is going to teach the "brightest young man" on his district force "when to shoot to and when to shoot to intimidate."

When will peace return? L. W. B.

PAST JOYS

A dispatch from New York stated that late E. J. Ratcliffe, an actor, who was here in the early nineties from London with Mary Anderson's company, was the first Scotch high ball in America.

Mr. A. H. Ballard of Boston quotes a statement, and adds: Scotch highballs were served in Boston long before the early 90s. If Roger Scannell were alive, he could

tell of making the best soda in Boston for the mixture (so clear and good), better soda than Mr. Brown made at the corner of Avon and Washington streets. I think the Home Market Club and the Loyal Legion had them before that time."

When we came to Boston in 1889 Scotch whiskey was a hot drink, taken in the evening. In those years at the Porphyry Club the favorite whiskey was rye, though some preferred bourbon—both wines of the country. Any member drinking Scotch and soda iced would have been looked at as an eccentric person, not to be implicitly trusted.

Watson, what do you make of this? "WARREN PLACE—12 rooms with or without board; also board without meals."

Also of this: "The odor of mothballs in which the coast has been kept all summer."

RECENT BIOGRAPHERS

I have read recently several books, mostly American, written in invitation of Mr. Lytton Strachey, which are so vile that I am almost sorry that he ever blazed the trail for such cheapness.—J. C. Squire in the Observer.

SPEAKING OF HIGH HIPS

(From a story in Saturday Evening Post.)

"What was it hit me?"
"Steel slug smashed into your hip, above the thyroid."
"Rand feebly inquired, 'I'm really shot, then?'"

GIL VALERIANO

Gil Valeriano, tenor, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

"O Sleep, Why Doest Thou Leave Me," Handel; "Ah, Mai Non Cessate," Donaudy; "Nina," Pergolesi; "La Gir-ometta," Sibella; "Le Reve from 'Manon,'" Massenet; "Jeunes Fillettes," arr. by Weckerlin; "Extase," Duparc; "Si Tu Le Veux," Koehlin; "Princesita," Padilla; "Amor Y Odio," Granados; "Estrellita," arr. by La Forge; "La Espanolita," Penella; "Lerchong-seng," Brahms; "Widmung," Franz; "Like a Rosebud," "Supplication," La Forge.

The wonder is a singer of Mr. Valeriano's quality should bear with the comparative tedium of recital-giving, when two careers, and possibly three, surely more alluring, lie open to him for the asking. How the man would enliven any operatic stage he might choose to board as a buffo! Imagine him, if only he can learn to manage Italian text as deftly as his Spanish. Letting fall from his lips the oily remarks of the marriage-broker, Goso. Or one of Bizet's smugglers he could manage delightfully, when once his French is ready. Or, since he has a fancy to sing in German, picture him pattering off the air of Monstrosos, while he prances to the music of the magic flute, or was it a glockenspiel that set all the world to dancing? A buffo tenor; Who could lead a merrier life?

If Mr. Valeriano does not fancy it, he could become a singer of popular songs—Spanish, Italian, English, what he will, when once he has made the tongues his own. For already he sings with smooth, pleasant tone in Spanish, and Spanish songs of a popular type he sings with a rhythmic verve, a gusto that make them irresistible. The art of de Gogorza is hardly his. What of that? A singer, without being a Gogorza, may still stand head and shoulders above other singers of the more popular order. So stands Mr. Valeriano, superior in voice, in style, in warmth. No doubt he could, judiciously placed, earn both fame and fortune.

Or, it may be, he could, by very hard work, make the low and medium ranges of his voice good enough to allow of a career on the stage, where he could delight the public by a liberal display of the ringing high tones the public wants; he has them at his command, when everything is well with him. And he can also sing a very soft tone very sweetly indeed. An operatic career would seem quite within the range of Mr. Valeriano's possibilities.

As a singer of Handel, Duparc and Brahms he seems out of place; those composers made few demands on the high notes that form Mr. Valeriano's best, whereas they exacted much in ways where Mr. Valeriano is not at his strongest.

No doubt, he revels most in a certain type of song, the kind he sings best, the kind his public likes best. Why not content?

Mr. Valeriano had the help of Miss E. Valden, one of the most sym-

pathetic and accomplished accompanists now active on the concert stage. The audience, fair in size, showed warm enthusiasm for Mr. Valeriano's most characteristic work. R. R. G.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Carmen," an opera in four acts by Bizet, presented by the San Carlo Grand Opera company, Carlo Peroni conducting. The cast:

Carmen Ester Ferrabini
Don Jose Franco Tafuro
Escamillo Mario Valle
Dancairo Francesco Curci
Remendado Natale Cervi
Zuniga Andrea Mongelli
Morales Francesco Curci
Mercedes Bernice Schalker

It is a treat to see the greatest flirt of all times in rare form, and Ester Ferrabini vamped with a will and vamped well enough to give lessons to the 20th century flapper. A lukewarm Carmen is indigestible and no one showed signs of the distress known as boredom last evening with Carmen on the stage.

Franco Tafuro has made some very warm friends in Boston. They admire his ability as an artist and like his intelligence which shows through each

and every one of his numerous roles. As Don Jose last evening, he had the sympathy of the audience with him. They almost rose in a body and helped him assert his rights. His modesty and the aforementioned intelligence kept him from stepping out of character to answer the cries of "speech," but he showed his appreciation in the better way of making Don Jose speak for him.

Bernice Schalker was lovely. Feminine garments are infinitely more becoming to this lady than her pseudo male attire. What a dainty Marguerite she would make.

Mario Valle took the part of Escamillo in the place of Giuseppe Interrante. The performance started slowly and without inspiration but when it found its pace it was thoroughly enjoyable.

The opera tonight will be "La Forza del Destino." C. M. D.

Det-29 1927

SYMPHONY IN FOURTH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave the fourth concert of its 47th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Handel Concerto Grosso, D minor, op. 6, No. 10, Honegger, incidental music to d'Annunzio's "Fedra," Ravel, Second Suite from the ballet, "Daphne's et Chloe," Tchaikovsky, Symphony, F minor, No. 4.

The little suite from Honegger's music for the Italian's tragedy was played as a whole for the first time in this country. Apart from its dramatic significance it was interesting music. The opening measures charged with languorous longing with its effect on a hearer who might not have known the old Greek story recalled the music made by the brown and squatting people heard by Cochet in "Gallion's Reach," if "wood-wind" were substituted for "stringed": "They made on stringed instruments improbable music of a tenuous appeal which was heard by a part of his mind of which he knew nothing." And such is the "impressionistic" music of many ultra-modern composers. What a contrast is this second prelude to the feverish, raging passion of Massenet's overture to Racine's "Phedre." According to those who have seen or read d'Annunzio's tragedy, Racine's heroine is by far the nobler woman, the victim of revengeful Venus, while d'Annunzio's lusts for her step-son and glories in her lust till he is slain in consequence of her false accusation. Honegger wrote his incidental music for d'Annunzio's tragedy with a view to the performance at Rome last year by a French company, headed by the extraordinary Ida Rubinstein. Of the music heard here yesterday that for the Curse of Theseus, his appeal to Neptune, has the most tragic intensity. The appeal of the first fragment heard is exotic, probably designed to prepare the spectator for the scene to come, atmospheric no doubt, but to borrow Tomlinson's adjective quoted above. The appeal is "tenuous." The chief charm of this music is its "improbability." The hearer is tempted to exclaim: "How curious!" He wonders if Honegger tried to suggest a Grecian feeling, though the perverse d'Annunzio is anything but Greek in his treatment of incest as a dramatic theme. The Greeks and Fate are revealed to us when we hear Gluck's noble, pathetic, relentless overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis."

The other numbers of the program were familiar, as far as the notes were concerned, but they were made fresh and eloquent by Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation and the brilliant perform-

ance of the orchestra. First was the concerto of the giant Handel; composed as if for some stately ceremony, some solemn feast, or for some great popular rejoicing over a triumph of arms. Even in the formulas of his period, he is a superb personage; his "airs" breathe a religious spirit that is above and beyond the creeds and rituals.

Ravel's music does not suffer materially by its transference to the concert hall. The music is beautiful, also intoxicating in its tumultuous joy, without any necessary thought of Daphnis or Chloe, of what is happening to them on the stage, or of the reason why the ballet as a whole should exhibit Bacchantic delight.

As for Tchaikovsky's fourth Symphony, it is a thrilling personal document; for in his often cited description

of this symphony in his letter to Mme. von Meck he tells how he wishes to express in tones his own view of life, his attitude towards the world and his fellowmen. What if he does shriek in his unhappiness, in his despair? Better this shriek than the unmanly whine of Grahms, a dismal I. J. Kemmy in doleful dumps. To us this is the one of Tchaikovsky's symphonies that best bears frequent repetition; the one that is apparently the most spontaneous, the most direct in its disclosure of feelings and emotions. It seems to be the one that is of the Russian soil and air; one that could not have been written except by a Russian who had not gone to Germany or France in his search after strange gods.

The audience was justly most enthusiastic.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra will give concerts in the middle West, going as far as Chicago and Detroit. The program for Nov. 11 and 12 is as follows: Cimarosa-Malipiero, Five Orchestral Pieces. Sibelius, Symphony, E flat major, No. 5. Wagner, Bacchanale from "Tannhauser." Liszt, The Dance in the Village Tavern (Maphisto Waltz).

Boston Opera House—"La Forza Del Destino," an opera in four acts, by Giuseppe Verdi, presented by the San Carlo Grand Opera Company, Carlo Peroni conducting. The cast:

Donna Leonora Louise Taylor
Don Alvaro Fernando Bertini
Preziosilla Bernice Schalker
Don Carlos Di Vargas Mario Valle
Il Marchese Di Calatrava Natale Cervi
Fra Melitone Natale Cervi
Padre Quardiano Andrea Mongelli
Curra Frances Morosini

Since elopements have become as common as ham and eggs in this era, it is at least refreshing to see what a good romantic elopement could do, once upon a time. Starting with the lady saying "Yes, I will; no, I won't," until her last final and forgiving gasp, this opera is replete with the fluttering of a wounded cupid's wings, and not a cupid with a boyish bob.

The performers turned the tables on Mr. Verdi last evening and Mario Valle, who was not meant to be the hero of this tale of destiny, walked away with the laurels. Don Carlos was rather a disagreeable brother in the original story, a fit subject for Freud with his complex for killing, but Mario Valle, a bit debonair, a live and prudent artist, made him a satisfactory person. One could not help but be swayed to his side of the argument.

Bernice Schalker put on a wig of dark curls and made Preziosilla an attractive little minx. Natale Cervi, as the inquisitive friar, was likable and believable when he caroled "Charity at this hour!" Frances Morosini was handsome as Curra and the music of "La Forza del Destino" as haunting and beautiful as ever.

"Madame Butterfly," with Hizi Koyke, will be sung at a matinee today, and the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" (with Ethel Leginska conducting) and "Pagliacci" will be presented this evening. C. M. D.

It ill becomes one that has never shot bird or beast, though at times tempted to gird a crash towel about his loins and, armed with an old-fashioned razor, ivory handle preferred, to run amuck down Commonwealth avenue slashing prominent citizens—it ill becomes this man to write about "American Game Shooting" by Capt. Paul A. Curtis, but the book, which, illustrated, is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., is interesting if only for the remarks about the present distribution of big game and the future for sportsmen in this country.

Let us say, first of all, that according to his own statement, the captain is not a "game hog." Note his dealings with woodchucks; "I never kill more than six without returning to camp. If I got my six in the morning, I permit myself to go out again in the afternoon, but six at a time is the limit. As a result, I have an easy conscience." Yet this humane sportsman thinks the best time to hunt squirrels is early in the morning when

they will be busily engaged in finding their breakfast." Captain, could you not let the squirrels enjoy their breakfast in peace? If they must be shot, let them die with a full stomach.

Old Robert Burton in his chapter on "Exercises Rectified of Body and Mind" speaks of fowling as troublesome, "but all out as delightsome to some sorts of men, be it with guns, lime, nets, glades, gins, strings, baits, pitfalls, pipes, calls, stalking-horses, setting-dogs, decoy-ducks, etc., or otherwise"; he tells of many gentlemen who "take a singular pleasure at morning and evening to go abroad with their quail pipes, and will take any pains to satisfy their delight in that kind." Capt. Curtis, confessing that for a steady diet he would rather shoot at feathers than at fur, except in the Canadian Rockies, discourses in an agreeable manner about the shooting of partridges, grouse, pheasants, woodcock, chicken, goose and turkey shooting, reed birds and rail, shore birds and snipe. Shore birds are not alluring to him; he seldom indulges in this sport, "except as a means to keep the hand in during an off season," or as the traditional Englishman puts it: "It's a fine day; let's go out and kill something." The captain even recommends crow shooting, and realizes that the crow has "a real language." He gives much information about blinds, decoys, guns, clothes to wear, hours for going out, shooting positions with the rifle. Turning his attention to beasts, he talks about deer, moose, caribou, bears, bighorn sheep and goats, woodchucks and rabbits.

The only subject apparently left untouched is the art of stalking a fellow-hunter in the woods.

He thinks the skill of the backwoods man of old has been greatly exaggerated; condemns the law in New Jersey that permits the use of only smooth-bore shotguns with buckshot in deer hunting; mourns the decreasing number of bears especially the grizzly. "There have been a lot of fairy tales circulated for years by Westerners of the brand who insist upon wearing rattlesnake hat bands and elk teeth cuff buttons and long hair, as to the ferociousness of the grizzly," but he admits that this bear is a bad customer if cornered.

He finds, in conclusion, that the shooting today in America, taking it as a whole, is "a sad show." His idea of a red-letter day is 12 or 15 snipe or 25 ducks or eight geese, where the law allows that many, and nothing less; yet he constantly says he is not a game hog. Much of the big game is passing and will soon be gone forever. The antelope could not survive for five years if the ban were lifted; the grizzly will go next; the elk must follow; perhaps a few sheep and goats will be in existence 50 years hence; bears should be protected; the outlook is brighter for feathered game. Cheer up, captain; there will also be woodchucks and squirrels. "The future of the average American who loves to shoot is in the preserve, patterned after the European system which we have scorned."

On page 259 the captain speaks of Frank Forriester (sic). Henry William Herbert, an Englishman, coming to New York in 1831, wrote sporting books under the name of Frank Forester. He was a voluminous writer: novels, novelettes, histories, translations. His version of the "Prometheus" and "Agamemnon," published at Cambridge, Mass., won the approbation of scholars. He killed himself in 1858, and is now remembered by a fellow-sportsman as "Forriester."

"Ar'n't Science Wonderful!" Col. Arthur Lynch would not shout this exclamation in the street or on the house-top. He has written a malicious, witty book entitled "Science: Leading and Misleading," which is published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. He sets out to prove that most of our modern philosophers and scientific men do not know what they are talking about. There are pages in Col. Lynch's book which lead us to suspect that he himself is not always cock-sure of his subject. He maintains that the language used by these men is often without meaning because they do not define their terms, so they use them in different senses; they write loosely, especially when solemnly. They do this when they consider the great problems; even when they treat of "maximum velocity" and

"the structure of matter." He makes cruel sport of physicians in their treatment of the human body.

He begins with the false teachings of the ancients, in a manner that reminds one of Victor Hugo's review in his "William Shakespeare" of scientific "facts" and opinions stated by the wise Greeks of old. Mathematics, physics, relativity and its origins invite his mocking attention.

Then he examines into the dogmas of science, including biology, that "sacred science." He travels in the "regions of falsity"—psychology, vitalism, the spiritual idea. "Charcot, with his fine presence, his smooth-shaven face and regular features, with that air of gravity of his concealing the zest of the incorrigible joker, suggested at one moment Napoleon and at another Coquelin." His patients went through their acts in the flawless manner of a well-drilled company; his lectures vied with first nights at the theatre and attracted the fashionable ladies of Paris; the atmosphere of science was mingled with that of jasmine or violette de parme.

One will read with intense amusement the pages devoted to Freud, the references to Sir Oliver Lodge, Dean Inge, Lord Balfour, Lord Haldane, Kant and Hegel. At the end he discusses specialists, medicine and ethics.

"I do not now affect the pose of an inspired Perseus rescuing from the claws of a monster the unsullied maiden, Wisdom. I am content to take the role of the honest char, who, with scrubbing brush and soap, works at what she knows, strenuously removing the rubbish, and catching fleeting visions of the beauty that emerged from her toil."

Few novels of today are so entertaining as this irreverent, caustic book.

RAYMOND HAVENS,

Raymond Havens, pianist, brought forward a most unusual program yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. First he marshalled Mozart forward, with his A minor Rondo. Then he introduced Bach, needs content, for once, with second place, playing a suite for lute, if you please, in C minor, arranged by Franz. It proved agreeable music enough, the fugue especially, and the gigue; but, even so, why could not Franz leave it to the lute-players, whose repertory must surely be narrow? Bach wrote music enough for the piano, music of his glorious best, to keep pianists busy all their days. Why tinker up more?

After Bach, for odd company, Chopin! Mr. Havens played his B minor scherzo. It sounded well.

Later Mr. Havens played a "Ronde des Fantomes" by Liapanov, as pretty salon music as anyone could ask to hear, with a Russian twist about it that may be supposed to raise its place in the musical scale. He had found also two Debussy pieces new to Boston, "Le Sommeil du Roi Lear," a fragment, seemingly, pleasant in sound, and "Lindaraja," music Debussyan in form if scarcely so in spirit. This group Mr. Havens closed with the popular "Seguidilla" by Albeniz. His closing group he made up of the Chopin-Liszt "Maiden's Wish" and the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire."

These several years Mr. Havens has been growing in musical grace, to say nothing of facility of technique. Already two years ago he could be counted upon for exceedingly good tone, phrasing truly elegant, fine taste.

Now he has made great gain. To the exquisite silvery tone that has long been his he now can add a warmer timbre, brighter color. He finds at his disposal the brilliant effects to be made by those players who know the work of nervous quickness in getting their hands off the keys. He sees the value that lies in the judicious use of "dry" tones. Mr. Havens has indeed liberally increased his resources.

Of greater significance, Mr. Havens has acquired as well a freer style of interpretation. Not always could he have let the slow melody of the scherzo sound as movingly as he sounded it yesterday. Yesterday he made the seguidilla's opening rhythm tell. To his musical effects throughout his program he lent force as well as brilliancy; they served another purpose than ornament.

It is to be hoped that presently Mr. Havens will find himself able to let himself go without running the risk of damaged rhythm, as happened here and there in the Spanish dance, and also in the scherzo. The charm of ancient pieces, furthermore, like those of Bach and Mozart, Mr. Havens feels so keenly that he overdoes their grace and elegance, to the point of a performance too mannered—pauses too long between the rondo's sections, a delicacy, for instance, in the gigue by Bach that destroyed its essential rhythm.

Mr. Havens drew an excellent audience to hear him. R. R. G.

Now that there is so much talk, chatter, about orchestral conductors in our leading cities, foolish or sound discussion of their merits or failings, curiosity about the more recent importations—all this without intelligent thought of the music that is performed, or, if you please, "interpreted," it is well to recall the fact that there were brave men before Agamemnon.

Charles Edward Russell is the author of "The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas," published by Doubleday, Page & Co. There are 31 illustrations; portraits and pictures of houses and halls, from the house at Esens in which Thomas was born to Orchestra hall, Chicago, and the Thomas monument standing on the lake front of the latter city. There is a good index, there are appendices: a list of the grand orchestras in this country with the respective number of players, number of concerts given annually, the dates of foundation and the names of the conductors in 1926-27 (Mr. Ganz is no longer the conductor of the St. Louis orchestra; Mr. Rothwell is dead); the "Thomas Highways"—cities he visited; index numbers of the representative popular taste compiled from current programs (1852-1902) excepting those of the New York Philharmonic; Thomas's last programs; works introduced into this country by him; the names of the original guarantors of the Chicago orchestra; and a list of first performances by Thomas with "the dates on which the same compositions were for the first time played in Europe."

This last list is a sad blot on the book. For example: Franck, "Les Eolides," Chicago, 1895; Vienna, 1903. The first performance was at Paris in 1877.

"Strauss, Eulenspiegel, Chicago, 1895; Vienna, 1903." The first performance was at Cologne in 1895.

And so on through the list, which is not only grossly inaccurate; it is absurd. One learns from this list that compositions by Charpentier, Tchaikovsky, d'Indy, Dukas, Sibelius and others not German or Austrians, were first performed in Europe at cities of Germany or Austria. Even the dates given for certain German or Austrian first performances are erroneous. Thus Liszt's Mephisto Waltz: "Hanover, 1903." The first performance was at Weimar in 1861.

Mr. Russell, a personal friend of Thomas, gives due credit to those who before him have written about this pioneer and great conductor. Thus he speaks in just praise of the almost monumental "Memoirs of Theodore Thomas," by Mrs. Rose Fay Thomas, "published in 1910 and long out of print." (Mrs. Thomas's "Careful and conscientious biography" was published in 1911, not 1910). His own life of Thomas is written in a high-pitched strain of eulogy, yet Thomas, like all eminent conductors, had his limitations. If his reading of Beethoven's 5th symphony was memorable, one might say unsurpassable—no one within our recollection has so filled the transition from the scherzo to the finale with mystery and so awakened anticipation of what was to come—he was not conspicuous for coloring music, and so his interpretation of Strauss's "Don Juan" as led by him in Boston was practically a carefully drawn sketch in black and white. Yet his admiration of Strauss as a composer was fervent. Though he did not hesitate to bring out many works of French composers contemporaneous with his later years, he was not always eloquent in the performance.

This book is especially valuable for its description of the early years through which Thomas toiled in his effort to acquaint the great public with the best orchestral music, of his heroism in the face of discouragement, emity, and the abuse and sneers of the press; the revelation of his high ideals, his honesty, loyalty, courage, while there is due appreciation of his indisputable merits as a conductor. How tactful he was in leading the public to the enjoyment of the best music! In 1852, before he formed his orchestra, these pieces were applauded by the New York public: The Firemen's Quadrille, the Concertina Soloists, Gen. Taylor's Funeral March, "Trip by Railroad" as played by the Silver Cornet Band. (It is true that the Philharmonic orchestra in that year performed symphonies by Beethoven; other symphonies, overtures, concertos, etc., by acknowledged masters.) Apropos of the "Firemen's Quadrille" Mr. Russell does Jullien rank injustice. Whatever his personal foibles as a conductor, his dress and his "theatrics," he brought a remarkable orchestra to this country, not merely "large company of musicians known collectively by that name," i. e. orchestra. As for Jullien, drawing the people to see his gymnastics and feeding them "certain dosages of music they would otherwise have shunned like the plague," did not Thomas himself draw audiences to his concerto at first by putting on the program a Strauss waltz, a Torch Light Dance by Meyerbeer, "Trauemerei" and a movement from a symphony or a whole symphony? Such were his programs when we went in the early seventies to his concerts in Springfield. We remember hearing the prelude to "Lohengrin" hissed in New York when he conducted it one night in Central Park Garden. Those who did not hiss shook their heads, and only a few Germans encouraged by beer applauded lustily. As for Jullien's "theatrics," are not some of the renowned conductors today theatrical?

This biography is an intimate one. Mr. Russell is frank in describing Thomas's autocratic methods. He tells at length of his shabby treatment in Cincinnati, at the World's Fair in Chicago, of his cruel disappointment at the lack of support in New York. Even critics of responsible newspapers jeered at his attempts to raise the public taste. We remember reading among other supposedly humorous paragraphs that the reason he left Cincinnati was because he was ordered to conduct with a ham instead of a baton.

There are engrossing pages about his boyhood in the sleepy old town of Esen, Ost Friesland; of his arrival in New York in 1845 as a violinist, how there as a boy he played at dances, balls, weddings, shows, once in a parlor. "wherever he could get hiring and a piece of coin." He traveled as

a virtuoso "Master T. T." Returning to New York, he was his own master in his teens. "Father and mother had long given over the attempt to manage so untamable a spirit." This "untamableness," this independence of spirit, was with him through the years that followed, but even in those early years, he observed what he said in his maturity: "A musician must keep his heart pure and his mind clean if he wishes to elevate instead of debasing his art."

As solo violinist player in the orchestra of the Italian opera company in New York, first violinist in the string quartet founded by William Mason, he had no thought of being a conductor until he took the place of Anschuetz as a leader of opera. This position seemed to him to give only a limited field. It was in May, 1862, that he announced in New York his first orchestral concert, "a task to daunt the stoutest heart," although the city by that time had banished pigs from its streets. There is an amusing description of musical conditions in New York at that time. At concerts of the amateur instrumentalists, the Euterpean Society, the program stated that "no gentleman will be permitted to wear his hat in the room during the evening or dance in his boots. Standing on the seats is strictly prohibited." Was it any better in Boston? The late William Foster Apthorp remembered a concert of the Germania orchestra in 1853 or 1854 when in "The Railroad Galop" a miniature imitation locomotive ran around in a circle on the stage. A tuft of black wool was attached to its funnel to simulate smoke. Does Mr. Russell exaggerate when he says that in 1864, "a brass band, a piano and the Jones Family Bell Ringers represented to the average person the attainable peak of musical joy"? Even Thomas for the "Linnett Polka" at Terrace Garden hid the piccolo players in trees.

For over 300 pages Mr. Russell tells in an entertaining manner the story of Thomas's life. Who that ever saw him at the head of his orchestra will forget the graceful manner in which he exercised his authority. There were no superfluous gestures; the work had been done in rehearsals; Thomas addressed the ear, not the eye.

The pages about his personal character only enlarge the admiration for the musician and leader. Iron-willed autocrat in rehearsal and in the arrangement of his programs—as a program-maker he has had no successor in this country—in private he was democratic, easy going, attentive to the rights of the audience, blessed with an uncommon memory, a jovial companion and an intelligent talker, witty, sarcastic in his contempt for puffery and meanness, without vanity.

Like other celebrated conductors he did not care for soloists in his concerts, especially pianists, though Paderewski was one of his dearest friends. On one occasion he remarked: "God never intended the piano to be played with an orchestra."

Without his years spent in the education of the public, it is doubtful whether the superb orchestras of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and the orchestras of lesser prominence would now be in existence. P. H.

"IS THE CINEMA ART?"

Mr. John Drinkwater Snubs The Film Play in "The Art of Theatre Going"

Whenever a man of letters feels indisposed, when nothing but biting words on white paper will calm him and put him into a pleasant frame of mind once again, he turns naturally to the motion picture as a likely subject upon which to wear out his wrath, or, so it seems. Mr. H. L. Mencken, remarkable man that he is, flattened the poor cinema with his picturesque phrases and then calmly admitted that he could not stand to sit through a picture and had drawn his ideas of the things from reading scenarios. A recent article in a New York newspaper takes a slap at the rhetoric and punctuation used in subtitles. Some of them should be slapped. Admittedly there are too many subtitles in most pictures, but, according to Fowler's "English Usage" some of the things to which the purist of the press took exception, are correct. As for instance, the use of dashes—for stops, in moderation, of course, in moderation.

The cinema needs criticism. Most everything does, but the cinema needs unprejudiced criticism.

Mr. John Drinkwater devotes three chapters to the cinema in his new book, "The Art of Theatre Going." One of these chapters is given over, for the most part, to a discussion of Shakespeare.

It is a relief to find a lover of the stage tolerant of the motion picture. If that tolerance is a refusal to grant the cinema intelligence enough to warrant its being taken seriously. Mr. Drinkwater's attitude is one of raised eye-brows, the slightest shrug of the shoulders and he disposes of the film play with a terse "it means well."

As a body, the cinema is good natured and will probably remain so. It is smilingly crowding the spoken drama from "legitimate" theatres in New York and Chicago. It is taking its place for six months out of the year at a Scala, the world famous opera house in Milan. It is being taken seriously by nations, by educators and by theatre managers, if not by Mr. Drinkwater.

He who can be faithful to more than one love and remain sincere is an exception and Mr. Drinkwater bows his head before his first attachment, the stage, and guards it jealously against the strapping youth from Hollywood. Is Mr. Drinkwater aware of the size of the motion picture industry when he calls it an "infant"? He insists upon dressing it in long white dresses, bootees and a fluffy cap. If he listened, he would hear this "infant" speak in a deep bass voice. True, his youth handicaps him and at times he slides into a cracked falsetto, one is speaking of the cinema, but he catches himself, smiles good naturedly once again, and earnestly tries for the right tone.

One gathers from Mr. Drinkwater's essay that one of the greatest

handicaps of the motion picture is its power to make money without half trying. One understands that the poet, the painter and the composer work because they cannot keep themselves from creating. They may starve, they may endure all manner of hardship but they must give life to their feelings and thoughts. If success and physical comforts crown their efforts, they are incidental to the primitive urge. That is art.

In an analytical study of what is and is not art, our author then says that it is essential for the dramatist "to come by some measure at least of commercial success, as otherwise he has no audience; and without an audience he functions incompletely as a dramatist." Even with this commercial necessity, he does not rule the spoken drama from the intellectual field. How then is it possible to dispose of the cinema for that reason?

Because the "movies" are not art, they would have curled up their celluloid and ceased to exist in the beginning if it had not been for the dollars and cents which crowned their labors, according to Mr. Drinkwater. Has the gentleman, who knows so much about the theatre, glanced at the history of the cinema? Has it not grown, always a disliked step-child, from a poor and humble beginning? Were not the studios in its early days as devoid of luxury as the chilliest barn-storming theatres where the drama cut its wisdom teeth? It was as hardy and had the same character as the most determined theatrical troupe and it grew—like Topsy. If it gives the impression today of Cinderella at the ball, the silks and satins were to do it; even if a fairy godmother did single it out as a worthy subject, and crown it suddenly with too much splendor.

The makers of motion pictures have never asked to become anything but leaders of a successful industry. Their modesty has hurt the cinema, but art is being thrust upon them, and being big-hearted, they are accepting it and doing everything they can for it. Critics concerned with the silent drama have sprung up all over the country and they yip at the heels of the picture makers. Film Guilds, camera angles and realistic acting are pushing motion pictures into the softly flowing tide of cultural background.

Messrs. Chaplin and Fairbanks are the only ones in the cinema field who cross the horizon in "The Art of Theatre Going." Should one remind the author that Emil Jannings, Josef von Sternberg, H. D'Abbadie D'Arrest, Mr. Murnau and George Bancroft are perhaps more representative of the cinema today?

Mr. Drinkwater tells those of the stage that it would do them no harm to copy the earnestness of the picture makers, that even "if their work is not very serious, these cinema stars take it seriously." He tells of the way Charlie Chaplin devoted months to learning to walk a tight-rope when his "Circus" called for him, as a clown, to do so. He did not fake it although the incident on the screen would last no longer than half a minute.

He tells of the daily and conscientious routine Douglas Fairbanks uses to keep fit so that he can "climb up the side of a house or jump over a tin-Lizzie if he is put to it" and Mr. Drinkwater calls this very jolly, but, evidently it is not for art's sweet sake. He grants that "there is probably no harder working community in the world" than the picture makers.

Does their hard work show up their lack of intelligence? Because they are schooled to the trade of making film entertainment whether or not they feel like swimming the Ganges or jumping over the tin-Lizzie, and do not put away their grease paint until the mood strikes them to swim or jump, is no reason why they are not gifted actors.

Temperament is not allowed in Hollywood. If the sign "Park Your Feelings Here" is not directly under the "No Dogs Allowed," it is not the studio officials' fault. They are business men, most of them, not used to the vagaries of the artist. One can imagine any of them at the helm of an opera company. They would be left without company in short order and neither the company nor the management would be to blame, whereas, the opera manager would think his company worthless without temperament. But isn't that a matter of environment and reasoning, rather than art?

Mr. Drinkwater takes up the matter of the scenario of the motion picture and we understand, from what he says, that this is an important reason why the cinema cannot hope to grow into a polished member of the arts. The scenario is a stringy bunch of facts for the director to whip into action. It is not the inspired manuscript which has always meant so much to the theatre. Of course if one is not fond of prune pie, one can gaze upon a prune disinterestedly and say that it will not make a good pie, but it seems as one sided as denying motion pictures a brave future because there is a difference in technic from the stage. Perhaps the director fills the chair in the studios that the author has on the stage.

Murder, cruel, cold-blooded murder has been committed in the studios with some of our most treasured literary works. They have been mangled beyond recognition and although this has hurt, it can be put down as one of the cinema's growing pains.

Creditable authors continue to give the cinema a mercenary glance. This will change in time. Ben Hecht may have been apologetic when he wrote the script for "Underworld" but the picture was so worth while, he couldn't help smiling a bit pleased-with-himself, if only to himself.

This picture alone knocks Mr. Drinkwater's final shot at the cinema into the corner of prejudiced criticism because he says "As for the theatre of the imagination, it is for reasons that I have attempted to define (in the three chapters) in no more danger from the cinema than it is from the Motor Show or the Cup Final."

In all fairness to those who do not know the motion picture at its best, who feel that the mocking gibberish, the sentimental trash that comes from the film reels too often, is the standard of all the cinema, it should be stated that Topsy is still growing. When she is minded to put on her best behavior, she is intelligent and charming.

In appropriate and less gaudy surroundings, with the same exquisite texture found in etchings or the lovely array of color found in pastels, with music as useful to the cinema as it is to the opera, who can deny the cinema a place removed from "the Motor Show or the Cup Final." It is with some relief we find Mr. Drinkwater did not mention the poultry show.

C. M. D.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Eva Stark, violinist; Nicolai Slonimsky, pianist. Debussy, Sonata. Sinding, Suite. Tchaikovsky, Serenade Melancholique. Milhaud, Tijuca. Gluck-Kreisler, Melodie. Paganini, Caprice No. 24. Vieuxtemps, Concerto, F sharp minor. Bach-Burmeister, Air on the G string. Sarasate, Introduction and Tarantella.

Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., George Copeland, pianist. See special notice.

Tuesday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Irma Dubova, soprano; Walter Golde, pianist. Gretchaninov, Over the Steppe. Moussorgsky, Hopak. Rachmaninoff, Sorrows of Spring. Gretchaninov, Lullaby, The Night. Monteverdi, Let Death Now Come. Colletti-Bruni, O Hasten ye Maidens. da Gagliano, Cupid, sleep. Raci, A Sea Song. Brahms (from op. 103) No. 7, There Gypsy, Art Thou Thinking Often Now? Sun-brown lad. La Forge, Before the Crucifix. MacDowell, The Blue-Bell. Griffes, Time Was When I in Anguish Lay. Woodman, Ashes of Roses. Besly, Time, You Old Gypsy-Man.

Wednesday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Pauline Danforth, pianist. Scarlatti, Gigue, Sarabande, Minuet, Allemande. Debussy, Bruyeres, La Cathedrale engloutie, La Puerta del Vino. Ravel, Ondine, Menuet, Toccata. Schumann, Sonata, G minor.

Thursday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Charles Anthony and William Heyl in a recital of music for two pianos. Reger, Variations and Fugue on a theme of Beethoven and Rachmaninoff's Suite op. 17—for two pianos. Mr. Anthony will play Haydn's Variations in F minor; Paradis's Toccata; Debussy's Reflets dans l'eau, Poissons d'or, Prelude. Mr. Heyl will play Scriabin's Sonata op. 64.

Friday—Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Jose Echanez, pianist. Bach-Busoni, Chaconne. Brahms, Rhapsody, B minor. Chopin, Barcarolle, Polonaise, op. 53. Debussy, Homage to Rameau. Kreisler-Rachmaninoff, Liebesleid. Albeniz-Godowsky, Tango. Granados, Allegro de Concierto. Greig, Nocturne. Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 11.

Saturday—Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Bruce Simonds, pianist. Bach Toccata, G major. Franck, Prelude, Aria and Finale. Smetana, Obkrocak (Czechoslovakian dance). Stepan, Valse fausse. Bartok, Allegretto. Dohnanyi, Ruralla Hungarica No. 2. Severac, Sur l'etang, le soir. Brahms, Variations on a theme by Paganini, Book 2. Chopin, Impromptu, F sharp major, Three Etudes, Fantasie.

"WOMAN ON TRIAL" AT METROPOLITAN

Pola Negri's Film Drama
Grips Audience

Metropolitan Theatre—"The Woman on Trial," starring Pola Negri, a film drama from the play by Ernst Vajda, directed by Mauritz Stiller. The cast:

Julie Pola Negri
Pierre Bouton Einar Hanson
Gaston Napier Arnold Kent
John Moreland Andre Sarti
Paul Baby Brock

One recalls the time-worn adage "while there is life there is hope," after seeing Pola Negri in this, her latest screen offering. She is as good in this part as everyone expected her to be for the last three or five years. Mauritz Stiller has uncovered the dramatic power of this individual actress. It came too much in the same way that Rip van Winkle did, unexpectedly, but here it is, so what matter the years of hibernation.

The play offers splendid opportunities to the star. It embraces both the love theme and mother love with a murder thrown in for good measure and as Miss Negri did it all creditably, it may be considered vivid entertainment.

Einar Hanson, in a he-Camille part, is a poor artist who is so greatly loved by Julie (Pola Negri) that she marries a millionaire so that she will be able to buy the young painter's pictures and keep him in a sanitarium in the Alps. That is all very nice but the millionaire husband is madly jealous when he has nothing to be jealous about. So when he finally ferrets out the love interest in the Alps he refuses to allow his wife to see her child or enter his house.

Julie takes her case to the courts and proves her husband's cruelty and is awarded the custody of the child. The artist in the mountains begins to get well and it looks like a happy ending when the husband frames Julie with the aid of her supposedly best friend. According to a subtitle it is perfectly all right for Julie to then shoot the supposedly best friend, which she does on the spot, according to the subtitle, it did not make her a murderess—but just a mother, doing what every mother would do for her child.

With that subtitle edited, the picture would be prudent, a clever handling of a difficult affair. The entire cast were good in their respective roles and Baby Brock was an exceptional bit.

"Florida" is the name of the revue on the stage, devised by Jack Parington and is said to have twelve of the most beautiful girls from that popular winter resort. Are they? C. M. D.

The dog, that comic beast whose sweat is on his tongue and whose laugh is in his tail.—Victor Hugo.

A FEW POINTERS ON DOGS

the World Wags:
normal dog has four feet which

connect his body with the ground. Sometimes, as in the case of Dachshunds, it is a very close connection. Other times it isn't as close. In fact a whippet seems to use what there is of his body to keep the top of his legs in position. At the fore end every dog has a head with the usual set of sensory organs and a bark. At the rear he has a tail which is often confused with his pedigree. There are many similarities in the two. Both tail and pedigree may be long or short, straight or crooked. But the tail is often cut off, a thing which never happens to the pedigree. On the contrary the latter tends to grow, especially if the dog is passed from one owner to another. The growth is frequently phenomenal. In some cases you would never recognize the pedigree of a full grown dog as the one he had when he was a puppy. Another difference between the pedigree and the tail is that the word you are thinking of in association with the former is spelled differently.

There are several kinds of dogs. Some are called watch dogs. However, they are not more likely to be run down than any other kind, in spite of their name. Then there is the hot dog. This isn't really an animal. It is either an ejaculation or a popular food. Some people make the mistake of thinking a lap dog would like lollipops. This is erroneous. Lap dogs turn up their noses at anything short of bonbons. They always have the appearance of turning up their noses, but that is not their fault. It is the way their noses are built. A common mistake made by those who do not know is in thinking the bird dog is a freak of nature like Jo-Jo the Dogman. This is not so. Any more than the idea that all bull dogs are males. Russian wolfhounds are seen more often in pictures than anywhere else. Usually they are dragging a well dressed woman after them on a leash. A water spaniel is not an amphibian. Neither is a Scotch terrier.

THE MOCK TURTLE

This reminds one of "A Juvenile Composition on the Elephant," as published by Artemus Ward. "The Elephant is the most largest Anymyle in the whole world. He eats hay and kakes. You must not give the Elephant Tobacker, becuz if you do he will stamp his grate big feet upon to you and kill you fatally Ded. Some folks thinks the Elephant is the most noblest Anymyle in the world; but as for Me, giv Me the American Egil and the Stars & Stripes, Alexander Pottles, his Peace." But we have read of elephants who would accept plug tobacco gratefully.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

"The brilliant banter of an Arlen party" reminds us that Beverly Nichols says a certain famous authoress was once asked if she did not think Michael Arlen "brilliant." She replied: "No, brilliantine." R. H. L.

RATTLETRAP

What dark things lie beneath that brightness bear
No close inspection. Here is charnel house
And bats that wing at midnight where the mouse
Gnaws at the cupboard and the dry bones there.

Scaffolds loom in the darkness. Midnight dwells
Forever in the darkness underneath
That brittle laughter and the small swords sheathe
Their stained and rusty steel in little hills.

Under the tarnished beauty that was hers,
Immaculate and innocent and gay,
Flowered with lilies, brave as music blown
Above a young crusader, something stirs:
Something more desolate than horror known
Or death in wickedness or yesterday.

NANCY SHORES.

L. W. B. asks what "this open-handed mess sargeant" would serve for a wash-down:

"In his colony the Ration is two women and four children to one man."

A fair scriptural ration. See the song of Deborah and Barak, the son of Abinoam, rejoicing over the defeat of Sisera and his host:

"Have they not divided the prey
To every man a damsel or two?"

(In the first edition of the King James Bible we find the pleasing spelling "damosell.")

"LET'S KILL SOMETHING"

Apropos of Capt. Paul Curtis's book about shooting game, let us see what Henry Cornelius Agrippa says in his "Vanity of Arts and Sciences" about hunting.

"A most detestable recreation, a vain exercise, and unprosperous and unhappy sport, with so much labor and watching night and day to rage and make war against the poor beasts: a pastime cruel and totally tragical, chiefly delighting in blood and death. And therefore from the beginning it was accounted the chief exercise of the worst of men and greatest of sinners. For Cain, Lamech, Nimrod, Ishmael, Esau, are reported in Scripture to be mighty hunters, nor do we read of any one in the New Testament that was given to hunting. . . . There is another sort of hunting which is call'd fowling; not so cruel, but not less vain. Ulysses is reported to be the first inventor thereof, who after the taking of Troy was the first that brought into Greece birds of prey manur'd for game, to comfort with new recreations those that had lost their parents and acquaintance in the Trojan War. And yet he commanded his son not to make any use thereof."

We always thought well of Nimrod and could not understand why Dante put him far down in hell because by his "Evil thought

One language in the world is not still used."

His masterpiece as an architect, The Tower of Babel, is now highly esteemed by archaeologists. As for Esau, we sympathized with him. Jacob certainly "did him dirt."

Note the translator of Agrippa using the verb "to manure" in the picturesque but now obsolete sense of "to train."

"SOME BOAT"

(Seen by H. F. F. in the Melrose Free Press.)

"They went by way of the Mohawk Trail via the S. S. Boston of the Metropolitan line."

We are indebted to J. L. E. for a "Gideon Match Card" put in hotel rooms for the convenience of smokers. The card is thus inscribed:

"The Light of the World is Jesus. His Light is the Life of Men. Elohim, Emmanuel, Jehovah, Jesus."

J. P. Angold asks if the moon affects growth. "My mother remembers as a child always having her hair cut with the new moon."

In old times neither sowing, planting nor grafting was undertaken without attention to the increase or waning of the moon.

Did Mr. Angold ever eat "eggs in moonshine," a dish relished by the Elizabethans? Eggs were broken and boiled in salad oil till the yolks became hard; then eaten with slices of onion fried in oil, butter, verjuice, nutmeg and salt.

GEORGE COPELAND

George Copeland, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall:

First movement, Italian Concerto. Bach; Pastorale, Capriccio, Scarlatti; Ballade, No. 1, Chopin; Etudes Symphoniques, Schumann; Cants Magies No. V, Ocell trist, Mompou; Danse de Puck, La Soiree dans Grenade, Minstrels, Debussy; Danse Iberienne, Nin: Canto flamenco, Tientos, Infante.

It is now many years ago that Mr. Copeland first appeared before the public as a specialist in Debussy—although, to do him justice, that greatness was

thrust upon him; it is not recalled that he laid any peculiar claim to the distinction. The distinction, however, was surely his of playing Debussy's piano music in public—to any wide extent, at all events—before other pianists felt much eagerness to try conclusions with it; and he played it so understandingly he brought the charm of it home to many a person all ready to swear no such charm existed.

Times have changed. Everybody today must show his way with Debussy and Ravel, whatever his qualifications or lack of the same. After hearing Mr. Copeland yesterday once more, a listener might be led to believe that the most necessary quality for a successful performer of Debussy's music is a keen, sensitive feeling for rhythm.

For, though he wrote melodically enough if only performers have sufficient sense to follow his line, Debussy rested not too heavily for his results on his melody; if need be, it can be ignored, without too much damage. His harmony, of course, no performer would overlook; therein lies, they say, the music's essence. His color, his atmosphere, in these all "interpreters" revel. And so of Debussy's music they make much.

Mr. Copeland marks Debussy's rhythms as incisively as he marks those rhythms of Spain he makes so engaging—who can rival him? For it is on rhythm, he recognizes, the real force of the music rests. If he rapped out on the kitchen table the rhythm of "Puck," with no atmosphere about it, no melody, no harmony, he could suggest the antics of Robin who tormented old women till they toppled on the ground and "taylor" cried, not to forget his other pranks. The spirit of minstrels, more than one kind of the lot, he could make felt by the same simple means.

Since Mr. Copeland, by no means so narrowly limited, has for his use and behoof all the resources of a modern pianoforte, with a technical skill and a subtle feeling for color, melody and the nicest shades that enable him to make the very most of those resources, it follows that he, even now when he no longer stands alone in his taste for Debussy, plays the Frenchman's music as few others can, or, at all events do. What a pity his followers will not follow him more closely, learning, by analysis, what it is that lends his readings their more telling charm. If they were to do so, they would find, depend upon it, that stoutness of structure is never out of place.

By his playing of Spanish music, unfamiliar but scarcely of consequence.

freely as any spoiled prima donna. Small wonder; he played them with a lilt that might have made a cow essay to dance, and yet with a fineness in their variety of rhythm fit to bring despair to those who try to achieve similar effects, be it in song or on an instrument. In the early part of the program Mr. Copeland did some admirable playing. But in these pieces, to put it roundly, he has not retained the freshness that still animates his Debussy. Parts of them, notably in the Bach, he played perfunctorily, and the Scarlatti capriccio—who could hear it so fast? R. R. G.

Eva Stark and Nicolai Slonimsky in Jordan Hall

Eva Stark, violinist, with Nicolai Slonimsky, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program comprised a sonata by Debussy, a suite by Sinding, a concerto by Vieuxtemps, and shorter pieces by Tchaikovsky, Milhaud, Paganini, Sarasate and others.

When Miss Stark gave a recital a year ago this month in Steinert Hall as a pupil of Mr. Kassman, a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who was in turn a pupil of Auer, it was noted that for a girl of 15 her technical proficiency was remarkable. She then played robustly but in a modest manner; straightforward playing with naturally not enough attention to contrasts and nuances. She has gained during the year in certain qualities of interpretation, and now as then gives promise of a successful career, for full maturity is still before her with the experience of life that makes for significant interpretation. Surely she will not be content with mere fiddling, however brilliant it may be.

The program was an interesting one, though a concerto without orchestra—often with one—is an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

Mr. Slonimsky again showed himself an excellent musician as well as pianist. His Amati is, indeed, a noble instrument; that is, in his hands.

toll so over books and lose your
a turning over the leaves, thus
ing it to Minerva Ophthalmitis
Lacedemonians, who always pre-
the handling of their short
s to all Athenian knowledge.—
ois de la Mothe-Le-Vayer.

as natural, to be expected, that
Ludwig, having written in full his
of William Hohenzollern should
his attention to Bismarck.

mark, the Story of a Fighter,"
dedicated to the dramatist Ger-
Hauptmann, appeared in German
ear, is now translated into Eng-
by Eden and Cedar Paul, published
ttle, Brown & Co.; a volume of
large octavo pages, with 15 por-
of Bismarck (from 1826 to 1895)
a full index.

le book interests the reader first of
by the study of Bismarck's char-
as a man in private life. For
e who wish chiefly a political-his-
al biography, the pages dealing with
mark, the statesman, will be some-
t disappointing, for Ludwig, writ-
for his countrymen, takes it for
ted that they are acquainted with
y facts to which he makes only a
ing allusion or wholly ignores. For
mple: Speaking of the battle of
nigraetz, he says that the Aus-
a Emperor had played a "scurvy
t" on Benedek, the beaten com-
ider. The foreign reader would like
now the nature of the trick. Lud-
s account of the "edited" telegram
from Ems that made the Franco-
man war inevitable is not only an
logy, it is disingenuous. He throws
blame, which Liebknecht called a
ne almost unparalleled in history.
"the forms of society and govern-
at (which) were such as to allow
or three men to start a war without
ing the opinion of the people." Dates
uch would now and then be helpful
not given; nor is there adequate
ament on contemporaneous feeling,
ions, movements in other countries.
e author's attention is fixed on his
o, heroic in his opposition to the
henzollerns or his use of them in his
endeavor to unite Germany, to
ke that nation powerful and supreme.
ges without saying that Ludwig is
partisan and a bitter one.

As a study of character, the book is
scinating; for one knows Bismarck in
ppers and with his pipe as in mili-
ry boots and spiked helmet, which he
owned although he was not a soldier,
and in his younger years did everything
thin his power to avoid even entering
a military career.

One is struck first of all by Bismarck's
argantuan appetite for food and drink
as a young man at Aix-la-Chapelle, where
e thought of marrying Laura Russell,
n amiable girl of a ducal family, he
stonished the company at table by eat-
ng 150 oysters and demonstrating how
o grill them. What Laura thought of
his feat is not recorded. At home in
he country his favorite mixed tippie
was champagne and porter. Beer he
probably thought a waste of time. Lud-
wig does not quote Bismarck's saying:
"Those who drink beer, think beer." In
his latter years he drank beer by the
quart. He complained of the lean fare
at King William's table at Versailles.
When he was invited, he ate a good
meal before he went. He preferred a
Pomeranian hare tasting of heather
and thyme to the French hare that was
without gamey flavor. Hohenlohe, a
guest at Bismarck's country home, noted
that, though he complained of indiges-
tion, he ate freely of soup, eels, cold
meat, prawns, lobster, smoked meat, raw
ham, roast meat, pudding, one dish after
the other. Put on an invalid diet he
would partake of a plump trout, roast
veal and three large seagull's eggs, with
many draughts of Burgundy. "Since he
believes," wrote the deputy, Lucius,
that he can sleep only after libations of
beer, he eats a great deal of caviare and
other highly spiced foods in order to
promote thirst."

As a young man he worshipped at the
rine of Aphrodite Pandemos. He was
betrothed more than once, but he made
his escape, until he married Johanna
von Puttkamer, to whom he was de-
votedly attached. After William II had
dismissed him, a pastor, about to preach

in Bismarck's house on the text "Love
Your Enemies" was stopped by Jo-
hanna. When she died at the age of
70, her husband cried like a child, for
he had lost something utterly irre-
placeable.

He was as good a smoker as a hater.
Favre refused a cigar from him when
the Germans were besieging Paris. "You
are making a mistake. It is better to
smoke when persons are beginning a
conversation which is likely to become
acrimonious . . . the blue vapors of
burning tobacco rising from our cigars
will exercise a charm upon us, will make
us more accommodating."

As envoy at Frankfurt, he complained
of his household expenses. "Since no
one here eats two courses with the same
fork, for a dinner of 30 persons at least
100 sets of knife and fork and spoon
are needed." For his teeth, he would
order "very large and thick tooth-
brushes, as hard as stone." The music
of Beethoven affected him deeply. He
was fond of Shakespeare, Byron, Spin-
oza, Goethe, Schiller, yet practically no
noted German "intellectuals" were
found frequenting his house in Berlin
from 1870 to 1890. He had few friends:
chief among them were his wife and
sister, John Lothrop Motley, whom he
loved, Count Keyserling, dogs, horses,
and the forest in which he found peace.
In religion he was for a time devout
with a dash of cynicism; in his old age
more or less of a pagan.

He was for peace when it was for the
interest of Prussia. Before he went to
Frankfurt he declared in the Landtag:
"The only sound reason why a great
State goes to war, being thereby dis-
tinguished from a small state, is egoism
and not romanticism." He wished at
first to avoid war with France, and said
that if ministers for foreign affairs had
been obliged to go with the generals into
the field, fewer wars would have been
recorded in history."

As a young man, Bismarck was arrogant
and turbulent, violent in speech
and action. A junker of the junkers,
he was puffed up with the pride of
caste. He despised the common people,
and learned too late, after his downfall,
after William II, to quote Tenniel's
famous cartoon in Punch, had dismissed
the pilot, that they were his true
friends. Those high in power whom he
had faithfully served had thrown him
aside.

Embittered, he wrote his memoirs and
prophecies. He foretold the victory of
labor in the fight with capital, as soon
as all workers have the vote.

Ludwig's engrossing book, with its
graphic characterizations of Bismarck's
contemporary supporters and enemies
in Germany, deserves long and elaborate
reviews from unprejudiced students of
the years in which Bismarck, unscrup-
ulous in method, brutal or wily, worked
for the unity and glory of Germany.

'CONSTANT WIFE'

By PHILIP HALE

Wilbur Theatre—First performance
in Boston of "The Constant Wife," a
comedy in three acts by W. Somerset
Maugham. Produced in Cleveland, O.,
by Gilbert Miller early in November
1926. Played at the Matine Elliott
Theatre, New York, that month. This
first performance in London was at the
Strand Theatre on April 6, 1927; Con-
stance Middleton, Fay Compton; Mrs.
Culver, Mary Jerrold; Mary Louise
Durham, Heather Thatcher; John Mid-
dleton, Leon Quartermaine; Bernard
Kersal, Paul Cavanagh; Mortimer Dur-
ham, Frederick Lloyd.

The cast last night was as follows:

Mrs. Culver, ... Alice John
Bentley Thomas A. Braidon
Martha Culver Cora Witherspoon
Barbara Fawcett Jeannette Sherwin
Constance Middleton Ethel Barrymore
Marie-Louise Durham Vercie Teasdale
John Middleton, F. R. C. S. C. Aubrey Smith
Bernard Kersal Frank Conroy
Mortimer Durham Murray Kinnell

Thin as this play is, artificial as it
is, it entertains by occasionally witty
lines, also by lines that, while they are
platitudes at bottom, are rendered
plausibly brilliant for the moment by
the smart air in which they are spoken
by the members of this excellent com-
pany. It was said of Mr. Maugham long
ago, said maliciously, that he wrote
only for duchesses. It might be said
that today he invents or adapts epi-
grams and connects them by a slender
thread of action.

If he had a thesis for "The Constant
Wife," it is this: If a husband is un-
faithful to his wife the wife has a
right, nay it is her duty as a matter of
self-respect, to be unfaithful to him,
especially when her lover has adored

her in a far distant country for many
years, returning to London finds her
more lovely than when he courted her,
and after six months of living with her
as her husband, will leave her at
Naples; leave her forever.

Dr. Middleton has an affair with Mrs.
Durham. His wife Constance is sup-
posed to be ignorant of this liaison. Mrs.
Durham is her intimate friend. The
mother and sister hear of Middleton's
infatuation and believe that Constance
should know about his treachery. They
talk about it; they hint about it
when Constance is with them. Two
acts of talk. Ye gods! how they do
talk! Mrs. Culver is amusingly cynical
in her views about marriage. Sister
Martha is outraged, so is Miss Fawcett
who begs Constance to join her in a
lucrative business, house furnishing
and decoration.

Not till the middle of the second act
is Constance supposed to learn of her
husband's undoing. The talk flows on,
when suddenly Mr. Durham enters and
tells the company in an abrupt manner
that his wife has a lover whose name
is Middleton. Now Middleton and Mrs.
Durham, with the rest of them are in
the room with the faithful lover from
Japan. Mr. Durham pulls out the doc-
tor's cigarette case and says he found
it under his wife's pillow. Tableau!
But Constance plays the game. She
says the cigarette case was left under
the pillow by her, visiting Marie Louise.
The spluttering ceases; the tumult dies.
Apologies are in order and general con-
versation is resumed. This scene is
the only really dramatic moment in the
play. Constance gains so much money
in business that she offers to pay her
board at home.

In the third act there is plenty of
talk, but of a less lively nature. Here
as in the preceding acts the men and
women are as gifted liars as they are
talkers. Constance herself, like Becky
Sharp, can be magnificent at lies. Mid-
dleton cannot understand why she will
leave him to disgrace herself. She
preaches a little sermon about the
beauty of free love. Middleton replies
that it has all the inconveniences of
married life without the advantages. At
the end he is willing that she should
return.

Here is a rather poor attempt at a
play in the spirit of Congreve. As the
old comedies have been defended against
the attacks of stern moralists by the
argument that the characters portrayed
move not in real life but in a sort of
fairlyland, so one might say that Mr.
Maugham's men and women, Constance,
Marie Louise and the rest of them are
purely fantastical creatures, imagined
solely for the purpose of talking cyni-
cally in epigrams with a view of persua-
ding an audience of the dramatist's bril-
liancy. There is no emotion in the play;
no real sentiment. But as the comedy
is performed by these players it amuses
for two acts and for moments in the
third. After one leaves the theatre,
there is remembrance of froth and glitter;
there is the enjoyment of an ad-
mirable performance.

Miss Barrymore has a role that must
have been conceived and written with
her in mind, for she shines in the
comedy of artifice, humor and wit. She
used all her natural weapons; she was
now subtle and shy, now startlingly
frank; expressive by a hint, a glance.
She spoke, she laughed, she cooed, she
chanted, and there were times when
the voice was charged with a haunting
emotion in which the lines themselves
were lacking. Her indifference when
bored by arguments of relatives and her
husband was eloquent.

Mr. Smith is always a welcome visitor.
Miss John was amusing, but would the
mother of Constance who with the

other women of the play was dressed
in the skirts of 1927 have worn a
Victorian dress, a dress that should
have accompanied a chignon and bus-
tle? Should not the mother's skirt like
her speech be unabashed—say to the
knees? Mr. Conroy of Japan, the lover—
he reminded one in protestations of
John A. Stevens in "The Unknown"—
"And I will be your faithful dor-r-g"
was appropriately reserved in his undy-
ing devotion.

A very large audience was greatly
pleased.

'SPELLBOUND' GIVE

Hollis Street Theatre—Pauline Lord
in "Spellbound," play in three acts and
an epilogue by Frank Vosper. Directed
by George C. Tyler, staged by O. P.
Heggie. The cast:

Mrs. Underwood Elizabeth Patterson
Harold Carter Campbell Gullia
Mr. Underwood O. P. Heggie
Ethel Pauline Lord
Ivy Underwood Cecile Dixo
Dickie Miles Charles Courtneide
Rowlie Bateson Charlotte Granvil
A Neighbor A. Worthington
First Wardress Gladys Hopetown
Second Wardress Grace Mill
Third Wardress Gene Magni
The Governor Edward Broadle

Mr. Vosper and Miss Lord may have
had a clear idea in their heads—

course they had—when the one wrote
and the other elected to act in this play.
But they failed to make that idea clear
to everybody in attendance last night.
Mr. Vosper, it appears, drew his inspira-
tion from a bundle of letters that fig-
ured importantly in a famous English
murder trial. To lead up to these let-
ters, he introduced his heroine, Ethel by
name, coming home to tea filled with a
cock and bull story of her impudence
to a "pig-faced" customer in the hat
shop where she worked, which glorious
moment cost her her job.

She lied; she longed, so much was
true, to call the customer, a fat-faced
sow, but she didn't dare; she only
sulked. Imagination, her doting father
called her yarn, recalling similar yarns
she'd been in the habit of reeling
since her childhood days.

Ethel went on imaging, the joys of
freedom, as she put it, freedom to live
her own life and what not. But Harold
Carter, a suitor of uncertain years,
made it manifest that she was free only
to tramp the streets for another job,
or else to stop at home listening to
her mother nag. As a pleasant alterna-
tive he advised marriage with him.
On the whole, she thought his counsel
good; she took it.

She continued to lie throughout acts
two and three. Her husband minded
little, for his love had turned to hate,
and, all told, he found the latter not
the less satisfying of the two. Ethel
fell in love with a young Bateson, who
had to leave her for a year in India. It
was then the famous letters came into
play. She wrote admirably, so per-
suasively, that Bateson, on his return,
murdered Ethel's husband. Ethel, by
the way, had already tried to get rid of
him by a glass of poisoned beer, but her
courage failing her, had confessed. Then
Ethel swore her letters were not to be
taken seriously, but imaginatively.

The court, however, took them seri-
ously enough to condemn her to death.
She saw a new light when the warden
announced her appeal for clemency had
been dismissed. The murder was a
beautiful thing, she stated. Bateson,
said she, and she could never see each
other again, but in the courage with
which they faced their respective
deaths they would be together. And
so she quitted the stage, like one en-
tranced at the glorious prospect.

If Mr. Vosper, doing without futile
talk—amusing enough—and trifling
comedy, had confined his play to the
emotions and actions of the girl who
could not say "yes" directly or walk two
yards straight up and straight ahead, he
might well have achieved something in-
teresting to people who, dignifying that

sort of thing with the name of psy-
chology, like it. To others it would
seem dull and aimless. However, Mr.
Vosper wrote, with a scene of artificial
elevation at the close shriekingly out
of key with what had preceded it. As
it is, he wrote a play curiously dis-
cordant, dull in spots, never convincing
enough to make it genuinely interesting.

Miss Lord, for the matter of that,
could not make the vulgar, lying girl
interesting, who married for a home,
took a lover, but why go on? It was
the plain-spoken husband who made
Ethel tolerably comprehensible, not Miss
Lord. For Miss Lord lent her a bear-
ing so fatuous, a look on her face so
empty—except when she lost her tem-
per—the like of her would never have
tried to poison her husband; she would
have sought her romance in movies, in
trashy magazines. By the quiet re-
pression of her acting Miss Lord un-
doubtedly tried to suggest power;
vacancy, rather, was what she ex-
pressed.

The others all did very well, Mr.
Gullan appearing to best advantage in
the first act, Mr. Heggie in the epilogue.
Mr. Heggie, by the way, did some ex-
cellent work in staging the play. A
large audience seemed well pleased.

R. R. G.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"What Ann
Brought Home," a comedy in three acts,
by Larry E. Johnson. The cast:

Sam Bennett John Winthrop
Uncle Henry Charles Schofield
Herb Hardcastle Day Manson
J. T. Raymond Frank Charlton
Dudley Purdy Walter Gilbert
Nina Edith Speare
Ann Ruth King
Alma Flora Maude Gade

Ann was sent to the nearest town to
buy two yards of crepe de chine for her
sister's dress, but she came home with
a husband. Her chief reason seems to
have been that she had no desire to
become the nineteenth horrible ex-
ample of what in her town happened
when girls didn't get married when they
could. The family did not think much
of her bargain; they would, indeed,
have made her take it back if it hadn't
been too late.

Thus inauspiciously introduced to a
disapproving circle of in-laws, Dudley
Purdy had a hard row to hoe. It ap-
peared that he could think of nothing
but fish-eggs and was worse than use-
less in a lumber mill. Furthermore,
he was no business man, according to

I go-getter, Herb Hardeastie, empties to straighten out the love affairs of his wife's sisters merely caused him to be accused of stealing picture frames. Matters reached a climax when his wife saw her younger sister engaged in kissing him with great joy—it was merely gratitude, but how could she guess? At once she decided their marriage a failure and told him to go. He went, but not before he had sold his father-in-law's property for a handsome sum, reconciled two pairs of lovers, and discovered that his wife really loved him after all.

The play was very well acted, especially by Charles Schofield to whom fell the unattractive part of a half-witted old curmudgeon with a mania for growing cranberries in his brother's water-logged property. Walter Gilbert was his usual charming self; no great demands were made of him, but he gave a delightful performance and in his frequent moments of agonizing embarrassment was painfully true to life. Ruth King played the much-tried Ann with great sincerity and much charm. She was not satisfied with merely being easy to look at, but enters into her part with considerable depth of feeling. The rest of the cast were all good, but a special word should go to Day Manson for his portrayal of a conceited, wholly self-satisfied young ass, who firmly believed that nothing in heaven or earth was hid from him. He made one long for a convenient brick or even a dose of anaesthetic.

The author is particularly to be commended for his lack of repetition. The same jokes do not appear all through the play with soporific effect, and if the situations seem somewhat forced when looking back, they provide excellent entertainment, which has no need to be strictly logical. E. L. H.

'CRYSTAL CUP' SEEN AT WASH. OLYMPIA

A daring drama, unusual in its theme and treatment, skillfully directed and acted, is "The Crystal Cup," First National's picturization of Gertrude Atherton's novel which opened last night at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre.

"The Crystal Cup" reflects the turbulent soul of a sensitive woman, oppressed by an unhappy experience of early youth, which affects her conduct and outlook on life for years. It affords Dorothy Mackaill, featured in the feminine part, her greatest screen role. Jack Mulhall, in the serious role of Geoffrey opposite Miss Mackaill, proves a versatile actor playing drama with the same ability which has won him success in many comedy roles in the past.

'LES MISERABLES' AT THE COLONIAL

"Les Miserables," a film drama adapted from Victor Hugo's greatest work by the French, directed by Henri Fescourt and Louis Nalpas and presented at the Colonial Theatre by Carl Laemmle with the following cast:

Jean Valjean M. Gabriel Gabrio
M. Madeleine M. Jean Toulout
Javert M. Paul Jorje
M. Myriel M. Rozet
Fantine M. Sandra Milowanoff
Mlle. Baptistine Mme. Clara Darcy-Roche
Cosette (the child) Mme. Nivette Saillard

The filming of a stupendous work such as "Les Miserables" is no easy task. The book consists of over 700 pages, stories within stories as intricately twined as wheels within wheels and yet each episode shadows the main theme.

The French company, the Cincromans, that made this film version approached it with all of the reverence due it and attempted honestly to bring to life the powerful figure of Jean Valjean which they accomplished, in so far as word pictures can take on personality. M. Gabriel Gabrio shapes the imaginative man into his own figure and emotions, so naturally does he play Jean Valjean. He has the strength of an ox, a childlike simplicity and a depth of emotion which becomes him in the part. And little Cosette, was there ever such acting as this child brought forth on the screen?

Not only is the picture a remarkable gallery of character paintings, but it does not offend, does not rob the book of its glow. The picture does credit to the cinema. It does not bruise the memory.

The first of the story where Jean Valjean is the poor woodcutter and the loaf of bread is shown as a fish back on the screen after he had normal dog has.

been released from prison and had been refused admittance to the Inn. From then on the story of this main character is accounted for, the other incidents of the book being used only in the development of this one, thereby concentrating the screen story in the way that is most effective.

Javert, the keen-eyed guardian of the French law, who did his work thoroughly when he had his mind on it and he usually did have, was made to commit suicide in the picture which, all in all, was a clever way around a bad situation. And the final scheming of Jean Valjean to marry his Cosette, nameless as she was, to a nobleman's son was necessarily cut, but how delicately the operation was performed.

Further credit should go to the men who edited this film from the 36 reels in which the French showed it, to the 11 in which it is at present. A colossal task, and well done.

If the scenes pass hurriedly once in a while, it must be remembered that

this film was first going to be produced in this country in two 12-reel episodes and the later pruning naturally hurried things. Paul Gulick, Sydney Singerman, Robert Welch and Joseph Weil are responsible for the sincere and timid handling of the shears. The subtitles are, for the most part, after the manner of Victor Hugo and taken from the original when possible. C. M. D.

'DESIRED WOMAN' IS AT MODERN, BEACON

Irene Rich Plays Wife of British Officer in India

Irene Rich, in a picturing of Mark Canfield's dramatic romance of a woman's indiscretion, "The Desired Woman," tops the bill of new photoplays at the Modern and Beacon theatres. The cast includes William Russell, William Collier, Jr., Douglas Gerrard, Jack Ackroyd and John Miljan. The associate picture is a comedy, "High School Hero," with a cast comprising Sally Phipps, Nick Stuart, Charles Paddock and John Darrow. The Vitaphone presentations are Gene and Willie Howard, in a comedy sketch; Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra, and Bernardo de Pace, wizard of the mandolin.

Miss Rich is seen as the wife of a British army officer stationed in a remote military base in India. To relieve her, boredome she patronizes a young soldier fresh from England, and he falls in love with her.

CONTINUING PLAYS

MAJESTIC—"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," stage adaptation of Anita Loos's popular story, with June Walker. Last week.

PLYMOUTH—"Broadway," Jed Harris's play of night club life. Ninth week.

SHUBERT—"The Circus Princess," operetta, colorful and lavish. "Foodies" Hanneford, Guy Robertson, Desiree Tabor and others head the cast. Last week.

TREMONT—"Honeymoon Lane," Eddie Dowling stars in his own musical comedy. Last two weeks.

ARLINGTON—Fritz Leiber and his company in their last week of Shakespearian repertory. See advertisement for daily change in program.

REPERTORY—"The Machine Wreckers," Ernst Toller's play, closing Wednesday evening.

'SPRING FEVER' SEEN AT STATE THEATRE

William Haines Is Starred in New Film Comedy

For screen entertainment this week Loew's State offers William Haines in his first starring piece, "Spring Fever," a comedy romance of the golf links. Haines has at last been rewarded with stardom after his outstanding performances in "Slide, Kelly, Slide," "Brown of Harvard" and other successes.

"Spring Fever" is one long laugh. Haines, a shipping clerk, is discovered by the boss to be a golf expert. The latter takes him to the country club, introduces him as a young millionaire, and proceeds to boost him as a coming champion. Cupid takes a hand and so does a rival for the lady of his choice.

Joan Crawford makes a charming heroine, and the cast is well chosen. George Fawcett appears as the golfing boss, and Edward Earle as Haines's rival, the golf champion. George K. Arthur and Lee Moran in comedy roles, and Eileen Percy, Bert Woodruff and others are able assistants. Edward Sedgwick directed the new film.

The stage bill comprises two entertaining presentations. Karyl Norman, "Creole Fashion Plate," delights with a series of clever female impersonations, aided by a gorgeous display of feminine finery. Walter Scanlan, popular singer of Irish airs, renders a number of favorite selections.

"THE FIGHTING EAGLE" AT BOSTON THEATRE

Rod La Rocque Is Prince and Pirate in Napoleonic Film

From debonaire prince to swash-buckling pirate, so goes Rod La Rocque in "The Fighting Eagle" now playing at the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre. The picture is a glittering romance of love and adventure in the memorable days when Napoleon ruled Europe. "The Fighting Eagle" is a delightful picture.

Vahletka, Indian mystic of the Cheerokees, gives an interesting entertainment to the audience, drawing questions from their minds and answering affairs close to their hearts. Eugene

COPLEY THEATRE—"No. 17," a mystery comedy in three acts, by Jefferson Fareon. The cast was as follows:

Gilbert Fordyce Rupert Lucas
Eddie Scott Martin Walker
Ben E. E. Clive
Mr. Ackroyd Victor Becroft
Smith David Clyde
Mr. Brant Ralph Roberts
Henry Norman Cannon
Rose Ackroyd Max Ediss
Nora Gaby Fay

Number Seventeen is neither a locomotive nor a convict, but a deserted house. In the course of Act 1 some nine people congregate in Number Seventeen's peculiarly unattractive garret. Through doors and windows, skylights and cellars, in the dead of night they come, all equally mysterious, and one dead. The mystery, halfway through the play, seems to be—who is anyone and why should he, she or they be there anyway?

From the first an insidious and creeping boredom arises like a haze between the spectators and the stage. There are few things in the world today of a more narcotic nature than the comedy relief in an ordinary mystery play. Imagine, then, a mystery play with a counterpoint of comedy from beginning to end, and you have Number Seventeen. Mr. Clive plays the relief, and while he may be a practiced comedian, a wise crack on the heels of every murder does defraud us, the audience, of the thrill that really should go with crime. There comes first, an overwhelming desire to leap the footlights, grab the brass knuckles, and hit Mr. Clive over the head. Then, as ennui replaces irritation, we assume a more horizontal position and go through with the evening as bravely as possible for the sake of brother Herbert, who is 15 and enjoying himself.

Well, the man who is a corpse in the garret turns out, in the cellar, to be a detective, or rather a noted criminal known as Henry. (It was the other three men who were detectives.) On second thought, the corpse was not Henry, but Mr. Ackroyd. But let that pass, there certainly is a diamond necklace, because it is frequently flourished. Then there is a lovely lady crook who longs to go straight, not to speak of an underground railway to the continent.

Who stole the diamond necklace and who was Barton, the celebrated detective, and what of it, may come out in the end and seem perfectly plain to those who have bright eyes and sharp ears. Our guess is, it was Mr. Clive all the time; but we shall ask brother Herbert.

R. H. G.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Rose-Marie," Arthur Hammerstein's successful production, pays Boston its third visit. The cast:

Sargent Malone Charles Meakins
Lulu Jane Peggy Pates
Black Eagle Neil Moore
Edward Hawley Ross Gibson
Emile La Flamme Sami Marco
Wanda Hazel Gaudreau
Hard-boiled Herman Houston Richards
Jim Kenyon Paul Donah
Rose Marie La Flamme Beulah Berson
Ethel Brander Daisy Gibson

It looks very much as if "Rose-Marie" is going to do right by Arthur Hammer-

stein in much the same manner that "Blossom Time" has benched so beautifully on the road during past seasons for the Shuberts. Here it is for the third time in as many seasons paying Boston a visit. The great outdoors of the Canadian Northwest, bold and brave mounted police, coquettish and temperamental French-Canadian maid and reformed bad man—all these are treated of in "Rose-Marie." Wanda, sullen and mysterious Indian girl, is another who lends atmosphere to the whole, as she leads the chorus through the famous "Totem Pole" manoeuvres. A great deal of color and life, singable and pleasant tunes with character for the every occasion they are introduced, plenty of action, and the compromising modern musical comedy touch toward the end are some of the reasons why "Rose-Marie" continues to please a large public.

Following the San Carlo opera at the opera house gives the production a much better start than it would ordinarily have opening the usually dark opera house. The company is a large one and is consequently not buried in the vast stage and auditorium. In fact, it appears to much better advantage than it did, for instance, during the Majestic engagement.

Houston Richards, a great Boston favorite in his Boston stock company days, is still to be seen in the engaging role of Hard-boiled Herman, which he has played with a great deal of success on the road for three seasons. His nice sense of comedy is sure and he has ripened gracefully in the part. Instead of becoming bored by his long service. Let us hope the Hammersteins have a reward for him in the shape of a comedy role in one of their new productions.

Beulah Berson is the best singing Rose-Marie of the three or four Boston has already heard. She has a rich, fresh, soprano voice that was heard to advantage in the famous "Indian Love Call." Charles Meakins, familiar figure as Sergt. Malone; Hazel Gaudreau as Wanda, and Paul Donah as Jim Kenyon, were others who contributed excellent performances. There was a tendency on nearly everyone in the company, some oftener than others, to force their speaking and singing voices, a condition very easily adjusted after they become accustomed to the Opera House. There was a good-sized audience that applauded enthusiastically. A. P.

EDDIE LEONARD HEADS KEITH BILL

Eddie Leonard, the black face minstrel singer whose songs are often imitated but never duplicated, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week with a company of 19 dancers and singers. Applause greeted the minstrel as he stepped on the stage and calls for old songs summoned him back several times after the fall of the curtain.

Zelda Santley as "Little Miss Everybody" gave a series of impersonations that did not depend upon a change of hat. She wept real tears and washed off most of her make-up during her impersonation of a girl of the streets.

Other acts this week are Micahua, who walks and dances on a slack wire without the usual pole or umbrella; Abbott and Miller in "Trying to Get Along in Song"; Teck Murdoch and company in "Tom, Dick and Harry" featuring Iris Kennedy; Dave Vine, a comedian of the "nut" school, whose principal properties are a cap, topcoat, pair of rubbers and a long story about an old gentleman with whiskers; Summers and Hunt in "Maid of Laughs," with jokes, dances and songs and the Pickfords, who juggle plates and other things in an act entitled, "Fun in a Restaurant."

"WHAT PRICE GLORY" AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

Large Audiences See Screen Version of Famous War Play

Conclusive proof that "What Price Glory" has lost none of its tremendous appeal was offered by the large audiences that viewed the film yesterday at Loew's Orpheum Theatre, where the war picture is being shown for the first time downtown at popular prices.

There is the background of the war, of course, but "What Price Glory"

FROM "THREE OLD BROTHERS" (By Frank O'Connor)

And Blind Tom says,
I knew a man
A girl refused for lover
Worked in America forty years
And heaped copper on copper.

id came back all across the foam
essed in his silks and satins,
And watched for her from dawn to
dark
id from compline to matins,
And when she passed him in her
shawl
He cracked his sides for laughing,
And went back happy to the West
ad heeded no man's scoffing. . . .

Alfred Noyes, the poet of whom it
said that he has made much money
his assiduous wooing of the Muse
id therefore must be what Artemus
ard called a "Boss Poit," is coming
again as a lecturer for a lucrative
ur. Perhaps even now he is here or
Canada.

As he was leaving London he found
me at the station to talk about the
ited States. He admitted that we were
fully kind," but suffering from the
leged newness of our country. "For
stance, I was walking over the Sussex
owns with an American the other day,
hen he noticed a barn with a pretty
ellow-colored roof. 'Ah!' he said, 'what
fine old barn. That is the kind of
ung we haven't got in our country.'
Why not?' I asked. 'Because it is too
ung,' he said. I saw that barn built. It
only about 15 years old."

Mr. Noyes generously added that some
mericians are producing "first-rate po-
y. . . . There is a lot of twaddle,
o, and this is hailed as really great
etry." Truc, O Alfred, true, too true!

s the World Wags:

I was very much interested in the an-
ouncement of the new night club just
ened in Boston, which appeared in a
cent issue of The Herald.

The sub-heading to the effect that 300
ere able to dance is most interesting.
hat seems to me a pretty good average
om my knowledge of night clubs.

E. B. TERHUNE.

s the World Wags:

If you think that we are not living
a fast age and that old time is not on
e wing read this excerpt from a re-
ant issue of a Cape Cod paper. The
eason for the homily was the in-
allation of electric lights in the old
wn of Wellfleet.

"It befits us to remember that it is
stirrely through the grace of God the
ather that we enjoy these blessings of
e 32d century."

Hyannis. HENRY WATERMAN.

VARIA

s the World Wags:

While it is true that Scotch whiskey
as commonly used for hot drinks along
the year 1889 and far into the '90s,
ere were those who drank it in high-
ills, and it was the favorite tippie of
e late William T. W. Ball, who, I be-
eve, was not unknown to you. I well
call him saying to me upon one oc-
asion when I was drinking an old
ashioned whiskey cocktail: "Young
an, if you want to dic of kidney
ouble, continue to drink such damna-
e mixtures, made with American whis-
ey."

May I ask when E. J. Ratcliffe joined
e great body of "Lates"? The last I
ew of him, and it seems hardly two
onths ago, he was in Hollywood work-
g occasionally in pictures, and it cer-
nly is not over a month ago that I
w him in a film, the title of which
do not at the moment recall.

In The Herald of Oct. 28 we were
eeted with the heading: "Bushnell
bes at Chicago Mayer; Says His Bill
oster Censor Is as Good as Any."
hich do you think is the more com-
ent? A bill poster book censor or a
ap drummer play censor? F. E. H.

W. E. K. writes, apropos of a quota-
on from a New York dispatch with a
erence to "the late E. J. Ratcliffe,"
ublished in this column: "Old admir-
s of this excellent actor are privileged
see him nowadays, though infrequent-
y, in some of the good motion pictures
usually in the role of the heavy father,
times as the stern husband of a Mme.
utterfly."

"ANGEL SITS UP ALOFT"

s the World Wags:

When the British navy recruiting was
low ebb during the earliest of the
ars against revolutionary France
owing to wide suspicion of official cor-
ruption at the top and experiences of
ardship before the mast), the admiral-
y despairingly engaged Charles Dibdin,
prolific composer, to make and sing
ealized songs on the life of Jack Tar.
o successful were these that they re-
ulted in the long series of naval vic-
ories. One of the most popular songs
egan:

There's a dear little angel who sits up
aloft
And keeps out an eye for poor Jack."

In Malden, recently, a telephone line-
an, working at the top of a high pole,
w at its base two boys trying to
reak the lock off on a spare tire on an
utomobile they had just driven up;
specting theft, he in a low voice tele-

phoned the exchange to send around
the police posthaste. The police came
so speedily that they captured the
thieves; the latter would doubtless be as
much surprised to learn that above
them was an "avenging angel" as would
be the lineman at being regarded as any
angel whatsoever

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

There seems to be something wrong
with everything.—The Rev. Gwilym O.
Griffith. Cheer up, old top!

AMONG THE IMMORTALS

In spite of sneering George Moore,
Thomas Hardy's fame will now defy the
tooth of Time. He sits enthroned in
wax in the new Mme. Tussaud's hall of
fame. We are sorry to hear that there
is a shortage of murderers in the new
museum. In the old Chamber of Hor-
rors, second rate artists were admitted,
as Mr. Herbert John Bennett, who, ac-
cording to the "catalogue," murdered
his wife on Yarmouth Beach, in Sep-
tember, 1900, by strangling her with a
bootlace." Now the standard is raised.
Alas, the Sleeping Beauty with her
heaving breast will not again excite ad-
miration.

Fortunate are those of us who saw
the old Chamber of Horrors, saw Will-
iam Cobbett turn his head to stare im-
politely at admiring strangers.

When Artemus Ward was in the Brit-
ish Museum he told the attendant that
if the nation would stand the expense
of a marble bust he would willingly sit
for some talented sculptor.

"I feel," I said, 'that this is a dooty
I owe to posterity.'

"He said it was hily prob'l, but he
was inclined to think that the British
nation wouldn't care to enrich the
Museum with a bust of me, altho' he
ventured to think that if I paid for one
myself it would be accepted cheerfully
by Madame Tussaud who would give it
a prominent position in her Chamber
of Horrors. The young man was very
polite, and I thank him kindly."

The Duchess of Atholi takes excep-
tion to the "insulting word 'flapper'";
and it must be admitted that we are
not altogether happy in our feminine
terminology. Is "flapper" any worse
than the official "spinster"? "Mrs." is
an ugly and slovenly bunch of sibilants;
and "Miss" is so pert a word that we do
not dare to use it except as a prefix.
"Wife" has the misfortune to be the
handiest rhyme for "strife"; and "wom-
an" itself is too obvious a derivative of
"man" to be quite palatable to the mod-
ern feminist.—The Observer.

IRMA DUBOVA

Irma Dubova, soprano, gave a recital
last night in Jordan Hall. She began
her program with a group of songs by
Russians, sung in the original tongue—
Mme. Dubova herself is Russian. There
wer e three by Gretchaninov, "Over the
Steppe," "Lullaby," and "The Night";
Mussorgsky contributed his famous
"Hopak," Rachmaninov "Sorrows of
Spring."

In Italian Mme. Dubova offered
Monteverde's noted "Lasciatemi Mo-
rire," "Fuggite, donzelle," by Caletti-
Bruni; "Dormi," da Gagliano, and a
"Sea Song," modern in sound, by one
Recil.

Next Mme Dubova sang German
songs in German, Strauss's "Ach Lieb,"
Reger's "Waldeinsamkeit," and three of
Brahms's gypsy songs, "Ho There,
Gypsy," "Art Thou Thinking Often
Now?," and "Sun-brown Lad." In her
English group she included La Forge's
"Before the Crucifix," MacDowell's "The
Blue-Bell," Griffes's "Time Was,"
"Ashes of Roses," by Woodman, and
"Time, You Old Gypsy Man," by Ber-
lay. A large audience applauded Mme.
Dubova warmly.

She is blessed indeed with a fine
voice, a large voice of warm, beautiful
quality, except only in very soft tones
where body goes, and in strong tones
near the top. She uses it very well on
the whole, sings with a smooth legato,
and, in Russian, with enunciation that
sounds distinct.

Conditions were against her last
night. Not the most rhythmical of
singers herself, she had but a slender
reed to lean upon in her accompanist,
a player too intent, apparently, upon
reading his notes to pay the singer
the heed that is needful if an accom-
panist is to do what he should. Rightly
to distribute the blame for last night's
lack of concord would not be easy.
The situation, however, should not have
been allowed to arise. If a singer finds

an accompanist incompetent she has it
in her power to dismiss him. If a
pianist finds a singer impossible be-
cause of rhythmic vagaries, to accom-
pany, surely no law can compel him
to try. The public, at all events, has
a right to expect that singer and play-
er shall agree. R. R. G.

PLEASING FILMS AT THE FINE ARTS

Given by Shady Hill Guild and
Women Voters' League

The film play was elevated to ele-
gant and intelligent entertainment last
evening at the Fine Arts Theatre. This
is the first of a series of programs to be
given by the Shady Hill Film Guild and
the Massachusetts League of Women
Voters for the benefit of the Shady Hill
school. With all the grace of a good
concert and with a goodly amount of
showmanship, the films unwound their
interesting reels, and they were not
streaked and spotted reels but as fresh
and unspooled as if they had been made
yesterday.

The first picture was "The Doll,"
made in Germany by Ernest Lubitsch,
and so delightfully fantastic was it and
so amusing that one is inspired to bun-
dle Herr Lubitsch up and hurry him
back to Germany with "more, lots more
like 'The Doll'" every step of the way.
Who else but Lubitsch would have had
such a team of horses and such a spa-
cious heart fall from the young man's
chest and out his trouser leg? Who
else but Lubitsch would have painted
ripe colors with his camera by the use
of lights and shadows?

And the humor and brightness of it.
"The Doll" was a vixen, and how calmly
Lubitsch made the woman later become
enamored of her. Oh, Lubitsch Will
you ever be the same now that Holly-
wood had got into your blood?

The second picture was interesting
but that is about the warmest praise
one can heap upon it. The directors
attempted to follow the technique of
music instead of the drama and the
result was a nervous study in camera
angles, somewhat resembling a bad
dream. One was reminded after see-
ing Murnau's "The Last Laugh" that
that picture might have inspired the
beat of the "Ballet Mecanique" in the
scenes when the old door-man cele-
brates the wedding party a bit enthu-
siastically.

However, the directors of the "Ballet
Mecanique" succeeded in giving several
episodes that were entirely original.
The one of a woman coming upstairs
and raising her hand on the empha-
sized beat was excellent, and in other
ways the rhythm of music was sug-
gested, but when the cakepan and the
egg-whip were introduced, the music
grew noisy and almost bounded off the
screen.

The last film, as we have suggested,
was that perfect picture of Emil Jan-
nings, "The Last Laugh," and as the
surroundings and audience were in ac-
cord with it, it seemed even better, if
possible, than when it was first viewed.

These pictures were presented without
any introduction on the screen before
the picture. A deep red velvet curtain
swung majestically back disclosing the
screen in the half light and the picture
was flashed on it immediately. Notes
about the play were given fully on the
program.

Clair Leonard improvised on a piano
and this was the only accompaniment.
He did not intrude his music on the
film but kept a light chatter of notes
going pleasantly. Only once or twice
did he try to be an entire orchestra and
perhaps the "Ballet Mecanique" called
for it.

The audience was of good size and
enthusiastic.

The next of this series will be given
Monday, Nov. 21, at Brattle hall, Cam-
bridge, and Nov. 22 at the Fine Arts
Theatre, Boston. C. M. D.

MISS DANFORTH

By PHILIP HALE

Pauline Danforth played the piano
last night in Jordan Hall. Her program
comprised these pieces: Scarlatti, Gigue,
Sarabande, Minuet, Allemande. De-
bussy, Bruyeres, La Cathedrale en-
gloutie, La Puerta del Vino. Ravel,
Ondine, Menuet, Toccata. Schumann,
Sonata, G minor. There was a large
and very appreciative audience.

The sonata of the evening was put
at the end so that those who had greatly
enjoyed the music by Scarlatti, Debussy
and Ravel as it had been played might
leave the hall with the undisturbed re-
membrance of beautiful thoughts and
sounds. Admirable Miss Danforth!

Yet in arranging her program she
made one mistake: she should have put
between the pieces by Debussy and
Ravel a composition of an orthodox,
academic, obvious, dull nature, some-
thing say by Hummel, Dussek, Mo-
scheles, a tiresome movement by Boc-
ethoven, for Beethoven like all great
composers could be tiresome at times,
or some "safe" piece by a modern, so
that one might enjoy the Italian and

the Frenchmen all the more.

Miss Danforth knows that a
umorous Scarlatti wrote other
than the "Capriccio" and the "Pas-
to which many pianists are ada-
When she came to Debussy she
the courage to choose two preludes that
are not often heard. For the perform-
ance of them there are pitfalls. Take
"La Puerta del Vino," and read the
composer's indication: "With brusque
contrasts of extreme violence and pas-
sionate gentleness." The unthinking
pianist would at once turn this hint
at a habanera into a see-saw. And how
should one play the measures marked
"Ironically"? Or a pianist acquainted
with George Borrow might in the inter-
pretation of "Bruyeres" remember Mr.
Petelungo speaking of "the wind on the
heath, brother," and turn Debussy's
murmuring into at least a breeze.

Miss Danforth is among the few
pianists that give us genuine pleasure.
When she is brilliant, it is because the
composer calls for brilliance; brilliance
that is not metallic, not like the crack
of a whip. She can be quietly or deeply
emotional, without sloppiness, without
indulgence in unmusical, unaesthetic
phrasing. Her gaiety is without vul-
garity. If Debussy dreams visions, she,
too, can dream, but her dream is a wak-
ing dream, not in a sleep that sets the
hearer a-dozing. While her performance
was interesting throughout—we were
unable to hear the sonata—one will re-
member with the greatest pleasure her
interpretation of Scarlatti's Sarabande,
charming in its melancholy, and the
three pieces by Ravel, especially the
Menuet.

Pianists have the first place this
week. Tonight Messrs. Anthony and
Heyle play solo pieces and music for
two pianos. As the Symphony Or-
chestra is away Mr. Echaniz will take
the opportunity tomorrow afternoon of
giving his twice postponed recital; Bruce
Simonds will give his on Saturday after-
noon.

As pianists will rage or sob in obedi-
ence to composers, let us quote from
"Miriam Codd" in Harold Nicholson's
amusing "Some People."

"I am not, as I have said, very
aware of music, but I can tell when
a man plays badly. I have learnt that
mere rapidity of motion or that gam-
bit about crossing the hands are not,
as tests of excellence, very reliable: the
only sure test for the ignorant is the
pianist's treatment of the single note.
The bad pianist will just put one finger
on that single note as if indeed it were
a simple thing to do: the good pianist,
who, during the involved passages, will
have leant back idly letting his square
hands browse miraculously on the key-
board, will suddenly be galvanized into
passion at the approach of the single
note. His whole body will become
rigid with the intensity of his concen-
tration; he will lean close down over
the key-board, his trembling forefinger
outstretched, and then he will flick at
that note with that forefinger, as if a
dentist extracting a dying nerve. When
that happens I fling myself back in my
chair. 'Dieu,' I exclaim, 'comme il joue
bien! Quel doigte!'"

Mr. Heyle will play Scriabin's seventh
sonata, which, as Mr. Eaglefield Hull
maintains, shows the composer a mys-
tic; music that is full of "plastic visions,
representations of processions and caril-
lons, prophetic words, summoning trum-
pets, exorcising phrases and rhythms,
aromas and clouds of incense, hiding the
face of the radiant Ecstasy," music that
is "super-music," such as Scriabin
hoped to attain in the "Mystery" on
which he was engaged when he died.
To come down to earth this sonata,
composed in 1911, was played in Boston
by Harold Bauer in 1917.

Jose Maria del Sagrado Corazon de
Echaniz y de Justriani, born near Ha-
vana, studied in that city, where he
first appeared as a professional pianist
in 1919. In 1920 he came to New York.
He has played in concerts given by
Mme. Bori and Mr. Schipa. Early in
this season he gave a recital in New
York.

Charles Anthony and William Heyle
will play in Jordan hall tonight music
for two pianos; Reger, Variations and
Fugue on a theme of Beethoven's and
Rachmaninoff's Sulte op. 17. Mr. An-
thony's selections are: Haydn, Varia-
tions in F minor. Paradis, Toccata.
Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau, Poissons
d'or and Prelude. As we have said, Mr.
Heyle will play Scriabin's Sonata op. 64.

Tomorrow afternoon Mr. Echaniz will play the piano in Jordan hall: Bach-Busoni, Chaconne. Brahms, Rhapsody, B minor. Chopin, Barcarolle, Polonaise op. 53. Debussy, Homage to Rameau. Kreisler-Rachmaninoff, Liebeslied. Albeniz-Godowsky, Tango. Granados, Allegro de Concierto. Grieg, Nocturne. Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11.

There is a melancholy interest in the music of Granados irrespective of its merits, for he and his wife were drowned when the Sussex, a peaceful vessel, was torpedoed without warning by a German submarine in 1916. He took that steamship in order to play at the White House, although he had engaged passage on a vessel for a Spanish port. His concerto, which will be played tomorrow afternoon, was performed by Granados in Spain in 1904 and at Paris in 1914. It is said to be a brilliant composition in symphonic form. A melodic theme follows a prelude from which another motive is chosen. It leads to another episode.

Next Saturday afternoon Bruce Simonds, pianist, will give a recital in Jordan hall. Bach, Toccata, G major. Franck, Prelude, Aria and Finale. Smetana, Obkroak (Czecho-Slovakian Dance). Stepan, Valse Fausse. Bartok, Allegretto. Dohnanyi, Ruralla Hungarica, No. 2. Severac, Sur l'Etang le Soir. Brahms, Variations on a theme of Paganini's, book 2. Chopin, Impromptu, F sharp major, Three Etudes, Fantasie.

An unusual and varied program. Although Smetana wrote many piano pieces, his name seldom appears on a program. He was especially fond of polkas, having written about 20, and introduced that dance form in his admirable string quartet. "Obkroak" is from the second volume of his "Czech Dances," which were composed from 1877 to 1879. We believe "Obkroak" means skipping or striding along. Smetana published the two sets in rivalry with Dvorak's "Slavic Dances," believing that the musical world did not know that these dance forms even existed.

Vaclav Stepan, a Czecho-Slovakian composer, pianist, professor of aesthetics, music critic, born at Pecky in 1889, has played in Germany, Austria, England, but chiefly in France. He is the author of "Musical Symbolism in Program Music."

"Sur l'etang le soir," by the late Deodat de Severac, is from the suite "En Languedoc" (1905). Severac was a pupil of d'Indy and Maynard. His talent was highly esteemed in Paris. Jean-Aubry has much to say about him in "French Music of Today."

Mr. Simonds was brought to Boston by Vincent d'Indy when he conducted, as a guest, concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Dec. 9 and 10, 1921. Mr. Simonds then played Bach's Concerto in D major. Since then he has given pleasure in recital and in a chamber concert.

A concert in memory of Charles Bennett, singer, composer and member of the N. E. Conservatory faculty, will take place in Jordan hall tomorrow night at 8:15 o'clock. Franck, Prayer (organ). Schuetz, Motet, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Bennett, Four Songs. Arensky, Elegy from the trio in D minor (Ruth Culbertson, pianist; Margaret Clark, violinist; Harriet Curtis, cellist). Address by the Rev. Mr. Sherrill, rector of Trinity Church. Goodrich, Requiem Aeternam (chorus and organ). David B. McClosky, baritone; Wallace Goodrich and Albert W. Snow, organists. The chorus will be composed of students and friends of Charles Bennett, and members of the faculty.

Henry Gideon, co-operating with the Community Church of Boston, will give the first of his seven Saturday night talks on "The Art of Listening to Music" at 8 Byron street, Boston at 8 o'clock, next Saturday. The subject will be "Song." Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano; Nicolai Slonimsky, pianist. These talks will be given on Saturday evenings when the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be away.

Concerts of the Week

SUNDAY—Reinald Werrenrath, barytone, song recital, Carnegie Hall, 3 P. M.; Vernon Williams, tenor, song recital, Town Hall, 3 P. M.; symphonic concert, Capitol Theater, 11:30 A. M.; Albert Spalding, soloist: symphonic concert, Louis Graveure, soloist, Roxy Theater, 11:30 A. M.; Michel Fokine, Vera Fokina, dancers, Century Theater, 2:30 and 8:30 P. M.; Friends of Music, Artur Bodanzky, conductor, Beethoven's "Missa Solennis," Metropolitan Opera House, 8:30 P. M. sharp; Josef Lhevinne, pianist, Carnegie Hall, 8:15 P. M.; New York Symphony Orchestra, Mecca Auditorium, 3 P. M.; Hilde Gad, dancer, Guild Theater, 8:30 P. M.

MONDAY—Alfredo San Malo, violinist, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Sadie Schwartz, violinist, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.

TUESDAY—Irene Scharrer, pianist, Town Hall, 3 P. M.; Alexander Kisseburgh, barytone, Carnegie Hall, 8:15 P. M.

WEDNESDAY—Leon Sampaix, piano, Town Hall, 3 P. M. (Chopin-Liszt program); Gertrude Bonime, pianist, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Manuel Shores, piano, Chickering Hall, 8:30 P. M.

THURSDAY—New York Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, 3 P. M.; Anna Case, soprano, song recital, Carnegie Hall, 8:15 P. M.; Harold Samuel, pianist, Bach music, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.

FRIDAY—Corinne Mar, soprano, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Biltmore Musicale, Hotel Biltmore, 11 A. M.

SATURDAY—Symphony Society's Young People's Concert, Walter Damrosch, conductor, Carnegie Hall, 2:30 P. M.; Boris Lass, Russian violinist, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Charles Anthony, William Heyl, two piano recital, Town Hall, 3 P. M.; Anna Meitschik and Isiah Seligman, German music, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Pierre Loboschutz, piano, Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.

Albert Spalding, excellent violinist, will give a recital in Symphony Hall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 15, in aid of a worthy cause, the Household Nursing Association of Boston.

"This association is training young women at the school in Newbury street in household care; then they have nursing training at some of the smaller, also maternity hospitals. When they go out on cases for the first year they are under the weekly supervision of a graduate nurse. They get their cases from a registry at the office, 224 Newbury street. They are expected to be generally useful in sickness in a house; to go to the kitchen, fetch and carry all the meals. Their laundry is included in a wage much less than that demanded by the other nurses. Thus they fill a great need, and are very serviceable and useful. They do not take typhoid or pneumonia cases."

Who is the author of
THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN
"There's been an accident," they said, "Your servant's cut in two; he's dead."
"Indeed," said he: "Jones then please Bring me the half that has my knees."

THE SAD CASE OF M. POIRET
M. Paul Poiret, visiting Boston, did not approve of the knees of our women, nor of their legs. Our sisters, wives, mothers, grandmothers, sweethearts, and maiden aunts—not one of them escaped his aesthetic condemnation. Shocked, he fled the city, haunted by the horror of Bostonian legs including knees.

Eminent authorities on female beauty do not agree with M. Poiret: Jacob Epstein, Augustus John, Aubrey Hammond, while the artist C. R. W. Nevinson makes a sensible remark: "Why pick on American women? Their knees need no defenders. They are no different from those of the remainder of the world."

There are pages of compelling interest in old John Bulwer's "Man Transformed: or the Artificial Changing," especially those treating of "a way to bring legs to a convenient magnitude." Bulwer gives careful consideration to legs and knees of the civilized and the barbarous throughout the world as it was then known. He observed that in Butto Bo Johns town, the women's legs were crooked; that the women of Arupini, "almost all of

them halt"; that while the inhabitants of Guinea have long legs, those of Taprobana and Tartaria are all short legged.

"There are in Asia a certain kind of men which are called Monoscels and of others Sciopodae which have but one leg, which yet have a wonderful pernicie (sic) in leaping. . . . There are in a certain valley of the mountain Imaus or rather Timaus (as Aldrovandus saith) which region is called Abarimon, certain wild men who have their feet turned backward behind their legs, that are of wonderful swiftness, that they will outrun a hare." Our author does not say whether the women of these extraordinary men were constructed in like manner; but he has a good deal to say about women of other lands beginning with the maidens among the Chiribichenses who wrapped yarn about their legs next the knees to "swell them bigger." The Cathayans had "the same foolish affectation among them," as had the maids in Cumana.

To give an example of Bulwer's pleasing manner of writing we quote from pages 425, 426 his account of Spanish women, and quote it with his spelling:

"The Spanish women and men affect great Calves and full Legs, and are much ashamed if they be not by Nature or Art so accommodated; and verily all the Spaniards that I ever saw have had full handsome Legs, and the shape of Spanish Stockings sold upon our Exchange, whose shortnesse speaks them to have been made for women, seem to intimate that the women there have great Legs and very little Feet. Yet a Spanish merchant, a friend of mine, tells me the reason of the smallnesse of the feet of Spanish silk Stockings is that the Spaniard for the most part cuts off the Foot of his stockings to foot them with Fustian."

Let us also note that there was a "calf swelling punishment inflicted upon those of Meliapore, both men and women, for their cruel ingratitude to St. Thomas, martyred by them."

There is one thing to be said, and M. Poiret would undoubtedly agree to it: The legs of a woman or man should be long enough to reach from the hips to the ground, as Abraham Lincoln remarked when Seward found fault with the legs of a statue in Washington, D. C., and asked Lincoln's judgment.

As for knees, there are different opinions about their inherent beauty or ugliness. We have seen them in old-fashioned romances and in verses by poets, whose eyes in fine frenzy rolling were directed towards knees, likened to Parian marble. Our censor of the drama evidently finds them ugly, for he insists that they should be covered on the stage.

TENEMENTS

(For As the World Wags)

Coal dusted streets, dingy houses, sooty windows.

A cat sits licking its paws;

Above geraniums strive to bloom

Among the Monday wash of stockings, sheets and drawers.

V. W. C.

It is a rather dreadful suggestion of the Bishop of St. Albans that one should "smile at strangers as they enter your railway carriage." That is totally opposed to all established railway etiquette, which has always aimed at focussing public disapproval on the latest comer, so that timid people have sometimes lost their train rather than face the gaze of six pairs of hostile eyes. If (as Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd might have said) one does not hate the intruder into one's carriage, whom may one hate?—Daily Chronicle.

As the World Wags:

The Courteous Controller of A. T. W. W. gives us, from time to time, gentle criticisms of the deadly linotype. What course should a harassed employer pursue when his pretty young stenographer, taking the following sentence, "Your presence with me on this trip will add impetus to my efforts," translates it as follows: "Your presence, etc, will add impudence to my efforts." Isn't murder sometimes justifiable?

DISTRACTED.

We still think of inventors as lank, long-haired men with bees in their bonnets, with the consequence that it is left to America, Germany, or Italy to dominate the safety razor market, the typewriter market, and a host of other things which are to be found in every modern home and office.—W. H. Hanford.

As the World Wags:

There should be a law against women smoking in public. Not that it is objectionable for women to smoke—quite the contrary. But if they do smoke, they should do it as if they enjoyed it and not sit there with their blase bored, tired-of-it-all expressions, carefully drawing smoke into their mouths and then expelling it, just aping men. If they must imitate men, they should give faithful performances. They should

take a mouthful of smoke and rattle it down to the tips of their dear dainty pink toes, and then exhale it, with evident enjoyment. There, believe me, is SMOKING. JASPER B.

The prize optimist of the year is the statistician who says one American in each five knows how to drive a car.—Manila Bulletin.

Charles Anthony and William Heyl in Joint Concert

Charles Anthony and William Heyl, pianists, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall, before an excellent audience. Mr. Anthony opened the evening's proceedings with a beautiful sounding performance of Haydn's F minor variations. Their theme, it may have appeared to some listeners, Mr. Anthony treated a trifle cavalierly, but he dealt adroitly with the pretty trimmings and ornaments with which that theme is bedecked. He followed the variations with a toccata by Paradisi, of near-Irish jig-like rhythm quite unexpected, pleasant though over-refined.

Together, Mr. Anthony and Mr. Heyl played a reger set of variations and a fugue on a Beethoven theme. This music must surely be of the sort more engrossing to play than to listen to. The theme, though 100 Beethovens wrote it instead of one, is not a theme to seize the attention and, though Reger, it seemed in the first variation was making much out of nothing, in those that followed he showed no such knack. His music, though no doubt it was very well played, sounded depressingly dry.

After it the Scriabin sonata, op. 64, brought refreshment, even to persons who cannot abide it—probably because they are incapable of finding in it rhyme or reason, let alone any beauty. But at the least of it the Russian's music is not dreary and drab; it suggests the work of a man of flesh and blood, though an eccentric. Whereas the Reger! What is the worth of formulas alone? Mr. Heyl gave the impression that he was playing the sonata extremely well; the actual sound of it was remarkably good.

Also extremely well, in the approved way, Mr. Anthony played three Debussy pieces, "Reflets dans l'eau," "Poissons d'or," and a prelude, and then, to close the concert, came a suite by Rachmaninov for two pianos, op. 17.

The concert givers might surely have planned their program more judiciously. For producing the Reger variations, a work on a large scale by a composer of importance, they must be respected, even by listeners who disliked that work itself. But its warmest admirers can scarcely claim stirring emotion for this piece. Why, then, precede it and follow it with music as unfeeling as itself? Haydn variations and Paradisi have their charm; so we all agree, has Debussy, but not the power to rouse.

Perhaps Scriabin was counted on for the rousing demanded for contrast. He failed to fill the need, so the concert flowed on too placidly, with too much gravity and delicacy. Why did not one of the two play Grainger's "Turkey in the Straw" to add a human touch?

R. E. G.

'AS YOU LIKE IT'

Repertory Theatre—"As You Like It," a comedy in five acts and ten scenes, by William Shakespeare. The cast:

Orlando	Forbes Dawson
Adam	Arthur Bowyer
Dennis	Gordon Bullett
Oliver	William Faversham, Jr.
Charles	Richard McIntyre
Celia	May Ward
Rosalind	Olga Birkbeck
Touchstone	Dennis Cleuch
Le Beau	Arthur Seaton
Duke Frederick	Thayer Roberts
Duke Senior	William Mason
Amiens	Arthur Blander
First Lord	Milton Owen
Second Lord	Arthur Seaton
Corn	Thomas Shearn
Silvius	Richard McIntyre
Jaques	Henry Jewett
Audrey	Marion Goss
Phoebe	Adelaide George
William	Milton Owen
First Page	Lodie Elmes
Second Page	Philip Coleman
Jaunes De Boys	Robert Cass

It has recently been remarked that "As You Like It" being somewhat flimsy of plot, depends for its effect on the legs of the actress playing Rosalind. If one were to judge the performance at the Repertory Theatre by that standard it would be impossible to find fault. Like most clever remarks, however, the one quoted fails to take into consideration somewhat more important aspects and in these, it must be confessed, last night's production fell short. The ease, the grace, the unconsciousness of charm with which the romantic comedies of Shakespeare should be given, was unhappily absent. It may be that this stiffness will be outgrown in future performances and also that the actors will not be afraid of speaking so that they may be heard without an effort. If it be true that Elizabethan humor is not as amusing to us as to the audiences for which it was written—and at times

...seem a little difficult to grasp... nevertheless it would have a better... to be appreciated if the spec-... were not completely deafened by... laughter of the actors themselves... the men last night acquitted them-... selves better than the women. Forbes... son made a manly, attractive and... ciently romantic Orlando. He even... credibly through the wrestling... ch in the first act—a scene which

...better be given off stage since it is... possible to give it any semblance of... ty. Charles was deposited on his... k so very gently that he wasn't even... ed. Orlando's mock love scenes with... disguised Rosalind went off very... and with a noticeably lighter touch... n had up till then been the rule. Jewett, as the melancholy Jacques, ...ck the proper note of amused cyni-... as he wandered through the play... could only regret the incompre-... sible melodrama which marred the... of his "Seven Ages" speech. Touch-... is a figure who might easily be... de unbearable, but as portrayed by... anis Cleugh he became the best char-... er in the play. His easy clowning... nforced humor were a delight to... ch. William Faversham, Jr., as the... alous Oliver made what he could... of a rather melodramatic charac-... Richard McIntyre proved to be... appealing Silvius and did not over-... ck the awkwardness of the character... rest played well, if without any... tling brilliance.

Miss Olga Birkbeck as Rosalind gave... uneven performance. Very nervous... first, and too labored in her efforts... be lively, she improved considerably... en disguised as a boy. Her figure... ted the part and she moved like a... etty boy and not too much like a... l disguised. She cultivates an unfor-... nate monotony of voice and a jerky... ss of movement that could easily be... proved upon. At all times charming... look at she should remember to cul-... ate repose. Miss May Ward was a... etty, if rather colorless, Celia, provid-... g a good foil for the energetic Rosa-... d. Miss Adelaide George made an... tractive Phebe, but it did seem as if... ss Marion Goad overworked Audrey's... sticity till it became unnecessarily... ude. The scenery and costumes were... tractive and suitable and the play ran... rly smoothly with brief intermissions... rhaps when it has been given a few... ore times the actors will be able to... nvince themselves, and thereby their... audiences, that for the time being they... e not in Boston but in the Forest... Arden where nobody has to work... rd to enjoy themselves, and lovers... ay be found sighing beneath every... ee. E. L. H.

N.Y. Oct 31 1927

Opening of the Opera Season AT THE METROPOLITAN

"Turandot," lyric drama in three acts... music by Giacomo Puccini, to the text... of Giuseppe Adami and Renato Simon. The... et duet and finale arranged from the com-... er's sketches by Franco Alfano. First... rformed at La Scala, April 25, 1926; first... erican performance at the Metropolitan... e House, Nov. 16, 1926. Sung in Italian... d conducted by Tullio Serafin.

THE CAST
Princess Turandot.....Maria Jeritza
The Emperor Altoum.....Max Alglase
Murad.....Pavel Ludikar
The Unknown Prince—Calaf.....Giacomo Lauri-Volpi
Liu.....Nanette Gullford
The Duke.....Giuseppe De Luca
The King.....Angelo Bada
The Vizier.....Alfio Tedesco
The Mandarin.....George Cehanovsky
Two Maids, Charlotte, Nan, Dorothea Flexer

Nov 2 1927

AT THE METROPOLITAN

"Die Meistersinger," comic opera in three acts, book and music by Richard Wagner. Sung in German. Arthur Bodanzky conducting.

THE CAST
Hans Sachs.....(Debut) Grete Stueckgold
Kunze.....Kathleen Howard
Eckmesser.....Rudolf Laubenthal
Hans Sachs.....Clarence Whitehill
Eckmesser.....Gustav Schuetzendorff
Hans Sachs.....(Debut) Richard Maier
Eckmesser.....(Debut) Richard Maier
Hans Sachs.....Max Bloch
Eckmesser.....Angelo Bada
Hans Sachs.....Max Alglase
Eckmesser.....Giordano Patrino
Hans Sachs.....Louis D'Angelo
Eckmesser.....Paolo Ananlian
Hans Sachs.....James Wolfe
Eckmesser.....William Gustafson
Hans Sachs.....George Cehanovsky
Eckmesser.....Benjamin Glick
Hans Sachs.....Vincenzo Reschiglian

Nov 3 1927

AT THE METROPOLITAN

"Andrea Chenier," opera in four acts, by Umberto Giordano, book by Luigi Illica. Sung in Italian. Tullio Serafin conducting. Ballet dance by Corps de Ballet.

THE CAST
Andrea Chenier.....Giuseppe Daniso
Luigi Illica.....Kathleen Howard
Luigi Illica.....Florence Easton
Luigi Illica.....Ellen Dalossy
Luigi Illica.....George Cehanovsky
Luigi Illica.....Benjamin Glick
Luigi Illica.....Vincenzo Reschiglian

Martinelli, Vincenzo Reschiglian, Arnold Gabor Schmidt, a jailer, Vincenzo Reschiglian

Nov 5 1927

Public interest in murder is unabated—not only in murders that occur daily somewhere in this land of liberty or in less favored countries where inhabitants drink freely, but "not to hurt," of beer, ale, wines, liqueurs and even fire-water; tales of old, famous and approved murders told again, as by Mr. George Minot in The Sunday Herald, are eagerly read; and the question of guilt or innocence is warmly discussed by our readers.

Within recent years handsome reprints of Capt. Alexander Smith's "Lives and Robberies of the Most Notorious Highwaymen" and Captain Johnson's "History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pirates" have been published. Arthur L. Hayward has edited the "Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals Who Have Been Condemned and Executed for Murder, etc.," a stately volume of 640 large pages. Mr. Mitchell of Hartford, Ct., publishes choice extracts from the Newgate Calendar, and a reprint of that admirable work as George Borrow wrote it is announced for publication in England. There is Mr. Philip Gosse with his "Pirates' Who's Who." Even the Saturday Evening Post has published within two months two excellent murder stories, a relief from the tales about poor and honest shopgirls and stenographers, who disdaining the base attentions of bald-headed brokers, salacious employers, butter-and-egg men from the golden West, wed at last the high-born sons of multi-millionaires and ride in limousines.

And now comes Mr. William Roughead of Edinburgh with another volume devoted to crime in all its branches, with the stress on ingenious murders. His "Rebel Earl and Other Studies" is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. It is a large octavo of 310 pages. Our readers may remember a preceding volume, "The Fatal Countess and Other Studies," which was reviewed in The Herald some time ago. Mr. Roughead has written other books about criminals and trials. He is a "writer to the signet"; that is to say, a Scotch solicitor. He is a man of much historical information, who, discussing villainy, especially when it is atrocious, tells the story with peculiar gusto, with an engaging piquancy, influenced beyond doubt by De Quincey's great essay on "Murder, Considered as One of the Fine Arts," incomparable as Mr. Roughead well says, for "a whimsical and fantastic lightness which discounts the inherent horror." One of the best essays in "The Rebel Earl" is entitled "A Case for De Quincey." In it he speaks of Edmund Lester Pearson's "Studies in Murder," and pays this tribute as a fellow-craftsman: "An admirable and most attaching book about high American crime, which is a model of how such things should be rendered, namely, with scholarship, humor and a nice discretion." Thus Mr. Roughead, without intention, pays tribute to himself.

This case that would have interested De Quincey was the murder of Mrs. Franks and her pretty and young daughter Madeline, a murder that excites the enthusiasm of Mr. Roughead by its fierce brutality and force of horror. The crime is described in delightfully gruesome detail. It is pleasant to learn that this murderer, "like all criminals of exceptional ferocity, made an edifying end, and enjoyed during his period of probation the flattering attentions of many ministers." Mr. Roughead in conclusion conceives how De Quincey would have taken this "ugly and disgusting crime and made of it a thing bizarre and memorable."

"The Rebel Earl," a footnote to Scott's "Old Mortality," tells of the Earl Bothwell and Lord Hales, not the Bothwell of Queen Mary, but his nephew, supposed to be a warioc. It is a lively story of the strange coarse times when King and people believed in witchcraft. The earl at last lived at Naples where he cast horoscopes and performed feats of wizardry. He died in poverty. He could kill when it was necessary. Once he chased Sir William Arran into a cellar: "Ye Earle made a thruste at him with his rapier, and strake him in at the back and out at his belly, and killed him."

Read the singular story of "Constance Kent's Conscience: a Mid-Victorian Mystery." Did she cut the throat of

her little brother William? She was not convicted at her trial, but she afterwards confessed to her spiritual director who was preparing her for confirmation. She bore the boy no ill will, except as a child of her step-mother. Constance, this "small mouse-like little creature," imprisoned, at Portland, executed some of the mosaics in St. Peter's Church. She was released in 1885. If she was alive last year she was then 82 years old. No one knows what became of her. Some persons still think she damned herself to screen her guilty father, but others point to the fact that as a girl of 13 years, she cut off her hair, dressed herself in male attire and left her home with the intention of going abroad, most reprehensible proceedings.

"The Tineklarian Doctor" is in lighter vein, a doctor not a murderer but a reckless pamphleteer, from whose writings are liberal and amusing quotations. "It is a quaint reflection that while we can stomach any amount of scantily veiled indecency in the form of fiction, the frank free utterance of our outspoken forebears on matters of fact is to us anathema. The Doctor called a spade a spade, hence I have had to edit him severely; had he only been a present-day novelist of pathological proclivities he might, as the phrase runs, have let the tail go with the hide, with none to say him nay."

Other lighter sketches are "Lord Dunsin's Spectacles," a charming legal fiction founded on a real experience; the short Stevensonian fancy, "A Gathering of the Fragments," but in "The Scotch Truism," "The Luck of Adelaide Bartlett" and "An Academic Discussion," we are again in the company of murderers, real or alleged. "An Academic Discussion" is in the manner of De Quincey. At a special meeting of the Society of Scottish Criminals the subject is the Borden case. Here Mr. Roughead, leaning heavily on Mr. Pearson's shoulders, is at times flippant. At least it seems so to some of us, who believed at the time and still believe that Miss Borden was innocent.

There are 10 illustrations in the book. One of them from Leslie's Weekly shows Miss Borden on trial.

If anyone should protest against this interest in murder let him remember that grave fathers of the church grew hot over the question whether Cain killed Abel with a pitchfork, the jaw-bone of an ass, a scythe, a sword, a stone, or a bill-hook. The Spanish Jesuit, Benedict Perelra, says in his folio commentary on "Genesis" that Cain, according to some Hebrew scholars, bit Abel to death: "Hebraeorum nonnulli tradunt eum fuisse morsibus a Cain dilaceratum."

WHY NOT A TIME LIMIT?
"Must you stay? Can't you go?" is the unuttered cry of many a hostess as the hands of the clock creep round and the guest still remains rooted to his chair.—Sunday Times (London).

JOSE ENCHANIZ

Jose Echaniz, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall: Chaconne, Bach-Busoni; Rhapsody, B minor, Brahms; Barcarolle, Op. 60, Polonaise, Op. 53, Chopin; Hommage a Rameau, Debussy; Liebeslied, Kreisler-Rachmaninoff; Tango, Albeniz-Godowsky; Allegro de Concerto, Granados; Nocturne, Grieg; Eleventh Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt.

A listener would be to hear the closing group yesterday and unwilling to submit to Busoni's disarrangement of the Bach chaconne, could only do his best to gain an impression of Mr. Echaniz and his work from his performance of the two middle groups.

The young man has a brilliant technique; so much he made clear in five minutes time. More to the purpose, he has the temperament that makes technique interesting in itself. When he runs a scale, an auditor sits up straight to hear the end of it, the snap that gives it point. To a single tone he can lend the brilliancy of a diamond; his trills he makes glisten like northern lights in the sky. All of it, too, stout chords included, he makes sound well, for his tone is excellent.

A pianist of rousing temperament, with the technique needed to give it play, ought, it would seem at first glance, to rouse his audiences to frenzy. A pianist, however, ought by rights to be a good musician as well as a technician. As a musician, to speak honestly, Mr. Echaniz, yesterday, failed to show himself as unusual. The inner sense, indeed, of much of his music appeared to escape him. In Brahms's Rhapsody he found nothing romantically rhapsodical—nothing but scurry and rhythmic unease. The action of waters he felt not in the Bar-

carolle—nor even the lift of the dance in his tricked-out tango. He—but why go on? Nowhere did Mr. Echaniz appear to feel the force of melody or rhythm.

He had his moments, none the less, when he himself, regardless of the music, could let his temperament ramp. The Polonaise stirred him to violence, as did the Granados Allegro. In these pieces he displayed a magnetism, an excitement which brought out in vivid colors how superb a pianist McEchaniz might become if only he would be at the piano to become a fine musician first. By his tasteful performance, by the way, of a Chopin nocturne, he proved his possession of genuine musical taste if only he would develop it.

His audience, good-sized, showed pleasure yesterday. R. R. G.

Concerts of the Week

Nov 6 1927

SUNDAY—New York Symphony Orchestra, Mecca Auditorium, 3 P. M.; Philharmonic Orchestra, Metropolitan Opera House, 3 P. M.; Friends of Music, Town Hall, 4 P. M.; Capitol Theater symphony concert, 11:30 A. M.; Roxy Theater symphony concert, 11:30 A. M.; Albert Spalding, Carnegie Hall, 3 P. M.; John Valentine, Steinway Hall, 3 P. M.; Max Kaplick, Guild Theater, 3 P. M.; Hurok concert, Century Theater, 3 P. M.; Geza and Norah Drewett de Kresz, Guild Theater, 8:30 P. M.; Angna Enters, dancer, Plymouth Theater, 8:30 P. M.; Samuel Gardner, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Metropolitan Opera House concert, 8:30 P. M.

MONDAY—Poola Friish, Engineering Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Myra Mortimer, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Constance Wardles, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Robert Steel, Town Hall, 3 P. M.

TUESDAY—Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Flonzaley Quartet, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Anca Seidova, Engineering Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Isabelle Burnada, Town Hall, 3 P. M.

WEDNESDAY—Dimetri Tiomkin, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Boris Rosenfield, Town Hall, 8:15 P. M.; Donald Pirnie, Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.

THURSDAY—Federal Whittlesey, Town Hall, 3:15 P. M.; Maurice Marechal, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.; James Butler, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.; Maria Safanoff, Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.

FRIDAY—New York Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.

SATURDAY—New York Symphony, children's concert, Carnegie Hall, 11:30 A. M.; Jose Echaniz, Carnegie Hall, 2:30 P. M.

Ponselle and Martinelli Roundly Applauded

"La Forza Del Destino," Verdi's tragic opera, where nothing seems to happen for the best, was presented at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, Vincenzo Bellezza conducting.

Rosa Ponselle as Donna Leonora and Giovanni Martinelli as her lover, Don Alvaro, were both in excellent voice and received much applause for their performances. Pompilio Malatesta as Father Melitone and Mario Basiola as Don Carlos also gave good accounts of themselves. Louis D'Angelo, Ina Bourskaya, Ezio Pinza, Paola Ananlian, Giordana Patrineri, Vincenzo Reschiglian and Philine Falco, a newcomer at the house, as Curra, a maid-in-waiting, made up the rest of the cast.

To BUFKEI
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Buso T	First line.	Total Per- formances.
B F Vestals	Nov. 1	3
"Die Meistersinger"	Nov. 3	6
"I Gioielli della Madonna"	Nov. 4	6
"Marta"	Nov. 5	2
"Die Zauberflöte" (R)	Nov. 6	5
"Faust"	Nov. 6	6
"Tannhaeuser"	Nov. 8	4
"Rigoletto"	Nov. 10	7
"Aida"	Nov. 10	9
"Madama Butterfly"	Nov. 11	3
"La Juive"	Nov. 12	4
"La Boheme"	Nov. 13	7
"Turandot" (N)	Nov. 16	8
"Andrea Chenier"	Nov. 17	3
"Lucia di Lammermoor"	Nov. 19	6
"Lohengrin"	Nov. 19	3
"La Gioconda"	Nov. 20	8
"Cavalleria Rusticana"	Nov. 20	7
"Pagliacci"	Nov. 20	6
"L'Africana"	Nov. 22	3
"Le Rossignol"	Nov. 25	3
"Falstaff"	Dec. 4	4
"Die Walkuere"	Dec. 8	5
"La Cena delle Beffe"	Dec. 10	2
"La Forza del Destino" (R)	Dec. 11	3
"Tosca"	Dec. 15	4
"Don Quichotte"	Dec. 18	1
"L'Amore del Tre Re" (R)	Dec. 29	3
"Skyscrapers" (ballet)	Jan. 1	5
"La Traviata"	Jan. 5	4
"Il Barbiere di Siviglia"	Jan. 10	2
"Goetterdaemmerung"	Jan. 14	4
"Romeo et Juliette"	Jan. 20	2
"Fidelio" (R)	Jan. 22	3
"Das Rheingold"	Jan. 28	3
"Gianni Schicchi"	Jan. 29	2
"Die verkaufte Braut"	Feb. 7	3
"Il Trovatore"	Feb. 9	2
"Siegfried"	Feb. 10	3
"Pelleas et Melisande"	Feb. 11	4
"The King's Henchman" (N)	Feb. 17	6
"Contes d'Hoffmann"	Feb. 18	4
"Mignon" (R)	Mar. 10	4
"Der Rosenkavalier" (R)	Mar. 16	3
"La Giara" (ballet, N)	Mar. 19	4
"Tristan und Isolde"	Mar. 25	2
"Boris Godunoff"	Mar. 25	2
"Parsifal"	Apr. 15	1

(N)—Novelty; (R)—Revival.

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